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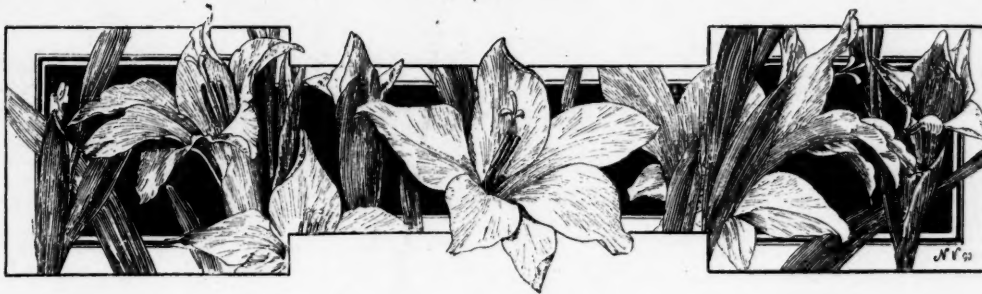




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## LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS VOLUME.

W. HOLMAN HUNT.	WILLIAM BLACK.	FREDERICK WEDMORE.	WALTER ARMSTRONG.
JAMES ORROCK, R.I.	MISS J. E. HARRISON.	LIONEL CUST.	DAVID ANDERSON.
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# THE CHRONICLE OF ART.

## ART IN OCTOBER.

### EGYPTIAN ART AND RECENT DISCOVERIES.

We are happy to publish the following communication from Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE on the subject of his recent labours:—

"To most persons Egyptian art is a thing of only one style, which they have been taught by constant platitudes to regard as unchanging and without a history. But so soon as any real and critical acquaintance is made with the course of its various schools, it is seen to have as fluctuating and as distinctly marked a history as the art of any other country. My excavations in the last few years have been specially directed to tracing the course of the manufactures of Egypt, their technical nature and artistic development. So closely do we trace the changes of skill and of taste in that country, when we obtain sufficient dated materials for study, that many classes of objects, such as rings, scarabs, and beads, can now be dated not only to a century, but even to a single reign. We are thus becoming capable of making some real appreciation of what is the nature of Egyptian art.

"The present year's collection at Oxford Mansion illustrates particularly the age of the great conquerors, Thothmes III. and Rameses II. And, until the Egyptian Government will allow of scientific exploration at Tel Amarna, we have perhaps recovered here almost as much as we shall accurately learn of this age. Of the great sculptures there are already plenty of examples in England, but two pieces brought over now are worth notice. One is a massive and powerful lion's head treated architecturally, and with that peculiar hungry fierceness which the Egyptian knew how to render; the other is a great lintel from a temple door, carved with finely-rendered hieroglyphs, which show how a master would do one-half of a symmetrical work, and set his inferior pupil to copy it on the other half. It is in the small products that we learn most. The blue glazed vases and bowls with painted designs are, some of them, free and skilful in their drawing: the figure of a girl poling along a boat to market is very true in the spring of the limbs and the dainty expression of the head, although it is thickly outlined, and the whole face depends on the form of a single mass of black for the lips and nose. Nothing shows more the mastery of their means than the rough way in which an Egyptian would give expression and spirit by dashing methods, which no tyro would dare to use. The ducks hung up by the legs on another blue vase are brushed on, often without connecting and completing the outline, and without any regard for strict detail or symmetry; and yet the effect is excellent. The gazelle browsing is outlined with a few long strokes, which swell in and out to give a substantial form, without the least effort. It is perhaps in their brush-work—either on painted figure decoration, or in the great tomb paintings, and especially the grand outlines in the unfinished tombs—where we can best value the skill with which a single sweeping line will rise and fall to indicate one muscle after another.

a 677

"When care, however, was to be given to a laborious piece of work, the result did not merely depend on a copying of a conventional canon of proportion. In the wooden statuette of a priest in the present collection we see the genuine study of a character, such as no mere rules could have produced. The long firm mouth, the large bony brows, the full straight jaw, all tell of one mind, and show an unhesitating realism and a skill of expression equal to that of the best Roman busts. The pose of the whole figure also is firm and vigorous, and the head is well set on, with the natural slope forward of the neck.

"We can now trace the rise and fall of the blue glazed ware during this period: the stiff beginnings, about 1500 B.C., the free and skilful designs of about 1350, and the utter decadence of it after 1200 B.C. By 1000 B.C. a totally different character of work had set in; and the rich blues had given place to light green glaze, while modelling was thought far more of than painting, and sometimes reached a good level. Glass-making can also now be traced, from the plain black and white of about 1500, to the rich violet, Indian red, and greens of 1400 to 1300; followed by the butter-yellow, brick-red, and poor tints of 1200 and onward. These all disappear by 1000 B.C., and clear green glass follows, with some elegant small work in variegated beads. The wavy-coloured glass bottles of 1400 to 1200 B.C. are of graceful work and harmonious colouring, far above the coarse style of Roman glass.

"When we are able to date the contents of our museums, and to study their specimens historically in the light of exact information such as we are now getting by excavations, we shall at last see what has been the ever-fluctuating play of skill and fashion on Egyptian art."

### RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Before discussing the three great pictures which have been acquired for the National Gallery from the Longford collection, we must call attention to one or two less important canvases. SIMON MARMION is a French painter of the fifteenth century, of whose work we have hitherto possessed no example. His two pictures, "The Soul of St. Bertin Borne to Heaven," and "A Choir of Angels," are curious rather than beautiful. They are primitive in style, and display that patient searching for effect which is so dear to the Gothic brain. Another gap in the National Gallery is filled by DONCK's "Portrait of Jan van Hensbeek and his Wife," which is dated 1636. It is stiff and formal in composition, yet dignified withal, and though the landscape lacks breadth and freedom it is bathed in a pleasant golden haze. THOMAS BARKER was not a great painter, but he lived at a time when the memory of Gainsborough was still fresh, and he caught a breath of inspiration from the artist, to whose tradition he remained loyal. His "Landscape with Figures and Cattle" has a certain rusticity of style and handling, but, though not a supreme work, it is a pleasing, *naïve* composition. The Longford

pictures are by far the most important addition that has been made to the National Gallery for many years. It has long been something of a reproach to us that, although HOLBEIN spent many years and painted many portraits in England, we did not possess a single example of his art. This reproach has now been happily removed, and in "The Ambassadors" we have one of the most distinguished Holbeins in the world. There has been considerable discussion concerning the two "ambassadors," or "philosophers," as some prefer to call them. One has been surmised to be Sir Thomas Wyatt, but this conjecture has found little support, and it has been argued with much plausibility that the sitters were Frenchmen. We are content, however, to leave the solution of this vexed question to the historians. From an artistic point of view, it really does not matter whether they are chancellors or chimney-sweeps. The canvas, which is dated 1533, is a noble specimen of Holbein's art. The mastery of detail is marvellous, and yet, in spite of a touch of dryness and austerity, the parts are so completely subordinated to the whole that we do not find the details distracting. The precision of the drawing and the firmness of the handling conspire to create the impression that the picture is a glorified piece of still-life. The portrait of "Adrian Pulida Pareja" is, in contrast to the Holbein, a singularly bold and energetic work. Here we have a piece of vigorous impressionism. VELASQUEZ always knew when to stay his hand. He set out to express certain ideas upon canvas, and when he had accomplished his end, his picture was as "finished" as genius could make it. It is interesting to compare (in memory) the replica of this portrait, which was at the Old Masters last year, with the original. The copy, which some asserted upon excellent grounds to be a forgery, was forced, tortured, insistent. The Longford version has a fine feeling of nobility and reserve. It is fully signed "Dio. Velasqz., Philip IV., a cubiculo ejusq. pictor, 1639." Moroni's "Portrait of an Italian Nobleman" is the least valuable acquisition of the three. The Bergamese painter is already admirably represented in our National Gallery, and the latest example has not the distinction and mastery of the celebrated "Tailor." But none the less it is a welcome addition, and gives fresh glory to our excellent collection of Italian pictures. The purchase of the Longford masterpieces was more prudent and more happily inspired than the purchase of the Blenheim Raphael. We owe a profound debt of gratitude to Mr. Colvin and those who gave the enterprise their support, and we believe that neither they nor the nation will ever regret their vigorous action in the matter. The opposition of those who reproach the Government with extravagance is completely disarmed by the fact that of the purchase money £30,000 was subscribed by loyal citizens.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

The Twentieth Autumn Exhibition of modern works of art at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, was opened on Monday, 1st September. The exhibits, numbering 1,315, include a good many of the most noticed pictures of the last London season, as well as the usual representation of the work of Lancashire artists, and the collection is one of more than average strength. The Arts Sub-Committee of the City Council and Mr. CHARLES DYALL, the curator, were aided in the tasks of selection and arrangement by Mr. ALFRED EAST, Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE, and Mr. ISAAC COOKE. The hanging has been done particularly well, and a novel effect has been attempted in the arrangement of

one large gallery in Whistlerian fashion, with walls of self-coloured sacking (bordered by a reddish frieze and dado), upon which pictures of a suitable character are dotted about in an admired Japanese disorder. The effect is agreeable and restful, but it is not much relished by the rejected, who reflect that chiefly in consequence of this innovation the number of pictures shown is about two hundred less than last year. The water-colourists, who are in a majority in Liverpool, are the chief sufferers; for, because of this appropriation of the gallery usually given to drawings, their work is banished to two small rooms. The pictures found worthy of places in this experimental room are chiefly those whose most obvious quality is tone. They include Mr. JOHN M. SWAN's "Maternity," and his exquisite "Piping Fisher-boy;" Mr. NAPIER HEMY's "Oporto;" Mr. ALBERT MOORE's "Summer Night;" "Fuji-San," by Mr. EAST; "Jonquil," by Mr. WILSON STEER; Mr. WILLIAM STOTT's "Diana, Twilight and Dawn;" Mr. MAURICE GRIEFFENHAGEN's "Japanese Fan;" and "Off St. Ives," by Mr. ADRIAN STOKES. Here also is Mr. ROBERT FOWLER's "Ariel" on a bat's back; a study of the nude distinguished by a lovely scheme of colour-harmony in deep blue and flesh tint. This is one of four pictures selected by the Corporation for the permanent collection; the others being "Late Autumn," a fine example of the virile style of Mr. ANDERSON HAGUE; "Ophelia," by Miss HENRIETTA RAE; and "Summer-Time in Sussex," a scholarly drawing by Mr. HAMPSON JONES. Possibly some more important purchases are in contemplation. Among the most prominently attractive figure-subject pictures are Mr. HOLMAN HUNT's "Triumph of the Innocents;" Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON's "Bath of Psyche;" the Hon. JOHN COLLIER's "Cleopatra;" Mr. ERNEST NORMAND's "Vashti Deposed;" and Mr. FRANK DICKSEE's "Redemption of Tannhäuser." The collection is strong in landscape subjects of merit, such as Mr. DAVID MURRAY's "White Mill;" Mr. W. L. PICKNELL's "November Solitude;" and Mr. HENRY MOORE's "Storm Brewing." Mr. JOHN FINNIE has four admirable landscape subjects; Mr. ISAAC COOKE has rendered with force the effect of a gathering thunderstorm in his "Loch Skene;" Mr. JAMES T. WATTS treats a woodland scene with real poetic power in "A Winter Evening Glow;" and there are also important contributions by Professor HERKOMER, Messrs. J. MACWHIRTER, R. W. ALLAN, H. W. B. DAVIES, G. H. BOUGHTON, A. PARSONS, YEEND KING, E. PARTON, T. AUSTIN BROWN, W. RATTRAY, J. OLSSON, R. WANE, W. FOLLEN BISHOP, T. HUSON, NEILS M. LUND, M. P. LINDNER, P. HAGARTY, and DOUGLAS ADAMS.

The Eighth Manchester Autumn Exhibition, opened the day following that at Liverpool, contains 711 exhibits; which, however, include a valuable collection of fifty-eight drawings by older English water-colourists, recently presented by Mr. R. R. ROSS to the Corporation for the permanent collection. Among these are excellent examples of COX, DE WINT, PROUT, VARLEY, COTMAN, BARRETT, COPLEY FIELDING, and other classics. Hung as they are, opposite a display of new drawings, they emphasise forcibly the distance that divides the methods and colour of past and present. The modern water-colours are well selected, but not of much importance, and there is no sculpture that calls for notice. Mr. LOGSDAIL's "Ninth of November" is a leading attraction; and other prominent pictures are Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON's "Tragic Poetess," Mr. MACWHIRTER's "Mount Etna," Mr. GOW's "After Waterloo," Mr. PETTIE's "The World went very well then," Mr. HENRY MOORE's "Summer Time," Mr. DAVID MURRAY's "Meadow Mirror," "The Thames

from Windsor" by Mr. GOODALL, Mr. KENNEDY's "Boy and Dryad," Mr. JOHN M. SWAN's "Lioness Defending Her Cubs," Mr. HOLMAN HUNT's "Jesus with the Doctors in Jerusalem," and Mr. T. GRAHAM's powerful "The Last Boat." The portraits of Mrs. Thomas Agnew by Mr. FILDES, of W. Q. ORCHARDSON by himself, and of John Burns by the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, are deservedly prominent. There are several portraits by local artists, including one of the Mayor, Mr. Alderman Mark, by Miss EMMA MAGNUS, but none of them call for especial remark. Mr. ANDERSON HAGUE shows his accustomed splendid but forced colour and vigorous brushwork in a "Hayfield" and other works, and the characteristics of his style are abundantly burlesqued by his numerous admiring imitators. The best work by Mr. EDWIN ELLIS is his "Bathers," a very charming, classically conceived landscape. Mr. GEORGE SHEFFIELD's spirited representation of a naval battle "A hundred years ago" has been purchased by the Corporation for the permanent collection. The exhibition, which is hung with judgment, is on the whole an attractive one, and well up to the average at Manchester.

## REVIEWS.

Mr. D. C. THOMSON's handsome volume, "*The Barbizon School*," is an able amplification, with great additions both of text and illustrations, of the series of articles which saw the light two years ago in THE MAGAZINE OF ART. It does not profess to be a profoundly critical work, but, while full of evidences of original research, it gives in a popular form biographical sketches of the distinguished painters who were the chief ornaments of the greatest school of modern landscape. It is impossible to overestimate the influence for good which Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and Diaz exercised upon the art of our century. They released it from the thralldom of barren formulæ, and, though they were none of them wanton iconoclasts, they introduced new ideas and new methods. The chain of tradition never snaps a link, and for an Englishman it is soothing to reflect that it was Constable who united the masters of the Barbizon school with the landscape-painters of the past. Constable loved nature, but he loved Claude as well; and though he gave a distinct impetus to the Romantic movement in France, he was only transmitting through his own work the influence of Claude and the other old masters. At this distance of time we can consider dispassionately the desperate contest which the "Romantics" of 1830 waged against the hide-bound pedantry of the Classical school. The follies and extravagances of the indiscreet followers of Delacroix and Hugo are forgotten. The admirable work which they achieved in literature and art remains for their everlasting glory and honour. And now that time has softened the acerbity of conflict, the one fact concerning which there can be no dispute is that the leaders of the Romantic movement were classical to the tips of their fingers. Corot was a disciple of Claude; Virgil was Millet's constant solace. Are Claude and Virgil the gods of the Goths? And so movement follows movement, and the wildest innovator, when time has destroyed his preposterous experiments, is mellowed by age, until he too becomes a classic and a prophet. The "*Barbizon school*" is a vague and convenient title. It should not, strictly speaking, include Corot, but titles are our servants not our masters, and it is unreasonable to demand absolute verbal accuracy in all things. But we may ask if Daubigny and Dupré are given a place by the side of Corot and Millet, why was Courbet excluded? The painter of "The Stone-

Breakers" was a master concerning whose achievements there is now no question, and, in spite of the monstrous inequality of his work, his will remain one of the great names in the history of the art of the nineteenth century. Not so great as Corot's, of course, who, as he more surely accomplished what he set himself to do, will be accounted the most distinguished painter of his time. He strove, not unsuccessfully, to attain perfection, and may be called the Raphael of modern landscape. Nor is Courbet so great, if we consider the mass of his work, as Millet. But if we except the two supreme masters, who should be set over him? Mr. Thomson's book, we need hardly say, is excellently illustrated, and the reader who is unacquainted with the originals may gather from the reproductions a clear impression of the design of each, though he necessarily lose the subtlety of tone and the feeling of colour. The publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, have lavished great care and expense on the production of the work.

Mr. YATES CARRINGTON, whose charming terrier-pictures have delighted the dog-loving visitor to the Academy for some years past, has had the misfortune to lose his companion, and has enshrined his memory in a small book issued from the *Pall Mall Gazette* office. His clever illustrations, of which there is profusion in "*Teufel the Terrier*," brighten the pages of Mr. "CHARING CROSS," who tells the story of the dog with much humour and pathetic simplicity.

In Miss GRACE BLACK's "*A Beggar and other Fantasies*" (Edward Garnett) there is more promise than achievement. In the gruesome dream, which gives the book its title, there is a power both of drama and description. But it has not entirely escaped from morbid sentimentality, and its moral is a little commonplace. However, it proves that Miss Black has imagination as well as a sense of picturesqueness, and her next experiment will be looked for with interest.

Dr. GARNETT's "*Iphigenia in Delphi*" (Cameo Series: T. Fisher Unwin) is, like all its author's work, cultivated and refined. In construction it is severely classical, and its diction, though not uniformly dignified, does not often drop below a high level of excellence. Those who are familiar with Dr. Garnett's exquisite translations from the *Anthology* will be disappointed at his renderings of Homer. His choice of metre—the heroic couplet—is unhappy, and though he has handled the measure with a certain breadth and freedom, his versions still seem hard, and give the feeblest echo of Homer's sweeping verse. In poems of a lighter vein he is more at his ease, and his translations from Theocritus and the rest are more elegant as well as closer to the original.

To the "Cameo Series" also belongs "*Wordsworth's Grave*" (T. Fisher Unwin). Those who deem verse the best medium for literary criticism and delight to conduct political controversy in sonnets will take an interest in Mr. WILLIAM WATSON's verse. It is facile enough, and is not lacking in felicitous touches. But as it rarely ceases to be disputatious, it seldom begins to be verse, and we close the book with a clearer notion of Mr. Watson's opinions than of his poetical style.

## NOTABILIA.

The South Wales Art Society is growing rapidly in popularity. Its annual report shows that during the past year its member-roll increased to 225, and that fourteen addresses were delivered, while exhibitions and life-classes have been



held, and numerous excursions, having an artistic purpose, were arranged.

M. LOUIS BOGINO's fine statue of Victor Hugo, which was exhibited at the Salon of 1884, under the title of "Autumn Leaves," and now figures prominently at the French Exhibition at Earl's Court, is to be cast and erected in Jersey. A subscription list has been opened for its purchase. A statue, too, to Daumier, the great caricaturist, who may in some respects be termed the French Gillray, is to be set up in Marseilles, his native town.

The fine memorial monument to the heroes of Waterloo, executed by the Comte JACQUES DE LALAING, and which was unveiled with so much ceremony at Brussels by the Duke of Cambridge, has been about six years in hand, and is a work of real genius. The Comte Jacques declined any remuneration for his work, not because he is an "amateur," but on account of his sympathy with the subject, being half English by descent, and speaking the language like a native.

Responding to the lead of the Royal Academy, the authorities of the École des Beaux-Arts have introduced certain important alterations in the conduct of the schools. As many of our readers know, the institution includes a number of *ateliers* each under the direction of an eminent artist appointed by the Minister of Fine Arts. Before 1883 any student might be admitted freely to his *atelier* by the presiding artist without having passed through the schools as a pupil. Since that time, owing to abuses, it has been the custom to require every candidate for entrance to an *atelier* to pass a competitive examination. This new arrangement, however, by no means realised the expectations of the Council, which did not anticipate empty studios, and it has now been annulled. Subject to the approval of the Minister, these *ateliers* will henceforth once more be open to young artists.

Picture-forging continues a prosperous, and it would appear a favourite, profession. In addition to the spurious Cecil Lawsons, Millets, Corots, Détaillies, Leaders, and Tissots, to which we have from time to time drawn the attention of our readers, we have now to record the falsification of Courbets, which have of late been thrown upon the market. In Marlotte, in Belgium, a factory has been discovered in full blast. It was scientifically furnished with an oven arranged for the "proper ripening" of the varnish, and for the production of "quality" in these precious canvases, which were imported from Paris for the purpose. But, after all, the painter can scarcely be pitied. The outrage on his memory may in some degree be regarded as a just retribution, for did he not in his lifetime carry on such a manufactory, and sign the canvases which were painted by his pupils?

The publication by the Marquis de Surgères of his list of no fewer than 300 portraits of Cardinal Richelieu which have never been thrown on the market, is a curious proof of one of the tests of popularity or public sympathy. Lord Ronald Gower's handsome volume of the "Portraits of Marie Antoinette" includes no fewer than 500 numbers. Of Shakespeare, if we remember aright, no fewer than 1,200 had been issued up to the middle of the present century. Of Dickens, nearly 400 separate portraits, photographs, and engravings were published in his lifetime. Of Queen Victoria as many as 62 *original* portraits have been exhibited in the Royal Academy. Who shall say how many times her features have been reproduced by graver and camera? Mr. O'Donoghue, of the British Museum, has made a great list of the portraits of Queen Elizabeth; the late Mr. Franz Thimm catalogued those of Goethe for the

same institution; and his son, Mr. Carl Thimm, has in a similar way devoted his attention to Schiller. Instances of such collections as these, which might be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*, compare strangely with the unique portrait of Montesquieu.

A new society, calling itself "The Artists' Alliance," has been set on foot, and has been distributing touting prospectuses among artists and amateurs. Against the *bona fides* of the scheme we say nothing at present. But we would warn our readers against a society not one member of whose "honorary council" or officers is reputedly known in the world of art; which, while promising great things in the way of developing art in England if people will only send in their guineas, includes bead-work, skeleton-leaves, and tatting among "the Arts;" which, in return for subscriptions, grants members the right of affixing the letters "M.A.A." (Member of the Artists' Alliance) after their names; and which appeals to amateurs to assist in "the enrolment in one powerful body of the whole of the amateur and professional artistic talent (in whatever department of the kingdom) for the mutual benefit of all its members, and for the Advancement of Art." We would not have noticed this grandiloquently-worded prospectus, only a small fraction of which we have quoted, but that we see nothing in the scheme likely to realise its roseate prognostications; nothing to justify, from the artistic point of view, the undue encouragement of the skeleton-leaf amateur, and nothing of any benefit to anyone, save to the proprietors or salaried officials.

#### OBITUARY.

M. AMÉDÉE BAUDIT, the landscape-painter, who has died at Bordeaux, was born in Geneva in 1825. From 1868 he was a constant exhibitor at the Salon, usually choosing his landscape in the south-west of France.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. JOHN MOSSMAN, at the age of seventy-four. He was a Scottish sculptor of considerable ability, and practised chiefly in Glasgow, where his statues of Campbell, David Livingstone, Norman Macleod, and Sir Robert Peel are at present erected. During the ten years following 1868 he sent six works to the Royal Academy.

The death of Mr. ALFRED LYS BALDRY by his own hand, during a temporary depression, caused a painful sensation throughout the artistic community. Not that Mr. Baldry's works were particularly well known or widely appreciated; but he was an earnest pursuer of "naturalistic" art, whose feeling for colour was delicate, and whose appreciation of landscape was superior to his power of figure drawing. Mr. Baldry was a young man, with a certain circle of admirers, and was generally a contributor to the exhibitions of the New English Art Club.

Mr. W. A. SHADE, who died at the end of the month, was a member of that clever band of American painters who selected the instruction of the German schools in preference to those of Paris. Like Mr. Walter Shirlaw, he based his style on the teaching of Munich, but Düsseldorf and, at a later period, Paris were visited by him for the acquisition of a wider knowledge and sympathy. In choice and treatment of subject he was an idealist; and he even carried this quality to some extent into his portraiture. Among his chief works are "The God of Love Teaching the Nightingale to Sing;" "First Love," in the possession of the National Gallery of Berlin; and "The Power of Love," in that of the Empress Frederick.

## ART IN NOVEMBER.

### THE "ATELIER SYSTEM" IN LONDON.

M. FERNAND CORMON, who may be said to share with M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT and M. DAGNAN-BOUVERET the leadership of the modern French school, is appealing to the British art-student to stay at home with all the shortcomings of his teaching, rather than to come to France and become infected with the more serious faults which are certain to be contracted in the Parisian studios. He declares—and he will shortly enlarge upon this vital subject in the pages of this Magazine—that the English school is the only one besides the Belgian which is worthy of, and which extorts, the admiration of France. "You are deficient," he says in effect, "in the science of art, no doubt; but you overflow with artistic feeling. Why come to France, where all is in a diseased, transitional state, and exchange your fine feeling, your invention, originality, and individuality for some slight improvement in drawing? While we teach you to draw better, we force you to give up your colour and your feeling, and for what?—forempirical art, so to say, partly false or wholly tentative and inartistic *au fond*. You absorb more of our faults than of our qualities—for of the latter we have relatively few, and those entirely national; and you go back equipped (as you think) for your career, an Anglo-Gaul, with faults of both nations—an English bird with wings clipped with French scissors!" Simultaneously with this vigorous protest comes the announcement that the Principal of the St. John's Wood Art Schools is elaborating a system to remove as far as may be the Englishman's reason for migration. Supplementing the efforts of Sir JAMES LINTON, Mr. HUBERT VOS, Mr. S. J. SOLOMON, and others, Mr. WARD has obtained the generous aid of Mr. ALMA-TADEMA and Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS in establishing an *atelier*—at first, however, only limited in extent. The proposal is to allow as many as are willing and capable to join a sketching competition which is to extend over eight monthly meetings, they being visited and advised the while by Mr. Seymour Lucas. He who, at the end, is adjudged the winner by a competent tribunal will then enter a studio to be provided free of cost and duly furnished with accessories and models, and will work for a year to elaborate the winning sketch into a picture under the immediate supervision of Mr. Alma-Tadema. Mr. Tadema undertakes to act in this manner for two years, when he will make way for someone else, and by which time he hopes to see the system greatly extended.

### THE NEW TURNERS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

It is reported that the present important addition made to the number of the Turner drawings on view at the National Gallery is not a final one, and that yet another room will before long be devoted to the water-colour work of the greatest of landscape-painters. But meanwhile we do well to remind our readers of the nature of that which has just been added. There are in all in the new Turner room upwards of a hundred drawings, which are of almost all periods, and of very various degrees of what is called

"finish." When we say, however, that the greater number, though undated and unnamed, belong unmistakably to Turner's later time, it will be quickly understood that, as regards "finish," in the popular acceptance of the term, there is but little to note in this new addition to our exhibited store. Few collections of Turner drawings, indeed, could show, half as conclusively as the work in the new room, how masterly an "impressionist," in the best of all senses, Turner became in his later life. The last years of all were no doubt years when deterioration came to the artist along with advanced old age; but such drawings as the new "Lausanne" and others of its epoch—a "Fribourg," for instance, with the lightest of its bridges swung over the deep ravine—only prove once again that the penultimate period in Turner's work was rich in qualities to which the earlier had been a stranger. We have perhaps implied that the scenes of many of the drawings are not easy to identify, and this, of course, is especially the case in those works in which fancy and imagination, the poetic vision, in fact, played the greatest part. Foreign rather than English travel permitted Turner to witness the "effects" he has here not so much actually recorded as exquisitely idealised and refined. Among the large and important drawings of somewhat earlier date there is an "Inverary Pier, Loch Fyne, Morning," which will have particular interest for the student of the "Liber Studiorum." A "Dunstanborough," again, will interest the systematic student, and in this case a comparison with that "Liber" print, which was suggested by the same place, will reveal marked differences rather than close likeness.

### EXHIBITIONS.

The third exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society is negatively better than the second. The rooms of the New Gallery are not this year disfigured by the rash, ill-considered experiments of amateurs. The majority of the exhibitors are serious craftsmen, who ply their trade for the money it brings, and many of the specimens of cabinet-making, weaving, and the rest are workmanlike and well-designed. But if we leave out of consideration the works of two or three artists, there is not much to be seen that is not commonplace. There is no need to go to the New Gallery to look at decent plain cabinets and the wall-papers of commerce. Such objects as these may be seen in the shops of the upholsterer or paper-hanger, whose views on the basis of society may or may not be in accord with Mr. Crane's. For three years we have been told that art is only possible under certain political conditions, and this profession of faith has served well enough to interest, or at least to advertise the exhibition of the Arts and Crafts. But would it not be wiser now to let the specimens of art and craft speak for themselves? The exhibition at the New Gallery is just as much a commercial institution as is Mr. Liberty's over the way. It makes no appeal to the "worker;" it merely hopes to attract the attention of the "middle-class plutocrat," and its aims and methods are nothing more nor less

than what Mr. Morris and Mr. Crane, using the most energetic expressions in their vocabulary, would call "*bourgeois*" or "competitive." However, looking at the exhibition from an artistic point of view, there is something to admire and a great deal to tolerate. Mr. MORRIS's tapestries have a certain nobility of design, and their colour, though it lacks richness and brilliancy, is always harmonious. The panels in gesso by Mr. CRANE display a more prudent choice of subject than his relief of last year; but they are to some extent repetitions that threaten to become wearisome. Then there are samples of Mr. SANDERSON's bindings and printed books from the Chiswick Press, as well as specimens of art pottery from the workshops of Mr. BRANNAN, of Barnstaple (also commercial institutions). Mr. LIBERTY sends a somewhat cumbersome and extravagant fireplace, and the compilers of the catalogue accentuate the fact that they are dissatisfied with the constitution of his workshop by leaving ominous blanks for the names of those who designed and executed it. The cartoons for church windows are, with few exceptions, Gothic and ugly. It is difficult to understand why the devout craftsman should always laboriously attempt to reproduce the clumsiness and imperfection of the old masters. Naïveté and bad draughtsmanship, when they are sincere and inevitable, have an interest of a certain sort, because they express at least the limitations of primitive art. But it is mere pose for a self-conscious student to mimic the failure of others. The result is generally self-condemnatory. A nineteenth-century design cannot well be naïf; it merely reproduces the clumsy mannerism of craftsmen who were trying themselves to do better, and perforce omits the saving quality of strength. One of the striking features in the exhibition is the almost total absence of classical designs. There are a few exhibitors (such as Mr. LEWIS DAY) who have not a wholesale contempt for a well-ordered and thought-out style. But it pleases the majority to work in defiance of artistic law, and to sacrifice beauty and intelligence to Gothic feeling. In his preface to the catalogue, Mr. Crane speaks of the movement as a "new renaissance," which is a little arrogant, and hints that the society may some day possess a building and schools of their own. It is difficult to see what exceptional boon they have conferred upon art to justify such a step. They have sought to identify art with politics, and have rightly printed workmen's names in their catalogue. But why should this entitle them to a school? The common cabinet-maker does suppress the names of the artisans in his employ. But he might be tempted to disclose them; and would he then be justified in asking the public to support a school for him?

The Triennial Salon at Brussels is this year distinguished from its predecessors by a more important display of the works of foreign schools, and by the appearance on the scene of some of the most uncompromising of the younger artists who have hitherto held aloof. In evidence of the first fact we may mention as remarked and remarkable Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS' "Portrait of Mrs. P. H.," Mr. WHISTLER's "Portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell," and the "Fur Jacket," as representing England; M. FANTIN LATOUR's "Portraits of M. Ad. Jullien and M. S. F.," M. ROLL's "Portrait of M. Yves Guyot," as representing France. There are others as well, above all Parisian painters, who have come before the Belgian public, with landscapes, studies of the nude, and fancy scenes and legends. In proof of our second statement, we may mention that M. DEBROUX, a very young but indisputably original artist, has

sent a picture of "Christ Exposed to the Populace;" M. VAN STREYDONCK, "A Breakfast in the Country;" and M. SCHLOBACH, a "Portrait of Mme. H. G."—the two latter artists are members of the independent "XX. Club." These works are the chief attractions of the exhibition to that portion of the public which takes a serious interest in art. The Belgian school may be subdivided into the following classes. Of the professors of painting at the Academy the veteran exhibitor is M. ALEXANDRE THOMAS, with a picture of "St. Peter Announcing to the Virgin the Condemnation of Christ," and with him we may name M. STALLAERT, the historical painter, and M. ROBERT, the portrait painter. Next comes a group of artists devoted to mediævalism, and forming a sort of school which may be designated as archaeological. They are the followers of Leys; but how greatly they have degenerated from his spirit and falsified his instructions! They have sunk into a mere picturesque treatment of the studio model. These are Messrs. DEVRIENDT, of Brussels; M. GEERTZ, of Malines; and Messrs. OOMS, VAN DE ONDERAAR, and ANTONY, of Antwerp. The Belgian landscape painters for the most part owe their origin to those of the French school—to DAUBIGNY, COROT, COURBET, TROYON, and BASTIEN-LEPAGE. Their names are too numerous to mention; the more important are HEYMANS, BINJÉ, COURTENS—whose work is no longer at its best—ASSELBERGS, MEYERS, and others. None of these exhibit any important work. Messrs. FERWÉE and STOBBAERTS are two animal painters with obvious affinities to those last named; they are of the same stock and almost of the same generation. Still-life is much in vogue. Flower-paintings are principally the work of female artists; in studies of meat and vegetables there is, especially from Belgian hands, brushwork which would do no discredit to SNYDERS or FYT. The Impressionists have sent nothing. They keep strictly to themselves; their own exhibition is held in February every year. Taken as a whole, this important exhibition brings no new name into prominence; it teaches nothing absolutely fresh; it suggests no new tendency or departure. It is just like every other, containing some very clever pictures, and some very good—nay, perfect, painting. Still, it has a hollow ring.

The teachers of the Royal Female School of Art are to be complimented on the general merit of the drawings which the students have exhibited this year, but, at the same time, we would recommend a little more freedom in the method of work. We cannot fail, however, to praise the ability of Miss WHITESIDE, the vigorous talent of Miss FLACK and Miss NORTON, and the real promise of the Misses HAKE, REYNOLDS, COXELER, KEARY, GILES, and DUNNELL. There is a chromo-lithographic studio attached to the School of Art in which many former pupils of the school have found remunerative occupation, and from which fair work appears each week and finds a ready sale. This we believe to be worthy of special mention.

The sixty-fourth autumn exhibition of the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists is certainly of greater interest and higher merit, regarded as a whole, than some of their exhibitions of recent years have been. This is particularly to be noticed in the work of the younger artists, though some of them are not represented at all. Lord Hillingdon has lent a work by the President of the Society, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, called "The Juggler," painted some years back, a most beautiful rendering of a nude figure. Another fine picture is Mr. WATERHOUSE's powerful "Mariamne," lent by Mr. Cuthbert Quilter. Professor W. B. RICHMOND sends two pictures, important as regards size, of "Venus and Anchises,"



and the "Death of Ulysses," and Mr. FRED. GOODALL his large work, "The Sea of Galilee;" in fact, the present exhibition is noticeable for the number of paintings of unusual superficial area, among them being "The Golden Lure," by Mr. ROBERT SAUBER, and "For Those in Peril on the Sea," by Mr. JULIUS M. PRICE, both very daring in more ways than one, and of striking contrast one to the other. Among the best portraits are Mr. ALMA-TADEMA's delightful little panel of Miss MacWhirter; Mr. LUKE FILDES' well-known portrait of his wife; Mr. ORCHARDSON's and the Hon. JOHN COLLIER's portraits of their wives; the fine face of the late Cardinal Newman, by Mr. W. W. OULESS; and others by Mr. PHIL MORRIS and several local portrait-painters, some of which are decidedly depressing. One of the finest landscape works in the exhibition is the poetic "Dawn on the Sacred Mountain, Japan," by Mr. ALFRED EAST, and among others which give the keenest pleasure to the spectator are Mr. HENRY MOORE's "In the Marshes, Yarmouth," a most delightful scheme of colour, very different from his usual deep blue seas. The local artists, too, are well to the fore, including the veteran landscape artist, Mr. F. H. HENSHAW, and Messrs. E. R. TAYLOR, MOFFAT LINDNER, JONATHAN PRATT, S. H. BAKER, OLIVER BAKER, H. MUNNS, C. W. RADCLYFFE, W. H. STARKEY, EDWARD HARPER, WILMOT PILSBURY, P. M. FEENEY, and C. H. WHITWORTH. Mr. J. V. JELLEY sends some beautiful flower pieces and Mr. WALTER LANGLEY some delightful water-colour drawings.

Mr. WHITWORTH WALLIS, the Director of the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, brought together for exhibition during the visit of the members of the National Association for the Advancement of Art, who held their Congress this year in Birmingham, an unusually fine collection of works by DAVID COX. It has been a reproach to the city for many years that no effort has been made before to do honour to the artist who has done so much for the English landscape school, and who was himself a native of Birmingham. Liverpool showed the way in 1875, but now, thanks to the determination of Mr. Wallis, the reproach has been removed, and the present exhibition rivalled, if indeed it did not excel, the one held fifteen years ago in the north. A few owners refused their assistance, but the majority came forward readily, and did everything possible to make the exhibition a worthy one. More than four hundred and fifty examples were collected, of which nearly one hundred were oil-paintings. Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, of Liverpool, lent over thirty, and Mr. James Orrock placed the whole of his collection at Mr. Wallis's disposal, resulting in nearly forty entries in the catalogue under his name. Mrs. Betts and Messrs. Alfred and John Betts, of Birmingham, contributed fifty, including the famous series of sepia drawings which have never before been seen by the public. Twenty-two drawings were sent from the collection of the late Mr. Enoch Harvey, who met with so terrible a death the other day, and Mr. George Graham, of Yardley, lent twenty. Among the other principal lenders may be mentioned Lord Armstrong, Mr. Peter Allen, of Manchester, Mr. William Agnew, Dr. T. W. Jex-Blake, Mr. J. Tertius Collins, Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., Mr. J. Broughton Dugdale, Dr. Bell Fletcher, Mr. Joseph Gillott, Mr. Alexander Hollingsworth, Sir W. H. Houldsworth, Mr. J. Houldsworth, of Coltness, Mr. Charles T. Jacoby, Mr. T. S. H. Jackman, Mr. William Kenrick, M.P., Mrs. Nettlefold, Mr. Edward Nettlefold, J.P., Mr. Hugh Nettlefold, Mr. Lewis Powell, Mr. J. Palmer Phillips, Mr. Cuthbert Quilter, M.P., Mr. Philip H.

Rathbone, J.P., Mr. Benson Rathbone, Mr. J. E. Taylor, Mr. E. M. Wimperis, R.L., Major Chesshyre Molyneux, Mr. T. E. Walker, of Studley Castle, Mr. Alexander Henderson, Mr. Edward Crabb and Miss Crabb, Mr. John Jaffray, J.P., Mr. R. D. Holt, Mr. E. Grindley, Mr. J. A. E. Rayner, and Mr. Y. R. Graham. Lord Willoughby de Eresby lent the famous signboard from the Royal Oak Hotel, Bettws-y-coed.

#### REVIEWS.

The final part of the "*Henry Irving Shakespeare*" confirms us, as we examine the completed work, in the opinion we have expressed from time to time at the appearance of the various volumes. Nay, on looking back through Messrs. Blackie's handsome set, we are led to view it with even greater respect than at first, for we find it not only the "reader's edition," but to a very great extent the "student's edition." Learned up to a certain point, it is always scholarly, and joins to that the rare merit of being invariably clear, intelligible, catholic in respect to the opinions of other commentators, and highly practical in its arrangements. The notes are copious, yet neither dogmatic nor dry. The literary, stage, and critical histories which precede plays, are admirable examples of clear and concise writing, and are invariably accurate so far as we have been able to test them. The map to each play is of assistance to the reader; the dates and time of action are carefully set forth, and the verbal indexes well arranged. Mr. IRVING's task—and that no light one—seems to have been confined to a prefatory note, to a thoughtful paper on "Shakespeare as a Playwright," and to the marking of passages throughout the text which may be omitted from acting versions, either on account of length or the exigencies of the modesty or prudery of the day. To the late Mr. FRANK MARSHALL's work we have previously referred; we can now only regret that he did not live to see the brilliant consummation of his most important work. His empty place has been well filled by Dr. DOWDEN, who provides the general introduction, and by Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS, Mr. ROUND, and Mr. WILSON VERITY.

Of the illustrations by Mr. GORDON BROWNE we have something more to say. To illustrate Shakespeare from beginning to end with some hundreds of drawings and etchings is no easy undertaking; and that he has succeeded to a great extent where so many have failed is chiefly owing to the admirable judgment and excellent taste with which he has approached his subject. His drawings do not pretend to be ambitious; they are rather running accompaniments of the text, aiming at the suggestion rather than at the realisation of the scenes. As we pass from page to page we cannot but be struck by the endless resource, the unflinching spirit and vigour, the adaptability of sympathy, and the imagination—quick, if somewhat realistic and limited—of the young artist. If he is now and again a little uncertain in his drawing, we readily forgive it for the many merits he constantly displays; for, in addition to his other qualities, his complete knowledge of costume and accessory, the delicacy of his pencil, his skill in characterisation, and his appreciation of humour, combine to produce one of the pleasantest of artistic companions—the more welcome for his modesty. We understand that in the course of his long work, which Mr. Browne has had in hand for some seven years past, he has re-drawn quite two-thirds of the drawings, and that two or even three complete sets of drawings were made for certain plays before he was satisfied with the result. Such as it is, he must be warmly



congratulated; it has proved him capable of still better things, and holds out hopes that he may make for himself a name in his own line no less enviable than that of his famous father.

The present volume includes the plays of "Hamlet," "Henry VIII.," and "Pericles," besides the complete Poems. With respect to the first-named, we are somewhat surprised to find that Mr. Marshall in his notes takes no notice of the contention of some critics—unromantic perhaps, but certainly practical—that Hamlet was a fat man, whose irritability, melancholy, and madness arose mainly from dyspepsia. Mr. Marshall considers that the lines, "O, that this too solid flesh would melt," &c.; and, later on, the Queen's remark, "He's fat and scant of breath. Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows," was written to suit Burbage, the corpulent tragedian. But, is that the only explanation?

We cannot congratulate Mr. Walter Scott on the latest volume in his excellent series known as "*The Canterbury Poets*." The subject-title, "*The Painter Poets*," promised a rare treat, but the result of the anthology is sadly disappointing. It is difficult to understand how the editor of the series, Mr. WILLIAM SHARP, could have passed the extraordinary blunder of Mr. KINETON PARKES, the editor of the book, in attributing to Turner one of Byron's most hackneyed verses in "Childe Harold": we would have thought that anyone pretending to the slightest knowledge of English literature would have been familiar with at least the oft-quoted line in the stanza—"Battle's magnificently stern array!" Then, again, the inclusion of a number of authors who, very little known as painters, are even more obscure as poets, still further reduces the value of the book. Of the better-known artists, many have written indifferent verse; of the lesser-known few have written it well enough to merit the honour of reprinting. What business here has SAMUEL LOVER, a good writer, but an artist chiefly known for poorly-drawn serio-comic etchings? Why should JOHN ORCHARD, WILLIAM REAY, and even Mr. ALFRED EAST, whose single poem is here first printed, be brought together in such a volume? Nay, what right have THACKERAY, HOOD, and Mr. RUSKIN, in a company whose dual capacity is clearly set forth by the title? On the other hand, Mr. Parkes has done very well in reprinting some exquisite sonnets of Mr. FORD MADDOX BROWN, and charming verses of his son OLIVER, who died on the threshold of a great career. We welcome, too, the contributions of WASHINGTON ALLSTON, of WILLIAM BLAKE, of JAMES COLLINSON (as Pre-Raphaelitic in verse as in paint), of ROSSETTI, SHEE, Mr. WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, Mr. THOMAS WOOLNER, and others; but the book as a whole lacks proportion and judgment alike.

Mr. ZAEHNSDORF has done well in bringing out the second edition of his "*Art of Bookbinding*" (George Bell and Sons) in a different form to the first which appeared ten years ago. At that time revived interest in the subject was only beginning, and a book at moderate price giving some practical account of the craft, combined with a general historical outline of its development, found a ready public. There is, however, another and a different public now, keenly interested in technical work of all kinds, who know a well-bound book when they see it as well as a richly ornamented one, and who take pleasure in intelligently supervising the clothing of their own libraries. For these such a book as the present one is a real satisfaction, nor is it without importance to members of the trade. The time is long past when rule of thumb was a sufficient guide to the workman. He is expected now to take a wise

interest in the labour of his hands, and to base his practice on sound theoretical principles. This little manual has been rewritten by Mr. Zaehtsordorf with reference to their needs, and will no doubt prove more acceptable in its present than in its previous more elaborate character.

"*The Photographic Quarterly*," "*Photographic Reporter*," "*Amateur Photography*," and the "*Amateur Photography Prize Pictures*" (Hazell, Watson and Viney), comprise a batch of photographic publications, all edited by Mr. Charles W. Hastings, and all possessing matter of considerable interest to both the professional and amateur photographer.

#### OBITUARY.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. HENRY C. SELOUS, at the age of eighty-seven. He was an illustrator of a high order, and, until a few years ago, enjoyed great popularity. He was born in Deptford and became a student of the Royal Academy, exhibiting his first picture, a portrait of a cat, in its rooms in 1818. From animal-painting he soon turned his attention to higher forms of art, publishing "Outlines" of "The Tempest," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and other works. He took a notable part in the famous Cartoon Competition in Westminster Hall, and thenceforward was a constant contributor to the principal exhibitions. Perhaps his chief work consisted in the designs he made for the large edition of Shakespeare issued by the publishers of this Magazine.

Mr. HENRY WALLIS, who has just died in his eighty-sixth year, is known to the present generation chiefly as the proprietor of the French Gallery; but it was only when paralysis struck him down, about midway in his career, that he perforce abandoned art for art-dealing. Previous to that event he was a line engraver of very considerable ability, producing some of the finest plates for Thomson's "Seasons," and Turner's "Harbours of England."

M. AUGUSTE TOULMOUCHE, the popular *genre* painter, was born at Nantes in September, 1829, and studied under Gleyre. In his twentieth year he began exhibiting portraits at the Salon, but rapidly passed to figure-painting, his "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife" gaining him a medal in 1852. Further awards were bestowed upon him in 1859 and in 1861, and nine years later he was admitted to the Legion of Honour. M. Toulmouche was fondly termed "The French Metsu," but, in point of fact, he was little of a colourist, was hard, mechanical, and in a manner very conventional in his work. His touch was wonderfully dexterous, but his canvases sadly lacked spontaneity and life, for all their elegance and attractiveness.

The death of M. CHARLES VERLAT robs the Belgian school of its *doyen*, and the University of Art of Antwerp of its Director. Born in that city in 1824, he placed himself under the tutorship of De Keyser, and rapidly made his mark in portraiture and in *genre*, figure, and history-painting. He subsequently gave himself up to animal-painting, and outshone, in merit if not in popularity, his rival Verboeckhoven. At the Paris Salon he obtained medals, in due order of merit, in 1853, 1855, 1861, and in 1878, and was created Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1868. He was an admirable etcher, and in this department of art, perhaps, scored his chief successes. But his greatest triumph was the practical resuscitation of the Belgian school, by the sheer force of his brush and the vigour of his handling. For some time previous to his death he suffered severely, both his body and mind being affected.

## ART IN DECEMBER.

### LANDSEER'S "DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY."

In a private letter, which we are permitted to publish, Mr. Phené Spiers writes as follows:—"In the number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November there is a reproduction of Sir EDWIN LANDSEER'S 'Member of the Humane Society,' in which it is said that it was painted for Mr. Newman Smith and afterwards engraved. This is not altogether correct. When the picture was completed Landseer wrote to Mr. Smith asking him to come and inspect it. Mr. Smith called, armed with his cheque-book, and then and there wrote a cheque for the sum agreed upon, for which Landseer gave him a receipt. He then asked to have it put into his carriage in order to take it away with him, but to this Landseer demurred, saying he wished to retain it three months or so to have it engraved. Smith declined to have it engraved, declaring that he had duly paid for it and was determined to take it away at once. Landseer retorted that in that case he would have to paint a replica, and was thereupon informed by Mr. Smith that he would not lend him his dog. Landseer quietly replied that he had no further need of the dog, as he could paint a replica without it. This was done, and the *replica* and not the *original* was engraved. I had this story from a client of mine who possesses the replica. The original picture was exhibited in Burlington House in 1874-75 or 76. The replica I saw constantly about the same period, and was able to compare the two in my recollection. In the replica the execution was more masterly, though it is possible if the two had been placed side by side, for colour I might have preferred the original." The owner of the replica, we may add, is Mr. John Corbett, M.P. for Droitwich.

### THE BRITISH GALLERY.

We learn with no little concern that the delay which is occurring in the establishment of the British Gallery is seriously jeopardising its success. So long as the scheme was in private hands, it was pushed forward with energy; yet no sooner does Government take cognisance of it, but with that careless indifference which has recently been so miserably exemplified in the case of the condemned barracks, than the whole matter has been allowed to drift, and finally to stagnate. If Government is prepared to carry the scheme into execution, as it has declared, let it do so; if not, let it leave it alone and allow private energy, munificence, and intelligence to complete what departmental apathy bids fair to wreck. Mr. TATE is not the only intending benefactor who is becoming heartily disgusted at the progress—or, rather, the stagnation—of events; and we have reason to believe that if the present state of things is much prolonged, these gentlemen, tired of being treated as beggars, instead of as donors, will withdraw their offers without more ado. To another phase of the scheme—the management of the projected gallery—we would also call attention. Speaking at the Art Congress at Birmingham,

Professor RICHMOND, A.R.A., created some sensation by saying that the public should systematically exclude from any participation all persons known to be dealers in art, who lived by buying and selling, as they could not be considered either impartial or disinterested, and that there would otherwise be a probability of the galleries being flooded with dealers' wares, and with the pictures of men whose reputations they had an interest in pushing. The result would be that Art would be more narrowly represented than ever. This attitude, we believe, would be fraught with some danger, if adopted; for although the principle is a sound one, several of those gentlemen, whose aid, advice, connoisseurship, and generosity are of the first importance—nay, almost a necessity—to the success of the gallery, would be entirely set aside. The question is not one to be lightly decided.

### THE ART CONGRESS.

It can hardly be said that the Art Congress held at Birmingham entirely realised the hopes of its managers. As we have pointed out on a previous occasion, if the National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry does not take practical measures at its meetings, it will suffer the fate of other congresses which looked to empty words and conversazioni as their chief mission. Next year the Congress is to be held in Nottingham. Very well; before the programme is settled, let an exhibition of all the art-industries of the district be brought together, and let a loan collection be likewise made of standard art-products of similar kinds of all periods which have obtained the verdict of the best experts. Thus, for example, let specimens of every kind of Nottingham lace be brought together, and, by way of contrast, let the finest examples of other descriptions be shown beside them. Then let such papers be read that deal, not vaguely with the Advancement of Art, but practically with its Application to Industry—above all the lace-industry, for which Nottingham is famous; and let criticism of design and workmanship be freely expressed, and suggestions by experts be invited. In such a way more real and lasting good may be wrought to our art-industries in seven days than all the talk of as many years can, under the present system, effect.

### RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

The last exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is the first of the newly-formed Society of British Pastellists. It is sad to contemplate the collapse of an institution which, in spite of a certain pose and not a little affectation, has yet conferred a lasting benefit upon British Art. But it is ours to chronicle the achievements of the living rather than to lament the dead, and it cannot be said that the British Pastellists have inaugurated their Society with unequivocal success. There is plenty of excellent work at the Grosvenor, but the exhibition is far too large and not nearly select enough. There are many drawings on the

walls which should never have courted criticism; there is indeed an intolerable amount of chaff among the wheat. Pastel is an exotic and ill-adapted for the bluntness and solidity of the English style. Those who handle it with the greatest measure of success are foreigners or have had a foreign education. There are no examples better than those by M. P. S. KRÖYER, a Danish painter, who has already won glory and honour in Paris. This artist is an adept in the treatment of light and atmosphere, and we have never seen imprisoned sunlight better rendered than in his "Danish Artists in Civita d'Antino." Mr. MELVILLE's work is, as always, spirited and artistic, and it displays a keen sense of the limitations of the medium. The several portraits by Mr. Vos are conscientiously and even brilliantly wrought out and picturesque in effect, but they lack some of the breadth and freedom which give pastel its strength. We are by this time accustomed to Mr. MUHRMAN's interpretation of nature, and the drawings which he sends to the Grosvenor are as sombre and restrained as always—and even a little dirty in colour—but at the same time the work of an artist. We have seldom seen Mr. WILLIAM STOTT to better advantage. His Alpine drawings have a peculiar delicacy of feeling, and seem to us as true to nature as the picture which attracted well-merited notice at the New English Art Club. For ease and mastery of draughtsmanship there is nothing better in the exhibition than Mr. J. M. SWAN's studies, while Mr. CLAUSEN displays in a series of delicate impressions a freshness of touch and a sincerity of observation we had scarcely expected of him. Mr. McLURE HAMILTON's portraits of Mr. Gladstone are vigorous and characteristic, and those who admire Mr. BLANCHE's indubitable talent will regret that he has scarcely done himself justice. We have not space to do more than call attention to the excellent drawings of Messrs. RAFAËLLI, MELVILLE, and PEPPERCORN. Mr. CHARLES SHANNON contributes a fantastic parody of Besnard, which has little else to recommend it than the questionable merit of eccentricity. No doubt the arrangements of bad colour which bear the signature of Mr. P. STEER are precious in the eyes of this painter's admirers. But he is rarely original, and for us it is difficult to believe that he is not colour-blind.

Mr. MARKS, R.A., is more interested in the representation of facts than in decoration, and the exhibition of his drawings and sketches, which has been held at the Fine Art Society's rooms, admirable as it is as an illustration of natural history, contains much that seems to us unpleasant in colour and commonplace in effect. Realism may be carried too far, and there are many things in nature which are hardly the right material of art. However, none has a keener eye for the character of certain eccentric birds than Mr. Stacy Marks, and though, perhaps, his long acquaintance with them has led him to exaggerate their intelligence and humour, he draws them with a sympathetic touch and a keen sense of their peculiarities. He has increased the interest of the exhibition by prefacing his catalogue with some genial and entertaining gossip concerning his friends at the Zoological Gardens.

Mr. McLean's gallery is the stronghold of the old-fashioned style, and the pictures which have been recently exhibited there, in spite of the popularity of many of them, are wearisome and inartistic. We can imagine nothing more desperate than to be condemned to live in the presence of a masterpiece by HEFFNER and his English prototypes, and little pleasure may be derived from the contemplation of fresh samples of the art of these gentlemen. The designs

which Mr. ERNEST CROFTS has made for his historical pictures have a breadth which the finished works too often lack, but they are heavy and not agreeable in colour. There is a very poor DIAZ, and the best canvas in the room is Mr. EDWIN ELLIS's "After the Gale."

In the Winter Exhibition at the Hanover Gallery, the place of honour is given to an exceedingly elaborate and tedious work entitled "Toilet of a Russian Bride," by CONSTANTIN MAKOWSKY. The catalogue informs us that this picture has been painted specially for the Paris Salon of 1891, and as there is still a jury to satisfy, the announcement seems a little premature. It is possible that there are those in the world who are anxious to know how a Russian bride attired herself at Moscow in the seventeenth century. Well, Professor Makowsky can tell them, though he cannot show them a fine scheme of colour or a noble composition. "La Famille aux Champs" is not a fine example of COROT; the drawing of figures was not the task which best suited this master's genius, and the "family" seem to occupy far too large a space on the canvas. There is an excellent specimen of MUNKACSY's early manner entitled "A Waif." It was evidently painted while he was still under Munich influence, and will have a strange appearance to those who are only familiar with the garish works of his later years. DIAZ, ISABEY, COURBET, DUEZ, DUPRÉ, and several others of the French school are represented by characteristic examples, and though there is nothing of conspicuous merit in the gallery, there are many canvases which are worth examination.

#### REVIEWS.

"*Architectural Studies in France*," by the Rev. J. E. PETIT, M.A., F.S.A., revised by Mr. EDWARD BELL, M.A., F.S.A. (George Bell and Sons), is a new edition of a work published in 1854, the original illustrations by the author and P. DELAMOTTE being so reduced as to bring the volume to a more convenient size. In some cases the reduction has been an advantage, in others the vigour and power of the original illustrations have been lost. The late Mr. Petit was not only an indefatigable archaeologist, but an artist of considerable power, who seems to have been able to grasp his subject at once, and in a few graphic strokes of the pen to convey much more information in a sketch made on the spot, than that which is contained in Mr. Delamotte's laboured woodcuts prepared at home from drawings. These remarks apply to the general views throughout the work; when we come to the details, the accuracy of Mr. Delamotte's drawings tells much in their favour, but even in these the professional artist might have taken a hint from the amateur and given us some of that gradation in tint which forms the chief charm of Mr. Petit's sketches. Mr. Bell reprints the list of authors whose works were consulted by Mr. Petit when writing the text in 1854, and adds a note calling attention to two works only, viz., Revolt's "Architecture Romane" and Macgibbon's "Architecture of Provence and the Riviera," from which we might gather these were all that had been published since. It is surprising that he should have omitted to quote amongst other works the most important publication of this century on the subject, viz., "Le Dictionnaire Raisonné" of M. Viollet-le-Duc. This work not only travels over the same ground as Mr. Petit, but it analyses, classifies, and puts in their proper sequence the various developments of architectural style in France and other countries. By comparison with the article "voûte" and others in this dictionary Mr.



Petit's chapter on the Geometry of Vaulting is hopelessly inadequate. It is too mathematical (simple as it is) for the ordinary reader, and for the architectural student it is of doubtful value. This brings one reluctantly to the conclusion that it would have been far better if the whole work had been rewritten by some competent authority well acquainted with M. Viollet-le-Duc's work, and with the numerous other publications which have appeared since both in France and England. The original prints, or a selection of them, might have been utilised in illustration, and the addition of plans, in which the work is woefully deficient, would have made the new edition more useful to the student than it can be said to be at present. Some of Mr. Bell's general views are extremely good; he seems to have steered midway between Mr. Petit's and Mr. Delamotte's representation. There are cases, however, in which there is a tendency to sacrifice architecture to picturesque effect, a mistake Mr. Petit never made.

M. JUSSELAND'S "*English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*" (T. Fisher Unwin) is an exceedingly valuable contribution to literary history. It is marked by the learning and picturesqueness of style which we have a right to look for in its author. From an artistic point of view it deserves the highest praise, and its admirable illustrations immensely increase the worth of the book. Nothing could be better than the reproductions of the two interesting portraits of Queen Elizabeth and the miniature of Sir Philip Sidney, which are the work of Dujardin, and have something of the quality of a mezzotint. The small illustrations in the text, facsimiles for the most part of old woodcuts, are unpretentious, yet well suited to their purpose. That such a book should have been written by a Frenchman might indeed appear a national disgrace, but if our honour is wounded, we may solace ourselves with the reflection that, had an Englishman performed the task, his work could not have been more scholarly, and it would most assuredly have been less readable.

"*How to Shade from Models*," by Mr. W. E. SPARKES (Cassell and Co.), is a really good practical manual, intended for scholars, pupil-teachers, and schoolmasters who have to prepare themselves for the Government examinations. It is, at the same time, adapted to the use of all students who wish to know how to render objects by their surfaces rather than by their outlines. The principles of light and shade are very lucidly set forth, and the imitation of lights and shadows on various objects is made as simple as a book with a system is able to make it. Of course, no one can learn to shade from objects by copying examples such as are found in this book, which are intended only to illustrate the instructions given in the text; but with models before him and with this book in his hand he must be a dull student indeed who does not soon master the difficulties of shading from models.

The last number of the Cameo Series (Fisher Unwin) is a translation by Miss HARRIET WATERS PRESTON of Frédéric Mistral's Provençal poem entitled "*Mirèio*." The task of representing in English the colour and richness of the original is indeed a difficult one, yet Miss Preston has acquitted herself admirably. We doubt whether she was wise in choosing the rhymed couplet, as employed by William Morris, to represent Mistral's stanza, but she has handled it with sufficient freedom to escape monotony.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART need hardly apologise for noticing a work on pipes. What class of men indulges in the weed more than artists, and who should take more interest in an artistic book by an artist on the subject

of pipes? Mr. R. T. PRITCHETT—who in Lord Brassey's yacht, and in other ways, has been everywhere—has had a way of "takin' notes" wherever he has come across a quaint or curious or in any way an interesting tobacco-pipe. He has now collected his notes, and Mr. Quaritch has had them reproduced; and in "*Smokiana*" we have a charming book as amusing as it is interesting. It has evidently been a labour of love with Mr. Pritchett to make this collection of sketches, which the publisher has done his best to put worthily before the public. They are arranged under the heading of the countries in which they are found, and may be relied upon for their accuracy quite as much as for their art.

Although the gift-books of the season for young people are, taken as a whole, hardly up to the level of those of last year, there are many which are excellent in their way. From Messrs. Blackie we have "*A Chapter of Adventure*" and "*With Cortez in Mexico*," by Mr. G. A. HENTY, illustrated respectively by Mr. OVEREND and Mr. W. S. STACEY; "*Twist School and College*," by Mr. GORDON STABLES, and "*A Rough Shaking*," by Mr. GEORGE MACDONALD, both illustrated by Mr. W. PARKINSON. They are exciting and thoroughly wholesome boys' books, interesting in the text and well pictured. Miss MAGGIE BROWNE'S "*Wanted—A King*" (Cassell and Co.) is an extremely pretty book—inspired doubtless by Lewis Carroll, but the stringing together of the nursery rhymes has been done with much taste and ingenuity, and with excellent feeling. Mr. HARRY FURNISS'S illustrations greatly increase the attractiveness of the little volume. Another book similar in subject, but infinitely more ambitious design, is Mr. JOSEPH JACOBS' "*English Fairy Tales*" (David Nutt), illustrated with much humour by Mr. JOHN BATTEN. Mr. Jacobs has collected and unearthed many forgotten tales, and told them anew with all the unction and skill of an enthusiastic folk-lorist. Of all the pictures, we prefer Mr. Batten's wonderful representation of Invisible Jack.

The Christmas books and cards of Messrs. HILDESHEIMER and FAULKNER are quite up to their usual high level, and a real novelty is to be found amongst them. The "jewelled" souvenirs and cards are quite in good taste, and are really decorative designs with a new treatment. It is with a feeling of sadness that one looks through their pretty books. It is probably the last Christmas that we shall see the work of ALICE HAVERS and ERNEST WILSON, for both these artists have passed away from our midst. Alice Havers was always charming, and the illustrations which, in conjunction with Mr. JACOMB HOOD, she has made to Mr. Lewis Morris's poem "*Odatis*" are full of her delightful grace. Other books illustrated by her are "*Some Old Love Songs*," and "*A Book of Old Ballads*." The Christmas cards include designs by Messrs. KILBURN, DOLLMAN, REANEY, COULDERY, and many other artists of note.

#### NEW ENGRAVINGS.

Messrs. Graves, of Pall Mall East, are just issuing a most excellent reproduction in photogravure of "*The Symbol*," by Mr. FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A. The plate is by HANFSTÄNGEL, of Munich, and it is admirably printed by Mr. Holdgate, of London. The makers of photogravure plates usually desire to print them themselves, on the ground that no one else can manipulate them; and certainly the success of such a plate depends largely on its treatment by the printer. "*The Symbol*" has always been a very popular

picture, and the publication of this large plate is certain to be welcomed by Mr. Dicksee's many admirers.

Messrs. MINSHULL and MEESON, of Eastgate Row, Chester, are publishing a large etching of the well-known "Watlegate Street" by the local artist, Mr. W. MONK. The etching is very full of most painstaking work; the elaborate carving of the beautiful "Bishop's house" being most carefully rendered. The fault of the etching is that it does not suggest enough, but aims at too much realisation. This may be regarded as a good fault in the work of a young man.

#### NOTABILIA.

The Budget of the Minister of Fine Arts in France amounts to £480,000.

The Luxembourg in Paris is to be enlarged by the addition of a new gallery, twenty metres in length, to be erected along the Rue Vaugirard.

We are glad to hear that our representations to the Royal Academy, followed by those of the Institute of Journalists, will probably result this coming year in the establishment of two Press Days, the rest of the week being also re-arranged.

The death from inanition of the Graphic Society must be recorded. For years the members and their families had met in the library of University College, and discussed the works of art lent by them for the evening; but this form of rejoicing had grown too tame for the present generation, particularly in presence of the somewhat more lively conversazioni which have of late become fashionable.

It is a significant fact that the seizure and condemnation to destruction of many of the late Monsieur Garnier's Rabelais pictures has met with approval with a portion of the French art press. There can be no doubt that the magistrate was right in the course he pursued, and that no one who saw the pictures could for a moment defend them. The spirit that inspired them was neither the love of beauty as expressed in the human form, nor appreciation of the "joyous" Rabelais; and the fate meted out to these canvases was richly deserved. It is just such obscene works as these that discredit the use of the nude, or anything suggesting it, in art, and which, regarded from another point of view, demonstrate the often expressed truth that nudity is chaste till it becomes half-clothed.

We learn from Florence that in consequence of immense losses sustained in the Beatrice Exhibition at Florence, Count de Gubernatis has decided to offer for sale his valuable collection of paintings by the old masters. The gallery is in the Count's house, Villa Vidy, Viale Principe Eugenio, Florence, and contains some rare treasures. Among them are a beautiful landscape and a battle-piece by SALVATOR ROSA, one of ALBANI's delicately painted mythological subjects, a "St. Francis" by CIGOLI, one of TINTORETTO's three replicas of the "Slaughter of the Innocents," which differs from the others in some minor details, a fine battle-scene by BORGOGNONE, a head of Christ by ANDREA DEL SARTO, and many good specimens of the early Florentine schools. The two pictures which would most interest English amateurs are the two splendid Poniatowsky portraits by ANGELICA KAUFMANN, representing respectively the father and the brother of King Stanislaus. The third portrait of this set, that of Stanislaus himself, has already been purchased by the Italian Government, and will be placed in the Uffizi

Gallery. The three pictures came from the Royal Gallery at Warsaw. Besides paintings there are some most interesting cartoons by great artists, notably Andrea del Sarto's study in black-and-white for the group of "Charity" in the "Scalzo" frescoes. Professor Max Müller possessed another original study for the same fresco which differs in some things from this one.

#### OBITUARY.

We greatly regret to have to record the death of Mr. WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, on the 22nd of last month, in the eightieth year of his age. Though perhaps better known to the younger generation as a poet than a painter, it was in pictorial art that Mr. Scott accomplished his principal work. He was of the band that numbered Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites among its members, and his influence on the greater painter-poet was very strong. His artistic education, like that of David Scott, R.S.A., his brother, began while he was yet a boy under his father, Robert Scott, the engraver of Edinburgh. He came to London, and exhibited many pictures of historic and anecdotic *genre* at the Royal Academy, the British Institution, and to the Society of British Artists. He was one of those who competed for the decoration of Westminster, and attracted so much attention for his individuality that he was placed in charge of the Newcastle Government School of Art. His feeling for Art was indeed greater than his power of drawing, and his continued connection with South Kensington up to recently was of considerable advantage to that institution. Mr. Scott's brush embellished with mural decorations several mansions in the North of England, and by them perhaps, rather than by his easel pictures, he should be judged.

So short a time has elapsed since we placed some facts of the late Mr. LEDWARD's short life before our readers, that it is unnecessary to do more here than to announce his sad death from consumption. Mr. Ledward has unhappily died without having had the opportunity of realising the anticipations of all who examined his work; but that a young sculptor of such exceptionally high promise would have set his mark on English plastic art, and would have been an honour to his country, few can doubt. With the greatest regret we record his early death, which has not only robbed him of certain fame, but which has also prevented him from providing for a young family.

Mr. JOHN LEWIS BROWN, who has died in Paris at the age of sixty-one, is usually looked upon as belonging to the American school; but as a matter of fact he was born in Bordeaux and must be classed as a Frenchman. He was the pupil of Roqueplan and Belloc, and soon justified their faith in his powers by producing works—chiefly what might be called animal *genre*—that attracted much attention. He received medals in 1865 and the two following years, and was created Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1870, since which time his "anecdotic battle-pieces" and animal subjects have been very popular.

In ADOLPH ARTZ the modern Dutch school has lost one of its finest painters. His work, well known here in England, was distinguished for its truth, not only of the character and expression of the fisher-life he was so fond of representing, but of those phases of nature which he loved to repeat in his canvases. He had much of the sentiment, with little of the sentimentality, of Israels; and though not so great a painter as the latter, he was often more truthful in his chiaroscuro.

## ART IN JANUARY.

### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The first report of the Royal Commission appointed to consider the enlargement of Westminster Abbey has been published. It contains the evidence of many important witnesses, and affords those who are interested in the question an opportunity of discussion before the Commission arrives at a definite conclusion. The majority of the plans have already been laid before the public in one shape or another. With Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE'S proposal (originally made by Sir CHARLES BARRY) we are already familiar, and, inasmuch as it would not interfere with the structure of the Abbey, but, on the contrary, by clearing away a range of low buildings which at present hem it in on the south side, would emphatically improve its aspect, much may be said in its favour. Mr. TOWER suggests a group of chapels, placed between the buttresses of the Chapter House. The plan is a modest one, and yet will hardly prove acceptable to those who hold that the ancient fabric should be left untouched. The architect of the Abbey, Mr. J. L. PEARSON, R.A., was examined at length. He warmly approves of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's scheme, but, in case that should be set aside, he has two plans of his own to advance. The one, on which he lays little stress, is to build a monumental chapel to the east of the Chapter House. If this be practicable, it is comparatively inoffensive, but it is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Pearson's other scheme, with which he is himself desperately in love, will find no favour in the eyes of the Commission. The architect contemplates nothing less than the addition of a north aisle to the nave! There would be free access to the aisle from the north transept (at present a receptacle for the shot rubbish of the studios) as well as from the nave itself. The rejection of this proposal cannot be too strongly urged. Mr. Pearson attempts to palliate its iniquity by pointing out that the north wall of the nave has already been restored, and is not worth reverent preservation. But two blacks do not make a white, and because a noble monument has already been tampered with, there is no reason why further violence should be permitted. The addition of a north aisle would destroy the proportion and aspect of the church; it would not permanently relieve the congestion of the Abbey; indeed, it would do naught else than give Mr. Pearson an opportunity for experiment. But the most ambitious proposal of all comes from Messrs. HARVEY and SEDDON. These gentlemen have amalgamated the schemes of all their rivals, and demand the outlay of £500,000. They would build a group of chapels round the Chapter House, restore the old Norman Ambulatory, add another ambulatory running east and west, rebuild St. Catharine's Chapel, and finish up with a Campo Santo, which (in accordance with another suggestion) should run along Abingdon Street. That this enterprise would afford Messrs. Harvey and Seddon an opportunity for the display of their powers is quite certain, but it is not quite so certain that the country is prepared to make so great a sacrifice for the benefit of these talented architects. The arguments with which they support their scheme are not unanswerable, and one, at least, condemns itself. In support of the

restoration of the Norman Ambulatory, they write as follows:—"We may say that there is a third advantage to be obtained by restoring this space. It is, that the connection between its low-pitched vaults and the higher vaults of the cloisters on the one side, and the new chapels on the other, would offer most interesting problems for architects to solve. It is in surmounting such difficulties that the mediæval master-masons have often displayed their talents." That is to say, the country is to spend £500,000, and jeopardise a precious heritage of the past, and all to provide an interesting problem. But the whole report is proof conclusive that on the question of ancient buildings architects are the last men in the world to be consulted. They are so anxious (for epideictic purposes) to tinker the work of others, that they are never at a loss for a scheme of restoration or enlargement. And yet if the past has taught us any lesson, it is that a restorer is in nine cases out of ten a destroyer. By far the simplest and most intelligent plan yet set forth is due to Mr. JAMES KNOWLES. He suggests that the cloisters should be used for the display of monuments, and the garth be the burying-place of such as deserve so great an honour at the hands of their countrymen. This scheme is doubly advantageous; it will involve no great outlay, and will do no violence to the structure. But it is almost too simple a suggestion for a Royal Commission to endorse.

### THE PROPOSED "RESTITUTION" OF THE ELGIN MARBLES.

Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON has re-opened the question, which we had hoped was set at rest for ever, of the restoration of the Elgin Marbles to Athens. He advances half a dozen arguments in favour of the sacrifice, but not one of them will endure criticism, and the ominous references to certain iniquitous persons, who belong to clubs in Pall Mall, make it clear that Mr. Harrison's sentiment has overcome his reason. It is ridiculous to pretend that the national feeling of the Greeks is centred in the marbles of the Parthenon. When Lord Elgin carried them off, he was properly authorised to do so, and he, no doubt, saved them from destruction. At the present day, the monuments which are preserved in Athens simply serve to entice tourists, and, as Mr. Harrison admits, to fill the national exchequer. But there is no reason in the world why we should surrender a legitimate possession in order to enrich another nation. The museums of Athens are the playground of the archæologist rather than the shrines at which worship the pious descendants of the Periclean Greeks. Besides, if once the right of possession be set aside, how can we retain the treasures that are now in the National Gallery? How can we, if we accept the theory which Mr. Harrison has so acrimoniously set forth, preserve a single Greek vase in the British Museum? However, it is unlikely that the suggestion will ever be seriously discussed. No statesman, who had not five years of leisure and autocracy, could ever hope to tackle so fantastic and boundless a question as the redistribution of works of art.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

The competition for prizes at the Royal Academy Schools was not in all respects as keen as usual. As Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON pointed out in the address which he delivered to the students, the drawing of the figure from life gave little promise of future achievement. But it is not a little significant of the progress which landscape painting has of late years made in England that the Creswick prize was closely contested, and that Mr. PEACOCK carried off the prize with an admirable work. The designs for mural decoration were excellent, and we are glad to note that Mr. A. C. WEATHERSTONE'S "*Adoration of the Magi*" is to be reproduced at the cost of the Academy. It is encouraging to note that an unmistakable improvement has taken place in decorative work, for it is in this direction that we must look for the future of art. Last year we witnessed the triumph of women students; and though they have failed to repeat their distinguished performance, they succeeded in carrying off two first prizes.

## RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

The exhibition of pictures by painters of the Newlyn school, which has been held at Messrs. Dowdeswells' Gallery, was not fairly representative. The best works of the school were not shown, and the monotonous technique adopted by the majority was more insistent than ever, when one hundred and thirty specimens were gathered together. Five years ago Messrs. FORBES, BRAMLEY, and their followers were in the very vanguard of progress, and the fact that to-day they are voted "old-fashioned" is strangely significant of the restlessness and love of experiment which to-day characterise the British school. It was doubtless from Bastien-Lepage that the technical qualities of the Newlyn painters were derived, and the best of them have indeed done wonders with them. But the dangers incurred by a small school are conspicuous in the work of the less accomplished of the painters who have sought a home in Cornwall. A trick is easily learned, and those who handle it deftly and with facility are only too apt to believe that they have already advanced far on the road of art. Without technical skill, of course, nothing may be done. But technical skill, of itself, is powerless to produce anything better than intelligent studies. A sense of colour and proportion, a power of selecting what is beautiful in nature and discarding that which is only pathetic or humanly interesting, these are essential to the artist, and they are conspicuously absent in all but the masters of the Newlyn school. Of the work of Messrs. BRAMLEY, STANHOPE FORBES, TUKE, LANGLEY, SIMMONS, and STOKES we have frequently spoken in these columns, and we have ever frankly recognised their merits. Among the younger members of the school none has produced better work than Mr. TIRCOMB, for he has a far keener eye for colour than the majority of his companions, and he is less dominated by the technical superstitions of the school. Mrs. STOKES' "*Edelweiss*" is a delightful portrait in white, and with "*The Witch*" Mrs. STANHOPE FORBES has won the conspicuous success of the exhibition. The future of the Newlyn school will be watched with interest. It includes a goodly number of young painters who know how to handle their paints and brushes, but until they break away from a technique which others have perfected, and look at nature with their own eyes rather than with the eyes of others, they will continue to produce works which,

instead of possessing solid merits of their own, will but exaggerate the faults of their masters.

At Messrs. Dowdeswells' Gallery has also been exhibited a small collection of pastels by Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE. They are, one and all, slight and unlaboured—and in this respect they present an emphatic contrast to the work of the Newlyn school; but each one strikes a fresh, clear note of colour, and each is touched with an artistic daintiness. Mr. Guthrie, no less than Messrs. Stanhope Forbes and Bramley, has learnt his technique from a foreign studio. But his style is vital, and has in it greater possibilities than the more constrained handling of the apostles of the square method.

To many people the exhibition of drawings and engravings by Hokusai, the most accomplished of the popular school of Japanese draughtsmen, was a revelation. And, indeed, we owe the Fine Art Society a debt of gratitude for having given us the opportunity of seeing so many admirable specimens of the Japanese master's art. In colour or in black-and-white Hokusai is alike charming, and while it is evident that the daintiest of his subjects has been sedulously studied, he turns whatever he touches into exquisite decoration. In a future number of the Magazine we shall return to Hokusai, and content ourselves for the present with recording his exhibition.

The yearly exhibitions at Burlington House have so intimately familiarised us with Mr. LEADER'S work, that there was little to interest, or surprise, in the collection which has been got together at the French Gallery. The popular landscape-painter's style is so highly seasoned that he does not bear so well the test of an extensive exhibition of his own. He has an unfailing power of getting a picturesque and sentimental effect, but it is a commonplace of criticism that he does not seek to solve the problem of the higher landscape art. He is as alien in his aim and end from the Barbizon school as it is possible for a painter to be, and to this fact is due perhaps the brilliant reception which he received at the Paris Exhibition of last year. For the rest, the gallery contained the usual array of French and German works, of which the most were products of the studio, and not a little tedious.

The present exhibition of the Glasgow Institute—which has altered its time of opening from the beginning of February to the middle of December—is marked by considerable freshness and variety, due mainly to the work of the younger painters of the West. Mr. HARRINGTON MANN sends an important example of historical art in his spirited "*Attack of the Macdonalds at Killiecrankie*;" and Mr. E. A. WALTON treats, on an extended scale and with much freedom of handling, a "*Peasant Girl and Boy*," in which, however, the drawing of the female figure calls for more of correctness and more of grace. Mr. J. LAVERY is represented by three works. His "*Irish Girl*" is a refined study of a veiled lady, severely restricted in its subdued colour-scheme, as also his cabinet full-length of "*J. Stewart Clark*;" while his "*Bridge of Gretz*" is a broadly rendered river subject. Among the contributions of Mr. A. ROCHE is a charmingly quaint head of a dark-haired child. "*A Northern Shore*," by Mr. T. MILLIE DOW, is one of the freshest and most sparkling pieces of marine-painting which this artist—hitherto at his best when at work on flowers—has shown; and the sensitive art of Mr. J. PATTERSON appears in the delicate sky and the shadowy landscape of "*Sundown*." Some of the most fascinating subjects in the exhibition are by Mr. E. A. HORNEL. He exhibits a picture of girls "*Among the Hyacinths*," seen last year at the Grosvenor;

but since then his art has developed, and he attains far greater potency of decorative colouring—colour of definite force, and excellently varied, laid in the most telling juxtaposition, patch by patch, like mosaic work—in “The Brook” and “Butterflies.” Similar subjects, and less powerful treatment upon similar lines, are visible in the contributions of Mr. HENRY GEORGE. Among the works previously shown in London are Mr. TADEMA’s “Visit of Hadrian to a Romano-British Pottery,” Mr. STOTT’s “Birth of Venus,” M. EMILE WAUTERS’ admirably faithful portrait of “Mr. M. H. Spielmann,” and Mr. PETTIE’s telling rendering of “J. C. Noble, R.S.A. ;” while Mr. W. E. LOCKHART sends one of his most harmonious and successful works, a half-length of “John Polson, Esq.”

## REVIEWS.

The *édition de luxe* is not the greatest invention of the century, and those who believe that the end and aim of a book are not to collect dust on a drawing-room table will continue to prefer the volume which can be held in the hand and read without elaborate preparation. But if luxury be permitted, we may cordially recommend the *Édition nationale* of VICTOR HUGO’s “*Notre-Dame de Paris*” (Paris : Émile Testard et Cie.). The illustrations are designed by M. L. O. MERSON, and etched by M. GÉRY-RICHARD. Seldom were author and artist better matched. The story is frankly Gothic ; of this there can be no question. It is not in Hugo’s romance that we must look for restrained treatment or beauty of outline. And assuredly the grotesque corbels and gargoyles of the great cathedral of Paris suggested to the author a theme that was more than ordinarily fantastic and extravagant. And in M. Merson’s art there is a touch of the same quality. It suits his personality to design quaint and distorted figures, and to put in weird and fanciful backgrounds. He has accomplished his work with marvellous skill and appropriateness, and if his commentary on the text is barbaric and even distressing to look upon, he can find abundant justification for his performance in the work of his author. He has, indeed, caught the spirit of Hugo. But not even the spirit of Hugo will completely excuse his evident prejudice in favour of lank limb and bent back. M. Merson evidently conceives it to be the duty of an illustrator to be rigidly faithful to his text. There is, however, another reasonably tenable view. Why should not the illustrator decorate his page, as well as translate his author’s meaning into another medium ? It is true that, if the freer method be adopted, a literal treatment is impossible. But we remember what Vièrge has done for the illustrator’s craft, and sigh that M. Merson, with his remarkable talent, has not adhered a little less closely to his Hugo.

The best account of the English School of Painting is still REDGRAVE’S “*Century of Painters*” (Sampson Low). The new edition is in some respects of greater practical use than the old. It is considerably abridged, and is now brought within the compass of one volume. The merits of the work are so well known that they need no recapitulation. But we have a right to protest against the announcement, which is made on the title-page, that the history is “continued to the present time.” This is in no sense true. A casual reference to RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, a couple of pages devoted to HOLL, and half-a-dozen other unimportant additions, do not justify the editor in claiming to have brought the book down to date. The new matter, indeed,

is of little value or interest, and the book will still be read and studied for the picture it presents of the English school from Hogarth to 1850.

The interest and picturesqueness of the river which all Englishmen delight to believe the greatest in the world are never-failing, and we are prepared to welcome an endless series of books which shall sing its praises. The pleasant volume, entitled “*The Thames from Oxford to the Tower*” (London : John C. Nimmo), is written by Mr. W. SENIOR (“Red Spinner”), who, if he has missed a fresh point of view, treats his subject with the enthusiasm of a devotee. But the work would have been easier reading had it conveyed less information, and, it must be confessed, that now and again it relapses into guide-bookese. With its illustrations we are more particularly concerned, and it cannot be said that the etchings of Mr. F. S. WALKER, R.H.A., do justice to the subject. They are not a little scratchy, and in most cases the etcher has overcrowded his plates with details. His treatment of foliage is particularly small and inartistic. Instead of presenting his trees in masses, and so getting a large effect, he is content to show us the anatomy of the branches, or to suggest a multiplicity of leaves and twigs. However, his themes are sometimes so picturesque that he succeeds in his effect, and his study of barges near the Tower, which is the best of the etchings, has an undeniable dignity and mystery.

At last the Barbizon school is winning the appreciation of the English public, and before many years a by no means inconsiderable literature will be devoted to it. Mr. MOLLETT has contributed a couple of volumes to the “Great Artists’ Series” (London : Sampson Low), the one dealing with COROT, DAUBIGNY, and DUPRÉ, the other with MILLET, ROUSSEAU, and DIAZ. These two works are unpretentiously written, and set forth clearly and simply the events of the painters’ lives. Mr. Mollett rarely ventures upon criticisms of his own, and is not always wise in his quotation of the criticisms of others. To those who are not familiar with the works of the school, Mr. Mollett’s handbooks will doubtless be of service, but they contain little that is fresh or suggestive. The bibliographies and lists of pictures, which form an appendix to each volume, are very far from complete, and are drawn from obvious sources, yet, so far as they go, they will be found of considerable service to the amateur.

MULREADY has been dead less than twenty years, and yet he seems already among the old masters. In his art, as in his life, he was old-fashioned, and he possessed a large share of the kindness and charity of the antique world. Mr. F. G. STEPHENS, in the biography he has contributed to the “Great Artists’ Series” (Sampson Low), sets before us a pleasant picture of the distinguished draughtsman. It is possible to quarrel with the style in which the book is written, and the criticism is not always sound. For instance, it seems by no means clear to us that Mulready is superior to Wilkie, and the reason alleged for the superiority—Mulready’s philosophy—is by no means adequate. But Mr. Stephens has had access to valuable material, and has conversed with many of the painter’s friends, so that the biography carries with it the weight of some authority.

We welcome the text-books of Ornamental Design, by Mr. LEWIS F. DAY, in their new editions, “*Some Principles of Every-day Art*” and “*The Planning of Ornament*” (Batsford). Mr. Day is a designer of a very high order,

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who knows his subject better than most men. Anything he writes on the subject of ornament may safely be recommended to the student. The books are admirably illustrated.

"*Wood-Carving*," by FRANÇOIS LOUIS SCHAUERMANN (Chapman and Hall), is a book on the "Practice and Theory" of wood-carving as applied to "Home Arts," with an introductory essay by Mr. WALTER CRANE. It is a very simple practical work, but unfortunately the author has thought too much of the theory, and has too much to say about "the styles," for his book to be of much use to a student who wants to make wood-carving a "Home Art." Fourteen pages contain all the instruction in the art, while eighty are devoted to "The Styles." The book has a large amount of illustrations of a decidedly poor order.

A thoroughly useful and charming work is M. ARY RENAN's "*La Costume en France*" (Quatin). The text is admirably lucid and concise, and the illustrations are well chosen and apt for the purpose. They are derived from the best sources, tombs, glass-windows, sculptures, old prints, tapestries, seals, and records, and, therefore, have an authority which the best modern designs could not hope to possess. To the historical painter this work, which, by the way, is written by a painter, should be invaluable, as a reference to its pages would frequently suggest a costume at once, and save an infinite deal of tiresome research.

"*The Vicar of Wakefield*" (Macmillan and Co.) is a charming little book illustrated profusely by Mr. HUGH THOMSON. The publisher and the artist have evidently worked together to produce as perfect a book as possible, and, as the result, we have one of the prettiest gift-books of the season. Never has Goldsmith's masterpiece been more charmingly or sympathetically illustrated.

In "*Elementary Art Teaching*" (Chapman and Hall) Mr. EDWARD R. TAYLOR has written a very good book which might with advantage be in the hands of every art-teacher. The author has had many years' experience as an art-master at Lincoln and Birmingham, and has turned out more than one pupil eminent amongst the artists of to-day. As this book shows, he is a strong advocate of the system of collective teaching, and in Mr. Taylor's hands the system has been employed with excellent results; but for its success, peculiar gifts are necessary in the teacher. The book is admirably illustrated and well printed.

If it is possible to learn the art of wood-carving from a book, "*A Manual of Wood-Carving*," by CHARLES G. LELAND (Whittaker and Co.), is the book. In preparing it the author has had the help of some very practical wood-carvers and teachers of the art, and the result is a series of lessons so carefully graduated that the student is conducted from the simplest to the most complex studies without being made to feel that they increase in difficulty. For home study without a master it would be difficult to find a better guide.

"*Animal Painting for Beginners*" (Blackie and Son) is another addition to the already long list of VERE FOSTER's water-colour books. The book contains some very good groups of animals and birds, and an occasional study of a portion of an animal; but it is questionable whether it has much educational value. There is no attempt to graduate the studies, the first being quite as difficult as the last. To copy the examples contained in the book, it will be necessary for the student to have already made considerable progress in the art of water-colour painting.

The development of new processes of reproduction has been so rapid of late years that it is almost impossible to keep pace with the new discoveries. Those who wish for practical instruction can hardly do better than consult Mr. W. T. WILKINSON's "*Photo-Engraving, Photo-Litho., and Collotype*" (Hampton, Judd and Co.). It is the result of years of study and experiment, and no formula is given which the author has not thoroughly tested. The amateur will find little in its pages to amuse or instruct him, but the practical workman cannot turn to it without profit.

#### NOTABILIA.

Although the expectations of the directors of the Royal Anglo-Australian Art Society have not been realised in respect to their Adelaide Exhibition, their campaign in Australia has been highly successful, and is regarded as extremely satisfactory. In spite of the strikes and other causes of depression, the sales have exceeded all those at home, about £6,000 being the amount taken. This is well for the Society—and better for Australia.

The last new artistic society of France—the "Artistic Union of Draughtsmen"—is one of real value. The members, including both designers and illustrators, seek to form a body which can reach and deal with publishers, authors, and managers of the art-industries with facility, and without the intervention of a third party. Such an organisation might undoubtedly be established here in England with real advantage to artists.

The "Société des Artistes Français"—that is to say, the "Old Salon"—has held its annual meeting and declared its funded property to amount to £41,500. It is proposed to establish a laboratory for the production of pure colours. Surely, this is a duty which devolves also on our Royal Academy, especially after the clear and masterly exposition of Professor Church, to which we referred on page 50.

Mr. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A., has joined the ranks of the retired Academicians. Mr. Marshall was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1844, and a full member in 1852. From 1835 to last year inclusive he has contributed no fewer than one hundred and forty works to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

A new weekly paper with an ambitious title—*L'Art dans les Deux Mondes*—has been started in Paris. It contains biographies and sketches of artists, together with art gossip, and so forth. It appears to have commanded success from its birth.

LOUGH's damaged and weather-worn statue of the Queen is to be removed from the Royal Exchange. Another from the chisel of Sir EDGAR BOEHM was to have been substituted. In consequence of the sculptor's death, the matter will probably remain in abeyance.

It is stated that the Czar intends to establish an Art University in Paris, for Russian students, on the basis of the French Villa Medici, at Rome. The idea is not popular in Paris; indeed, it is regarded with no little jealousy.

A portrait of Mr. Gladstone has just been completed by Mr. PERCY BIGLAND. Both the sitter and Mrs. Gladstone declare it to be the best likeness ever painted of him.

M. PAUL RENOUARD has gained M. Carnot's "Prize of Honour" at the Black-and-White Exhibition recently held at Paris.

## ART IN FEBRUARY.

### THE ACADEMY ELECTIONS.

The Elections at the Academy are quite commonplace; they merit neither praise nor reproach. There had been a vast deal of speculation concerning the result. We had heard so much of new departures, of the resolution of the Academicians to admit a draughtsman in water-colour or black-and-white within their ranks, that we were a little surprised to hear that tradition had not been violated. In Mr. BROCK we have a legitimate successor to Sir EDGAR BOEHM, whose superior in art he is; but a still more talented sculptor among the Associates was passed over. No doubt it can be urged that Mr. GILBERT can wait, but if the Academy is to represent the best art of the country, considerations of age should exert no influence. Mr. Gow, the other new Academician, is an admirable, conscientious painter, but he has always been hampered by his early devotion to water-colour. Of Mr. DAVID MURRAY's election we feel bound to say that, in spite of the painter's ability and popularity, he leaves better men behind him without the pale, and as he represents no school or movement but himself, the choice may not be defended on public grounds. However, there never was a body of men, who filled such vacancies as occurred in their ranks by co-optation, that wholly satisfied the outside world. And we must accept the decisions of the Royal Academy in a passive, if not an enthusiastic, spirit.

### EXHIBITIONS.

The Exhibition of "Old Masters" this year—by no means larger than such an exhibition has been wont to be—is really notable chiefly for its variety. It includes specimens of the painted work of nearly all the schools. Not that the early Italians are represented well. The collection of their work is a very scratch collection indeed. Still they are represented for those persons who are facile in the matter of attributions, and who graciously share the credulity of owners as to the authenticity of their panels. At the other end of the scale, English Water-Colour is represented—the latest school almost with the earliest—and though, as regards English water-colour painters, the exclusion of some is rather arbitrary, on the whole our more important artists are seen well. To this rule TURNER is an exception; not, indeed, through any lack of quality, but simply owing to the limited number of his drawings which are on view. But a very full representation of this great genius of landscape can well be spared—he has been seen so largely in previous years. By DAVID COX there is, amongst other treasures, the famous "Vale of Clwydd:" a drawing which must be accounted as one of his masterpieces. DEWINT's genius is made manifest more by his very freshest sketches than by his most elaborate work, and the exhibition is wanting in a proper display of these sketches. COTMAN is represented well, upon the other hand, though we are sorry to see none of his church interiors. Still, nearly everything by him at Burlington

House is marked by his decisiveness, simplicity, and breadth, and the show cannot fail to add something even to that well-established fame. Of the earlier water-colour men, SANDBY is seen to great advantage, though his accurate topography can never be fascinating; and GIRTIN is shown pretty adequately; and of JOHN COZENS, who, in the opinion of Constable, was the "greatest genius that ever touched landscape," a reasonable opinion may be formed. What solemnity in his vision!—what charm in his performance! He and WILSON are perhaps the only English artists who have ever understood Italy. But to turn now to the Old Masters proper. The Dutch school of the great seventeenth century is that which is represented the best. REMBRANDT, indeed, is absent; but there are five FRANZ HALS's; two or three delicate ADRIAN VAN DE VELDES; a famous TERBURG belonging to the Queen; a good JAN STEEN; a PETER DE HOOCH hardly, if at all, inferior to the "Courtyard of a Dutch House" in our National Gallery; and, lastly, a VAN DER MEER, of Delft, upon which the most important critical attention has been bestowed. Mr. Samuel Joseph is the fortunate owner of it. It came from the Princess Demidoff, and was, during the last generation, in the hands of Monsieur Léopold Double. No one looking at this famous and delightful picture of "The Soldier and the Laughing Girl" would imagine it to be by De Hooch, yet to De Hooch—as we are informed—was it the custom of old to attribute the rare efforts of Van der Meer, of Delft. As to the Spanish pictures, three portraits by VELASQUEZ engage the attention of connoisseurs; the finest, it is generally admitted, being the portrait of "*il conde duque*," Olivarez, who, *bâton* in hand, is mounted on a prancing grey steed. For once MURILLO vies with Velasquez in interest—nay, in a sense, is found yet more interesting, for by him there is contributed an unquestioned masterpiece—an altarpiece of the greatest importance in the study of his work. Here is seen his capacity to depict a simple and sincere devotion, and his occasional force in seizing upon the individuality of his contemporaries and fellow-citizens. Fashionable as it has been to sneer at Murillo, it is not possible on this occasion to sneer at him with intelligence. The later Venetians, GUARDI and CANALETTO, are really—strange as it may seem—among the best represented of Italian masters. By the French there is seldom anything of note, though last year was in this respect a very remarkable exception. and though this year the three charming little WATTEAUS which belonged to Miss James remind us of how interesting is the school from which they proceed, and of how charming are the artists who, if they were anxious to remember actual life, were yet more resolute never to forget elegance. In that "Interior," which is really Watteau's famous picture "*L'Occupation selon l'âge*," the greatest master of the real French school grapples with perfect success with an unaccustomed theme. We believe that through the death of Miss James—who has been their owner—these Watteaus must shortly be sold. Will not the National Gallery buy one of them? It certainly will, if it seeks to be comprehensive.

The Guelph Exhibition, which has been held at the New Gallery, is no less interesting from a human than from an artistic point of view. The committee have cast their net abreast too widely, and in exhibiting a "ball of worsted wound by Cowper, the poet, for Mrs. Unwin," have presumed too much upon the childish curiosity of the British public. Relics so trivial as this are little better than the cherry stones celebrated in Calverley's lines. But although there are many objects in the New Gallery which we could well have spared, there is no lack of exceedingly interesting material. The Guelph period is in reality our own, and we contemplate the portraits of the great men of the past century with a keener sympathy and a better understanding than we were able to bring to the pictures of the Tudor period. The reign of the Third George was the golden age of English art, and at the New Gallery are to be seen some of the greatest portraits that our countrymen have produced. Yet when the work of Sir JOSHUA and GAINSBOROUGH is massed together it cannot but lose something of its effect. Even Jupiter nods, and it cannot be denied that our great masters were quite capable of painting exceedingly bad portraits. The committee of the exhibition have not been guided in their choice solely by artistic considerations; they have attempted to show us the counterfeit presentments of the distinguished men who lived under the four Georges and William IV. And while we are interested to study the features of the poets and painters, whose work is an undying possession, we cannot but confess that they were not always fortunate in their portraits. The Guelph period was at the outset overshadowed, so far as art was concerned, by the talent of KNELLER, who, though he had caught something of RUBENS' manner, and not seldom succeeded in the representation of graceful women, was a dull uninspired painter. His handling was monotonous, his colour thin and steely, nor do his pictures add much to the gaiety of the exhibition. Indeed, until we reach the time of Sir Joshua, we find little that is distinguished either in colour or composition, and it must be confessed that the great man himself is represented by many works wholly unworthy of his genius. But there is the magnificent "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," surely the most memorable work of the British school; and for the sight of this what tedium would we not endure? Then there is Sir Joshua's admirable portrait of Sterne, so simple in pose, so rich in insight, and RAE BURN's masterly Sir Walter Scott. This last work, in fact, holds its own against all competitors, and proves that its author, when at his best, had no rival except Sir Joshua himself. One point forces itself upon our notice: the majority of the pictures have been permitted to rot and rust in the most disgraceful fashion. The portraits by HOLBEIN and his school, which we were privileged to see last year, were still clean and fresh, and it is not a little strange that a century should have availed to mar the beauty of the works of Sir Joshua and his contemporaries. It can only be that they did not use such sound colours as their predecessors. In the lesser arts the Guelph period has not been conspicuously successful. WEDGWOOD, it is true, had a fine sense of form and outline, and his pottery, unpleasant though much of it is in colour, has an indisputable elegance and charm. But what can be said in praise of so paltry a product as Battersea enamel? Ugly and inharmonious in colour, trivial and childish in design, it has little merit except ingenuity, and has precisely the same claim on the collector as the common postage stamp.

Mr. C. P. SAINTON's pictures and silver-points, which have been exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, are fairly

interesting. They were made during a caravan-journey from the north to the south of France, and, had full justice been done to the subject, they should have been more picturesque. But the silver-points are for the most part ineffective, and suggest that photography was called to the aid of observation. The oil-paintings are far better, and not a few display a fine sense of colour and a genuine feeling for the open air.

At the same gallery have been exhibited a collection of "Sketches" by Mr. CLAUDE HAYES, R.I. They are effective transcripts from nature, clean and bright in colour, and their author handles his medium with a keen sense of its capabilities, though his touch is at times somewhat small.

Mr. ANDERSON HAGUE's pictures of North Cambria are of curiously unequal merit. He has an unrestrained love of detail, and is too apt to fill his canvas with facts which only hinder the composition and weaken the effect which, with simpler means, he might produce. His colour is sometimes crude and restless, but it must be admitted that most of his work is truthful in effect, even though harmony is sacrificed to realism.

Mr. GEORGE S. ELGOOD, a collection of whose drawings has been exhibited at the Fine Art Society's rooms, has been fortunate in his choice of subject. There is no more picturesque material than that afforded by old-fashioned gardens, and Mr. Elgood has wisely selected the trimmed hedge and quaintly-cut yew for representations in his water-colour drawings. His handling is old-fashioned, and a broader method would doubtless be more effective. But even if we find his style undistinguished, it is impossible not to feel the charm of the nooks and corners of walled-in gardens, which he has so daintily transcribed.

#### REVIEWS.

The history of Art may be written from two points of view—anecdotic and the critical. The late Sir WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL's famous "*Annals of the Artists of Spain*" is one of the best examples of the anecdotic method, and is not only a faithful record, but an entertaining book. The new edition (J. C. Nimmo) is in every respect superior to the first, which appeared more than forty years ago, and has long since been inaccessible. The earlier edition was marred by not a few serious blunders, and was published at a time when book-illustration was a pitifully neglected art. But the author's own notes and emendations have been incorporated in the new edition, and many important engravings have been added. In its final shape the four volumes of the "*Annals*" form by far the best account we have of the golden age of Spanish Art. When Sir William Stirling-Maxwell began his task, the ground was well-nigh unbroken. But since his book was published, interest in the Art of Spain has been marvellously quickened. To-day the worship of Velasquez is the first article in the creed of the painter and student of Art, and Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's is unquestionably the best biography in English of this prince of painters. The merits of the work are so well known that there is no need to insist upon them here. It is only necessary to point out how far the value of the "*Annals*" has been increased in the new edition. As we have said, the notes which the author collected have been inserted in their proper place, and the editor has carefully tracked the career of all such pictures as have changed hands during the last forty years. He has also added many interesting notes of his own, and has given references to



several works which were published subsequently to the "Annals." In its present shape, it is by far the most important history of Spanish Art in existence, and to the student of painting will be entirely indispensable.

The career of HOBBEEMA closely resembles that of many other men of genius. He won scant recognition during his lifetime, and since his death he has been hailed as one of the greatest landscape-painters that ever lived. It was in England that he gained his earliest and warmest appreciation. He exercised a profound influence upon Crome and the Norwich school, and, in return, their work did much to awaken English connoisseurs to the beauty of Hobbema's art. M. MICHEL, in the monograph on "*Hobbema et les Paysagistes de son temps en Hollande*" (which he has contributed to the "Artistes Célèbres" Series: Librairie de l'Art), takes a sound and moderate view of Hobbema's talent. The critic is quite alive to the painter's limitations, to his love of detail, and his frequent use of unpleasant colour. But he is also quick to discern the charming quality of his best work, and the stateliness of his composition in such masterpieces as "The Avenue of Middleharnis." M. Michel is a devout disciple of Fromentin, the sanest of art-critics, and his loyalty to his master is a guarantee of sound judgment.

The same author and the same publisher are responsible for "*Jacob van Ruysdael et les Paysagistes de l'École de Harlem*." Of a more versatile genius than Hobbema, RUYSDAEL was the greatest landscape-painter of his school, and M. Michel has done complete justice to his achievements. The illustrations are the least satisfactory portion of the book. They are produced by an unlovely process, and give the reader a wholly wrong impression of the originals.

The present generation is apt to forget, in its enthusiasm for the Romantic movement, the delicate elegancies and classical refinements which preceded the great artistic revolution. It is all the greater pleasure, therefore, to read M. NAQUET's appreciative monograph on "*Fragonard*" (Librairie de l'Art). Public taste has for a time turned against the classical convention. But taste is notoriously fickle, and it is not impossible that we shall go back with enthusiasm to the well-ordered composition and jocund stateliness of Fragonard and his compeers. Something, no doubt, he owed to Boucher, but he was also indebted to Tiepolo, the last of the great school, and from the latter he derived his sense of grandeur and largeness of line.

The splendid exhibition of more than four hundred and sixty paintings, drawings, and sketches of DAVID COX recently collected by Mr. WHITWORTH WALLIS in the Birmingham Art Gallery, has offered an opportunity to the Keeper and to Mr. ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN, which they have been quick to seize. They have compiled an elaborate catalogue of the collection, and have issued (Osborn and Son, Birmingham) an illustrated *édition de luxe* of it. The value of such a work as a contribution to Cox literature need hardly be pointed out; for with the monograph, the copious notes, the descriptions, and the occasional history of the various drawings, it comes nearer to completeness than any that has preceded it, and will probably continue to deserve that distinction for some time to come.

"Blackie's *Modern Cyclopaedia*" arrives at completion with the eighth volume. We have noticed this work on the appearance of each part, so that little remains to be said. Its merits are many, while its faults are those inseparable from an undertaking which involves the compression of

much matter into little space. Dr. ANNANDALE has carried out his work in a praiseworthy manner, but the chief blots upon it are consequent on the effort to make the book "modern." A constant lack of perspective is the result—a modern man of second-rate importance oftentimes receiving an undue share of attention to the disadvantage, and sometimes total suppression, of a personage far greater but more remote. The section of Architecture is particularly well done—better, in fact, than that of Art in general.

Of all reference books, "*Hazell's Annual*" appears to us at once the most concise, the most indispensable, and the most pleasant of companions. It is edited with rare skill, the facts recorded being brought up to within a few days of publication. The article upon "Art in 1890" is a marvel of conciseness. It is disfigured by a few misprints, but it accurately reflects the year's movement in art. The artistic biographies are numerous, and, so far as we have tested them, correct. Mr. PRICE's creation is certainly the most remarkable reference-book of its kind in existence.

The "*Student's Atlas of Artistic Anatomy*," by C. H. ROTH, Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy at Munich (London: H. Grevel and Co.), does not appear to be any valuable addition to the many similar works already in existence. It is old-fashioned in its mode of treating the subjects. Anatomical Atlases in which the drawing is on one sheet and the reference on another are not liked by the student, and are out of date.

#### NEW ENGRAVINGS.

The Royal Association for Promoting the Fine Arts in Scotland has issued "*A Selection from the Works of Sir Henry Raeburn*." The portraits are fourteen in number, and are reproduced in photogravure by Messrs. T. and R. Annan; the introductory biographical sketch and the notes on the pictures are by Mr. W. E. HENLEY. The plates are for the most part very good; the apparent defectiveness of some of them is probably due to a certain unsuitableness for this mode of reproduction in the paintings themselves. The selection of the portraits is by no means the best that might have been made, and Mr. Henley has to acknowledge it is what it is because the pictures were easy of access to the Committee, and that there is little or nothing to say about most of them. But if the Committee has not done all it might to give the work a lasting value, neither has Mr. Henley. His sketch and his notes are good, but if he had but added to these a chronological list of the painter's works he would have made the book useful to those for whom it has interest. Such a list of Raeburn's works is sadly wanted. The book is well printed by Constable.

The Art Union of London is taking a new lease of life. After doing admirable work in past years, it has of late fallen on evil days. At one time it stood alone in its efforts to spread a taste for art, and it probably owes the comparative obscurity into which it has sunk to the many competitors who have adopted ways of making themselves known that the older and more respectable Art Union of London has shrunk from adopting. It has run a risk of perishing through an excess of respectability. But the Committee has been reinforced by some younger spirits who recognise that in an advertising age it is useless having good things to dispose of unless all means are adopted to make the fact known. This year, in addition to the chance of a prize in the drawing, every subscriber of a guinea will receive four etchings which are of a size and quality fit to hang up with good things. They are from pictures by old

English landscape-painters, JOHN CROME, JOHN CONSTABLE, Sir A. W. CALCOTT, and T. BARKER, and are severally etched by PERCY THOMAS, H. R. ROBERTSON, C. O. MURRAY, and EDGAR BARCLAY. The etchings are all good, and for the lovers of this form of art it would be difficult to invest a guinea to greater advantage, apart from the delightful possibility of winning a valuable prize in the shape of an original picture to be chosen by one's self from one of the exhibitions. If the Art Union of London will but take the right means of making these etchings known, they should bring a large accession of subscribers.

The Autotype Company have issued a large autotype reproduction of "Zenobia's Last Look on Palmyra," the successful picture painted by Mr. HERBERT SCHMALZ. The picture was first exhibited at the New Gallery in Regent Street, and was ultimately purchased for the National Gallery of Melbourne, where it now hangs.

#### NOTABILIA.

The picture bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Sir WILLIAM DRAKE, F.S.A., the secretary of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, is well known to students. It is Bronzino's portrait of Piero de' Medici, "Il Gottoso," painted in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It was executed upon panel, and measures twenty-two inches by eighteen. In 1872 it was seen at the Old Masters, and was, by the way, the only picture ever lent to Burlington House by its owner.

Referring to the first portion of the paper on "The Portraits of John Ruskin" which appeared in the January number of the MAGAZINE, Mrs. Joan Ruskin Severn sends the following correction in the course of a letter to the Editor: "All the article is a pleasure to read; the only wrong impression given is about Mr. Ruskin's height. I grant, alas! that in the last ten years he has stooped so much that he has shrunk into what might be considered by some people a little man; but twenty-five years ago! I should certainly have called him much above the average height, and as a young man he was well over five feet ten inches—indeed, almost five feet eleven; and people who knew him then would have called him tall!" This testimony, incontrovertible by itself, is yet confirmed by Dr. Furnivall's preface to Mr. Maurice's little book just published. "Ruskin," he says, "was a tall, slight fellow, whose piercing and frank blue eye looked through you and drew you to him."

#### OBITUARY.

Records of the death of two of the master-painters of modern France, M. MEISSONIER and M. CHARLES CHAPLIN, should by rights find a place in this column. As, however, the life and works of these artists are about to be otherwise dealt with in the MAGAZINE, we purposely omit further mention here.

Professor JOHN MARSHALL, F.R.S., whose death it is our duty to record, was eminent both as a surgeon and a professor. He succeeded Professor Partridge in the chair of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, and has for many years attracted large audiences by his lucid exposition of a difficult science. The best known of his public works was his "Anatomy for Artists," which he gave to the world in 1878, and which has since been the recognised text-book in English schools. No less scholarly is his "Canon of Human Proportions." His skill of hand in difficult cases of surgery

has long been known, and among his patients he numbered not a few artists. It will always be remembered of him that he once saved Dante Rossetti's life by the performance of a delicate operation.

The death is announced, at Neuchâtel, of M. FRANK BUCHSER, a painter of some ability. He was born at Soleure in 1828, and after many years of wandering up and down the world, settled in 1871, in Switzerland, where he has been active in the service of the Fine Arts.

In M. EMILE VON MARCKE DE SUMMEN, France has lost one of the most distinguished of her animal painters. Born at Sèvres in 1827, he was a pupil of Troyon, to whom, as to Corot, he owed a conspicuous debt. He was an indefatigable worker, and since 1857 the Salon has never been without a specimen of his skill. He received the customary honours and decorations. He was awarded medals in 1867, 1869, and 1870, and was appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1872. At the Universal Exhibition of 1878 he received a medal of the first class.

M. CHARLES GAUTHIER was a sculptor of no slight merit. In 1854 he entered the Beaux-Arts, and seven years later obtained a *Prix de Rome*. His work is well known to visitors to the Salon, and for some years he was Professor at the National School of Decorative Art. He was awarded a silver medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1889.

Dr. SCHLIEMANN, whose death took place at Naples, on December 26th, was born with the instinct of discovery. Few men have lived a more romantic life. For many years he was engaged in business, but had acquired a large enough fortune at the age of forty-five to enable him to devote himself wholly to archaeology. He unearthed three cities, and brought to light a marvellous collection of ancient works of art. His conclusions were not always sound, and he was apt to be led astray by a too implicit trust in the text of Homer. But his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and his investigations have added immensely to our knowledge of ancient life and art.

M. EUGÈNE DELAPLANCHE, who died on January 9th, at the age of fifty-five, was beyond dispute one of the foremost sculptors in France. He was a pupil of Duret, and went through the routine of the Beaux-Arts. In due course he obtained a *Prix de Rome*, and straightway began to exhibit. In 1870 his "Eve après le péché" was purchased by the State and placed in the Luxembourg. He exhibited in the Salon year by year, and was an officer of the Legion of Honour, and Professor at the School of Beaux-Arts.

M. EUGÈNE LAMI, who died on December 20th, takes us back to the pre-Romantic era. He was a pupil of Gros and Horace Vernet, and was a water-colour draughtsman of talent and energy. He was born in 1800, and exhibited for the first time at the Salon in 1824. He sojourned for some time in England, where he found many patrons. He was appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in the year of our Queen's accession, and belonged to an earlier generation than the present.

A pupil of Gleyre and a constant exhibitor at the Salon was M. HIPPOLYTE DUBOIS, whose death has been announced. He entered the Beaux-Arts in 1859, and was a painter of portraits and *genre* subjects.

On December 14th died M. EUGÈNE LOUIS CHARPENTIER, a painter of battles and history pieces. He was a pupil of Gérard and Cogniet, and made a first appearance at the Salon of 1831.

## ART IN MARCH.

### ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Several important additions have recently been made to the collection of Italian pictures at the National Gallery. TINTORETTO is not so strongly represented as he should be, and "The Milky Way" is unworthy of its author. Mythological in subject, it is large in composition, and of rich and sumptuous colouring. Where it is at present hung it is impossible worthily to appreciate it, and we hope that room will ultimately be found for it upon the line. In the works of VERONESE we are already rich, but the allegorical group entitled "Unfaithfulness," which has recently been added, admirably exemplifies the master's stately design and gorgeous colour. The small portrait of Savonarola, which is ascribed to the Florentine school, has an historical rather than an artistic interest. The great preacher has a forbidding head, and if the heavy protruding jaw suggests strength, there is a counterbalancing element of weakness in the high receding forehead. The panel is set on a hinge, and on the back is pictured his martyrdom at the stake.

### RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

The recent additions by gift, purchase, or loan to this great national storehouse of artistic wealth are of unusual interest. Time was when Brown, Jones, and Robinson, roaming at their own sweet will by English countryside or in Continental cities, could pick up "unconsidered trifles," artistic or archaeological, for a mere song. Now, however, things are greatly changed in the "happy hunting-grounds" of the collector; our American cousin is abroad, ready to buy Shakespeare's house, if it can be had for money, and to have it packed up and transported across the Atlantic. Trifles are no longer unconsidered, so far as their price is concerned, and the South Kensington authorities have to keep their eyes very wide open when anything really worth having is to be had. And that they are really on the alert is sufficiently shown by their recent acquisitions. Prominent amongst these must be placed a very beautiful inlaid room, well known to tourists, from Sizergh Hall, an ancient castellated mansion near Kendal, Westmoreland. Three sides of this room, erected on the west side of the Loan Court, have bold and handsome panels next the floor, and above these, separated from them by a band of *intarsia* work, is a charming arcade of double arches, the openings of which are filled with inlaid ornamentation. The pendentive ceiling, bold and handsome in design and treatment, has been moulded in plaster from the original. Another notable example of English work is the beautiful front of Sir Paul Pindar's house, from Bishopsgate Street, which has been generously presented to the Museum by the Great Eastern Railway Company, now engaged in an important extension of their borders. This house was commenced towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, on the return of Sir Paul from his residence abroad. He brought back with him from Turkey,

where he had served as ambassador from James I., a diamond valued at £30,000, which James desired to buy on credit. Sir Paul was too wary to accept these hazardous terms, but lent it to the King on State occasions, and the gem was subsequently purchased by Charles I. His picturesque house was in later times converted into a public-house, known as "The Sir Paul Pindar's Head," and the lower portion of the front underwent a commonplace adaptation to its new requirements; but the upper storeys remained intact, and these are now being cleaned and prepared for exhibition, with all their old beauties revealed. The principal feature of the front is a handsome bay, of carved oak, like the rest of the structure. The ornamentation was supposed to be plaster, but it turned out to be of solid oak of unusual thickness, artistically carved inside and out. The dimensions are about 16 feet wide by 25 feet high, and the addition of a vigorous and effective panelled ceiling of stucco will add to the interest of this important example of an old London mansion.

Some extensive purchases, varied in character, have been made from the Florentine "Bardini collection." These include an important series of wall-hangings of stamped and painted leather, so admirable in design and colouring that our great furnishing firms will soon have close at hand such a store of patterns as probably no foreign museum can supply. Most of the pieces are of considerable size, and some are adorned with delicate figure-painting. From the same collection we have, already set up in the Italian Court, an elegant carved and painted balustrade from Ferrara; a sixteenth century cabinet of *intarsia* work; a Florentine wall fountain of carved stone (late fifteenth century); a niche of a somewhat later period; a detached marble column of graceful design from some ancient Roman villa; and a flight of fourteen stone step-ends, carved on two faces with birds, animals, and grotesques, humorously treated. These are from the Palazzo Gondi, Florence, and are of late fifteenth century work. In a room near the Raphael cartoons a fine and most interesting collection of paintings of the Dutch school is now on view. These works, which formerly formed part of the celebrated Hope collection, were exhibited at South Kensington in 1868, by permission of the widow of Mr. HENRY THOMAS HOPE. They have now been lent by Lord Francis Pelham Clinton-Hope, and are between eighty and ninety in number, including superb examples of REMBRANDT, F. and W. MIERIS, METZU, GERARD DOW, TENIERS, A. and J. VAN OSTADE, and many others. Indeed, so representative is the collection that there are not more than four or five paintings by any one artist, and the greater part are solitary examples, about sixty painters being represented. In the Textile Court will be found, amongst other additions, some superb examples of lace, bequeathed to the museum by the late Mrs. BOLCKOW. These include some lappets and a flounce of Brussels pillow-made lace (late seventeenth century), the latter of which is said to have been presented by Madame de Maintenon to Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai; a flounce, sleeves, and collar of a priest's alb (*circa* 1670),



and other beautiful pieces of needle-point (also known as rose-point) lace of the seventeenth century. Mrs. Bolckow's bequest also included a quantity of jewellery, which is not yet ready for exhibition. In the same court is a fine piece of Flemish tapestry, "Pity restraining Justice from striking Sinful Man," a portion of a set representing the story of the Seven Deadly Sins. This piece, a replica of which is at Hampton Court, is stated to have been designed about 1485, and executed about 1520.

#### "THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN RUSKIN."

In the second article on Mr. RUSKIN's portraits, reference was made to Mr. ANDREWS' portrait exhibited at the Academy. The artist writes to point out that the description given is erroneous. The portrait was not a miniature, but a life-size, black chalk, original drawing, taken from life under the following circumstances: "Mr. Ruskin was engaged for some days in making studies from one of TURNER's works—if I recollect rightly, the 'Apollo Slaying the Python'—in one of the large rooms of the National Gallery, where I also was at work near him, and it was during this time I made my small studies of Mr. Ruskin, from which the larger work was produced. Thus the portrait was taken from sittings, although Mr. Ruskin was an unconscious sitter."

Mr. Butler, the Honorary Secretary of the Ruskin Society, writes to inform us of another portrait by Mr. F. WADDY, which appeared in *Vanity Fair*. We need only mention that the attention of the readers of this Magazine was drawn to none but serious portraits. Many admirable caricatures have appeared from time to time in various periodicals, to say nothing of the famous travesty of "Sir Isumbras at the Ford."

#### EXHIBITIONS.

The Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours, which has been held at Messrs. Dowdeswells' Gallery, is a disappointment. The more energetic and original of the draughtsmen, who belong to the young Scottish school, are not strongly represented, and with the work of Messrs. JOHN SMART, WALTER PATON, and M'TAGGART we are already too familiar. The most entertaining work in the exhibition is Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE's "Henley," a vivid impression, full of life and gaiety. Mr. JAMES PATERSON has an eye for colour, and always keeps his art within the bounds of refinement, but he has a tendency to be smudgy, and his drawings are not a little mannered. In complete contrast to the works of Messrs. Melville and Paterson are the niggled miniatures of Mr. Walter Paton. These seem to belong to the year 1850, and exhibit the vices of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, while they pitifully lack its virtues. The handling is wearisome in its smallness, and the colouring is crude to unpleasantness. "The Roadside Calvary," by Mr. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A., will not add to that artist's reputation. The composition is singularly scattered, and the treatment is neither broad nor distinguished. The highland cattle of Mr. DONOVAN ADAMS are fair specimens of his art. In his sketches of London Mr. C. J. LAUDER has missed the tone and atmosphere of an alien city. Mr. P. MACGREGOR WILSON's "Iona" has merits both of style and colour, while Messrs. BROWNLIE, MASON HUNTER, HAY, TERRISS, and others contribute interesting sketches. But the distinguishing feature of the exhibition is laborious mediocrity.

The Scottish water-colour draughtsmen, like the majority of their English brethren, are more concerned to be truthful, in the conventional sense, than to make pictures of engaging aspect, and in their latest exhibition there is more "realism," so called, than art.

There is a certain appropriateness in exhibiting together the works of Miss KATE GREENAWAY and Mr. HUGH THOMSON. In spite of the marked differences of technique, there are unmistakable points of similarity. Both artists are English in feeling and intention, and the material of each is the life and costume of our ancestors. The drawings are too well known to require detailed notice here. It is enough to say that the exhibition at the Fine Art Society is one of the most charming of the season.

We regret that M. FERNAND KHNOFF was unable to send a larger collection of his paintings to the Hanover Gallery. So many owners refused to confide his best works to the tender mercies of the Channel, that he very reluctantly fell back upon the studies and pictures that he had in hand. Yet these are quite sufficient to prove the versatility of the artist's talent and the powerful individuality of his mind. As several of these pictures have been already noticed, and four reproduced, in a recent number of this Magazine, we have very little to say now. But we wish to call special attention to an exquisitely painted portrait of a little girl, "Mlle. Madeleine," which, by its naive simplicity and deep harmonious colouring, reminds us very pleasantly of Hans Memling. There is yet another gem, "A Study of a Child," that could not well be bettered, while the seven small landscapes done at Fosset, in the Ardennes, are as faithful to Khnopff as they are to nature. In short, we ask our readers to see the work of Fernand Khnopff for themselves, as a profitable hour may be easily passed before the twenty-two drawings and canvases at the Hanover Gallery.

Chief among the pictures in the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition for its quiet technical mastery is Mr. J. M. SWAN's "Fallen Monarch," a largely-treated rendering of a dead lion, previously shown at the Salon. Among the other works by London painters is the "Roman Lady" and a picture of a child by Mr. G. F. WATTS; Mr. TADEMA's portrait of Mr. E. A. Waterlow; Mr. J. R. REID's "Smugglers" and his "Yarn;" a portrait and two figure-pictures by Mr. TOM GRAHAM; and a seated half-length of "Miss Jessie Watson," by Mr. J. J. SHANNON. In landscape Mr. J. LAWTON WINGATE gives a most delicate rendering of frosty twilight in "At the Wa'gaun o' the Winter," and paints with breadth and refinement of tone an effect of gently diffused sunlight in his "Drinking-place—Mid-day, October." Mr. W. D. MCKAY shows a view of "Luffness Links," marked by that intimate truth to nature which characterises his renderings of East Lothian scenery; the powerful method of Mr. W. M'TAGGART appears in his "Ocean," a vigorous, sweetly coloured study of waves, shore, and sky, while his "Autumn Sunshine in Sandy Dean" attains—with extreme freedom of touch—an admirable brilliancy of lighting. The figure pictures of the exhibition are less important than usual. Mr. C. M. HARDIE's "Land o' the Leal," a cottage death-scene, is a work of considerable pathos; Mr. AUSTEN BROWN has two effective interiors with cattle; and Mr. J. DONOVAN ADAMS' "Fording a Highland River—Glen Finlas," is an example of figure and landscape painting, marked by vigorous brush-work, and forcible, if not very refined, colouring. The keenly expressive draughtsmanship of Mr. G. O. REID, and the dramatic instinct that marks his work, appear in several

eighteenth century interiors with figures; and Mr. HUGH CAMERON paints, with a touch of the weirdness proper to his subject, the return of "Kilmeny" from fairy-land. The aims and methods of the West of Scotland artists are visible in the "Girl in Brown," by Mr. E. A. WALTON, and the "Dawn after Langside" of Mr. LAVERY, each of which has found a centre in the South Octagon; and among the finer portraits in the exhibition are those contributed by Mr. GEORGE REID, Mr. J. H. LORIMER, Mr. R. GIBB, and Mr. W. E. LOCKHART.

## REVIEWS.

Mrs. LOUISE JOPLING has written some "*Hints to Amateurs*" which have been published in a small volume by Chapman and Hall. The "hints" cover a great deal of ground; black-and-white drawing, oil painting, water colour, pastel, photography, sketching from nature, anatomy, and perspective. It is to be regretted, however, that the author has not restricted these hints to the art she practises. Water colour is beyond her ken, on her own confession. By this admission, criticism is practically disarmed. She says that on this subject she finds it "easier to preach than to practise," and that the hints she gives are the result of "lengthy talks with many potent, grave, and reverend signeurs," and not the result of experience. Poor amateur! Unfortunately, these potent and grave gentlemen could not tell Mrs. Jopling how to paint in water colour, but doubtless willingly recounted some of their experiences. But the result of it all is that, according to Mrs. Jopling, the art amounts to little more than a series of tricks, such as putting paper into a bath all night, and then mounting it on glass to paint on it while wet, dipping a wet sponge into colour and dabbing it on to paper which, "if managed with dexterity" (there's the rub!), "will give charming unforeseen touches with surprising effects of finish *without the labour usually necessary*." Was ever a pitfall better baited? Could more pernicious advice be offered? But Mrs. Jopling goes further. She distinctly puts the amateur on the wrong tack by telling him that straightforward work, simple and direct painting, is the wrong thing to aim at. She says such work will be "hard," and "will give no sense of atmosphere." Mrs. Jopling doubtless knows that in other branches of art with which she is acquainted, tricks such as have been referred to may be useful in the hands of an expert, but that they are fatal to anyone else. Mild hints may be good enough for the amateur, but it is better that they should direct him on the right road, even if they do not carry him far, rather than that they should send him spinning along the road to ruin.

A new edition of Sir DANIEL WILSON's "*Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*" (Adam and Charles Black) has been begun in monthly parts. It is fifty years since this charming book first made its appearance, and it was time for it to be reprinted. The original illustrations, wood-cuts, and steel plates are retained, but it is curious to observe how old-fashioned they have become in this lapse of half a century. The book is excellently printed.

A *catalogue raisonné* of all books and articles on the fiddle, its family and its history, is being compiled by Mr. EDWARD HERON-ALLEN under the title "*De Fidiculis Bibliographia*" (Griffith, Farran and Co.). To judge by the first two parts the work promises to be of remarkable completeness, for not only is the author including, as far as may be, all references to every printed word relating to

the violin, but he is carefully collating title-pages. The only doubt is whether Mr. Heron-Allen is not too conscientious, and is not seeking to cover too much ground in his admirable compilation.

Mr. F. W. MILLS's "*Art and Practice of Interior Photography*" (Simpkin, Marshall) is a practical manual, in which full directions are given how to develop the negative and how to print, while there is much admirable advice concerning lenses, focussing-glasses, and other apparatus. From an artistic point of view, interior photography is capable of infinite improvement; we have rarely seen a print of a church or room which is either picturesque or true to nature. There is invariably a failure to suggest colour; the shades are generally too light, and the lights too dingy, so that a strong black-and-white effect is impossible.

Of all theatrical autobiographies, that of Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON (T. Fisher Unwin) is in some respects the best, as it is, perhaps, the most discursive. There is a nervous vigour, an unconventional swing, about it that is very refreshing, while its pages constitute what is really a history of the modern American stage, with large contributions concerning the English theatre of a day now rapidly disappearing into the past. The author's reflections, which are as numerous as the reminiscences, are those of a cultivated man, but those concerning art, of which he is manifestly extremely fond, are a little original. He says that those who are too poor to have pictures should be solaced with "cheap and inferior art," such as chromos, just as pre-Raphaelite work is best suited to those devoid of imagination! What think you of that, Sir Everett? and you, Mr. Holman Hunt? The book is full of portraits of Mr. Jefferson in his various rôles, and of his professional brethren and sisters—wood engravings which are excellent in point of technique, but, as is characteristic of the school, desperately like photographs in the result.

To express the vague outlines and shadowy proportions of a dream in literary terms is a task which has rarely been achieved with success, and Miss OLIVE SCHREINER's performance in "*Dreams*" (T. Fisher Unwin) must be pronounced a sad failure. The sketches possess none of the essential qualities of the *genre*, and, indeed, are described with woful inaccuracy in the title. They are clumsy in diction, trite in thought, and deal with the most hackneyed "questions," and such morals as may be drawn from them are neither fresh nor stimulating.

Herr IBSEN's last play, "*Hedda Gabler*," a translation of which, from the hand of Mr. Gosse, has recently been published (Heinemann), is like to prove a puzzle to friend and foe alike. In style it bears the closest resemblance to the other "social" dramas, but its import is not so obvious as that of "*The Doll's House*," for instance, or of "*The Lady by the Sea*." There are those, we believe, who hold that it is an attempt on Ibsen's part to burlesque his own work, to carry an exaggeration of his own conception of enlightened womanhood to the very verge of ridicule. This view, however, seems to us untenable, and we prefer to accept "*Hedda Gabler*" as the study of an exceedingly unpleasant and irrational minx. The play is not lacking in situation, and if only it were possible to convince the public of the reality of the heroine, who persuades the man she has deeply injured to commit suicide, because she desires to be the witness of a manly action, it should have a better chance upon the stage than the rest of Ibsen's plays. But every item in Hedda's long list of crimes seems



to us lacking in motive, and while the devout Ibsenite will probably quarrel with the new drama in that it answers no burning question of morality, the commonsense playgoer has a right to complain that the development of Hedda's character is well-nigh incomprehensible. With the majority of the *dramatis personæ* we are already familiar. Tesman is another version of Torvald Helmer, Hedda is but Nora with several fresh cranks, and Mrs. Elvsted is our old friend Mrs. Linden with literary aspirations.

#### NOTABILIA.

Surely there are enough doubts and mistakes regarding the authenticity of many of the portraits of our great men without wilfully adding to them. Yet Mr. DEFFET FRANCIS actually admits, with an airy cynicism which is simply astonishing, that he and some friends purposely went out of their way some fifty years ago to christen a picture a "portrait of Chatterton" which they knew perfectly well was nothing of the sort. "What a capital joke it would be to christen it Thomas Chatterton!" Mr. Francis tells us was his exclamation. But matters went further, for one John Dix, one of the "merry young gentlemen" of the party, had the impudence to have the portrait engraved as a frontispiece to his "Life of Chatterton." This fraud has so far imposed upon the world that the original picture is now included in the Guelph Exhibition as a portrait of the Marvellous Boy, the result of the false currency thus obtained for it. Mr. Francis may congratulate himself on his "capital joke," but the world will find a harder name for it.

Six years ago a series of bas-reliefs filled the spandrels in the splendid new Post Office of Sydney, New South Wales. They were so bad that when the photographs of them reached Europe, they were hardly credited. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON viewed them "with nothing short of consternation, and I fear I must add with disgust." Men of a less serious turn spoke of them as "excruciatingly funny." We may add our own opinion that anything more ridiculous never disgraced the name of art—at least when supposed to decorate a public building. The matter has been brought up for discussion in the Legislature, and the reliefs found fifty-four supporters to five opponents! The ignorant insult put upon Sir Frederick by Sir Harry Parkes the President may well afford to pass by; but the deplorable incident itself will put art back twenty years in the Colony. The whole thing to those who are familiar with it is simply appalling.

We would call the attention of the authorities of Stationers' Hall to the extreme inconvenience in the method adopted for cataloguing pictures and engravings there registered. There is no sort of index to the registers, and considering that the institution is established as a protection and a guide to all concerned in art production, whether artists, art dealers, or publishers, this state of things is a continual annoyance and confusion. Could not a cross index be made, arranged by name of artist and of the work? The catalogue of the Printers' Association to a certain extent supplies the omission, but as several dealers of importance are not members, it is not altogether a trustworthy record.

Restriction of numbers of the works sent in to the Academy has been the necessary reform for which we have been agitating for some years past. At last Paris has shown the way. The Salon has decided that the number of admissions—two thousand five hundred pictures and eight hundred drawings—are to be restricted to one thousand

eight hundred pictures and four hundred drawings. The Academy cannot long hold back.

A new and probably an important art society has been established in Edinburgh under the title of "The Society of Scottish Artists." It is intended as a respectful protest against the slow-going Academy, and is said to include already the greater number of Scottish "outside" artists, while commanding the sympathy of many within the orthodox pale.

Once more we hear of the discovery of the photography of colours, this time by M. LIPPMANN, of the Institut de France, and, it must be admitted, with somewhat more show of probability than in numerous other cases. Our readers will await further developments with interest.

Some time since we drew attention to the languishing art of miniature-painting in England. We are glad that the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours has decided to include works in that manner in all its future exhibitions.

Herr VON UHDE has been created a Knight of the Legion of Honour, consequent, of course, on his success at the Paris Exhibition, where he gained one of the two *Grands Prix* awarded to Germany.

#### OBITUARY.

The death is announced of AIMÉ MILLET, a sculptor of considerable merit. The son of a miniature painter, he was born in 1816, and, after the usual course of the Beaux-Arts, he for a time studied painting as well as sculpture, but finally declared in favour of the latter art. His "Ariane" was exhibited at the Salon in 1857, and, having obtained a first medal, was purchased by the State, and placed in the Luxembourg. His masterpiece is his "Vercingetorix," which is to be seen at Alise-Sainte-Reine.

In PAUL ANDRA, who has recently died of consumption at the age of twenty-seven, France has lost a painter of conspicuous talent. His best known picture, "La Lettre," was exhibited at the Champ de Mars, and won its author no little esteem.

JOHANNES BARTHOLOMÆUS JONGKIND, whose death is announced, was born at Latdorp in 1819, and learned his art from Eugène Isabey. Most of his work has been accomplished in France, where he is held in honour. He has won distinction both as a painter and etcher, but was more successful with the needle than the brush. With his death another link in the chain which binds the art of to-day with the romanticism of fifty years since is snapped.

M. JEAN BENOUVILLE, who has just died at the age of seventy-six, was faithful to the classical tradition. He was a pupil of Picot, and won the *Prix de Rome* five-and-forty years ago. The customary triumphs of the Salon were his, and in 1863 he was awarded the cross of the Legion of Honour.

M. CHARLES STAUFFER, one of the most distinguished of Swiss painters, has recently died at Florence.

The death is announced of Herr JOSEPH FRIMENICH, a well-known landscape-painter, who practised his art at Berlin.

The celebrated sculptor Professor EDWARD LÜRSEEN has shot himself in Berlin. The tragedy was heightened by its sequel: the news was too suddenly communicated to his wife, who fell dead at the shock.

## ART IN APRIL.

### THE NEW "SOCIETY OF PORTRAITISTS."

We have to herald the formation of a New Art Society in London. This is the "Society of Portraitists"—which will probably be its name. Its members will consist chiefly of the front rank of Outsiders, including not only oil and water-colour painters, but pastellists and black-and-white men—caricaturists as well as serious portraitists. It will thus aim at covering the whole ground of portrait-producing. A provisional committee has been formed consisting of Messrs. STUART WORTLEY, J. J. SHANNON, JACOMB HOOD, ARTHUR MELVILLE, and the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, while the further adherents are Mr. LEWELLYN, Mr. HUBERT VOS, Mr. HARTLEY, Mr. ARTHUR HACKER, Mr. S. J. SOLOMON, Mr. SKIPWORTH, and a few others. The number of members will probably be limited to fifteen or twenty, but others will be invited to contribute—members of the Academy (especially the more prolific ones), eminent English and foreign painters, and Outsiders who are producing good work but have so little chance of getting well hung in the established exhibitions. Indeed, the present uncertainty attending the acceptance of portraits, however well painted, by all but Academicians is at the root of the new movement. The first exhibition of the new Society is, as at present arranged, to take place next July in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and hereafter in the new Grafton Gallery, which Mr. Prange, the late manager of the Grosvenor, is now engaged in establishing. That gentleman will be the manager and honorary secretary of the New Society, which, by the way, is supported by some ten or fifteen hundred-pound guarantors.

### ACQUISITION OF CASTS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

The Architectural Court at South Kensington has been enriched by a number of interesting and beautiful casts. Amongst these may be enumerated a portion of the carved stone rood-loft in Limoges Cathedral, erected in 1543; a carved stone chimney-piece in the Convent of La Sainte Famille, forming the Hôtel Lallemand, at Bourges; a doorway in the Hôtel Cujas, also at Bourges; and portions of a doorway from a château of Blois, all of the sixteenth century. Also the lower portion of a carved rood-doorway in Beauvais Cathedral; a series of carved rood-panels, of French workmanship, circa 1590; an Italian well-head of the sixteenth century; and a beautiful figure, "L'Été," by Clodion, formerly in a house in the Rue de Boudy, Paris.

### EXHIBITIONS.

The Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers is at least as good as that which was held last year. It is perhaps even better—at all events, less show is made of the plate that is obviously picturesque and *banale*, the plate that aims at realising effects which are not those proper to the art of etching. Mr. WILLIAM STRANG and Mr. FRANK

SHORT again appear in some force as exponents of the truer method. Both are represented by excellent examples, and whatever may have been said to the contrary in a moment of hasty judgment, Mr. Strang makes this year an advance at least as marked as that of Mr. Short, and, despite the fidelity of his devotion to a humanity that is never comely—"poor folk," the ungainly and the decrepit—he is beginning to make an impression upon the public by the force and grim pathos of his work. This year, amongst his contributions, we should single out as especially interesting "Drowned" and "Castaways." "Charon" is very ambitious, but it is fortunately likewise impressive. Mr. Frank Short's best work—his most refined realism—is disclosed in his etching of "The Timber Ship." To say that this is on a par with an early Whistler is not by any means to say that it has not its share of independent vision. Quite possibly the plates of Mr. WILFRID BALL, Mr. PERCY THOMAS, Colonel GOFF, STORM'S VAN GRAVESANDE, the Messrs. ROBERTSON, and others will be more popular. They have, indeed, qualities of daintiness or force more easily recognised. And Mr. AXEL HAIG and the Messrs. SLOCOMBE are assured of popular success—let us hasten to add, however, that Mr. Haig brings into some of his later work a breadth, freedom, and richness to which his earlier was a stranger. Mr. W. HOLMES MAY shows himself more than ever a sketcher in the true method by "Pollard Elm" and "Fen Bank: Passing Storm." Several neat little sketches of no particular importance are contributed by Mr. JACOMB HOOD; but his "Head of a Woman" is more noteworthy. Mr. CAMERON'S "Old Houses, Greenock" is a pretty and even elegant etching. A daintiness that is thoroughly legitimate belongs to several of the architectural studies of Mr. INIGO THOMAS. His "St. Rhadegonde, Poitiers"—a mixture of Romanesque and Gothic—is at the same time flexible and learned. Mr. WATSON'S etching of a windmill in the fen country by Dordrecht is good alike in line and in aerial perspective. The etchings of Mr. OLIVER HALL claim attention. They are nearly always of bits of very ordinary country—water-side herbage or the writhing of ancient trees. His knowledge of tree-form—especially as long as tree-form is vigorous or grotesque, rather than strictly elegant—is very marked in the present show. We might say something favourable—and with justice—about the mezzotints of Mr. FINNIE and Mr. FARRER; but let us, to end, go back for a moment to pure etching, and recognise in the work of Mr. HOLROYD—most particularly in the plate called "Study from Nature"—an austere reticence and classic reserve, a dominating sense of style, which in the present day is none the less precious because it is exceedingly rare. The "Nature" from which, in this best plate, Mr. Holroyd has studied is fortunately that stately modification of Nature which is presented by the Borghese Gardens.

The Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours is not more than usually distinguished. There are but half-a-dozen works in the gallery which are of the first importance, and it is difficult to understand what

purpose is served to the art by gathering together so large a collection of merely "good" examples of the old-fashioned handling of water-colours. It appears to be the misfortune of the average water-colour draughtsman to exclude character and strength from his work. Five-sixths of the drawings exhibited in Piccadilly have precisely the same wearisome smoothness of execution, a similar degree of finish, a similar degree of style and effect. Water-colour, as a medium, has a fatal attraction for the amateur, who forgets that it is as difficult to produce an artistic effect in water-colour as in oil. Indeed, the best water-colour draughtsmen are those who have best succeeded in the stronger medium. Of course most persons above the level of "the accomplished amateur" can produce sketches of country lanes, "bits" of the river, and conventional still-life; but no educational purpose is served by the exhibition of the more trivial drawings. If the committee of the Royal Institute had been content to hang fewer drawings it would have been far more satisfactory; for the encouragement offered to the outsider is a little too generous. The President sends three drawings, similar in colour and handling to those he exhibited last year. There are several characteristic works by Mr. WIMPERIS, which display the painter's sense of atmosphere and preference for cold colours. M. JULES LESSORE's "Notre Dame" is a fine, romantic landscape; while Mr. AUSTEN BROWN's "Feeding Calves" is the strongest in the gallery. But it owes its strength to the fact that Mr. Brown is not primarily a draughtsman in water-colour. He has learned his craft in oil, and is not ambitious to achieve the smoothness of execution which the drawing-master deems essential. All the older members of the Society are fairly represented—the elder Mr. HINE grandly—but as they make no new departure, and merely support their reputation by drawings in the old familiar style, there is little to record of their achievement. But a word must be said of Mr. ALFRED EAST's sketches of London, which are vigorous in treatment and just in effect.

A series of drawings by Mr. E. P. BUCKNALL has been exhibited at Messrs. Buck and Reid's. They illustrate English woods and forests, and the best that may be said of them is that they are inoffensive and conventional transcripts from nature. The handling is commonplace, and there are few that suggest artistic sentiment or a feeling of effect.

The Annual Exhibition of the "XX." was opened at Brussels in February. The curiosity it always arouses in the public mind—not so much by the prospect of seeing admirable work there, as by the hope of finding daring novelties and innovations—has been amply satisfied. But, this year, the laughter so often provoked by certain lines of original effort has certainly been less frequent. The world is beginning to understand that Messrs. SEURAT, SIGNAC, VAN RYSELBERGHE, and LEMMEN, for instance, are conscientious artists, whose technical manner is indeed still somewhat startling, but whose individuality and talent are quite beyond dispute. These gentlemen adopt the method of painting with unblended colours. They produce tone and harmony, not by mixing the colours on the palette before transferring them to the canvas, but by taking the primary colours which combine to form the secondary and neutral tints, each pure and separately, and placing them in juxtaposition in minute specks and touches. And the fusion of hues is not effected in the picture by any mechanical blending on the surface with the brush or palette-knife, but in the eye of the spectator, who is required therefore to stand at some distance from the work. The accepted rule

for this distance is that it should be three times as great as the greatest dimension of the picture—height or breadth. By this method of procedure, the intensity of colour is enhanced; the hues melt together, and gain in vividness by juxtaposition. A full exposition of the theory of this technique is not necessary; we have referred to it before in connection with the work of Monet and others. M. FERNAND KHNOFF has sent several studies of ideal and idealised female figures. Since this artist's recent exhibitions in London he is known as a highly intellectual painter, choosing by preference allegorical and legendary subjects, and setting them forth with commanding originality and great perfection of skill. Heads of singular severity, but mysteriously bewitching—cold but inviting eyes, lips which would give marble kisses—all the psychological characteristics of fascinating but icy womanhood, are fully expressed in "Solitude," "By the Sea," and "Studies of a Woman;" a delicate and refined portrait of a child completes the list. A new-comer, M. GEORGES MINNE—a name to bear in mind—exhibits a picture of such depth of feeling and intense human suffering as we have rarely met with. It represents a mother with a dying or dead child in her arms, while a little girl, the sister no doubt, holds its drooping feet in her hands, kissing them with the most piteous and pathetic tenderness. The picture is a masterpiece; it is quite small, but it is the feature of the exhibition. Two English artists, Mr. STEER and Mr. WALTER CRANE, are also among the exhibitors. Of the latter artist, the illustration-work—of which his exhibit chiefly consists—is what is most admired. Next to RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, he is regarded abroad as the best artist of "picture-books." And from the point of view of decorative painting, his two pictures "Flora" and "Pegasus," on a screen in the middle of the room, confirm the impression of his smaller work. OBERLÄNDER, the German caricaturist, known by the "Fliegende Blätter," fills a glass case with grotesque and amusing drawings. M. CHERET, too, the master of Paris advertisements, has been invited to exhibit, and he shows us examples of a talent as sparkling and bright as champagne, in two brilliantly-coloured and very pleasing pastels. Thus the Exhibition of the "XX." has an international stamp, for we also find here the Dutch artists VERSTER and BAUER, and the Swede SARSSON; while Messrs. GAUGUIN, GUILLAUMIN, SISLEY, ANGRAND, VAN GOGH, FILLIGER, and PESSARO complete the French contingent. Among the "XX." themselves we may also note the names of VAN STRYDONCK, ENSOR, FINCH, TOOROP, and BOCH, painters, and of the sculptors CHARLIER and DUBOIS.

#### REVIEWS.

In 1875, on the occasion of the Centenary of Michelangelo, Signor MILANESI published his admirable edition of the "*Lettere di Michel Angelo*." He now purposes to publish the letters of the great sculptor's correspondents, and the first volume contains a most interesting series of letters from Sebastiano del Piombo. The text is given both in Italian and French, and the whole work, which is issued under the title of "*Les Correspondants de Michel-Ange*" (Paris: Librairie de l'Art), will be, when complete, of great value and interest. The letters in the present volume do not add much that is fresh to our knowledge of Michelangelo, but they confirm in a striking manner that which already stands printed in the biographies, and they give an increased value to the letters of the master himself. The subjects upon which Sebastiano prefers to discourse are the old themes of his rivalry with the school of Raphael,



the Julian tomb, that tragedy of Michelangelo's life, and the Chapel of the Medici. The correspondence begins in 1520, in that miserable period when Michelangelo was wasting the most precious years of his life in quarrying marble at the bidding of Leo X. After 1525 there is a gap of six years, and then again in 1531 the correspondence is taken up and continued until 1533, the year of the sculptor's return to Rome. The necessity for the interchange of letters then ceased, and it is interesting to remember that excellent friends as Sebastiano and the *sculpteur très digne* were at a distance, they were divided by quarrels when they lived in the same city. The good Sebastiano was not altogether a pleasant character. He was inordinately vain, and loved intrigue better than his art. But with all his faults he adored the master, and was always ready to fight his battles against all comers. If we are to believe his letters, he was as ardent in his worship of Michelangelo as the fantastic Messer Giorgio Vasari himself. And he was even willing to perform for him such menial offices as setting his house in order and engaging his servant. For all this, however, he expected a return, and he involved Michelangelo in his bitter quarrel with Raphael and his pupils. In one of the earliest letters he informs his great correspondent of the death of "this poor Raphael of Urbino, may God pardon him," in an inexhaustible tone of patronage, and he straightway demands of Michelangelo that he shall use his influence to obtain for him a share in the decoration of the Hall of Constantine. Between 1525 and 1531, when the correspondence is interrupted, many events had taken place. Rome had been sacked, Florence had been besieged, and Michelangelo had turned him from the practice of his art to study fortification and defend his native city. The first letter written by Sebastiano after the interval is one of jubilant thankfulness that the troubles and dangers are past. Another note is soon struck. A few months later, Sebastiano was appointed "piombatore," an office which required that he should take orders. To him it seemed ridiculous that he should assume the title of Fra Sebastiano, and he writes to his master, "if you saw me in my new guise, I am sure you would laugh; I make the most ridiculous friar in Rome." This appointment put an end to Sebastiano's art. He was wearied with producing in two years what Tintoret could accomplish in two months, and his sinecure enabled him to live his life in ease. The last letter published by Signor Milanesi is dated 1531. Sebastiano died at an advanced age in 1547, and his illustrious correspondent outlived him nearly twenty years.

In spite of the public recognition of Corot's greatness, a systematic and adequate study of his life and work is still lacking. Not a few monographs, intelligent in their appreciation, have been published, yet the greatest landscape-painter of modern times has still to find his biographer. It is true that Corot's life was his worth, that his achievements are written on immortal canvas, that he spent his days in uneventful toil; but, his industry and severity notwithstanding, it would be pleasant if before all those who knew him in the flesh have passed from the world, some sympathetic friend would give us a picture of the least erratic genius that ever lived. So far as it goes, M. ROGER-MILÈS' essay (Paris: Librairie de l'Art) is interesting and discreet. It chronicles in some eighty pages Corot's well-ordered career. The author is wisely enthusiastic in the painter's praise; he supports his view by the testimony of the foremost critics in France, and his appendices will be found of practical value. The bibliography is meagre, and with the insularity of a true-born Frenchman, M. Roger-

Milès either had not the will or possessed not the knowledge to include the works of any English critics in his list. The value of the catalogue of pictures, too, would have been materially increased had its compiler made some attempt to trace their present whereabouts. The illustrations which accompany the text are far better than we expect to find in the series of the "Librairie de l'Art." But then they are reproduced not direct from the pictures themselves, but from drawings made by such masters as MM. Français and Yon, who should know better than any the theory and practice of Corot. We are, perhaps, too near Corot to fairly estimate his genius, or to give him his due place in the hierarchy of Art. And yet we shall be surprised if future ages do not recognise in him the greatest master of landscape since Claude. Some painters, as Rousseau, have displayed a wider versatility. Some, as J.-F. Millet, have shown themselves more alive to the tragedy of human life; but Corot, while he attempted less, achieved more than any of them, and is the one great classical landscape-painter of the nineteenth century.

In Miss A. MARY F. ROBINSON'S "Lyrics" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) will be found the best and most permanent of her works. A few numbers only are now published for the first time; the rest have already made their appearance in one volume or another. Madame Darmesteter has the true lyric note, and handles the simplest—and therefore most difficult—measures with rhythm and without monotony. On every page there are elegant terms and happy phrases, and the note of sadness which is always struck is neither harsh nor grating. The book is prettily printed, and prefaced by a figure from Botticelli's "Spring."

#### NOTABILIA.

Meetings were held at the East End of London during the month of March to support Mr. H. W. Lawson's motion in favour of the Sunday opening of the national museums in the metropolis, special reference being made to the Bethnal Green Museum. At the meeting held at the Excelsior Baths, Bethnal Green Road, on the 10th March, it was gathered that over 20,000 signatures had been obtained to add to the petition which was duly presented to the House of Commons.

The rejection of the motion is unfortunate in the interests of the people. The division was apparently a crushing one, in spite of the mover's arguments, which, in point of fact, were not successfully traversed by any of his opponents. Many reasons are given to account for the abstentions of the usual promoters and supporters of the motion. But arguments are remembered when divisions are forgotten, and it will be some time before the Government satisfactorily explains why men who work all the week and pay taxes for the support of the museums should not visit them at their leisure; why Jews, who observe their Sabbath on Saturday, should not be placed in charge on the Sunday; why the public is permitted to get drunk at public-houses, which are open, but are denied calm and intellectual contemplation in museums of beautiful objects, which are shut; and why it is legal and morally right to visit the museums and galleries at Greenwich and Hampton Court on the Lord's Day, but illegal and immorally wrong to visit the British and South Kensington Museums? Surely this state of things, so anomalous, so unreasonable, and so subservient of the rational "religious proprieties," cannot long be suffered to remain.



The interference of the House of Lords in the private affairs of the Royal Academy is a sign of the times not to be passed over in silence. The members, we understand, are indignant at the "impertinence" of the proceeding; but they should remember that matters of routine which affect not only the great body of the artists of England, their hopes and fears for the year, together with a veritable army of porters, frame-makers, and others, to say nothing of the religious sentiments of many who object to "send in" on Good Friday, and who cannot send in on a Bank Holiday, is fair matter for parliamentary discussion. It is amusing to observe that this time it is the House of Lords tackled the Academy: on the two former occasions the Royal Commissions appointed by the other House were practically snubbed by the Immortals of Burlington House.

The statement contained in Mr. David Anderson's article on the "Rise of the Comic Paper," to the effect that the late C. H. BENNETT was originally a shoemaker and passed most of his life in poverty, has, we regret to say, given offence to the widow and the son, Mr. William Bennett, of that brilliant draughtsman. For the pain thus unconsciously caused them we desire to express our sincere sorrow, and we gladly set forth their denial that his occupation was that of a shoemaker, or that he lived in indigence.

We have to return once more to the question of Mr. Ruskin's portraits. Mr. Bendelack Hewetson, of Leeds, points out that there is a bust executed by Mr. CRESWICK, sculptor to the Corporation of Birmingham and lecturer at the School of Art, wrought by him in 1877 while studying at Coniston with Mr. Ruskin. The bust is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield. The marble by Mr. Creswick is in the hands of the Oldham Corporation, the sculptor being besides about to produce a statue of the Sage of Coniston. Mr. Hewetson has been good enough to forward some photographs, but they do not show the work in a very favourable light.

The exhibition of comparative bookbinding recently held by Mrs. Tregaskis, of High Holborn, should be the forerunner of many such. There is no incentive so great as public competition, no impulse stronger than the fear of an adverse public verdict, in the art of bibliopgy as in the other crafts. Happily, our English binders are behind those of no other countries—even of France—in the matter of workmanship, and hardly behind our neighbours in point of taste. But it is necessary that this should be made known, at once in justice to the competent craftsman and in encouragement to the rest.

On the 9th March, in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum, the Duchess of Rutland presented the awards and prizes to the successful students of the National Art Training Schools. Travelling studentships of £50 each were granted to Messrs. W. H. KNIGHT, J. SHIELDS, and O. SHEPPARD. On the evening of the 12th the students of the National Art Training Schools gave their annual conversazione, which was attended by about 2,500 guests.

It should be recorded here that the three anonymous "citizens of London" who subscribed £10,000 each so that the nation might possess Lord Radnor's Holbein, Velasquez, and Moroni, which have lately been removed from Longford Castle to the National Gallery, are Lord Rothschild, Sir Edward Guinness (now raised to the Upper House), and Mr. Charles Coates. Such munificence, forthcoming just in the nick of time, should surely receive some public recognition.

The acquisition by the Birmingham Art Museum of Mr. FORD MADOX BROWN's "Last of England," of which a photogravure appeared in the last volume of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, and a replica of Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," practically completes its collection of first-class examples of the Pre-Raphaelite School, as it already owns Mr. HOLMAN HUNT's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and will shortly enter into possession of Mr. BURNE-JONES's "Adoration of the Magi."

While our own sculptors, to their own great disadvantage, decline to incorporate themselves and form a protection, if not an exhibition, society, their collaborators in Paris are better advised. The "Union of Sculptor-Modellers" looks not only to holding exhibitions, but also to banding against the excessive demands of publishers, and against the more incompetent of their own profession who are doing bad work for silversmiths, architects, and others.

The French "Society of Painter-Etchers" has constituted itself into a legally corporate body, after having passed an unauthorised existence for the two years since its foundation. M. BRACQUEMOND is president, and nearly every etcher and engraver of reputation and renown has joined its ranks.

Holland Park is about to be cut up into building plots as soon as the present owner can find persons ready to bid their highest for the privilege of effecting the desecration.

#### OBITUARY.

Signor GIOVANNI MORELLI, better known by his *nom de guerre* of Lemolieff, has recently died in Bergamo. He was an art-critic of the historical rather than the æsthetic school, and had reduced his theories to a system. He received his education in Germany, but, deserting medicine for politics, embraced the Italian cause and took part in the campaign of 1848. When the Italian kingdom was established Signor Morelli ceased to take an active interest in politics, and thenceforward devoted himself to the study of early Italian art. Of the Pre-Raphaelite and Renaissance schools he had a profound knowledge, and though he was sometimes dogmatic in the expression of his opinion, his researches have led to the re-ascription of many pictures in the museums of Germany. He leaves his own collection to the town of Bergamo.

The death is announced of M. FRÉDÉRIC REISET, late director of the Museum of the Louvre. It is to his energy that we owe the two volumes of the catalogue.

In CÉSAR MAIRONI, who has recently died at Bergamo, Italy loses the oldest of her painters. He was a meritorious painter of pictures and frescoes, though his works are little known outside his own country.

The death is announced of EDOUARD SCHULZ-BRIESEN, of Dusseldorf, a painter of *genre* and portraits.

M. HENRI DUTZCHOLD, who has just died at the age of fifty years, was a pupil of MM. Gérôme, Harpignies, and Véron. He has exhibited at the Salon since 1868 and received a medal of the third class in 1882. At the Universal Exhibition of 1889 he was awarded a bronze medal.

There have recently died at Brussels, M. GUSTAVE WALCKIERS, a painter of some merit, and M. LOUIS DELBEQUE, who was at the time of his death employed in the decoration of the market at Yprès.

The death is announced of Mr. DICK PEDDIE, the well-known member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

## ART IN MAY.

### PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A., AND HIS ASSAILANTS.

A short time since we called attention to the ever-increasing skill with which "photogravure" plates are now produced, and the difficulty experienced even by experts in detecting the difference between an etching and a certain class of photogravure. That is to say, between the impression on paper of a plate which has been etched entirely by the artist's hand, and one in which the *modus operandi* has been first, to make a pen-drawing on paper and, second, to place it in the hands of a photo-etcher who photographs the drawing by a gelatine process upon the plate, and then by acid, eats out the lines in the ordinary way. But when we dealt with this subject we had no idea that the point of ethics would be so far strained as in the recent case of Professor HERKOMER's beautiful volume, entitled "An Idyl."

According to what has appeared in a certain journal, not distinguished, as a rule, for geniality or generosity, and which usually translates "smartness" as general incivility to those with whose opinions it differs, Mr. Joseph Pennell has been permitted to charge Mr. Herkomer with wilful deception, and Mr. Walter Sickert to roundly accuse him of fraud—calling upon the Royal Academy, in so many words, to expel him—because the plates issued in that volume had been described by the publishers as "etchings," and were, according to them, in truth photogravures. To them for a considerable time Mr. Herkomer did not think fit to reply; an onslaught conducted in a manner so foreign to the recognised rules of controversy being treated by him with silence. Let us examine the volume and the facts of the case. Mr. Pennell declares that he purchased the volume under the impression the etchings were etchings as the world has hitherto understood them, and he asks for his money back. The publishers retort in a private letter—which has, however, been published—that Mr. Pennell examined the book at their premises on more than one occasion, accompanied by an expert, that he bought it and took it away, and now, as he desires to return it "after it has doubtless served his purpose," they accept the suggestion. It will thus be seen that there is some feeling on either side. Now, what is the truth of the charge? In the book we find three undoubted dry-points and four undoubted etchings. This leaves six plates to deal with. As the writer saw some of these in progress he is enabled to speak with authority. For the sake of the effect which the artist desired to obtain and for the saving of time, the skeleton bases of these projected plates were made as pen-and-ink drawings; they were transferred to copper by photogravure; and were then worked upon and all over by hand until the looked-for result, by the ordinary etching and dry-point processes, were secured. Is this fraud? That Mr. Pennell should have discovered this basis beneath the work is greatly to his credit as an expert, but he has made a mountain out of a molehill, or less. What impartial person will say that Professor Herkomer sought to deceive? Who, that has not his own purpose to serve by doing so, will assert that it is dishonourable—nay, even improper—to blend methods as

the artist has done? Whether he made his first sketch on paper or on the copper makes little if any difference in the hands of such an artist, and it is as monstrous to make a foul accusation of dishonesty against him, as it would be to charge dishonour against Fortuny for mixing etching and dry-point in his "Anchorite;" against Cousins, who used an etching basis to his mezzotint; or—to use a still more apposite comparison—against nearly every artist of all times who mechanically "squares out" his small sketch on to his big canvas or traces it, when about to paint his picture. Knowingly to pass a photogravure as an etching is undoubtedly a fraud; but what Mr. Herkomer has done is in every way compatible with honour and with art. Mr. Pennell has been both hasty and unjust.

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY REPORT.

The annual report of the Director of the National Gallery to the Treasury for the year 1890 was issued a couple of months ago. Therein is recorded the most important purchase that has been made for many years in the nation's behalf. The three celebrated pictures from Longford Castle were acquired last summer, and of the £55,000 which were paid for them, more than half was privately subscribed. Ten other works were purchased during the year, all, save one, by foreign masters. An abstract is given of the correspondence which has passed between Mr. Henry Tate and the Treasury. The directors of the National Gallery recommended the Government to accept Mr. Tate's generous offer, but it was found impossible to comply with the conditions, and as Mr. Tate declined to retreat from his position and was naturally unwilling to present his collection to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council on Education, the proposed gift was not accepted. But the scheme which has since been discussed will preserve the National Gallery from being overcrowded with examples of the modern British school, and will enable the Government properly to house Mr. Tate's large and valuable collection. The report also contains a list of the pictures which have been copied by students during the last year. The popularity of Landseer is still unchallenged, and it is not a little disgraceful that those who copy pictures in the National Gallery deliberately prefer merely popular works to the masterpieces of art. The fact that Landseer and Dyckmans are chosen in all seriousness as models of art is proof enough that the treasures of the National Gallery cannot inspire the "students" with appreciation or good taste; or, is the fact of these artists being the most frequently copied due chiefly to the commissions for copies given by dealers?

### RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

There is no exhibition which varies so little from year to year as that held by the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. It may be warranted to attain a certain level, and rarely to rise above it. Every year the same

spaces on the wall are occupied by the same pictures. You might almost find your way to the Sir John Gilberts, the Arthur Melvilles, the Albert Goodwins blindfolded. The result is that there is ever a pleasing air of familiarity in the exhibition, and one may almost doubt whether it be a reality or a reminiscence. The majority of the members are great sticklers for tradition, and piously follow the method affected by the founders of the society. The most painter-like drawing in the gallery is Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE'S "Procession of Corpus Christi, Toledo," a brilliant impression, full of light and colour. The same painter's "Henley Regatta," in spite of its gaiety and atmosphere, is not so convincing as the sketch he exhibited elsewhere in London. Sir JOHN GILBERT is nothing if not "old-fashioned." But his is the fearless, robustious fashion of the Early English school, and his drawings have a movement and directness in marked contrast to the rapidity of much of the work which surrounds them. The sketches by Miss CLARA MONTALBA are, as always, charming, and Mr. ALLAN'S Dutch landscapes are delightful in colour and effect. The first aim of Mr. GOODWIN is not harmony, and his colour is too often distressingly noisy, but he has never shown better work than he does this year, and the composition of his "Lucerne" is as amusing as it is original. With Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL'S stereotyped manner we have long been acquainted, and he strikes out no new path this year. In the simplest aspects of London he finds melodrama, and melodrama is not always picturesque. Mr. CHARLES ROBERTSON contributes, as usual, some studies of the East, and the majority of the older members are represented by characteristic drawings.

It is not easy to discover what part in the economy of the world is played by the Royal Society of British Artists. Their sixty-eighth exhibition is distinguished by no characteristic from others of a similar kind. No style, no school, is illustrated, and though, from the artist's point of view, it is doubtless valuable to encourage *annexes*, where overflow meetings of pictures may be held, the public may be forgiven if it do not display profound interest in the career of the Suffolk Street gallery. The majority of the five hundred pictures are commonplace; some things there are, however, to lighten the gloom. Mr. DUDLEY HARDY'S pictures are gay and sportive, and Gallic in spirit, if not in execution. Then he has an eye for opulent colour and a sense of pleasing composition. Mr. ANDERSON HAGUE'S "Mill Stream" is, after its kind, an exceedingly strong piece of work, but its handling is almost too energetic, and there is an iridescence in its colour which is not altogether soothing. In Mr. SHERWOOD HUNTER'S "Carrying the Viaticum: Finisterre, Brittany" there is evidence of sound drawing and an attractive arrangement of light and shade. "A Small Catch" is an admirable example of Mr. JOHN R. REID, painted with his accustomed vigour and picturesqueness. Mr. BRANGWYN'S "Four Ale" is one of the strongest works in the gallery, intelligently observed and skilfully painted. If the spectator happens on the true point of sight, he will find Mr. ELLIS'S "Voice from the Cliffs" a faithful presentation of nature, but a closer inspection may suggest that the blues are too vivid and the brushwork brutal. There is a touch of imagination in Mr. NELSON DAWSON'S "House of the Seven Gables," though the foreground is rather worried. For the rest, characteristic works are exhibited by Messrs. AYERST INGRAM, JULIUS OLSSEN, W. H. Y. TITCOMB, and W. T. WARRENER.

The New English Art Club have moved back to the scene of their earlier triumphs, and once more display their exhibition in the Dudley Gallery. There are scarce a

hundred pictures, and though eccentricity is still revered as a virtue, some few canvases show a distinct advance upon the previous achievement of the members. We presume Mr. P. W. STEER desires his "Ballerina Assoluta" to be regarded as a serious attempt at decoration, and we are ready to admit that decoration is a matter of taste. But to us a red blob set down at the bottom of a large expanse of boards is just as little decoration as a spider on a square yard of wall. The portrait of Mrs. Cyprian Williams, however, has a certain merit. The figure is well posed and subtly modelled, and the colour is far pleasanter than that to which Mr. Steer has accustomed us. Mr. WALTON'S "Sisters" is a very strong, almost truculent, piece of work, but his "Pastoral" is the pleasantest landscape which has come out of Glasgow this year. The "Dieppe" of Mr. WALTER SICKERT is a sound piece of work; the sun-lit street with its strong shadows is admirably rendered. So trivial a sketch as Mr. PRYDE'S "Design for Portrait" is unworthy the dignity of an exhibition. The portrait of the Duchess of Portland by Mr. J. J. SHANNON is broadly treated, and is far more interesting than any of Mr. Shannon's more recent works. In Mr. BATE'S "The Common" there are passages of delicate and refined colour, while Messrs. TOMSON, ROUSSEL, F. BROWN, LAIDLAY, and MAITLAND contribute characteristic work.

Mr. MORTIMER MENPES, who is a busy practical artist, working deftly in many mediums, has been to India, Burma, and Cashmere; and has brought home with him records of his travel more engaging to many than even the dainty impressions which he formed and chronicled in Japan. Mr. Menpes's work—shown amidst tasteful and selected surroundings, at the Dowdeswell Gallery—consists of a large series of sketches and more or less elaborated pictures, executed some of them in oil, some of them in water-colour, some of them in dry-point, and some of them in diamond-point—a process of which Mr. Menpes practically claims the invention. We will say a word about this process. It arose in part out of the artist's admiration for the "ivory quality," as he calls it, in certain printed etchings—a quality which, when it is possessed, is possessed partly in virtue no doubt of careful printing, but most of all perhaps by the use of the finest old Dutch papers—a paper especially known as that of "the garden of Holland." The idea occurred to Mr. Menpes to engrave upon actual ivory, instead of upon copper. He has done so, and each thing is unique, for of course no impressions are printed from these ivory tablets—the tablet itself is the work of art—it takes the place of the printed paper, and itself becomes the possession of the "diamond-point's" purchaser. We do not say that Mr. Menpes's example, in working in this fashion, will be very largely followed; for after all it is often more important that there shall be able to be several copies of a particular conception, than that the unique copy shall have a certain surface which is peculiar and agreeable; but in any case the new process is interesting, and Mr. Menpes has used it very prettily. The dry-points—especially those of ancient, tumble-down buildings—are very engaging, not alone in line, but by reason of the associations they suggest. Many of the water-colours and tiny oil pictures display Mr. Menpes's happy instinct for colour, as well as a good deal of economy of means. They have really much charm. What the show as a whole seems to want is rather a strong personal note—a manner (not a mannerism) which shall be of itself an authoritative assurance of unity and originality of design and execution. Perhaps such assurance is often lacking, however, to work



much of which is of a topographical kind. The little canvases have amazing dexterity, but it is chiefly in his vision of colour that Mr. Menpes succeeds in being absolutely personal.

The collection of paintings and drawings by Mr. ALFRED PARSONS which has been got together at the rooms of the Fine Art Society do not do their author justice. Mr. Parsons is far better in black-and-white than in colour, and in the series of water-colours, in which he depicts the gardens of England, too much is sacrificed to literal truth. Flowers are not always beautiful in colour, and the foreground of a garden, if you pitch your easel at hazard and see everything before you, is not uncommonly so full of detail as to be unpleasant. The best drawings are those in which there are no brilliant flower-beds to irritate the eye.

Though DIAZ was not the greatest of the Barbizon school, yet he is a characteristic *romantique*, and went through the same phases of development as his fellows. His early works are so conventional that it is exceedingly difficult to discern in them any trace of the revolt from classicism. The exhibition of some forty of his works, which has been held at the Goupil Gallery, is fairly illustrative of his talent. The picture called "Heavenwards," for instance, is more like a bad, vulgar copy of Correggio than anything else, and yet it was doubtless described as *romantic* at the time at which it was painted. Millet, too, for a period copied the old masters, but how much better he did it! Diaz, however, soon outgrew his early manner, and, with the help of Rousseau, acquired an admirable method of landscape. In spite of strange inequalities, he was a good colourist, and he had a fine sense of landscape. The Goupil Gallery does not contain many great examples, but there is the famous "Orage," which was in the exhibition of 1889, the great sylvan masterpiece, "Fontainebleau," and several characteristic "Sous Bois" and flower pieces.

Japan is fast becoming the happy hunting-ground of the painter, and of all those who have attempted to bring back an impression of what Sir Edwin Arnold calls "The Land of Gentle Manners and Fantastic Arts" none has met with less success than Messrs. JOHN VARLEY and CHARLES E. FRIPP. The drawings of these two gentlemen are without character or distinction. Mr. Varley is far more expert than his colleague in rendering effects of sunlight and shade, and his method is not so tight as Mr. Fripp's. But both have failed to give their drawings a decorative effect, and as we have ever been taught to believe that Japan is the home of decoration, this failure is the more disappointing.

#### REVIEWS.

In "*Impressions and Opinions*" (London: Nutt) Mr. GEORGE MOORE discusses art, literature, and drama from the popular French point of view. To those unacquainted with Parisian criticism the book has a refreshing tone and, though its style is a little careless, it contains plenty of sound sense. The chapters that deal with art are evidently written by one who is familiar with the language of the French studio, and we have no desire to quarrel with the conclusions. The book is as pretty a piece of printing as has been seen for a long while.

The fourth volume of the eccentric but elegant "Pseudonym Library" is "*The School of Art*" (Fisher Unwin), by ISABEL SNOW. This little work is of course suffused with the local colour of the art-school and the studio. There are the proper number of art-students, a languid

art-critic, and an R.A., whom the heroine eventually marries. Some say that she paints almost as well as her husband. But when all is said and done the characters are tame and improbable, and it is hard to feel any interest in their respective fates.

#### NOTABILIA.

Mr. C. ROBERTSON, R.W.S., has been elected Vice-President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

Dr. ANDERSON—who is not only learned in the arts (especially those of Japan), but is also a distinguished surgeon—has been appointed Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy in succession to Dr. Marshall.

M. ÉMILE WAUTERS has been holding an exhibition of most of his recent works in his great new studio in Paris, which has been attended by all the artistic world of that city. For this reason he is unrepresented at the Royal Academy.

M. MERCIÉ is pushing forward his statue to Meisnier. He is represented as being carried in triumph on the shoulders of three soldiers of the Revolutionary, Imperial, and Republican *régimes*, while he holds aloft in his hands his palette and brush.

The reported robbery from the Dresden Museum of BROWER's "Head of a Young Man," has called from a French writer the excellent suggestion that all small, portable pictures in the public museums should be securely screwed to, not hung on the walls. The hint might be brought with advantage to the attention of our own authorities.

The Old Salon at the Champs Elysées has made a new move in the right direction. Not satisfied with having further restricted the number of pictures that an artist may send in, it has decided to admit works of industrial art—not only designs, but models and precious objects. That is the true way of developing not only the taste of the public, but also what is in the first instance more important, the taste of the manufacturer.

We have already urged the inclusion of engraving, in all its branches, and of the plastic arts, in the new British Gallery. We perceive that the advisableness of recognising the former art has occurred to the Minister of Fine Arts in France in respect to the Luxembourg. By arrangements with the Director of National Museums, that institution is to share the State purchases of the works of the Painter-Etchers which were made last year.

Ten shillings is surely not a large amount for a picture-exhibitor to pay for an *independent*, favourable notice of his exhibits during the season! This capital bargain is offered by the new monthly penny leaflet—we cannot call it a paper—entitled "*The Art Budget*," which has just made its appearance and has been sent round to the artistic community. We wonder if it will succeed in its enterprising attempt at postal-order hunting.

The Selecting Committee of the "New Salon" in Paris have issued a statement to the effect that after they had adjudged all the outsiders' works, to the number of 2,070, they went through all the "doubtfuls" and the "rejected" again to make sure that no injustice had unwittingly been done. This is highly satisfactory, of course; but will it be appreciated by those painters whose first rejection has been confirmed? Would they not have preferred the retention of the element of doubt?



The great sale of M. BURY's collection of Japanese art objects attracted to Paris most of the collectors of Europe and the representatives of the greater number of the great museums of the world—exclusive, of course, of the British and South Kensington Museums. The sale was chiefly interesting for demonstrating the ever-increasing popularity and appreciation of Japanese art, as well as its rise in value and its proportionately restricted supply.

The purchase by the Corporation of Glasgow of Mr. WHISTLER's portrait of Carlyle for a thousand pounds was a politic action on the part of the purchasers. They now possess one of the very best portraits of the great Scotsman, and they own the picture which, with the portraits of Mrs. Whistler and Miss Rose Corder, are the finest productions of Mr. Whistler's brush. The reader of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* will find an engraving of it on p. 77 of vol. vii. (for the year 1884).

Now that the correspondence has been published between Professor Von Werner and M. Gérôme, Detaille, Bouguereau, Alfred Stevens, Dumauresq, and M. Herbert, the French Ambassador at Berlin, we are able to appreciate the extraordinary discourtesy perpetrated by the French artists towards their German *confrères*. Nor is their behaviour at all logical. If there was no outcry when they invited the German artists to Paris a couple of years ago, why should there be all this hubbub when the invitation is returned? However, the loss is mutual.

Who shall say that public spirit is dead in England? The generous gift that was made some time ago of a new National Portrait Gallery has been followed up by a donation of £80,000, to be spent upon the building of a Gallery of British Art. The donor, who is said to be Mr. Henry Tate, made this offer through Mr. Humphry Ward. The conditions, upon which his gift is contingent, are thoroughly sensible, and Mr. Goschen was wisely inspired in not resisting them. The value of the new institution, the site of which is in Exhibition Road, will largely depend upon its administration. Is it to be a permanent collection or a British Luxembourg, where pictures will be housed until the verdict of time demands space for them at the National Gallery?

The presidency of the Munich Academy of Arts has been resigned by Professor FRITZ VON KAULBACH, and Professor LÖFFTZ has been appointed his successor. Herr Löfftz was originally a paper-hanger. He soon, however, taught himself to draw, and in time held a class for others. He became known before long as the most promising pupil of Herr KRELING, and soon placed himself at the head of the rising generation of the Munich school. Although his name is not well known in England, his works command high prices when they come into the market. The late Mr. Morgan's "Money Changers" fetched over a thousand pounds in New York in 1886.

The Exhibition of Lithography in Paris, and the other means adopted for the resurrection of the art, may serve its purpose, but it will have little or no effect here. Lithography, pure and simple, has never reached and sustained the dignity of a fine art in England; it was smothered by mezzotint, and during its brief reign it never pleased by reason of its comparative roughness and indistinctness. Moreover, the staid English temperament is against the most advantageous result of lithography; the more impulsive character and, it must be added, the better drawing of the Frenchman have always been far more successful in the results he has obtained.

The silver Jubilee coinage is to be remodelled. Sir Edgar Boehm's was admitted by all—even himself, we believe—to have been a failure. That he was wholly responsible it would be unfair to say, for his hands were in a great measure tied. We have had too many finicking designs of late. Whether the task is submitted to Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, or Mr. BIRCH, it is to be hoped that not only a graceful design may be produced, but one of dignity and stateliness with masses to oppose to the friction of use. Daintiness and delicate edges are out of place on coins.

The attempt of the Women's University Extension to do for Southwark what the Rev. S. A. Barnett has done for the East End should meet with every encouragement from the public. Miss Lina Nevill, the Secretary, informs us that last year—that in which the experiment was first made—27,869 persons visited the exhibition during the three weeks it remained open. This represents a daily average of more than 1,200. Whit-week is the time fixed for the annual display, which is so greatly appreciated by the residents in the neighbourhood. We heartily commend next year's exhibition to the consideration of all kindly owners of pictures who may be willing to lend them.

The scratching of Mr. ZIMMERMAN's picture at the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists recalls similar outrages which have from time to time been perpetrated. How anyone can be so wantonly mischievous or so cowardly malignant passes conception. The comparative immunity from detection renders the deed more than ever contemptible. Discovery, indeed, has on one occasion only followed these acts of culpable foolishness. In spite of the vigilance of the detective employed by the Royal Academy, the scratcher of so many Academicians' pictures in 1885 was never found out. In the same way, he who scratched out the eyes of Maclise's, M'Innes's, Simpson's and Corbett's pictures in the Academy of 1841 escaped with impunity. This is the more remarkable as his method of mutilation was deliberate, and must have occupied a considerable time. A boy once "scratched" a picture in the National Gallery in 1844, but what his punishment was is not recorded.

The despatch to France of the condemned Rabelais pictures by the recently-deceased painter GARNIER, was perhaps the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty. When the object of a picture is obviously impropriety, it is time to shut it from the gaze of the general public; when, as in the present instance, there is vastly more impropriety than art in the picture, it is time to turn it out from the country. It is not so much in the production of improper pictures, as in their display for money to the first-comer, that their mischief lies. The educated eye can forgive the subjects for the sake of the true art that is in them. And so it has ever been. From the time of Parrhasius and Choerephanes onwards the same difficulties have arisen, and more than one painter has denied himself to the public eye through his perversity. There are not many who, like Pignone, have confessed their fault and expressed their contrition on their deathbed—just as Lafontaine is said to have done. Others—Giulio Romano, H. Paulyn, and Boucher—had other motives and tougher consciences. But it is a hard struggle between the purist and the artist who looks at the surpassingly exquisite, but super-erotic, work of Monsieur Félicien Rops. Where is the line to be drawn? The harmless usage of one age is the subject of invective and condemnation in the next. Even a nude Christ is objected to by some!

## ART IN JUNE.

### RECENT ACQUISITIONS IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

It is not very often that a really important specimen of wood-carving is for sale, and when these rare opportunities occur the price asked is very high. The authorities at the South Kensington Museum have, however, been fortunate enough to secure for about £1,400 a truly magnificent work in carved pear-wood which had been known for some years to be in the warehouse of a dealer at Venice. The whole carving is divided into two groups: the upper and the more important representing the Crucifixion, and the lower the Nativity. In the group of the Crucifixion are over sixty figures, carved with great power and true artistic feeling. The artist has arranged this group with very considerable care and ability on a sloping ground which reaches its highest point by the Cross. In the foreground are women with their children, and soldiers casting lots for the Saviour's coat, all of them types of a low order. A little higher up the Virgin lies fainting on the ground, attended by holy women. On one side stands St. John, and on the other Mary Magdalene. Around this little group are the Jewish chiefs on horseback, and Roman soldiers, both mounted and on foot, bearing standards, banners, and spears. Right at the back is the Cross upon which the Saviour hangs with His head crowned with thorns. On either side are the malefactors, but they have been crucified with their backs towards the spectator. Beneath, forming a kind of predella, is the Nativity, also a most interesting group. The artist has represented the shepherds coming to offer their simple gifts. One brings a sheep, another a cheese, and a third some other rustic present. On either side is a panel carved in relief, with arabesques of figures and floral details. This beautiful and most interesting work dates from the end of the fifteenth century or beginning of the sixteenth century, and is attributed to the hand of a certain GIOVANNI or LUCIO OTTIVETO, who possibly may have been a German living in Northern Italy, as the figures themselves show a curious mingling of German and Italian styles. These groups were originally in the sacristy of the church of St. Agostino at Piacenza, and the Crucifixion is mentioned by M. de la Lande in a book published in 1790, describing his travels in Italy. He says: "Dans la sacristie, il y a un calvaire exécuté en bois avec un travail infini." This church was secularised by Napoleon I., and these groups eventually fell into the hands of the dealer at Venice from whom they were purchased. To the collection of Italian bronzes has been added a splendid pricket candlestick in the form of a huge bronze gilt pomegranate. It was formerly in the church of Santa Cecilia in Trastevere, in Rome, where there are still several others along the parapet in front of the ciborium attributed to ARNOLFO DI CAMBIO. It is thought by some that the pomegranate was the badge of the Cardinal Francesco Acquaviva of Naples, who restored the church in the early part of the last century. The pricket candlestick which the Museum has acquired appears, however, to be of a somewhat earlier date. Travellers are now saying that there is very little

to be obtained from the East in the way of art-treasures, but, nevertheless, an exceedingly fine and beautiful panel of tiles has been recently acquired. There are thirty-six tiles in all, without including a narrow border of floral work and Chinese clouds. On these tiles, in rich enamel colours, is represented a Persian lady splendidly attired and reclining on a cushion in a garden, with female attendants who are bringing her refreshments. This panel, which is a portion of the dado of some room, came from the Chehel Situn, or pavilion of the forty columns, at Ispahan. This gorgeous building, of which drawings and plans may be seen in the works of Coste and Flandin, was erected by Shah Abbas I. about the end of the sixteenth century. The depression in the middle is doubtless where a niche was let into the wall. An interesting feature of these tiles is to be found in the vessels which the attendants are carrying, as well as in those upon the ground. They are extremely similar to actual specimens in the Museum collection. Some of the decoration has a very Chinese character, and fully bears out the tradition that the great Shah obtained artists from China to assist in carrying out his designs.

### ARCHITECTURE—A PROFESSION OR AN ART?

Is Architecture an art or a profession? The question is not so easy to answer as it appears. It was raised at the Liverpool Art Congress three years ago by Mr. Brett, and has recently been discussed anew in the columns of *The Times*. If we remember rightly, Mr. Brett was of opinion that, as it was part of the architect's business to save his client from vain expenditure, architecture could not be described as an art. But there is a recklessness in this argument which compels us to reject it. It is by no means difficult to conceive an architect who was wholly indifferent to his client's interests, and that being so, another reason must be found, if we are to exclude the architect from the kingdom of art. The architects themselves are enraged at the suggestion of the new nomenclature, and if they prefer to be styled "artists"—a title, by the way, which has lost something of its old repute—who shall gainsay their right? It would be far more apposite to leave the question of names and titles alone, and discuss how to revive the moribund art. If architecture were still vital, and architects were permitted to decorate our streets and squares, the world would be only too glad to recognise them as the greatest and best of artists. None ever cavilled because the calling of Ictinus was described as an art. And who, except Mr. William Morris, would dare place Sir Christopher Wren in the ranks of professional men? After all, as we have said, the question of names is not of the highest importance, whereas the future of the art or profession, whichever it be, is of interest to all of us.

### ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.

A case which raised an important point of Artistic Copyright was recently heard before Mr. Justice Kekewich. Some months ago, Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner



published, as a Christmas card, a gloved hand, showing delineated upon the palm the lines of character, and embellished with a copy of verses by Mr. Weatherly. The design was reproduced by Messrs. Dunn and Company, a firm of hatters, and copies were distributed broadcast. Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, having registered the card both as a drawing and as a book, applied for an injunction, and obtained it. The plea set up by the defendants, namely, that all hands were alike, and that in such a design there could be no copyright, was happily disallowed. The copyright law would seldom have to be enforced if absolute originality had first to be claimed for drawing or letterpress, and the case, *Hildesheimer and Faulkner v. Dunn and Company*, has established on a firm and proper basis a point which, without Mr. Justice Kekewich's decision, might always have been liable to misunderstanding.

#### ART IN AUSTRALIA.

During the last year, art has made steady progress in Australia, and the progress is duly recorded in the Year Book of Australia. Our colonies are not backward in the purchase of pictures, and though they seem to have a love of the old-fashioned, they doubtless consult their own taste, and with experience will grow to prefer that which is less contestably artistic. In New South Wales, thirty-five oil-paintings were purchased, many of which were once seen in our own Royal Academy, and a successful exhibition was held at Sydney. In Melbourne, a new public gallery is building, while galleries have recently been opened at Ballarat and Bendigo. In each is a collection of pictures to stimulate colonial students, and as travelling scholarships are granted annually at Melbourne under wise conditions, there is no reason why conspicuous talent should not be revealed in our colonies.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

"May Morning, Magdalen Tower, Oxford." Described, as in its origin, a Druidical custom, the touching and picturesque ceremony of saluting the rising of the sun on May-Day morning by the singing, on the platform of the beautiful perpendicular tower which is the chief ornament of Magdalen College, of the *Hymnus Eucharisticus*, has found a convinced and eloquent interpreter in Mr. HOLMAN HUNT. Both in mode of conception and in technique he remains practically what he was some forty years ago, in the palmy days of the P.R.B.—the only member of the famous Brotherhood who has made no concessions, and who remains a Pre-Raphaelite of Pre-Raphaelites to the very end. Mr. Hunt's conception of the time-honoured, half-religious, half-pagan ceremony here commemorated has much freshness and beauty, while in its working out he has avoided any excessive mannerism. On the flower-strewn platform of the beautiful tower the bright young choristers are gathered, turning eastward as they pour forth their voices to greet the rising sun, under the leadership of the serious choirmaster; and they are reinforced by a goodly company of robed fellows, dons, and even outlandish dignitaries of learning. The old peculiarities of heavy execution, and a characteristic disinclination to sacrifice any detail, are again here; the strewn flowers, with the silver-gilt mazer-bowl in the foreground, show all the elaboration of former years. Chief among the excellencies of this remarkable picture are the felicity with which the open-air effect is rendered, the truthful and beautiful tone of the shadows on the

white draperies of the surpliced choristers, and, above all, the pathetic and emotional, yet unaffectedly realistic, presentment of the singing youths themselves. Some of these beautiful heads—set off rather than disfigured by the act of singing—recall vividly the famous choristers in LUCA DELLA ROBBIA'S *cantoria* sculptured for the cathedral church of Santa Maria del Fiore. It is interesting to be reminded by the present work that Mr. Holman Hunt treats sunlight and shadow from a standpoint approaching that of the most modern French *luministes*, although his technical method is of course absolutely different from, and opposed to, theirs. Altogether, the "May Day" must take rank as one of the most successful of the artist's works.

The Exhibition of Bindings recently opened at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, 17, Savile Row, is a very important as well as a very interesting one. It is the first time that any such extensive exhibition has taken place, embracing as it does nearly a thousand specimens of bindings from the twelfth century to the present day. So far as the different sizes and certain marked classes allow of it, the series is arranged chronologically, so that the student can trace without any difficulty the rise and progress of the art. It will be a surprise to most people, we fancy, to see what an art it was during at least a century and a half, and what splendour of decoration was lavished upon books before they became so common a possession as they are now. The series begins with a representative selection of early stamped work without gold, when the art was rather that of the engraver or block cutter than of the binder. Some half-dozen interesting volumes show the Arab influence on the first Italian bindings and the Venetian efforts to introduce gold in their decoration. Then follows a magnificent series of painted inlaid work, chiefly Italian, and numerous fine specimens from the libraries of the great collectors, Maioli, Grolier, and Canevari. The French royal series is also very fine and fairly complete considering that the Bibliothèque Nationale possesses most of the important existing specimens that belonged to the kings of France. Our own royal set is well represented, though artistically not so interesting. It was not till the middle of the seventeenth century that England had a school of binding that can in any sense be considered native, but that such a one existed at that time and lasted for about a century cannot any longer be disputed in the presence of such a number of good bindings as are now brought together for the first time. The exhibition does not include the work of any living binder, but it is brought up to date by a selection from the chief French and English binders of this century. This is perhaps—as indeed it can well afford to be—the least representative, and does not pretend to give the best work of the last fifty years in either country. The catalogue, like most former ones issued by the club in connection with their exhibitions, contains a general account of the subject for the guidance of those who are anxious to know what they can about the history of binding in the past.

It is not a little strange that, while the equality of the sexes is a popular doctrine, the Lady-Artists should have a Society of their own. A division into schools made according to style and practice is at once intelligible and logical. But there is no possible reason for collecting together into a separate gallery such pictures as are painted by ladies. Nor may the lady-artists plead a lack of recognition in excuse for their policy of separation. Their works are treated with as great respect at the Academy and elsewhere as is shown to the canvases of the unworthy male.



However, the Society does exist; but its thirty-sixth exhibition contains little that is remarkable or interesting. The more distinguished "lady-artists" are content to take their chance in a more open field, and not a few of the exhibitors at the Egyptian Hall are open to the reproach of amateurism. The best picture in the gallery is Miss PASH's "Lamp-light," a study handled with knowledge and artistry. On one of the screens is a collection of sketches by Mrs. PATTY TOWNSEND, which are stronger than most of the work exhibited.

Signor ULPiano P. CHECA's picture, entitled "A Roman Chariot Race," which has been exhibited at Mr. Lefevre's gallery, is rather interesting as an illustration of ancient life than as a work of art. It has plenty of go and movement, and even more expression than is pleasant. But its sturdy realism does not atone for its lack of harmony and artistic quality. At the same gallery has been shown ROSA BONHEUR's "After a Storm in the Highlands." It is not one of the artist's best works: the animals are rendered with vigour and truth, but the surrounding landscape is poor in colour and handled without conviction. Mr. DENDY SADLER's "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" is the type and exemplar of a popular picture. It affords the public an opportunity to speculate concerning the character of the persons represented, and to weave stories that the painter never dreamt of.

#### REVIEWS.

We are glad to see that "George Cruikshank" has been included by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. in their series of "Great Artists," for although in no sense academic, or even educated (being in chief measure one of "nature's artists"), Cruikshank had a great effect upon the social life of the day. In the early days he was to the world a great and powerful satirist; to the prevailing Government no less than to the Opposition an uncertain but malignant enemy; to the art-critic of the day he was an ingenious and inimitable designer; but to the few who could appreciate his genius, he was one of the most accomplished etchers who ever used the needle. It is a pity that Mr. F. G. STEPHENS, the author of the memoir before us, has not insisted on this quality—to us one of the most valuable. He has rather been content to give us in a concise form the gist of the books by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Bates, and the late Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, and has apparently based his choice of the original works which he has selected for review rather through the medium of Reid's catalogue than on personal examination. As far as it goes, however, it gives a tolerable idea of Cruikshank's work during the first half of his life and a little more; and to have that in a handy form we should be grateful. THACKERAY's celebrated "*Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank*" concludes the volume, which is illustrated with a number of reproductions of Cruikshank's woodcuts, and a few reductions of some of his larger etchings. We cannot feel, however, that full justice has been done to the artist in this volume—either from the point of view of memoir, or that of his life's work.

The illustrated edition of M. GUILLAUME GUILLAUMET's "*Tableaux Algériens*" has already been noticed in our columns. The text has now been issued in a less pretentious form (Paris: Plon), and far pleasanter it is to read an edition which can be held in the hand and never threatens to overwhelm the reader with its weight. M. Guillaumet always looks upon nature with a painter's eye, and in the least of his descriptions there is a sense of colour and

atmosphere, although he sometimes overloads his page with details, which he would in all probability exclude from his sketch-book.

The works of that extraordinary personage, SAINT-SIMON, are best read in selections, and the "*Scènes et Portraits*," which have recently been published under the direction of M. Lhomme (Paris: Librairie de l'Art) make up an interesting volume. The editor has prefaced the book with a sound and moderate essay upon Saint-Simon as a writer, but it is the artistic aspect which more nearly concerns us. The literary portraits of Saint-Simon are supplemented by reproductions of engravings by Messrs. J. G. WILL, DESROCHES, PITAÜ, BOUTTATS, and others. These have the stateliness and dignity which so well became the period of the Grand Monarch, and though the plates have lost much of their beauty in the process of reproduction, they are at least adequate representations of the bearing and costume of the age.

The value of M. LHOMME's "*Voltaire*" and "*Les Chefs-d'Œuvre de la Chaise*" (Paris: Librairie de l'Art) is literary rather than artistic. It is true that the text in each case is accompanied by a goodly collection of portraits, but they are rather practical than beautiful. They are reproduced by a process which robs them of their character, and the books will be bought by those who are more interested in the literature than in the art of France. However, as volumes of "elegant extracts" they serve an excellent purpose, and English people, particularly, who have not the complete works of Voltaire on their shelves, and know nothing of French divines beyond the name of Bossuet, will find them exceedingly useful.

#### NEW ENGRAVINGS.

The 1st of May, it appears, is to become the working-man's fête day, and mass meetings in Hyde Park are to take the place of the May Queen festivals, the May-pole dances, and our old friend "Jack-in-the-Green." Mr. WALTER CRANE has made a design to commemorate this working man's festival, the reproduction of which is artistically as good as Mr. Walter Crane and his engraver, Mr. Scheu, can make it, which is saying much. The design is nearly three feet long, is printed on toned paper with a sumptuous margin, and is published by the engraver for the sum of one shilling. Would that there were a chance of our witnessing such arcadian processions of working men as Mr. Crane has depicted, to Hyde Park or anywhere else.

During the sittings at Lambeth Palace, when the ecclesiastical case of the Bishop of Lincoln was heard, two students of the Lambeth School of Art, Mr. and Mrs. FLORIS, were successful in getting very good sketches of the Library, in which the Archbishop and his court sat. These they have developed into what may be termed an historical picture of this celebrated trial. The portraits are certainly very good indeed, and those of our readers who are interested in ecclesiastical matters may be glad to know that Messrs. Dawson have reproduced the picture very successfully in photogravure, and that impressions of the plate may be had on application to Mr. C. L. Floris, 7, Fitzwilliam Road, Clapham, S.W.

The publication of lithographs in colour, with gold backgrounds, of the well-known angels of Fra Angelico is being continued by Julius Schmidt of Florence. Reference was made in these pages to the issue of the first of these

some time ago. Later ones more recently received quite bear out the terms of the opinion we then expressed. The reproductions compare favourably with the copies made by hand by the artists in the Uffizi. The reproduction of the "Madonna della Stella" is especially successful.

#### OBITUARY.

The death of Mr. TOM COLLIER, R.I., which occurred in May, is the most serious loss that English landscape art has sustained for some years. Although not known to the general public so well as far less talented but more "effective" painters, it is certain that Tom Collier, as he was usually called, will take high rank among English painters, and will eventually be honoured much as David Cox is to-day. Being essentially a water-colour painter, although he worked often and well in oils, he stood little chance of admission to the ranks of the Royal Academy, but with Romney, Cox, Rossetti, Morland, Linnell, Holman Hunt, and Ford Madox Brown, he will be remembered as one of the great Outsiders. He was born at Glossop, in Derbyshire, in 1840, and, being his father's favourite son, was often taken on his walking or fishing expeditions, or to spend the day with him on the moors. He early determined to "become an artist," and having succeeded in overcoming his father's opposition, he attended the Manchester School of Art. From that institution he derived little good, and must, in fact, be regarded as one of the eminent self-taught painters. His father died, and his estate was thrown into Chancery, yielding nothing, so that the youth was forced to make and sell landscape sketches for his own sustenance for the space of several years. In 1861 he was elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and with the exhibitions of that society his chief and best work has been connected. In 1878 he sent a water-colour drawing to the Paris Exhibition, when, in spite of the fact that he contravened the rules by contributing only one instead of two works, the excellence of it was so highly esteemed by the jury that he was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour. Mr. Collier's work is among the most truthful to nature in the English school; full of light and of atmosphere. His health had been failing for two years, and an operation, from which much was hoped, failed to bring permanent relief. A sale of his unsold works and sketches will probably be held in April of next year at Christie's.

M. AUGUSTIN CONSTET, a pupil of Pradier and Dumont, was a sculptor of some distinction. He was born at Lyons in 1821, and obtained a second class medal as far back as 1848. M. René Fache, who died at the advanced age of ninety, has for many years practised the art of sculpture. Many of his pupils have attained honour and credit, the most famous of their number being Carpeaux. He was once a professor at the Academy of Valenciennes, and many of his works decorate the cities of Northern France.

M. FRÉLINGNY was for many years professor of sculpture at Marseilles. He took an active part in the defence of Paris, and at the close of the war received a commission from M. Thiers to decorate his house. Shortly afterwards he returned to Marseilles, in which city he died.

Paris has lost in M. FRANÇOIS UCHARD one of her greatest architects. His best known work is the church dedicated to Saint-François-Xavier. The official honours were his: at the outset of his career he had won the *Prix de Rome*; and besides being Chevalier de la Légion d'Hon-

neur, he was honorary architect of the city of Paris, and member of the council of architecture.

The death is announced of M. CHAPT, a deservedly popular sculptor, who enjoyed a large measure of royal patronage, and specimens of whose work were seldom absent from the yearly exhibition at the Champs Elysées.

The death is reported at Halle of GUSTAVE SUNDBLAD, a painter of some distinction, and professor of painting at Leipzig.

Professor CISERI, whose death recently occurred in Italy, was a painter of religious subjects. His pictures were well known in the north of Italy, but have not been seen in London.

M. GEORGES SEURAT, who has died at the age of thirty-one, was a painter of real, if eccentric, talent. His pictures were familiar to those who visited the exhibitions of the *peintres indépendants*, and quite recently his large canvas, "Le Cirque," attracted considerable attention.

In M. FRANÇOIS ATHANASE MORTIER France has lost an architect of considerable distinction. He was born in 1808, and designed several important buildings in Paris, among them the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur.

Herr HERMANN TEN-KATE, a distinguished Dutch painter, has recently died. He had achieved considerable fame, and his pictures of military scenes have long been valued by connoisseurs.

Mr. G. F. FOLINGSBY, news of whose death reaches us from Australia, has for the last ten years been the director of the National Gallery at Melbourne. He was born at Wicklow, and studied at Munich under Piloty, and in Paris under Couture. For many years he resided in the Bavarian capital, where he took an intense interest in the artistic life of the place. He was a painter of some talent. Two of his pictures are in the National Gallery at Melbourne, and he was a popular painter of portraits.

The death is announced of Mme. JULIETTE PEYROL-BONHEUR, younger sister of Rosa Bonheur. Like her famous sister, Madame Peyrol was a painter of animals, and has exhibited at the Salon constantly for forty years. She won an honourable mention at the Exhibition of 1855, and was awarded a bronze medal in 1889.

M. ADRIEN MARIE, the well-known water-colour draughtsman, has recently died as he was returning from Senegal, whither he had accompanied a French expedition. He was a pupil of MM. Camino, Pils, and Bayard, and a member of the Société d'Aquarellistes Français. He was medalled at the Exhibition of 1889.

In M. J.-A. GARDET France has lost a sculptor of some promise. A pupil of Millet and Cavelier, he won the *Prix de Rome* as recently as 1885, and was awarded a second medal at the Salon of 1888. In the present Salon he is represented by a marble group, "Sommeil de l'Enfant Jésus."

M. LÉON LE GOAESBE DE BELLÉE, a landscape-painter whose work has been seen at the Salon for many years past, has recently died at the age of forty-six. He has been more than once honourably mentioned, and generally chose his subjects in Brittany, where he was born.

Of Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE, landscape-painter, we shall have something to say in a future number.

Our obituary notice of the late Mr. EDWIN LONG, R.A., who died on the same day as Mr. Collier, must unavoidably be held over till next month.

## ART IN JULY.

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN DANGER.

The perennial danger of the National Gallery from fire is a dread fact which the officials of the Board of Works should not be allowed to burke. The facts are simply these. The walls of the National Gallery absolutely touch, through a thin party wall, the highly-inflammable buildings of the barracks behind. Such buildings, we all know, are a constant source of danger, and are often the scene of small conflagrations; so that it is criminally careless to leave these priceless collections, which no wealth could replace, to the chance of destruction. Yet Mr. Plunket, in the full knowledge that within a few yards there stand as well the equally inflammable warehouses of Hamptons, the upholsterers, replies to questions asked in the House of Commons that he is willing to lay on a water-pipe with which to put out possible fires. Could anything be more short-sighted? As regards this water-pipe, we can positively assert that the National Gallery authorities prefer to do without it. They are sufficiently burdened with the responsibility this danger of fire thrusts upon them, without incurring the further risks of damage by water. What should be done—and that at once—is perfectly clear. The barracks should be razed, and the Gallery isolated. If, in accordance with Wilkins' original recommendation, the ground beyond, then occupied by dilapidated buildings, had been acquired, the proximity of the warehouses hard by would have been avoided.

### FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

The election of Mr. Frank Dicksee to fill the *fauteuil* left vacant by the death of Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., is certainly a popular one. It was thought that Mr. Alfred Gilbert or Mr. Henry Moore might be selected, and it is therefore the more surprising to hear that it was Mr. Val Prinsep who "made the running" with Mr. Dicksee, and, indeed, who nearly beat him. That Mr. Dicksee is an acquisition none will deny. He is one of our few entirely English-bred painters, an admirable draughtsman, and, in his early work, a fine colourist—a man of calm temperament, and as deliberate as a Dutchman or a modern Fleming in his art. As we so recently (Vol. for 1887, p. 217, *et seq.*) devoted an illustrated article to the work of Mr. Dicksee, we will here go no further into his career; but we will remind our readers that since that time his chief pictures have been "Hesperia," "Within the Shadow of the Church," "The Passing of Arthur," "The Redemption of Tannhäuser," "The Crisis," and the "Mountain of the Winds," besides a series of drawings to "Othello," for the International Shakspeare.

### THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF THACKERAY.

A few words about the photographic portraits of Thackeray are necessary to complete the article given in our July number. During his visits to America (1852-3, 1855-6), in compliance with the wishes of his Transatlantic friends, he posed before the camera, and the earliest of these sun-

pictures is a daguerreotype by Brady, recently engraved for the *Century* magazine. In this, as well as other American photographs in the possession of Mrs. James T. Fields (reproduced in the "Unpublished Letters of Thackeray"), his appearance is rather quaint, owing to the style of his habili-ment—such as the broad, turned-up collar, black or striped stock, and check waistcoat of the period. Of the many English photographs, mention must be made of "Thackeray in his Study," by Ernest Edwards, B.A. (1860), where he is seen "old, white, massive, and melancholy," as his friend Edward Fitzgerald remarked; a scarce photograph by Dr. Julius Pollock; and the more familiar ones by the brothers Watkins, who had the honour of producing (for the London Stereoscopic Company) the last photograph ever taken of him. This portrait and the very early bust by Devile were engraved for an article (in the Christmas number, 1889, of *St. Nicholas*) on the "Boyhood of Thackeray," written by his daughter Mrs. Ritchie, who, with true filial affection, says, "All a lifetime lies between the two portraits; all its sorrows and successes, its work, and its endurance."

### THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

The Exhibition of the New Society of Portrait Painters, the formation of which we announced on page xxv. of these Art Notes, establishes the body in the foremost rank of Art Societies of the day. Necessarily, and by its very objects, a non-selling exhibition, it is yet a highly attractive one; not alone by the number of famous canvases by eminent artists, whose co-operation the members have pluckily invited, but by the freshness and novelty of the idea, as well as by the high average of excellence of the members' work. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Sir EVERETT MILLAIS, Messrs. G. F. WATTS, FILDES, HERKOMER, PETTIE, DICKSEE, SANT, WHISTLER, MACBETH, GOODALL, STOREY, and PHIL MORRIS, all send selected work, as do also MM. CORMON (an admirably characteristic portrait of Gérôme), VETH (his father), CAROLUS-DURAN (his daughter), BONNAT (Alexandre Dumas and a living sketch of Harpignies), DE JOSSELIN DE JONG (a Dutch lawyer), BOLDINI (a portrait of a little girl), CHARTRAN (Mouney-Sully), and FANTIN-LATOURE (his fine portrait group of Manet, Zola, and other interesting persons). Most of these works are well known, and into comparison with them the members have boldly and not unsuccessfully brought their own pictures of recent months. The members are as follows: The Hon. JOHN COLLIER, Messrs. STUART WORTLEY, HACKER, JACOMB-HOOD, SOLOMON, SHANNON, HUBERT VOS (these composing the council), BIGLAND, FURSE, GLAZEBROOK, MACLURE HAMILTON, HEYWOOD HARDY, HERMAN HERKOMER, HUDSON, KENNINGTON, LLEWELLYN, LOUDAN, MELVILLE, SKIPWORTH, W. R. SYMONDS, EDWIN WARD, LESLIE WARD, BLAKE WIRGMAN, and Mesdames JOPLING, MERRITT, SWYNNERTON, and MARY WALLER. Of those who are seen at their best are Mr. Vos, with portraits of Miss Simonsen and M. de Staal; Mr. Edwin Ward with "Peter" and "J. F. Boyes, Esq.," his "John Burns" being dirty and rough, without



being strong; Mr. Melville; Mr. W. R. Symonds, with "Master Henry des Vœux;" Mr. Arthur Hacker, with "Alfred East, Esq.," painting in the fields; Mr. Tom Graham, with a strongly-coloured and admirable sketch of "R. W. Macbeth, Esq., A.R.A.;" the Hon. J. Collier with his portrait of "Mr. Toole;" Mr. Blake Wirgman, with a group of portraits, the most charming of which is "Miss Applin;" Mr. J. J. Shannon, with his graceful and elegant, but rather monotonous female portraits; Mr. Bigland; Mr. Solomon, with his "Sir John Simon" and "Mrs. Beddington;" Mr. Mouat Loudan, Mr. Calkin, Mr. Jacomb-Hood, and the President. The whole collection is of unusual interest, and the Society cannot be without considerable influence upon portrait-painting in England.

#### PROVINCIAL APPRECIATION OF ART.

Pending the imminent erection of Mr. ALFRED GILBERT's memorial fountain to Lord Shaftesbury in Piccadilly Circus, we would draw attention to that sculptor's masterpiece—his statue of the Queen—which was seen at the Royal Academy in 1888, and is now "*displaced from its pedestal and lying for many months in a corner of the municipal buildings!*" These astounding words are from the Mayor of Winchester himself, who disclaims all responsibility. But is this not typical of municipal art feeling, even though it be not of loyalty? Here is the finest modern statue, executed by an artist of extraordinary genius; and we, who are never tired of deploring our crop of bad statues, allow this splendid work to lie on a rubbish-heap. How long is this scandal to last?

#### EXHIBITIONS.

The pictures at the German Exhibition have not been selected in too critical a spirit. Among the six hundred examples there is indeed a considerable amount of vulgarity and ineptitude. At the same time a number of eminent works may be seen, and of these conspicuous exceptions we intend to say a few words. The veteran ADOLF MENZEL is still almost without a rival in the German school. His "View of a Park in Berlin," painted forty years ago, is as strong and fresh as anything in the exhibition. The brushwork is characteristic, the colour clean, and the whole effect at once interesting and attractive. Several others of his works are upon the walls, and if it were only for these the collection would be memorable. Never before has so large a number of Herr VON LENBACH's portraits been seen together in London. Their power and character are undeniable. The painter has an undoubted talent for catching a likeness, and a likeness that is far more than skin-deep. Admirable from a human point of view are the Gladstone, Bismarck, and Moltke. But in his desire to mimic the touch of the old masters, Herr von Lenbach comes dangerously near to affectation. In his portrait of the Emperor Frederick, for instance, he is not content to reproduce an antique style, but must needs forestall upon his canvas the influence of time. It is this same anxiety to escape from modernity, which prompts the painter to employ a dirty scheme of colour, and not always to model his heads as strongly and subtly as he might. But the imitation of the old masters is fashionable in Germany, and Herr VON KAULBACH's "H.R.H. Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria" is almost a travesty of Velasquez. Herr VON UHDE is open to no similar reproach. He is nothing if not modern, and his "Industrious Children" is fresh in technique as well as in conception. The picture is a delicate

study of light confined within the walls of a room; the style is personal, and the colour scheme fresh and original. So advanced indeed is Herr von Uhde's method, that all the pictures which hang in the neighbourhood of his canvas look pitifully old-fashioned and conventional. Herr LIEBERMANN, who, like von Uhde, is well known in London and Paris, sends one canvas, and this completes the tale of strong, individual works. In the black-and-white section an opportunity has been lost. The art of caricature, as practised by Caran d'Ache and the moderns, may be said to have been born in Germany, and if only a representative collection of the works of Oberländer, Meggendorfer, Harburger, Schlittgen, and Busch had been got together, we should have had an opportunity of estimating their achievement, and of paying them the tribute that is due to inventors.

Mr. WALTER CRANE is by far the most versatile craftsman of his time. There is scarce a method he has not essayed, scarce a material that he has not handled. The exhibition which has been held at the Fine Art Society's includes, besides the book-illustrations upon which his serious reputation rests, oil-paintings, designs of friezes, brass-work, pottery, glass, and we know not what else. But it is this very versatility which threatens Mr. Crane with artistic jeopardy. *Non omnes omnia possumus*; if a man does one thing well he at once places himself by his head and shoulders above his fellows. Why then should he fritter away his energies by experiment? It is not too much to say that, in 1865, when the first of his toy-books appeared, Mr. Crane invented a new style of illustration. Not that he had cut himself off from the past, for he owed much to the primitives, to Dürer, to the Japanese. But so skilfully did he blend the characteristics of the schools which he had followed, that the result was a form of decoration wholly his own. The effect of colour was strong yet simple; the draughtsmanship, though personal and incorrect, was suited to its purpose, and there was in all drawings an irresistible sense of the grotesque. If Mr. Crane had been satisfied with the career of an illustrator, if he had perfected the method which he so happily inaugurated five-and-twenty years ago, he might have placed himself *hors concours* in Europe. But he elected to paint in oil, for which medium he has but little faculty. In addition, he has cultivated every sort and kind of handicraft, and versatility has inevitably prepared the way for superficiality. Mr. Crane's true admirers will be inclined to pass over the canvases and the gesso panels, and study only the head- and tail-pieces designed for Grimm's "Fairy Tales" and the incomparable series of illustrated books. The preface to the catalogue is not in the best possible taste; but autobiography is a difficult art, and it is not easy for a man rightly to estimate the amount of interest which his performances inspire.

Professor LEGROS is an artist without *arrière-pensée*. He works in several mediums, but he is as much a master of them all as his versatility will permit. He does not employ mezzotint, etching, or silver-point haphazard; the material is always best suited to produce the required result. A faithful student of the old masters as well as of the great painters of modern France, Professor Legros has developed a style which is distinctly his own. It is austere, grave, and mannered, but it is never lacking in dignity, and is always accomplished. You may not admire the effect, but you know that the artist has expressed in half-a-dozen etched lines, or in a highly elaborate silver-point, precisely the result at which he was aiming. Nothing is left to chance. Professor Legros does not permit accident

to do his work. We are so accustomed to see etching mimic mezzotint, or steel-engraving and oil-painting masquerade as fresco, that we cannot too fervently admire an artist who not only represents to us a given scene, but also illustrates the capacity of the material he is pleased to employ. The exhibition of "Etchings, Drawings, and Sculpture" which has been held at Mr. Dunthorne's gallery is thoroughly representative. Among the etchings is an admirable series of portraits, and such exquisite landscapes as "La Pêche à la Truble," and "Au Bord de l'Eau: Effet du Matin." There are few men living who have handled the silver-point as effectively as Professor Legros, and, though such pieces as "The Centaur" seem frigid and academic, and almost invertebrate, his decorative sculpture is as strong and as broadly treated as can be.

Mr. LAVERY, in painting the state visit of Her Majesty the Queen to the Glasgow International Exhibition, had a most difficult task to perform. The picture has been shown at Mr. McLean's gallery, and we are surprised that the painter has made so much of an exceedingly thankless theme. How few have ever made aught but failure of court functions! The general effect must be sacrificed to individual portraiture, for it is obvious that when in a large canvas you insist on such small incidents as heads and features, verisimilitude and picturesqueness vanish at once. However, Mr. Lavery has accepted his conditions, and, in spite of them, has produced one of the best official pictures that we have seen. He has a strong, personal style, and is well skilled to set figures in an atmospheric environment, so that his "State Visit" has a dozen merits which we vainly look for in other pictures of its class.

At the Goupil Gallery Mr. LAVERY is seen to far better advantage. The small collection of his works which has been exhibited there reveals several phases of his versatile talent. Mr. Lavery belongs heart and soul to the Glasgow school, and shows both its strength and weakness. His colour is clean and wholesome, and withal not so bound to blues and browns as that of his fellows; he knows well how to depict light and air, and his sense of picturesqueness seldom fails him. His least mannered work is the pleasantest. "Ariadne" savours too strongly of Glasgow, but "A Rally" is admirably drawn and composed, and "The Guitar" is a delicate arrangement in yellow and gold. Several of the portraits are also excellent.

Mr. A. N. "ROUSSOFF's" drawings of Egypt, which have been exhibited at the Fine Art Society's, will not increase the painter's reputation. They are exceedingly clever, and the medium is handled with a certain strength and vividness; but the colour is frequently unpleasant, and the drawings, in spite of their effectiveness, are sometimes without character or distinction.

Mr. MELTON PRIOR's contributions to the *Illustrated London News* have won the admiration of thousands. They are vivid, strong, and expressive, and serve their purpose excellently well. But they are not artistic; and when a collection of them is gathered together, as lately at the St. James's Gallery, they appear weak and undistinguished. But what else can we expect of sketches rapidly made in the excitement of a campaign, the first purpose of which is to convey to the British public not an artistic thrill, but a vivid impression of an actual scene? That is to say, Mr. Melton Prior's rough-and-ready sketches are journalism of the very best kind—they are informing, lucid, and abounding in life. But we confess that we experienced no great pleasure in examining the original drawings, and we are

not sure that any useful purpose is served by their exhibition.

To paint the Alps is as desperate an adventure as to climb them, and it may be doubted whether either enterprise is worth undertaking. Blinding sunlight and white expanses of snow are an unhappy combination, and Alpine landscapes are best seen through smoked glasses. HOKUSAI still remains the most successful painter of snow-capped mountains, and his triumph was due to his wise disregard of realism. Of late years Mr. WILLIAM STOTT has shown us a series of delicate sketches, and M. G. LOPPE, a collection of whose pictures has been exhibited at the Fine Art Society's rooms, has achieved a genuine success. His pictures are true and yet not unlovely; he has been content to paint in a low key, and has relieved the blinding white of the snow by a pleasant blue. In fact, M. Loppé has not wholly failed, and what higher tribute may be paid to a painter of the Alps?

An exhibition of bronzes after many of the best works of English and foreign sculptors has been held at Messrs. Bellman and Ivey's gallery.

#### REVIEWS.

Since RUSKIN'S *Modern Painters*, with its poetic discourses on art interwoven with science, was given to the world, no book, with the exception of this handbook ("*Landscape Geology*," Wm. Blackwood and Sons) by Mr. HUGH MILLER, has appeared to arrest the painter and make him ponder over the truths therein written. Mr. Miller, like his renowned father and Ruskin, is also a poet and scientist combined. What he reasonably hopes for is the same combination of *artist* and *scientist*. This combination is, of course, not impossible; nay, it has already existed many times, although never in a marked degree with geology. The difficulty is first to find the painter who, like the poet, must be the real, not the sham man. Diagram draughtsmen are as common as ever, more common. Mr. Hugh Miller reasonably implies that a scientific artist need not be a Lyell or a Murchison or a figure painter, a Hunter or a Goodsir, but that rocks and trees and all natural objects should, from the representation of the outward anatomy, convey a shorthand knowledge of that which is within. We have had, however, many scientists who were also true painters and draughtsmen. LEONARDO himself was a great scientist. LANDSEER was a sound student of "comparative" anatomy. CHAMBERS and DAWSON knew ships thoroughly; and Ruskin praises HARDING for his knowledge of trees and herbage, and no man, living or dead, as Carlyle says, had the "seeing eye" like WILLIAM HUNT for all things in still-life with which he had to do. The truth is no artistic nation has ever dipped so deeply into science as the English, and to-day PETER GRAHAM's studious and realistic rendering of sky and mist effects, of moss and moorland, lake and tumbling spatewater, has hardly been equalled, certainly never excelled. TURNER'S knowledge was most searching, but from the "seeing eye," not from scientific knowledge. What is wanted is a book, say of artistic lectures on geology, with drawings executed by men who are artists and scientists combined. The real painter, that is the artistic colourist and composer, could then study the landmarks to guide him on his way. This handbook, however, of Mr. Hugh Miller's, is one which will arrest the attention of the artist, and make him weigh over the arguments written therein; while the lovers and admirers of nature, together with the writings of Ruskin, the first

and the greatest that ever discoursed on landscape, will feel that the echoes of the "Modern Painters" are as clear and ringing as ever

#### NOTABILIA.

The place of the late M. CHAPU in the Académie des Beaux-Arts has been filled by the election of M. MERCIÉ.

M. JEAN-PAUL GERVAIS has been awarded the "Prix du Salon," receiving nineteen votes against sixteen cast for M. CHIGOT, and five for M. HENRI MARTIN.

Mr. HUBERT VOS has given up his proprietorship in his schools, preferring to have more time to paint. The threescore students have formed themselves into a republic, with Mr. Vos as a Visitor.

The Picture Gallery at the Royal Holloway College, Egham, upon which articles appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for May and June, is, we are asked to state, open to the public every Thursday afternoon from 2 o'clock till dusk, and also on Saturdays, for the same time, during the month of August.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the art sales during the past month is the price fetched by the red chalk sketches and studies by WATTEAU, when the James collection was dispersed. There were seventy of them, one fetching £682, and others £367, £315, £283, and £236 respectively. And meanwhile we hear of studies by old masters being sold for but a few pence. A sheet of sketches by HOGARTH, which has since received the imprimatur of the British Museum authorities, was bought by a collector the other day for twopence.

A special committee appointed by Her Majesty the Queen sat last month at the South Kensington Museum, under the presidency of Earl Spencer, to consider the desirableness of returning the seven cartoons of Raphael to Hampton Court Palace. It was in the year 1865 that these famous works were brought, by permission of Her Majesty, from Hampton Court, and deposited in the gallery at South Kensington, which had been expressly prepared for them, including special arrangements in case of fire. The decision of the committee has not been yet made known, but it is to be hoped that the cartoons will be permitted to remain where they are.

The Royal Commission on Westminster Abbey has come to a dead-lock, three of the Commissioners recommending the erection of a new Campo Santo on the site of the old Refectory, and the remaining three advocating the demolition of the old houses facing the Peers' Entrance to Westminster Palace and the use of the ground for the desired purpose. The chief objection to the latter course, which is favoured by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, is the competition into which the new building would come with the exquisite architecture of Henry VII's Chapel. But how great would be the advantage to the Abbey if the houses were removed and a good view of it opened up for the first time for these many years!

#### OBITUARY.

Mr. EDWIN LONG, the well-known and popular painter of scriptural, Egyptian, and quasi-classic subjects, died at his house at Hampstead, on the 15th of May, of pneumonia following influenza, the period of his illness being painfully brief. He was born at Bath in July, 1829, and was the son

of a *coiffeur* and *parfumeur* of that city, not of an artist in the ordinary sense of that term, as was reported. Even as a child he showed considerable facility in sketching. Quite early in life he began to practise painting in a modest way, and until he became for a time a pupil of John Phillip at a later date, never, so far as we have been able to ascertain, received regular and systematic training in the technical parts of the profession in which he won popular favour. He began to exhibit at the Academy in 1855, sending his first picture to Trafalgar Square. A prolific exhibitor, he had works, nearly a hundred in all, at the Academy, the British Institution, and the Society of British Artists. The first-named gallery received the majority of his paintings, which included portraits as well as sentimental and romantic subjects. In 1857, following the example set by John Phillip five years previously, Long went to Spain and endeavoured to profit by the pictures of Velasquez and Murillo; to the latter category his succeeding productions bore a considerable resemblance in a weaker and over-refined fashion. "La Possada," 1864, belonged to the Spanish group of his subjects; it was followed by "Lazarilla and the Blind Beggar," 1870. In 1874 and 1875 he travelled a good deal in Egypt and Syria, and in the former year exhibited at the Academy that dramatic, if not robust example, "The Babylonian Marriage Market," which procured his election as an A.R.A., greatly increased his reputation, and secured the faith of many of his admirers. "Bethesda" appeared in 1876, and greatly moved many who did not affect high standards of invention, poetry, or art. Mr. Ruskin, to the immense surprise of his followers, testified more or less equivocally in its favour. With the "Egyptian Feast" of 1877 his admirers became still more numerous and even less critical. These instances suffice to represent the better phases of Mr. Long's art: he never painted better nor designed so well. In 1881 he became an R.A. When Gustave Doré died, the caterers for that devout and sentimental portion of the public who took unctuous delight in the wonders of the Doré Gallery could find in England no worthier heir to his mantle than Mr. Long, who exerted himself considerably in their behalf, and produced a number of gently inspired and scriptural paintings. "The Gods and their Makers," 1878, was said to have a sardonic as well as a pious motive and reflected severely on the ancient Egyptians' religious credulity. Besides the above, we remember the following among Mr. Long's works: "The Suppliants," 1874, which, selling in 1882 for £4,305, illustrated the taste of the artist and his patron; the "Marriage Market" still more effectually did so when, in 1882, it was knocked down at the Hermon Sale for £6,615, being purchased for the Royal Holloway College. Mr. Long was, poetically as well as technically speaking, the Angelica Kauffman of our day, but he was neither so good a draughtsman nor so sound a painter as that accomplished lady.

Herr HAHNEL, the eminent sculptor, who has died at Dresden, at the age of eighty, is best known for his monuments of Charles IV., at Prague; of Beethoven, at Bonn; of Frederick Augustus, of Korner, and of Raphael, at Dresden; of Prince Schwarzenberg, at Vienna; of Frederick William, at Brunswick; and of Leibnitz, at Leipsic.

M. HENRI VION, the engraver and etcher, was the pupil of M. Leopold Flameng and of M. Henriquet Dupont. His best work is the translation of Meissonier's "Confidence;" but other plates brought him medals, both in France and in foreign exhibitions. He has died at the early age of thirty-seven.



## ART IN AUGUST.

### THE CHANTREY BEQUEST, 1891.

The purchases which have been made under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest are as follows: "St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation" (oil painting), by Mr. P. H. CALDERON, R.A.; "Pandora" (marble statue), by Mr. HARRY BATES; "Lions" (water colour), by Mr. HARRY DIXON; and "The Winter Sun in the Wild Woodland" (oil picture), by Mr. J. W. NORTH. The first three works were exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the last at the New Gallery, and were paid for in the sums of £1,200, £1,000, £100, £315, respectively. As the Chantrey collection now stands, it consists of fifty-eight works, all purchased since the year 1877, when the fund became available. Of these, thirty-nine were by artists not at the time members of the Academy, and only eighteen by members (Academicians and Associates)—one of them being HILTON, then long deceased. Three artists have twice been favoured by the trustees—Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., with one statue and one picture; Mr. JOSEPH CLARK, and Professor HERKOMER, R.A., with two pictures each. Thus sixteen members and thirty-eight outsiders have enjoyed the honour of selection; but of the latter ten have since been elected into the Academical circle.

### THE BRITISH MUSEUM REPORT.

After the British Constitution, the British Museum is the English institution *par excellence* which is at once the admiration of foreign nations and the pride of our own. The voluminous "return" for the year 1890, which is before us, records the substantial progress made during the year. New rooms for the accommodation of the Department of Coins and Medals are in progress; the Babylonian and Assyrian Room has been re-arranged; the Nereid Monument from Xanthos has been re-arranged in what was formerly the Phigaleian Marbles Room, and are now shown to much greater advantage; the Fourth Vase Room has been completed; the exhibition of drawings, so admirably arranged by Professor Colvin, has been widely appreciated. Valuable gifts have been made by Lord Savile, Lady Schreiber, Mr. Franks—always Mr. Franks!—and others; and many catalogues have been completed and advanced. The work of the Department of Prints and Drawings has progressed most satisfactorily. The intelligent classification and re-arrangement of the vast collection have made great headway, and many indexes and cross-references have been carried forward. The number of acquisitions for the year are no fewer than three thousand four hundred and fifty-six, including drawings, etchings, engravings, and woodcuts of the Italian, German, Dutch, Flemish, French, Spanish, American, and English schools—many illustrating the latter coming from the Percy collection.

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND REPORT.

Why are the reports of the Director of the National Gallery of Ireland always so terribly belated? That for 1889 is only just out. It is dated November, 1890, by Mr. DOYLE. This document of less than a page and a half of

type, therefore, took nearly eleven months to prepare and eight months to print, while a month for the whole would have been a liberal allowance. The most interesting points are these: There were seventy-two thousand five hundred and ninety-one admissions in the year, of which no fewer than twenty-six thousand eight hundred and ten were Sunday attendances—a pregnant fact for the opponents of Sunday opening. The students numbered forty-four, of whom forty were ladies! Thirty-two items—pictures, drawings, and a bust—were added to the collection, the most interesting being portraits of Steele by KNELLER, of a Jewish Rabbi by EECKHOUT, and of Miss Farren by HUMPHREY, and the "Interior" by VAN DELEN and DIRK HALS from the Secrétan collection. It is notable that £100 were paid for the purposes of the National and Historical Portrait Gallery by the Committee of the Stuart Exhibition. Altogether Mr. Doyle expended £970 on the gallery, and, as usual, expended it well.

### EXHIBITIONS.

The works for which prizes have been awarded in the National Competition of Schools of Science and Art and Art Classes for 1891 were exhibited in the Prince Consort's Gallery of the South Kensington Museum at the end of July and beginning of August. Two thousand and fifteen works were selected for the National Competition. Six gold medals, seventy-four silver medals, one hundred and thirty-eight bronze medals, and two hundred and fifty-four prizes of books were awarded. The gold medallists are OLIVER WHEATLEY, Birmingham, for a model of a figure from the antique; GERTRUDE ROOTS, Canterbury, design for a mosaic pavement; ROBERT HOPE, Edinburgh, for a chalk drawing of a figure from the antique; JOHN PRINGLE, Glasgow, for chalk drawings of figures from the nude; GERTRUDE LAKE, Manchester, for a design (figure composition); and RENIRA POLLARD, South Kensington, for a chalk drawing of a figure from the nude.

An Heraldic Exhibition, containing much of artistic interest, has been brought together in Edinburgh, and will remain open till the end of August. It includes a series of about twenty ancient Scottish armorials, ranging from the celebrated manuscript compiled by Sir David Lindsay, the poet and Lyon King in James V.'s time, lent from the Advocates' Library. A thoroughly representative series of casts of Scottish and English heraldic seals is displayed, and the original impressions include the beautiful thirteenth century seals of the Count of Gueldre and his wife Margaret, daughter of the Count of Flanders, attached to a procuratory for the payment of the dower due to the lady as widow of the son of Alexander III. of Scotland; while one of the choicest of existing matrices is exhibited in the gold signet of Joan Beaufort, Queen of James I. A collection of early heraldic embroidery is contributed by the South Kensington department. The heraldic china includes some admirable examples of Hispano-Moresco ware, lent by the Museum of Science and Art, Edinburgh, and from the same source is a series of rubbings of English brasses. The

heraldic flags include the famous "Cavers" banner, borne at Otterburn: and eight packs of English, Scottish, French, German, Italian, and Russian playing cards are shown.

#### REVIEWS.

From the point of view of art, as well as from that of erudition, M. HEULHARD'S "*Rabelais: ses Voyages en Italie, son exil à Metz*" (Paris: Librairie de l'Art) deserves all the praise that can be meted out to it. M. Heulhard has performed his task with skill and enthusiasm, and has not only enabled us to follow the journeys of the great author of Pantagruel, but has reconstructed for us the world in which the immortal philosopher lived. The illustrations are exceedingly valuable, and include portraits of Rabelais and his friends and patrons, as well as contemporaries, plans, and pictures of such cities as he visited. But most interesting of all are M. DUPRAY'S masterly designs of the Abbey of Theleme. The pedants have seen in Rabelais' purely fanciful description a reminiscence of one or other of the celebrated castles of the Middle Ages; but M. Dupray, with excellent common-sense, has built up his abbey not from an inspection of actual sites, but from a closer study of Rabelais' text. For the purpose of comparison, M. Heulhard has reproduced CERCEAU'S designs of the Castle of Chambord, than which, says Rabelais, the Abbey of Theleme was a "hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent." In conclusion, we recommend M. Heulhard's account of the last twenty years of Rabelais' life to all Rabelaisians—that is, to all wise men.

There are few more entertaining figures in the history of the second half of the seventeenth century than Lully, man of affairs, speculator, and musician. Brought at the age of thirteen from Florence to Paris, he was a scullion before he became a Court favourite. His musical talent and his genius for intrigue placed him at once in a position of power and influence. Only in the Court of the Grand Monarch could his merits have been so speedily recognised. In ten years the despised cook-boy had gained imperishable fame by composing ballets for certain of Molière's plays, and had become director of the amusements of the most elegant Court which the world has seen. He then had opportunity to cultivate his more worldly ambitions, and to build the Hôtel Lully at the junction of the Rue St. Anne and the Rue des Petits Champs. Of this bizarre character M. RADET has given an exceedingly entertaining and just account in his "*Lully, Homme d'Affaires, Propriétaire, et Musicien*" (Paris: Librairie de l'Art). The work is embellished with eleven admirable heliogravures, models of their kind. Of Lully himself two portraits are given—the flamboyant, sensual bust by COYSEVOX, and the far more refined engraving by ROULLET, after PAUL MIGNARD. Excellent, too, are the plans of the celebrated Hôtel, which shifting fashion and the advance of commerce has now shorn of all its glories. In every respect the book is praiseworthy, and it is a valuable addition to the Court history of the seventeenth century.

The authors of the pamphlet, "*Notes on Perspective Drawing and Vision*," by DR. P. H. EMERSON and T. F. GOODALL (Warren Hall and Lovitt), attempt to show "that mathematical perspective drawing gives a false impression of what we see when using one of our eyes or both." The proofs given, however, are not convincing, nor is there any advice as to the means which might be taken to obviate such optical illusions. The authors apparently forget that, after all, a perspective drawing or picture is a conventional

representation on a vertical plane of objects which in the retina are received on a concave surface, so that if looked at from the point of distance at which the drawing was made, with the eye opposite the point of sight, the same effect of greater or less width will hold good in both cases, i.e., in nature and in the drawing. Whether the Greeks were acquainted with the real scientific causes of these optical illusions we do not know; but the inclination of the angle columns of the Parthenon is only one of many subtle devices in that building, and it had other objects besides that suggested in the pamphlet.

The third annual volume of the "*Transactions of the National Association for the Advancement of Art*" has been issued. Besides the papers read at the Birmingham Art Congress by Messrs. J. E. HODGSON, R.A.; ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A.; W. B. RICHMOND, A.R.A.; ASTON WEBB, T. G. JACKSON, STIRLING LEE, ROSCOE MULLINS, SELWYN IMAGE, STANHOPE FORBES, J. ORROCK, and others, the volume contains the resolutions adopted by the Association. These are in favour of (1) greater attention being paid to industrial needs in the national system of art-education; (2) the supervision of the pictorial advertisement in towns; (3) the formation of a Committee of Manufactures for the bringing of artists into touch with themselves; (4) the annual grant by Government of £500 towards the enrichment of provincial galleries and museums with useful artistic models; and (5) Sunday opening of galleries and museums under certain conditions and limits of time.

It will be remembered that the publication of Mr. JAMES L. BOWES' "Japanese Pottery" in the course of last year raised a veritable storm of criticism. The writer was fallen upon by critics, and particularly rival collectors, and savagely handled. Professor Morse especially was, as many thought, immoderate in the terms of his condemnation. From his pen came a couple of trenchant criticisms, while several anonymous articles—apparently, as Mr. Bowes says, from the same source—appeared in the American press. To these the "damned one" sought to reply, but his answers were not printed. In these circumstances Mr. Bowes has been driven to publishing his defence in book form. Whatever may be the merits of the case, "*A Vindication of the Decorated Pottery of Japan*" is certainly an able defence, which calls for further explanation from the other side. For that explanation, chiefly as regards Professor Morse and the anonymous articles, the "Japanesy" public will wait with interest.

A new artistic periodical is just being issued in England by Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co. This is the "*Art Amateur*," which, consisting of "colour studies" and designs for carving, art needlework, and other "art work," has for twelve years been courting the American public. The "*Art Decorator*" (the Electrottype Company), of which the third series is just beginning, is a less expensive affair, and appears to cover much the same ground so far as decorative art is concerned. The plates are well printed and produced; but they are very German, either in the *motifs* or execution, or both.

From the publishing house of Ulrico Hoepli, of Milan, we have received a very charmingly printed book, "*Svaghi Artistici Femminili*." It is a series of essays, in Italian, on embroideries, laces, jewellery, fans, and other things appertaining to a lady's costume and surroundings. The essays are largely historical. The book might have been better illustrated, but it is beautifully printed on a thin Italian hand-made paper with good margins, rough edges, and a very tasteful binding.

To the already long list of Vere Foster's useful drawing-books Messrs. Blackie and Sons have added a small work on "*Rudimentary Perspective*" and one on "*Model Drawing; or, Drawing from Objects*." The latter is by Mr. H. I. DENNIS, who has been for years a most successful teacher of this and kindred subjects at the Lambeth School of Art. Both books may be safely recommended to young students. The teaching is both rudimentary and quite sound.

## NEW ENGRAVINGS.

Two new etchings after MILLET have been issued by M. Benezit-Constant of Paris. One is the famous "*First Steps*," etched by M. GAUSSON, and the other "*The Travellers*," from the needle of M. ROUSSEAU. Both these plates are good, and about equal in merit. It is notable that the study of Millet of late seems to have permeated the etchers of the day, who all succeed in conveying much of his spirit to their plates, while reproducing his manner and his texture with a remarkable measure of success.

The "*Bath of Psyche*," by Sir F. LEIGHTON, was purchased from last year's Royal Academy by the Chantrey Fund Trustees. The picture was generally considered to be a perfectly representative work of the President—a fine and decorative work. It has quite recently been admirably reproduced in photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company. One sadly misses the beautiful colour of the picture, and as the frame of the original was so completely a part of its decorative effect, it is a question whether it would not have been well to reproduce the design of it together with the picture. But the reproduction is very good as it stands. The same firm also issues "*A Foretaste of Summer*," by Mr. LEONARD C. NIGHTINGALE.

## NOTABILIA.

At the last examination for admission to the Academy Schools, eleven pupils were selected for probationship. Of these, seven were ladies.

A few months ago we announced the birth of "*L'Art dans les Deux Mondes*"—by far the most artistic and the best-printed of the weekly art papers of Paris. We regret now to have to record its decease.

Professor HERKOMER's Oxford Lectures, which are to be delivered during the forthcoming session, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan, with many illustrations of etching and mezzotint engraving.

Mr. HARRISON WEIR, who, we regret to say, is lying ill at the present moment, has been informed by the Treasury that he has been awarded an annuity of £100 in recognition of his services and his merit as an artist.

At the sale of MÉRYON's etchings at Messrs. Sotheby's, "*L'Abside de Notre Dame de Paris*" fetched £125, the highest price ever realised in London for a modern print. It is stated that M. Wasset, thirty years ago, paid the etcher 1fr. 50c. (1s. 3d.) for a similar impression.

In the island where "*Venus of Milo*" was discovered, another work, of almost equal perfection, has come to light. This represents a boxer in marble, hardly marked by its burial during the centuries. It has been shipped to Athens, the day being marked by the populace as a festival, with music and rejoicings.

Messrs. ALMA-TADEMA, SEYMOUR LUCAS, and J. M. SWAN, the special visitors at the St. John's Wood Art

Schools, have awarded the prize to Mr. DAVIS, who will forthwith begin painting his picture under the direction of Mr. Tadema. To this generous system of "visiting" at Mr. WARD's school we have already referred.

The artistic world have heard with sorrow and deep sympathy of the serious accident which has befallen Mr. HENRY MOORE, A.R.A., the victim of three attacks of influenza. It is hoped that the injury to his arms will soon disappear; but, even if he never paints again, Mr. Moore's position in the foremost rank of England's foremost painters is assured, and his reputation is established while the English school remains not only a fact, but a memory.

A standard work on "*Wedgwood*," with many illustrative plates in colour, is being prepared by Mr. RATHBONE, the Wedgwood expert, and will be published simultaneously in Paris and London; in the former by MM. Perrot et Cie., and here by Mr. Quaritch. The fact that the plates are in colour constitutes the chief feature of importance of this monumental book, as, curiously enough, Wedgwood has hitherto been illustrated only in black-and-white.

The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, having been asked "What steps have been taken to carry out the promise of the Egyptian Government to appoint two inspectors charged with the duty of examining and taking steps for the due custody and preservation of the monuments of ancient Egypt?" has stated that the sum of £10,000 has been put down in the Egyptian Budget for the protection of the monuments in question.

Mr. ASTON WEBB, whose fine "*Victoria Courts of Justice*" of Birmingham, designed in connection with Mr. INGRESS BELL, were recently opened by the Prince of Wales, has gained the competition for the new buildings of the South Kensington Museum. We have not yet had the opportunity of examining the designs, but while the elevation is sure to be scholarly, original, and picturesque, the public is entitled to know on what particular grounds the Government rejected the original plans of Colonel FOWKE.

Colonel Morrah, the Mayor of Winchester, writes to point out that in our criticism on the treatment of Mr. ALFRED GILBERT's statue of the Queen, reference was made to the "municipal" buildings instead of "county" buildings. "I have no hesitation in saying," says Colonel Morrah, "that had the statue been the property of the city it would have been better cared for." If the Mayor would be good enough to state who are the county authorities blamable for this disgraceful vandalism, he would be doing a great service to the people of Winchester.

The Corporation Gallery of Birmingham is advancing by leaps and bounds, thanks not only to the energy of Mr. Whitworth Wallis, the curator, but also to the taste and public spirit of his committee. Since the acquisition of Mr. BURNE-JONES's "*Adoration of the Magi*," Mr. G. F. WATTS's superb "*Roman Lady*" has been presented to the collection by the trustees, while LEWIS's celebrated "*Seraph* (Money-changer): *A Doubtful Coin*" has been purchased for it for £1,785, together with Sir EVERETT MILLAIS' "*Widow's Mite*." The latter was bought from Mr. Agnew for £1,200.

Would that all persons desirous of benefiting the nation by bequest were as reasonable as the late Mrs. Alice Robertson. That lady has left to the National Gallery or the Bethnal Green Museum fourteen pictures. The chief of these are a "*Holy Family*," by ANDREA DEL SARTO; a "*Landscape*," by P. WOUVERMANS; "*Princess Mary of Orange*," by Sir PETER LELY; a "*Female Saint*," by



GUERCINO; and portraits by C. JANSSEN and VAN DER HELST. But Mrs. Robertson specially leaves it to the trustees to select, accept, or reject at pleasure, and lays down no conditions as most persons do.

We have no desire to enter into the Mr. CALDERON'S "St. Elizabeth" controversy, seeing that the whole matter turns not upon artistic, but upon religious considerations. It is important, however, to observe that several Members of Parliament, dissatisfied with the action of the Government and of the Royal Academy in respect to it, propose to make the question a weapon with which to smite at the whole constitution of Burlington House during next session; but the Academy, which has practically defied two successive Royal Commissions, will doubtless protect itself from this new onslaught by its most efficacious armour of patient silence.

The unveiling of the statue to Lord Napier of Magdala, executed by the late Sir EDGAR BOEHM, and "seen through" by Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, was undertaken by the Prince of Wales. The statue stands in Waterloo Place, in the open space between the Athenæum and United Service Clubs, and is manifestly designed by the maker of the Wellington effigy at Hyde Park Corner. It is on the whole a very satisfactory work, which we welcome the more cordially as we suggested, on the death of Lord Napier, that his memory might most appropriately be honoured by taking down the statue of his namesake now disfiguring Trafalgar Square. We hope to publish an illustration of Sir Edgar's last work in our next number.

At the International Art Exhibition recently held at Berlin the large gold medals were awarded to Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, Mr. J. J. SHANNON, and to Mr. A. WATERHOUSE, R.A.; while Mr. PETTIE, R.A., Mr. MARCUS STONE, R.A., Mr. JOHN HUNTER, A.R.A., and Mr. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A., have received the smaller gold medal. Diplomas of honour are awarded to Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., and Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.; the equivalent of a second-class medal to Mr. RICHMOND, A.R.A.; honourable mention to Messrs. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., ALFRED PARSONS, ALFRED EAST, AUMONIER, KING, and E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.; to the architects, Messrs. GEORGE and PETO, MOUNTFORD, and AITCHISON, A.R.A.; and to Messrs. BATLEY, MASSÉ, ALEX. HAIG, MORTIMER MENPES, and ROBINSON. It was to be expected that at Berlin the younger school would find favour rather than the more Academic of our painters.

It is probable that before these lines are published a decision will be arrived at as to whether or not the new British Gallery which Mr. Tate is presenting to the nation will be erected on the proposed site on the Thames Embankment. The price demanded by the City (£150,000) is almost prohibitive, and, as matters now stand, it is a duel between the City Chamberlain and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We must disagree with some of the promoters and state that we do not think its site is a good one, not only because the position is more or less inaccessible to the general artistic public and identifies the gallery with a municipality which knows not art, but because the close proximity of the river always ensures the presence, under favourable conditions, of thick city fog. The first considerations for a gallery are that the pictures in it may be well seen and well preserved. At Blackfriars neither of these can be fulfilled; but rather than that the establishment of the British Gallery should be baulked, we would prefer

to see a defective realisation of the scheme, that might perhaps be remedied later on.

#### OBITUARY.

By the death of Sir WILLIAM FETTES DOUGLAS, the President of the Royal Scottish Academy, at the age of sixty-nine, art in Scotland loses its official head. Although nominally a pupil of Sir WILLIAM ALLAN, Douglas was mostly self-taught, and claimed, with more or less reason for pride, that he had never copied a picture in his life. He began, when twenty-one years old, to exhibit portraits at the Scottish Academy, following them up with *genre*, historical, and rustic subjects. His "Knife-Grinder" was exhibited in 1850, and in the following year he was elected an Associate. In 1854 he showed "Dean Swift and the Errand-Boy," when he was promoted to full membership, and, in 1857, "The Alchemist," which is in the South Kensington Museum. It was not until 1862 that Mr. Douglas first exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, and between that year and 1872 he contributed nine works. The painter's love of mysticism, or romance, as he called it, led him to strange fancies. An example of this is his picture of "The Spell," which must be turned upside down to obtain the glimpse into the future—or is it the past? In 1877 Mr. Douglas became Curator of the National Gallery of Scotland, but on his election as President of the Academy in 1882, and his knighthood at the hands of the Queen, he surrendered that post. He was a member of "the school of 1860," essentially "literary" in his choice and treatment of subject, but nevertheless a remarkably good painter at times, though he was by no means equal. Of recent years Sir William rendered himself somewhat unpopular with his fellow-citizens by reason of his very plain-speaking and emphatic manner; but if he incensed people by at least one unfortunate letter to the papers, it was not a little owing to the severe indisposition from which he was suffering at the time, and which tended to irritability. Sir NOEL PATON, the Queen's Limner in Scotland, is being pressed to accept the post vacated by the death of Sir William.

Mr. FRANK MILES, who has for some years lived in retirement owing to a complete break-down of health, was a popular painter of pretty heads and ideal faces. They were, however, weak, and the artist's best work consisted of his landscapes. Although essentially a "shop-window artist," and fashionable, it was unkindly stated at the time, through having been successful in the presentation of a picture to the Prince of Wales, he was more graceful in taste and more artistic in spirit than his photographed drawings give any idea of. He was highly popular with his friends.

M. LÉON PELOUSE, who died on the last day of July, is a serious loss to French landscape art. He was born at Pierrelaye, and, after gaining his livelihood as a commercial traveller until his twenty-eighth year, he exhibited his first picture in the Salon, "The Environs of Précy," in 1865. Above all the painter of Normandy scenes, and, later on, of the Chevreuse Valley, he executed many portraits. He gained a medal of the second class in 1873, of the first class in 1876, a second-class medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, and a gold medal, first class, at that of 1889. He was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1878. His "Cernay in January" is in the Luxembourg.

mosaic which now fills the tympanum over the right-hand doorway is not a very exact reproduction of the same subject.

#### SCULPTORS v. MASON.

MR. CONRAD DRESSLER's completed commission for a large statue of St. Mary Magdalen for the tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, appears to herald a better time for sculptors and architects, and to inaugurate a new policy on part of the builders. The curse of the architectural world for time out of mind has been the confiding of original sculptural work, whether statuary or mere conventional decoration, to a firm of stonemasons instead of to sculptors. The degrading effect is patent; nor is it surprising that the mechanic has hitherto been unable to produce the work of an artist. It has long been the habit of builder-architects to confide the sculptural work in their designs to ordinary craftsmen, whose labour, if less artistic, is naturally so much cheaper; and in this they have been encouraged by the ignorance of their clients, who, in all probability, would not have appreciated the finer work if it had been given to them. Among the artist-architects of the present time, who are happily gaining in power every day, the names of Mr. J. P. SEDDON and the late Mr. J. D. SEDDING stand out. The former has been chiefly known for placing the painted and stained glass departments of his work in eminent hands, while the latter, especially in recent years, delighted in calling in the best talent in all sections of design, of sculpture, window-designing, iron-work, and so forth. It is only within the last two or three years that the feeling of revolt against a state of things which threatened to stamp all trace of artistic execution and design from out of the ornament and details in our architecture, burst forth; that guilds have been formed; and that members of the profession have decided to sink all feelings of rivalry in the desire to set things on a proper footing. They have determined to force upon public notice the fact that artistic work cannot be looked for from the journeyman mason, and that "the trade" cannot supply it at so much per foot run, even though the executants are foreign refugees, whose comparative incapacity in their own country is usually their chief *raison d'être* in this. To the revival of decorative sculpture Mr. HAMO THORNYCROFT, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, Mr. ARMSTEAD, and others are contributing their efforts and their talents, content to work for little profit for the sake of the art. Perhaps one of the surest signs that this worthy spirit is spreading and is appreciated amongst employers is the encouraging fact that in conservative Oxford a young sculptor of talent and high promise, Mr. Conrad Dressler, has been called in to do work which has heretofore been confided to the builder. We feel sure that it now lies chiefly with the architect to make matters what they should be. By sacrificing a little pains, and perhaps a little profit, they can keep the builder to his building. They cannot expect an artistic soul in that useful person, the planner of drain-pipes; nor are they guiltless before their countrymen if they persist, for the sake of a paltry commission, in entrusting sculpture and ornament to his mason-nominee.

#### EXHIBITION.

At Messrs. Höllander and Cremetti's gallery an interesting collection of French pictures has been exhibited. A pastel of MILLET's "Angelus" is accorded the place of honour and a vast frame of inappropriate plush. No small slur has been cast upon the memory of J. F. Millet by idle, un-

reasonable admiration of the loudly-boomed "Angelus." Of course it may not for a moment be reckoned among his great works; the colour is inharmonious, the sentiment overcharged, and its popularity is based wholly upon "the feeling of awe and reverence" which it is said to inspire in the vulgar breast. The pastel has the same faults and merits as the oil-painting. The colour is slaty, the figures awkward; but there is a delightful suggestion of landscape in the background, and the sky is marvellously modelled. But there are better works than this in the gallery. The large canvas on which COROT and DAUBIGNY collaborated is *grandiose* in style and romantic in effect. Those who are ambitious to be mistaken for connoisseurs will delight in the attempt to separate the style and touch of the two masters. There is, besides, one exquisite Corot—a sketch of a courtyard—and many which are unworthy of the distinguished *romantique*. Then there is a superb little Troyon, unhappily hung below the line in a corner, and not a few amusing Dutch water-colours. For the rest, the imitations of Corot by M. MUNGER and others are sadly tedious. The Barbizon school, admirable as its own achievement was, has been unfortunate in its pupils, and there is much to deplore in the countless hard, dry imitations with which too many exhibitions are filled.

#### REVIEWS.

"London City: Its History, Streets, Traffic, Buildings, People" is the title of a new work just issued by subscription from the Leadenhall Press. It follows on, and is a similar work to, the "Kensington" volume issued by the same "press," and has been intrusted to the same author, the Rev. W. J. LOFTIE, and the same illustrator, Mr. LUKER, jun., the illustrations being photographically reproduced by Messrs. Guillaume et Cie. of Paris, as in the case of the former volume. Of the literary part of the work little need here be said. Mr. Loftie knows his subject, and writes in a chatty, interesting style, which makes reading easy, and the book abounds in interesting information about the various subjects mentioned in the title. The illustrations call for more notice. There are three hundred of them pressed into two hundred and eighty pages, which gives more than one illustration to every page; "profuse" is therefore the adjective which rightly characterises the amount of embellishment. This book, as well as its predecessor, is the outcome of a series of little volumes, in which Messrs. Guillaume of Paris published some of the works of DAUDET, notably the "Tartarin," and it is to be regretted that more of the charm of that series of volumes is not to be found in its imitators. Mr. Luker is a very clever artist, with evidently a wonderful facility of execution. It is perceptible in the reproductions that "dash" enters very largely into the original drawings, but those small volumes of "Tartarin" had very little of this quality about their illustrations. They were drawn with exquisite tenderness and refinement, and it was these exquisite drawings by MYRBACH and ROSSI that gave those books their charm. Mr. Luker thinks much more about the lettering of his house signs and omnibus and newspaper advertisements than the drawing of his figure. An example of this is "Ludgate Circus," on page 5. Consider the care bestowed upon the *Echo* newbill, and contrast it with the drawing of the figure holding it. The drawings are also too low in tone throughout, so that the book has a black look, and the impression is produced that there may be plenty of soot and blackness in London, but there are no bright days. But, in justice to the artist, the matter must not be left here.



There is a great deal of ability of other kinds in the drawings—ability to seize the general aspect of a street or open space, to give the true proportions of the width of streets, and the effect of crowds in them. There are movement and life—London movement and London life—and but for the rankness of drawing and blackness of reproduction, the book would have called for unqualified praise.

We have received the "*History of the Modern Styles of Architecture*," by JAMES FERGUSON, D.C.L., F.R.S., of which a third edition, revised by Professor ROBERT KERR, architect, has just been issued by Mr. John Murray. The rapid development of modern architecture, more especially in England, in the Colonies, and in the United States, can best be judged by the comparison in bulk and matter of the first edition of this work, published in 1862, and the one now before us. Owing possibly to the absence of schools or of academical courses of design in this country, a new style is here virtually created within the space of thirty years—a rapidity which is truly astonishing when we reflect that the earliest style known to us, the Egyptian, flourished for over three thousand years, and that there is comparatively little difference to be found between the temples of Thothmes some two thousand years B.C., and those erected in the earlier days of Roman rule in Egypt. The third edition of the "*Modern Styles*" (which, it should be remarked, include all those buildings which were erected under the influence of the revival of letters in Italy from the fifteenth century onwards, though another century passed before that influence extended to Germany, Spain, and France) not only brings up to date the chief architectural buildings of all countries, together with the United States and the British colonies, but abounds in editorial additions, placed in parentheses. These in some cases accord with those of the original author, in others differ widely from them. Whilst in many instances we are inclined to agree with the latter, it seems to us it might have been better to have assumed a more negative character; and it would certainly have added to the value of the new edition if its editor had entered a little more deeply into those changes which have taken place during the last twenty years in modern English architecture. It is evident that the Professor, brought up in the old school of Italian design, is not in sympathy with the last phase of English architecture, the so-called "Queen Anne style," which is in reality a revival of the principles of the entire Renaissance, before they were crushed out by the copybooks and codes of rules laid down by Palladio, Vignola, and other Italian masters. The revival, if it may be so called, is a natural and spontaneous movement, and not an artificial one; and if it should happen that some of its inspiration is derived from Flemish and Dutch examples, which the Professor deprecates, that result is chiefly owing to these facts: firstly, that the Low Countries seem to have been but little affected by the purer Italian styles; and secondly, their buildings are, for the most part, constructed in brick, which is the principal building material in this country. The leaders of the movement, such as Mr. Norman Shaw, Mr. Bodley, Mr. Colcutt, and Mr. Aston Webb, are certainly more influenced by the purer forms of Francis the First's work in France, or, at least, they introduce the refinement of moulding and ornament which is found in that style, even although they combine some of the more picturesque elements of Flemish work. Professor Kerr is inclined to trace back the origin of the movement to the Great Exhibition of 1851. There are some authorities, however, who regard that event as the cause of the destruction of the

traditional element of design in England. If it was so, it is certainly not to be regretted, for at no period in the history of English art was architecture at so low an ebb. It is strange also that the Professor should attribute to Sir Henry Cole the "indirect influence of the movement in favour of Italian work," instead of to the real artist, Alfred Stevens, who, from the date of the Great Exhibition of 1851, became the chief source of inspiration under which Godfrey Sykes and his pupils Townroe, Moody, Verity, and others, worked out the various buildings at South Kensington—buildings which, from the vigour of their work and from the extensive use of that comparatively new material terra-cotta, have led to most manifest improvements in modern design. Although, as we have said before, the views of the Professor clash with those of the original author, they are so well and clearly expounded that they may rouse an increased interest in the subject, and lead to inquiries in the minds of students which can only be of value in their studies. One of the most interesting chapters, on account of its novelty, is that which treats of the later architectural developments in the United States and in our Colonies, and of these, as well as those in other countries, the new illustrations given are valuable additions to a book which still holds the foremost place as a textbook of modern architecture.

#### NOTABILIA.

It is officially stated that the value, up to date, of the fifty-four pictures and seven sculptures constituting the Chantrey Bequest Collection is £39,245.

It is announced that the directorship of the National Gallery of Victoria, carrying with it a salary of £600, with a house and studio, has been conferred on Mr. J. H. PARKINSON, a gentleman of whom we have not before had the pleasure of hearing.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT's "Triumph of the Innocents," for the acquisition of which great efforts have been made—primarily by Mr. Harold Rathbone—has at last passed into the possession of the Liverpool Gallery for the price of £3,580. Of this sum, £1,500 was contributed by the Corporation. This picture, we believe, is the first one of the two paintings of this subject executed by the artist.

MR. TEMPLE ORME is preparing a volume of the *alumni* of the University College School of London. Among them are many now claimed by the artistic profession, including the late R. B. MARTINEAU, STANFIELD, and FRANK HOLL, and Messrs. THORNYCROFT, F. G. STEPHENS, JOHN CARTER, BLAIR LEIGHTON, W. B. WOLLEN, GIRARDOT, T. E. HARRISON, WALTER FIELD, and W. F. CALDERON.

The list of pictures sold at the Royal Academy Exhibition for £400 or more include the following:—MR. J. W. WATERHOUSE's "Ulysses and the Sirens," £1,400; MR. CALDERON's "St. Elizabeth," £1,200; MR. GOODALL's "Parnenope," £1,050; MR. DAVID MURRAY's "Gorse," £630; MR. MACBETH's "Cider-Making," £450; MR. C. E. JOHNSON's "Killiecrankie," £420; and MR. J. ARCHER's "Arrival at the Party," £400. No fewer than one hundred and seventy works were sold for £50 or under. The total number of sales recorded in the books of the Academy number two hundred and thirty-four, representing £18,400; but it must be borne in mind that many works change hands without the intervention of the Burlington House authorities, whose good offices, be it remembered, are entirely gratuitous.



## ART IN SEPTEMBER.

### HOLBEIN'S SO-CALLED "AMBASSADORS."

After a long absence, HOLBEIN'S masterpiece of "The Ambassadors," which for many years was one of the gems of the Longford collection, and which, according to the opinion of connoisseurs, must be reckoned among the twelve greatest pictures in the world, has been replaced in Room VI. of the National Gallery. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the cleaning and restoration to which it has been subjected in the interval have revealed to us a practically new picture. As has been duly recorded in the daily press, no new facts have been discovered, no dates altered or inscriptions modified. But Mr. Dyer's careful removal of several coats of discoloured varnish and an unsuspected thickness of dirt has uncovered a beautifully-painted crucifix in the upper left-hand corner. The changes which are now to be remarked are these: the globe, which formerly appeared as grey, is now a rich blue; the rug upon the table is more brilliant than ever; the words of the German chorale book are now quite legible; and the colour throughout is much richer and the execution even more astonishing than it was before. The result is, therefore, all that could be desired, and the picture must rank as a chief attraction of one of the finest collections of the world. So much for the picture as a painting. But as an historical puzzle it is, in another way, hardly less interesting. And upon this point we shall shortly have a good deal to say—an article being now in our hands dealing with the subject in a manner which merits careful consideration on the part of those most competent to judge of the matter. We refrain for the moment from forecasting the line taken by our contributor, but we may state that, as a result of many months of careful inquiries into the whereabouts of Holbein at the time the picture was painted, and the ingenious following-up of clues, not only presented by the history of the artist, but offered also by the picture itself, and by rare volumes in the British Museum and in Germany, the writer has been led to reject the theory of the identity of "The Ambassadors" with any of the names which have been advanced either by past authorities or by Professor Colvin. We do not claim for our contributor an absolute solution of this knotty point; but we believe that a case has been made out which deserves the attention it will certainly command, and which in any case is a most interesting contribution to the literature of artistic discovery.

### THE PITFALLS OF ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.

We have many times called attention to the anomalies and absurdities of our law of copyright as affecting the arts and artists. In fact, we proposed to publish in these columns our suggestions for the amendment of the law, drawn up in conformity with the requirements alike of artist and legislator; but in consequence of the assurance which has been given that the subject would be thoroughly dealt with by the next Parliament, and the knowledge that the excellent recommendations of the Royal Commission appointed some years ago to inquire into the matter had been set on one side and ignored, we have preferred to await

the development of events. During the month of August a case has been decided, fraught with matter for anxious thought and discontent for artist and publisher alike. The facts are simple enough. Mrs. Earnshaw painted a picture which she called "On the Threshold," and on April the 9th wrote a letter to the conductor of the *Queen* newspaper, giving him permission to publish it. In May the picture and copyright were sold to Messrs. Keep, the colour-printers, who in accordance with legal requirements duly registered their property. Having reproduced the picture, Messrs. Keep sold it, together with the copyright and the fifty-five thousand copies they had struck off, to the Publishing Company, without, however, making any alteration in the registration. Meanwhile, the *Queen* published "On the Threshold," and were duly sued by Messrs. Keep, the case coming before Mr. Justice Williams. The judge decided that Mrs. Earnshaw's letter was not a licence—presumably as no "consideration" was given for it—and, estimating the damage at sixpence per copy, awarded something like £700 to the plaintiffs. The conductor of the *Queen* appealed from what to the lay mind appears an inexplicable hardship, and the case came before a strong court, consisting of Lords Justices Lindley, Fry, and Lopes. They unanimously upheld Mr. Justice Williams's decision that Mrs. Earnshaw's letter was no licence; but came to this curious conclusion, Lord Justice Lindley dissenting: that Messrs. Keep, although registered proprietors, could not sue, as they had parted with their property, while the Publishing Company, although the real proprietors, could not sue, as they were not registered as such. In consequence of this, the *Queen* escaped punishment for a fault that was none of the conductor's, but on a subtle technicality; while the other suitors lost their action on equally unsatisfactory grounds. Lord Justice Lindley held that the registered proprietors of the copyright could sue as trustees on behalf of the Publishing Company; but, although this appears a commonsense view to take of the situation, he was out-voted by his more precisely-literal colleagues.

This case, an interesting and a "leading" one, is of great importance to all publishers. The result amounts to this—that an artist can give a publisher permission to reproduce a work of his, and then, without further notice to him, may damage him, either negligently or even purposely, by selling the work to another publisher, who, becoming owner of the copyright by purchase, would sue the unsuspecting man who trusted in the artist's good faith. By a curious paragraph in our ridiculous copyright law, a volume of engravings or other reproductions of pictures becomes a "book" if ever so little general description of the pictures accompanies it, and failing that it is a "production of art." In the former case, the issue of the volume does not constitute legal "publication;" in the latter it does, and woe to the person who comes within the meshes of the law. In "*Royal Academy Pictures*" we have always been careful to take advantage of this provision of the law, as well for our own protection as for that of the artists who so courteously come to our support. But for that slight precaution, under the present state of the law as interpreted by four of our judges, scores of injunctions could have been

launched against us, and untold damages be claimed and recovered. This may be common law, but is it common-sense?

#### THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

The members of the Royal Scottish Academy are to be warmly congratulated on their choice of a President in succession to the late Sir WILLIAM FETTES DOUGLAS. That Sir NOËL PATON has declined the office, to the reversion of which he was properly considered to have a claim, is perhaps a fortunate circumstance both for him and the Academy; for Sir NOËL, it must be admitted, is not so thoroughly in touch with the modern movement of art as is Mr. GEORGE REID. Moreover, it must be recognised that Mr. Reid is by far the most spontaneous and natural artist of the two—not, of course, so elevated in point of conception and ideal, but a better and more vigorous painter, a finer colourist (though still perhaps a little cold), and possessed of a touch—alike in the handling of brush, pencil, and pen—more “*artiste*” than is the case with the more famous and more academic and religious-minded Queen’s Limner. Born in Aberdeen in 1842, he was, in 1854, bound apprentice to Messrs. Keith and Gibb, the lithographers, and it was during this period that, with the help of an obscure artist named NIDDRIE, he laid the foundation of his artistic education. He became a pupil of the Trustees’ Academy, and, particularly, of MOLLINGER, under whom he studied assiduously. He then worked in Paris under YVON, and in the Hague under ISRAELS, and since that time—1871—he has devoted himself with almost equal success to history, landscape, and portraiture. In the latter department he has established himself as *facile princeps* among the painters living in Scotland, and has had for sitters Messrs. Hook, R.A., J. Hutchinson, R.S.A., Charles Keene, Linley Sambourne, P. H. Calderon, R.A., Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., Alexander Macdonald, Sir W. Fettes Douglas, Sir John Steel, R.S.A., Sir NOËL PATON, R.S.A. (all these for the Kepplestone collection), Sir Bartle Frere, Principal Tulloch, Dr. John Browne, Mr. Froude, Thomas Edwards, the Earl of Breadalbane, Mr. W. Mackinnon, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Moncrieff, Lieutenant-General Sir Peter Lumsden, and other persons of distinction. In 1870 he was elected an Associate of the Academy, of which he has always been an ardent supporter, and in 1878 an Academician. In that year he exhibited his well-known landscape “Dornoch,” which now hangs in the National Gallery of Scotland. He began to exhibit at the Royal Academy of London in 1877, contributing “Gorse in Bloom,” and “Broadsea,” and from that time to 1888—since when he has ceased to exhibit—he has shown altogether seventeen works, three being landscapes, thirteen portraits, and one flower-piece. As a book-illustrator he has done some admirable work, including “Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk,” Mr. Smiles’s “Thomas Edward,” “The Writings of John Ramsay,” a memoir of “G. Paul Chalmers,” and Mrs. Oliphant’s recently-published “Royal Edinburgh.”

#### THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY IN 1891.

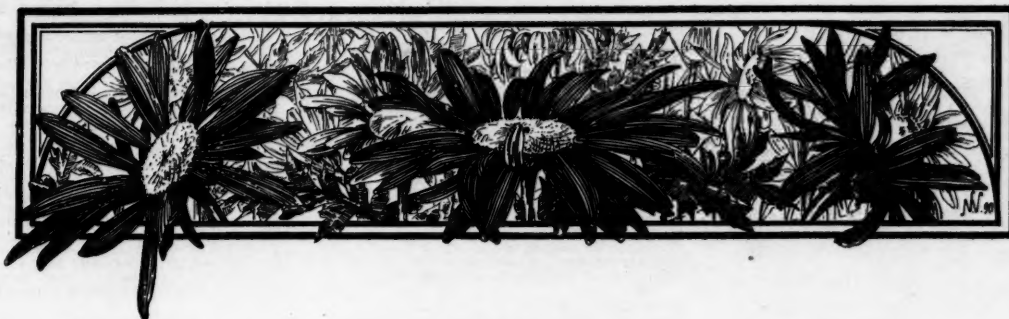
Mr. Scharf’s report, dated the 20th of June, is in our hands. The chief points of interest consist in the election of Mr. Hucks Gibbs, M.P., as trustee, to fill the place left vacant by the death of Sir Richard Wallace, and the acquisition of ten portraits by gift and twenty-six by purchase. The former include portraits of Southey (bust by LOUGH); Dr. Hooker (painter unknown); Archbishop Scroope (water-colour by POWELL); Marquess Wellesley,

elder brother of the Duke of Wellington (painting by J. P. DAVIS); Lord W. Cavendish-Bentinck (pen-and-ink by J. ATKINSON); Sir Edwin Chadwick (bust by A. SALOMON); W. H. Lytton Bulwer, Baron Dalling and Bulwer, elder brother of Lord Lytton (painting by G. FAGNANI); Bishop Fox of Winchester, and Rev. R. Baxter. The purchases include Charles I. by “Old Stone,” after VANDYCK; Dr. R. Bentley, by Sir JAMES THORNHILL; Sir Joseph Banks, by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE; William Combe, by COSWAY; Thomas Hood; Dante Rossetti at eighteen years of age, by himself; Queen Victoria, Archbishop Tait, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Iddesleigh, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Napier of Magdala, General Gordon, Sir Henry Cole, John Leech, Dean Stanley, and John Bright, all modelled in plaster by Sir J. E. BOEHM; Henry Bone, R.A. (painting by ORIE); Sir Robert Peel as a boy (painter unknown); Henry Pelham; and Alexander Pope, by HOARE of Bath, R.A. The total amount spent for the purposes of these acquisitions was £832 17s. Twenty-one portraits have been cleaned or put under glass, while sixty-four have been photographed, and are available for the public. Eighteen pictures were copied during the year.

#### ACQUISITIONS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Last May the little town of Orvieto celebrated amid great festivities the anniversary of the foundation of its wonderful cathedral, which was begun under the superintendence of the great architect, Lorenzo Maitani of Siena, who “adorned its bases,” says Romagnuoli, “with scenes from the Old and New Testament, the foundations of our faith.” In the façade are three doors, each of which is surmounted by a tympanum, decorated in the latter half of the fourteenth century with subjects in glass mosaic. These works have been very considerably restored of late years. The tympanum over the right-hand lateral doorway, together with the two spandrels, has been entirely removed, and may now be seen in the North Court of the South Kensington Museum, having been recently purchased for the sum of £1,000. This mosaic, composed of small cubes of coloured and gilded glass, is most interesting as an example of this particular kind of work, and beautiful in the design of the subject, which represents the birth of the Virgin, treated in the traditional manner. On a couch reclines St. Anne, and in the foreground a woman holds the infant Mary in her lap before a large basin, which another woman fills with water. By the side of the couch is a table, at which a girl is pouring out wine, whilst a third woman in a simple garment is bringing in a fowl on a dish. Behind St. Anne is a hanging adorned with birds facing each other. On the left-hand spandril is the prophet Nahum bearing the label inscribed “Sol ortus est,” and beneath him is a scroll with the legend: “Andreas Cionis Magister Mva Vm (musaicorum) F.” On the other spandril is the prophet Isaiah, also bearing a label, inscribed “Lux orta est,” and beneath him is a similar scroll, with the date “Anno Domini MCCC. sexagesimo.” The extensive use of gilded glass gives to the whole a very splendid effect. The documents of the cathedral (see “Il Duomo di Orvieto,” per Ludovico Luzi) bear evidence that on 14th June, 1358, Orcagna entered into an agreement to execute decorations for the cathedral at a stipend of three hundred gold florins per annum. On 7th December, 1359, and 7th February, and 17th March, 1360, the same artist received payment for mosaic work. On the 15th September, 1362, there is recorded an order by arbitrators elected to satisfy Orcagna respecting payment for his work in mosaic on the façade of the cathedral. The





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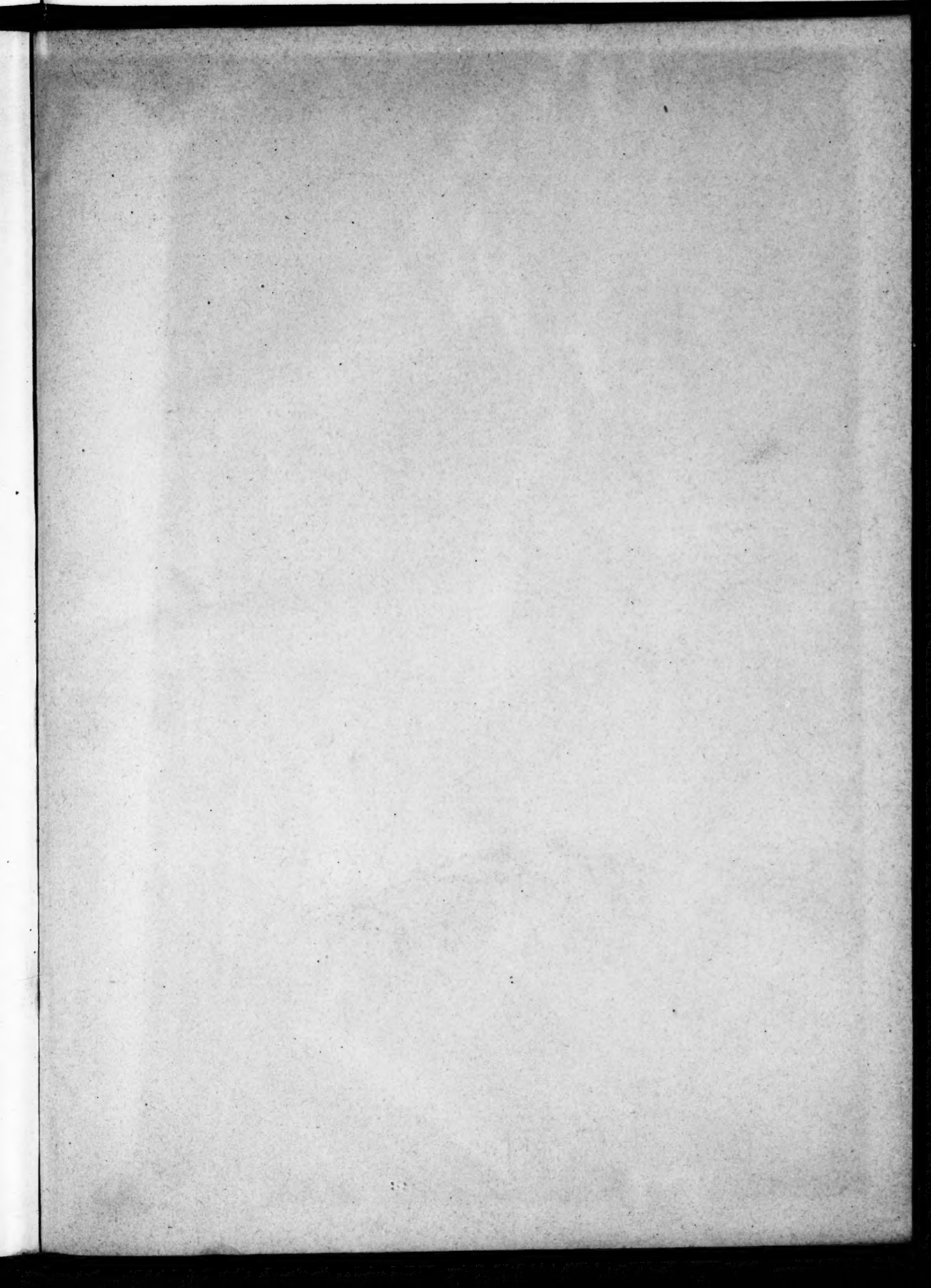
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Lake Gloucester

# THE MAGAZINE OF ART.



WARWICK CASTLE, FROM THE HUNTING LODGE.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by G. Faber.)



## WARWICK CASTLE AND ITS ART TREASURES.

By J. M. GRAY, F.S.A.Scot.

THESE are few English counties so thoroughly, so quietly and restfully delightful as Warwickshire. It is a land, like that "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" of which the poet tells us, where "nothing is prominently likeable" to the "vulgar eye," which is a-stare only for the more insistent shows of nature. It has no mighty cliffs, no stretches of splendid moorland, like Yorkshire; no majesty of towering mountains, like the Scottish Highlands; it has no very broad and stately rivers even, as have the lands through which the Thames meanders, through which the Severn sweeps towards the sea. Yet this Warwickshire, "which we the heart of England well may call," is a "right good land to live in," a lovely land for the eye to rest on quietly day by day; one through which the wanderer's feet are apt to move slowly, for its gentle

amenity grows upon him with every step, and makes him well-pleased to linger over each corner of its restful homeliness.

But while pastoral quietude, an air of peaceful rural well-being, is the main impression which the nobly wooded plains and the picturesque, sweetly coloured homesteads of Warwickshire leave upon one's mind, the county has its own points of stateliness and grandeur, and of these undoubtedly the chief is Warwick Castle, the beauty of whose structure and surroundings, and whose richness in historic associations, no less than the profusion of its artistic treasures, make it, all the summer long, a favourite shrine for the pilgrimage of the tourist.

You reach it from bright, bustling Leamington, by a drive of a mile and a half along a broad, pleasantly tree-fringed and grass-bordered road; and, crossing the Avon bridge, you catch that noble view of the castle which has attracted the pencils of so many painters, from Turner downwards.

In front is the placid water, with the great trees—willows, oaks, and sycamores—dipping the tips of their lower branches in its coolness; to the left is sedgy meadow-land; beyond are the broken piers of the old bridge, the ruined walls of the disused mill, and the quiet breadth of glittering river sliding softly into the distance, and vanishing over the weir with a slumberous sound

laurels; and, following the curve of the drive and crossing the bridge over the dry moat—filled now with lush grass, ferns, and wild flowers—we pass beneath the portcullis of the entrance-tower into the inner courtyard.

In front is the mount, or keep, of the castle, its slope planted with trees or shrubs; to our right are the Bear Tower and Guy's Tower, the ruddy tones of



LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK.

(The most picturesque building on the way to the Castle.  
Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I.)

that is heard soothingly, day and night, through half the rooms of the castle. The mellow walls of the southern front, pierced with wide Gothic windows and with narrower lancet-shaped slits, and its great towers—Guy's Tower, and Caesar's Tower, and the double Gate Tower—stand forth to view, steeped in the golden sunlight.

Entering through the gate of the porter's lodge of the castle, we find ourselves in a shadowy, winding path cut through the rock—a path cool in all weathers, sunproof overhead with the greenery of trees, and filled with the scent of moist earth and of damp, growing mosses. This leads to a space of trim grass, set in its centre with rhododendrons and

the gnarled stems of several grand old Scotch firs beside them telling excellently among the surrounding green leafage; while to our left is Caesar's Tower. The centre of the court is occupied by an exquisite space of softest turf, its surface diversified by the gay plumage of innumerable peacocks and by the softer hues of flocks of doves.

Turning to our left, and ascending a flight of steps beneath a Gothic porch, we enter the Great Hall of the castle—a noble apartment, dating from the fourteenth century, over sixty feet in length and some forty in breadth. It is floored with squares of red and white Verona marble, and lighted by three deep-bayed Gothic windows which command an



exquisite view of the river and its island and of the wooded and undulating ground behind, and from above by a row of smaller clerestory windows—a feature only discovered and disclosed after the fire of 1871, which told severely upon this portion of the castle—filled with stained glass and protected by fine grills of wrought iron, the work of Venetian smiths.

The hall serves as the main armoury of the castle, and a noble series of full suits of mail is ranged round its walls. Among the more interesting objects of the collection must be noticed the sword which tradition has assigned to the mythical "Guy of Warwick," the "porridge pot" of the same hero—manifestly a camp-kettle of the Commonwealth time—some curious examples of horse armour, the armour of Montrose, and many other curious items.

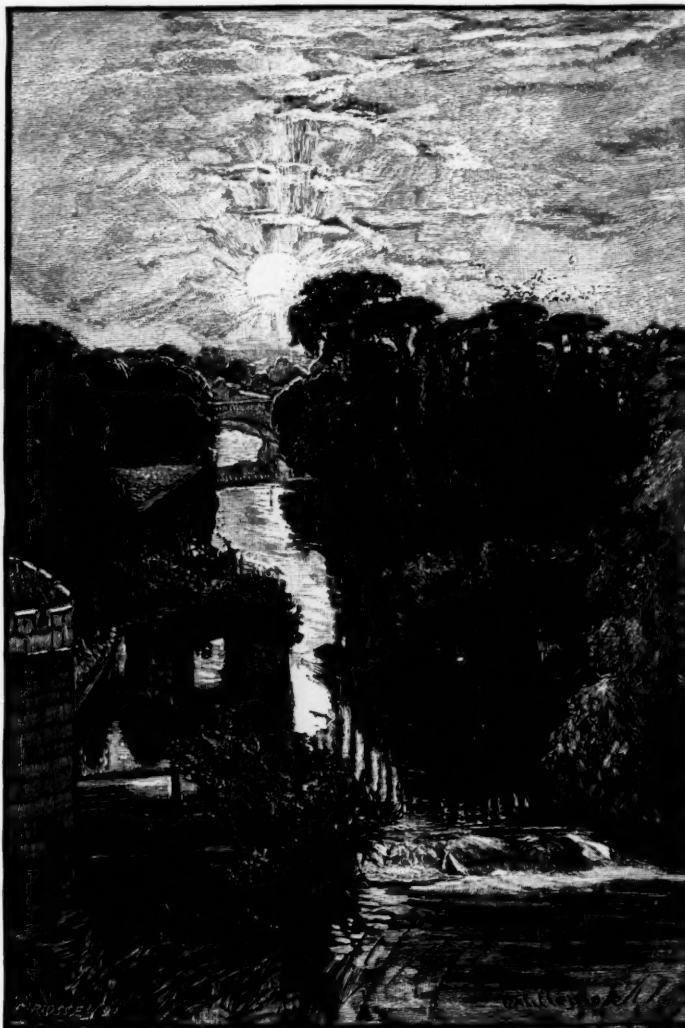
But the hall is not entirely devoted to these things of ancient warfare, for beside the fireplace—hospitably heaped with great logs, and surmounted by a noble hooded chimneypiece of carved stone brought from Italy—is a carpeted oasis in the midst of the wide expanse of marble floor, furnished with the easiest of arm-chairs and tables bearing the current magazines and the latest books, and with an old spinning-wheel standing by their side, adding its own touch of homely comfort, of quiet occupation, to a corner which serves the family as the snuggest of sitting-rooms during the long nights of winter.

A door to our left of the entrance to the Chapel Passage conducts us from the Great Hall to the State Apartments of the castle; and here we first enter the Red Drawing-room, a room charmingly warm and sunny in effect, its walls being of full crimson, picked out with white. Several of the most telling of those portraits by the old masters in which the castle is so rich have been collected in this apartment.

Rembrandt is represented by a noble three-quarters-length, which once bore the name of Van Tromp, and was catalogued by Smith as "A Halbardier," but is now styled simply "A Dutch

Burgomaster." The picture was formerly in the possession of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was mezzotinted by William Pether.

The pendant to this picture is a no less admirable example of the art of Rubens, one styled by Smith—emphatically, if not very elegantly—"a work of the highest excellence of the master." It represents



THE AVON, FROM WARWICK CASTLE.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by A. Blossé.)

Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, Earl Marshal of England, K.G., the munificent collector and patron of the arts, being the portrait which is engraved in Lodge. Opposite this picture hangs another hardly less interesting by the same artist, though by no means so characteristic of his best-known manner—a half-length of Ambrosio, Marquis of Spinola, the great Spanish leader. Hard by an example of the

portraiture of Vandyck, the greatest of the pupils of Rubens, is hung. It is the portrait of the wife of Snyders, the animal painter, seated and turned to our left, clad in a black dress enriched with gold, and with white cap, cuffs, and ruff.

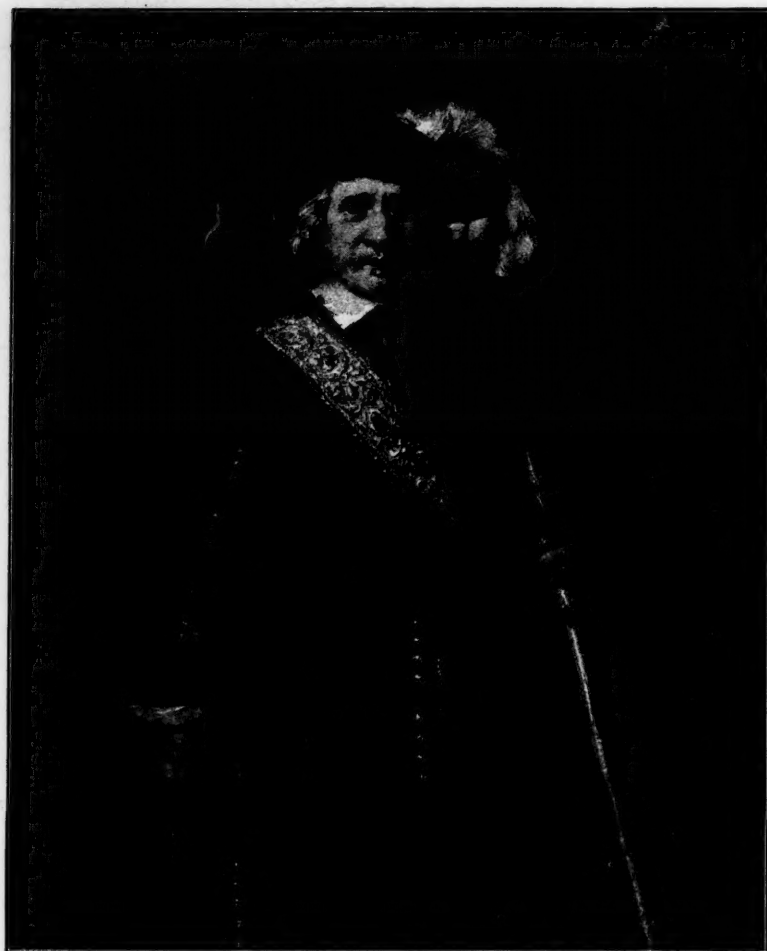
When we have enumerated the pictures contained in this room we have by no means exhausted its

are some of the choicest of those works by Vandyck in which the castle is so rich. Of these the most important are two full-length female portraits, admirable specimens of the Italian manner of the master—of the period when he had begun to add to the easy and vigorous handling which he had learned from Rubens, more of that quietude of feeling and

low-toned mellow richness of colouring which is characteristic of Titian. That to our left represents the Pauline Adorne, Marchesa de Brignole-Sale and her son, and the other is the portrait of Beatrix Cosantia, Princess of Santa Croce, of which there exists a contemporary engraving, half-length and reversed by Peter de Jode.

Among the art-objects in this apartment is a striking metal bust of Charles I., attributed to Bernini; a bust of the late Earl of Warwick, by Nollekins; one of his Countess by Bonelli; and several exquisite Etruscan vases, from the celebrated collection of Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador and connoisseur, who was brother-in-law of Francis, first (Greville) Earl of Warwick.

From the Cedar Drawing-room we pass into the Gilt or Green Drawing-room, where we are confronted by a splendid example of the vigorous handling and the potent colouring of Rubens. This is a colossal full-length of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, a work that



A DUTCH BURGOMASTER.

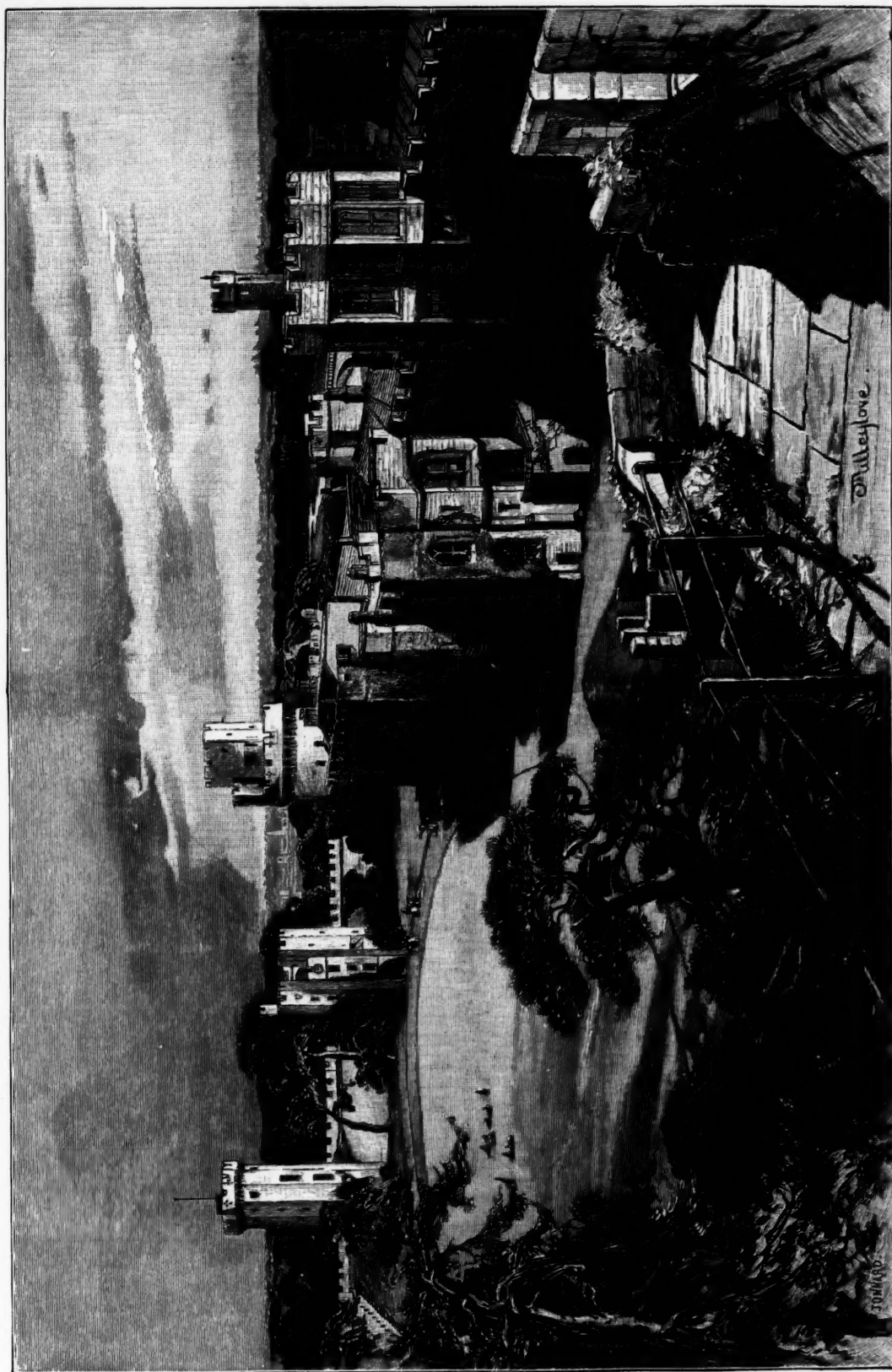
(From the Painting by Rembrandt, at Warwick Castle.

artistic treasures. Two buhl cabinets are filled with a particularly choice collection of some fifty examples of Limousin enamels, painted, for the most part, with subjects from Raphael. Among the noble examples of decorative furniture in the room is an inlaid cabinet of tortoiseshell, ebony, and ivory, formerly in the possession of the Spinola family, and bearing their arms, and a superb table of *pietra commessa*, which belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette.

In the Cedar Drawing-room, which we next enter,

was engraved by Bolswert, and more recently, in colours, by Brandard. The figure of the saint is clad in voluminous folds of crimson and cloth-of-gold canonicals, the sweeping folds of which, and their sumptuousness of ardent hues, are portrayed with the full power of their superb and grandly sensuous painter.

Opposite this striking picture hangs a particularly fascinating example of Moroni, "A Spanish Warrior," which may rank with the very greatest and most memorable of his productions; it has been



WARWICK CASTLE, FROM THE KEEP.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by Jomard.)



rightly characterised by Sir Frederick Burton as "a splendid specimen of character as a portrait, and of colouring as a picture."

Among the decorative objects here are a delicate little statuette of Venus by John of Bologna, and the celebrated Grimani table—a superb example of Florentine *pietra dura*, made for the Venetian family of the name, and ensigned at each of its corners with their shield, "*palé d'arg. et de gu. de huit pièces*," the third pallet bearing a Latin crosslet, the shields being timbred with the Papal crown, the Ducal and Doge's cap, and the Cardinal's hat, to mark the dignities attained by various members of the house.

The next apartment is that State Bedroom which was occupied by Queen Victoria when she visited the castle. The furniture of this room—the bed has superb old draperies of crimson velvet brocade—was presented to the family by George III., and had previously belonged to Queen Anne, whose full-length, by Kneller, appropriately surmounts the chimney-piece of *verde antique* and white marble, designed by Westmacott. The tapestry with which this room is hung is worthy of notice—Belgian work bearing the date of 1604, a perfect maze of softly blending, infinitely varied colours. It shows a formal garden—Versailles, they say, is intended—with stately, well-ordered borders and pleached walks, and formal, old-world personages promenading beside the spouting fountains, while beyond the walls extend the thickets of the forest, filled with the untutored luxuriance of nature, and swarming with wild birds and beasts.

We now reach the Boudoir, the last room of the suite. The others have been lit from one side only, showing glimpses southwards of the river and the wooded ground beyond: this, however, is lit from both south and west, and the dark green shapes of great cedars rise from the rocky ground far beneath, and almost brush the glass with their dusky foliage. Here, embowered amid the rich wood-carvings of fruit and leafage that surmount the

fireplace, is one of the chief artistic treasures of the castle—that admirable portrait of Henry VIII. which so powerfully attracted Dr. Waagen, and which he has described in his "Art Treasures." The king is seen in three-quarters, one hand resting on a staff, the other holding a pair of gloves. The rich costume is expressed with great elaboration and a plentiful use of gold-leaf; and the face—a very personification of suspicious and well-nigh brutal obstinacy—echoes what history tells us of this monarch's unlovely age.

Dr. Waagen regards the portrait as painted about 1530: but the apparent age of its sitter puts such a date—when Henry was not yet forty—out of the question. The similar pictures of the king in

the possession of the Duke of Manchester and at Bartholomew's Hospital are manifestly copies from this Warwick picture, and the date, 1544 (the year after that of Holbein's death), with which the last-named picture is inscribed, marks a far more probable date for the original. Tradition has always associated the name of Gerard Hornebaud with the version belonging to the Duke of Manchester (though we observe that Holbein's name reappears as its painter in the

Tudor Exhibition Catalogue): and Mr. J. Gouch Nichols (*Archæologia*, vol. xxix.) has ventured on the very reasonable surmise that the Warwick Castle version may also be from his hand.

Two other interesting works in this room are the portrait of Anne Boleyn, the unfortunate queen of Henry VIII., a picture engraved in Lodge, and a portrait of Mary, Lady Cary, her sister.

In the private apartments of the castle there is much else over which we might well linger, but at present we can only specify a quaint double-portrait by Cranach; a large and vigorous group of lions by Rubens; a portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, similar to that at Woburn Abbey, engraved in Lodge; and a version of Raphael's portrait of Giovanna of Arragon, wife of Ascanio Colonna, Constable of Naples, of which other versions exist at Paris, Rome, Berlin, and Munich.



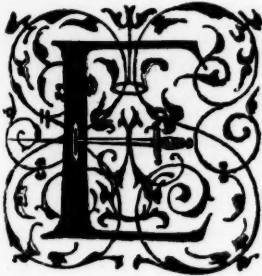
GUY OF WARWICK'S ARMOUR AND "POREIDGE POT."

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I.)

## THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF MINIATURE ART.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.  
FROM THE ORIGIN TO SIR ANTONIO MORE.

By J. LUMSDEN PROPRIETOR.



RE the exhibition of miniature portraits at the Burlington Club becomes a matter of ancient history, and its recollection fades into the dim and distant past—a process which, alas! takes all too short

a time in these fast-moving days—it may be worth while to turn aside for a moment, and consider the lessons which were to be learned in the gallery, and what additions to our stock of knowledge of the history of the charming art of miniature painting can be placed to the credit of the display. When the Committee decided to hold such an exhibition, several questions had to be considered. First, it seemed advisable to define “a miniature portrait.” Redgrave, in his “Century of Painters,” tried his hand at it, but was egregiously unsuccessful. He laid down the definition thus: “I consider the term as strictly applying to portraits executed in water-colour on ivory, or in enamel on copper, and in some few instances, on silver or gold.”

Were these limitations to be accepted, the great masters in miniature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would be entirely excluded. In fact, it seems well-nigh impossible to frame an accurate definition. The Committee, therefore, agreed to follow the resolution adopted by Her Majesty's Privy Council on Education on the occasion of the Loan Exhibition of Portrait Miniatures at South Kensington in 1865, and to accept “all such works as were drawn to a small scale, and were, in respect to manner, of a miniature character, except paintings on porcelain.” With regard to the periods of the art to be presented, the question was more easily settled. They determined to accept specimens from the earliest times to the death of Cosway in 1821. On one hand, we may say, few, if any, miniature portraits are known to us prior to the time of Holbein; whilst at the other end of the chain, Cosway's death marks about the close of the reign of the great artists who, for nearly three centuries, had contributed to this charming branch of pictorial art; for though a few men continued to gain an existence by its practice, it was not long before the cheap

mechanical processes of photography completely took its place; and we are certainly still waiting the coming man who shall in any way emulate the giants of the past.

When these points were settled, the Committee laid down two wise and excellent rules for their guidance. The first was that they should retain an absolute power of selection in their own hands; and second, that the exhibition should be arranged in chronological order, and the works of each master kept together for the purposes of comparison; the unknown and doubtful specimens being placed apart in a class by themselves. The first rule was strictly adhered to throughout; but it soon became apparent that if they attempted to carry out the second rule and arrange the specimens on a scientific basis, they would, in all probability, have a very limited supply to deal with. Owners of historic collections, and the possessors of a long line of family portraits, were naturally reluctant to have their contributions cut up and scattered into different classes; and the Committee were, therefore, reluctantly compelled to depart from the high standard of scientific accuracy which has characterised their previous exhibitions, and to keep each contribution by itself, irrespective of artist or epoch.

The late exhibition contained nearly two thousand examples; whilst at the Loan Exhibition of 1865 at South Kensington, 3,081 specimens were shown; but without wishing in any way to disparage the display of 1865, there can be no doubt whatever that the power of selection enabled the Committee to reach a far higher and more uniform standard of excellence last summer. The twenty-four years which intervened between the two exhibitions have added considerably to our knowledge of the men who made miniature painting their special *métier*, and we are thus enabled to attribute works to various artists with far greater precision than was possible in 1865. Collectors of these precious relics of a bygone age have enormously increased in number of late years, and naturally each one is anxious to search out for himself items of information relating to artists whose works he may possess. But although the sum total of the knowledge thus gradually accumulated was considerable, there was no one work exclusively devoted to the treatment of the subject until the

"History of Miniature Art" first saw the light in 1887; and if, in the course of these papers, I refer occasionally to that work, I pray the reader to absolve me from the charge of egotism, and to remember that, whilst it is easy and proper to treat certain points exhaustively in a large work, the exigencies of a magazine necessitate an amount of compression which might prove confusing, were not the opportunity given to the reader of finding full details elsewhere.

I am painfully aware that even there, many points were left unsettled, and occasionally information given which subsequent knowledge has hardly borne out. The only excuse for such imperfections is to be found in the very limited fields of enquiry open to the searcher, especially as regards the older miniature painters. Horace Walpole—in his "Anecdotes of Painting," founded on the manuscripts of George Vertue—is almost the only author who gives any details whatever of the earlier artists, and even in the case of Vertue more modern research has, in many particulars, largely modified the facts which he narrates.

Unfortunately for the collector, miniature painters were no wiser than other artists, for comparatively few signed their work. If only there had existed a great unwritten law from the commencement of the art of portraiture, that each professor should sign his or her name, and that of the sitter, what a world of surmise might have been avoided, and how frequently we might be spared the mortification of learning from the mouth of an expert, that the idol we had been worshipping—not only for its interest, historical or social, but also because the face had been limned by some special one of the great masters of the art—represented neither the person nor the artist of our dreams. One thing has certainly been learned from the late exhibition, namely, that the same artist's method varied considerably at different points of his career, and consequently, that it is not always safe to decide from a cursory glance that any given specimen is, or is not, from the hand to which it is ascribed, without taking into consideration the probable date

of its production. This remark applies to some artists more than to others, but its special application had better be reserved until each painter passes in review before us.

The fashion of painting single portraits "in little," undoubtedly took its origin in the grand art of the illuminator—an art which was practised by all nations, both Eastern and Western, from the rubrication of capitals and headings, and occasionally true miniatures found on the papyrus rolls of ancient Egypt, as far back as the Eighteenth Dynasty, down

to the magnificent misal in the Rouen Library, completed in the year 1682 A.D. Every collection affords abundant evidence of the introduction of individual portraits, amongst the gorgeous surroundings of the general illuminated work. The Flemish illuminator, especially, carried the drawing and colouring of the heads to a degree of perfection which came very near that attained by the greatest masters who subsequently practised the art of miniature painting, as the term is understood in these later days.

Direct allusion to

this point of contact between these two schools of art is difficult to obtain, but Vasari, in giving us the life of Giulio Gravata, commonly known as Giulio Clovio, the great Italian illuminator of the sixteenth century, after enumerating his principal works, finishes thus: "Of these I have desired to give the world this notice, that such as cannot see these productions, for they are almost all in the hands of princes and other great personages, may, at least, know something of them and of him. I say 'almost' all, because I know some private persons who have several cases containing beautiful portraits by his hand, of sovereigns, of their friends, or of ladies whom they have loved."

Nothing is known of any such works by this master at the present time, but there was one specimen in the late exhibition—a portrait of Bianca Capella, the ill-fated mistress and wife of Cosmo I., contributed by the Duke of Portland—which quite evidently was the work of some artist engaged in illuminating. Every touch of the drapery, the use



BIANCA CAPELLA.

(Artist Unknown.)



of gold to heighten the effects of high lights, and the thin scheme of colour throughout, are exactly the points we are accustomed to admire in the missal, or book of hours. When this portrait was first passed in review by the Committee, it was seen that the face had evidently been re-touched by a later artist, and there was even a question of its admission on that account; but Mr. Richard Holmes, the well-known librarian at Windsor, informed me that the portrait came to this country at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and that, as the face had suffered by exposure, Peter Oliver was commissioned to restore it. Whether this story be true or not, we must certainly admire the conscientious way in which the re-touching has been carried out, requiring the eye of an expert to detect any addition to the original. There is no reason, as far as dates are concerned, why it should not have formed one of the specimens from the brush of Giulio Clovio, mentioned by Vasari.



JANE SEYMOUR.  
(From the Miniature by Holbein.)

which occurs is that of Holbein. He was not an Englishman, and yet he came to this country at the age of thirty, and, as far as we know, had not painted miniatures before his arrival. He learned the art here, and painted only English characters. Further

than this, he was certainly the model upon which subsequent artists founded their style, and in common parlance, is regarded by all as the father of the English school. I have, therefore, thought it right to include him in the list. Again, coming to a later date, we find the name of Jean Petitot, the enameller. It is doubtful if he had painted any enamel portraits before he entered the service of Charles I., and for the best fifteen years of his art-life he painted entirely in this country. It was the munificence of the King that enabled him to bring this branch of the miniature art to the perfection he attained; and as no subsequent enameller, English or foreign, has in any way improved upon his methods, I think it is fair,



HENRY BRANDON, SECOND DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
(From the Miniature by Holbein.)

seeing how high a reputation has always attached to the English School of Miniature Painting, that he should be regarded as a member of that school. The same remark applies to the two later enamellers, Boit and Zincke. They both learned the art in this country, and Zincke, at all events, passed his whole subsequent life at work here; surely, therefore, the mere fact of their having been born on foreign soil does not militate against their being regarded as Englishmen for art purposes. Bernard Lens, Jeremiah Meyer, and even the genial creature of almost our own time, Alfred Chalon, must be placed in the same category, and I have thought it right to include them all in the English school.

It has been already stated that Hans Holbein (1495—1543) has furnished us with the earliest specimens of the miniature portrait. Mr. Wornum,



EDWARD VI.  
(From the Miniature by Levina Teerlinck.)

in his life of the artist, expresses some doubt whether he ever drew in miniature; but Van Mander, who published his life of Holbein in Amsterdam in 1604, expressly tells us that "he worked equally well in oil and in water colours; he painted also miniatures of especial excellence, which last art he learned from one Master Lucas, then in London, whom, however, he very soon far surpassed." It is a pity that the biographer did not give us the surname of this Master Lucas who had the honour of being Holbein's master—an honour ascribed by Walpole to Lucas Cornelisz. For reasons, however, which have been given at length elsewhere, it seems probable that Lucas Horembout or Hornebolt, rather than Lucas Cornelli, was the Master Lucas alluded to by Van Mander.

Holbein was born at Augsburg in 1495, and died in London of the plague in 1543, during one of the many epidemics which visited the city during Henry VIII.'s reign. The real date of his death, so long accepted as occurring in 1554, was finally settled in the year 1861 by the finding his will, by Mr. A. W. Franks, dated October 7th, 1543, with a note attesting the administration of his goods, dated November 29th of the same year. This change of dates is a factor of enormous importance when considering Holbein's art-work. Pictures and miniatures during the reign of Edward VI., and even of Mary, were invariably ascribed to him; but as we now know that Edward was but six years old when Holbein died, we must turn elsewhere for the artists who produced them. The great German so overshadowed his contemporaries, that it is scarcely wonderful that he shared the usual fate of all great artists, in being credited with every bit of work produced by anybody within the limits of the master's art-existence, and in Holbein's case even long after he had passed away.

In the Loan Collection at South Kensington in 1865 were twenty-three miniatures and drawings ascribed to Holbein. I have elsewhere critically examined the question of their authenticity, and the matter does not further interest us here. At the Burlington a considerable number were sent in ascribed to him, but after very careful consideration the Committee selected five, as probably representing his undoubted work.

First, the Henry Brandon, second Duke of Suffolk, when a child, the property of the Queen; this child was the eldest son of that Charles Brandon, Henry VIII.'s schoolfellow and fast friend, who afterwards married Henry's sister, Mary, the young and beautiful widow of the decrepit old French King, Louis XII. Second, a very fine unfinished portrait of a man, contributed by Sir Charles Dilke. Third, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, lent

by General Sotheby. Fourth, Thomas Wriothesly, first Earl of Southampton, lent by Sir Francis Cook. Fifth, Jane Seymour, third wife of Henry VIII., owned by myself, formerly in the Bale Collection, secured for it at the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842. These five may be considered as undoubtedly Holbein's work; but the lovely drawing in silver-point of a male head and bust, the property of Mr. F. Locker-Lampson, is not included, as not being strictly a portrait. The same characteristics are to be found in all these specimens—a clear and decided touch, conscientious finish of every detail, and a remarkable portrayal of all those little points which go to make up that most undefinable of all qualities, character. Chiaroscuro, or the massing of light and shade, was then in its infancy, especially as applied to portraiture. Holbein was imbued with the example of the Flemish school, and displayed much of that excellence we admire in Van Eyck, Van der Weyden, or Memling; but men had to wait a century yet before Vandyck, Rubens, and Rembrandt endowed the flatness of the earlier school with the roundness and life-like aspect attained in the seventeenth century by the masterly use of light and shade.

Before commencing the list of Englishmen who gave to our country the proud pre-eminence in miniature painting which she retained for the best part of two centuries, it may be well to call attention to many specimens known to collectors and present in considerable numbers at the Burlington Exhibition—excellent portraits of the time of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, which have been, and probably will continue to be, puzzles to the critic. There are many portraits extant of Edward VI. himself, all, of course, formerly attributed to Holbein—two of them were at the Burlington; there, too, was a lovely miniature, said to be of Lady Jane Grey, but probably an early likeness of Mary Tudor, afterwards Queen Mary; and many others. They are all of excellent workmanship, and evidently contemporary. I have dealt with this subject at length in my book; suffice it to say here, that some of them probably represent the work of Levina Teerlinck, a daughter of Simon Binninck of Bruges, himself a celebrated illuminator.\*

In 1538 she was in Henry's service at a higher salary than that of Holbein. She is spoken of in high terms both by Vasari and Guicciardini. Mr. J. G. Nichols gives many interesting details of her, extracted from the Trevelyan papers and other sources. At midsummer, 1547, "Maistris Levyn Teerling, paintrix," was receiving quarterly, wages of £11. In 1556 she presented to Queen Mary, as a New Year's gift, a small picture of the "Trinitie." In

\* Examples of his work are in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum.

1558 (the first of Elizabeth) she presented "The Queen's picture finely painted on a card," which remained with her Majesty, under the care of Mrs. Newton; and had in return "one casting bottell



LADY JANE GREY (SO-CALLED).

(Artist Unknown.)

guilt," weighing 2½ ozs. In 1561, on the like occasion, there was presented "by Mrs. Levina Teerling the Queene's persone and other personages, in a box finely painted." This present was so much esteemed by the Queen, that it remained "with her saide Majestie;" that is, was retained in her own keeping. The "paintrix" received in return "one guilt salt, with a cover," weighing 5¼ ozs.

At the South Kensington Loan Exhibition, in 1865, a miniature was exhibited by Lord Spencer, No. 950 in the catalogue—"Sir John Boling Hatton and his mother," signed and dated in gold letters "L, 1525," on a bright green ground. Can this L mean Levina? It is given in the catalogue to Lucas de Heere, but, unfortunately, this artist was not born till nine years after the miniature was painted.

Another aspirant to this golden L might have been Lucas Horneboldt, already mentioned as probably the instructor of Holbein in water-colour painting. He was certainly settled in England in 1529, and perhaps earlier. He was one of a family of miniaturists and illuminators. His father, Gerard, was in the King's service at a monthly pay of 33s. 4d., and is said to have died here as Court Painter to Philip and Mary in 1558. The son, Lucas, was also a King's servant, at a higher salary than Holbein ever had, namely 55s. 6d. per month. The date of his death is certainly fixed by a curious entry in one of the household books of Henry VIII. He was paid his salary in 1544 in April, but in May we are told "Item for Lewke Horneboude, paynter, wages nil

quia mortuus." His sister Susannah is spoken of in high terms, as a miniaturist, by Guicciardini, and there is also a very interesting passage about her in Albert Dürer's diary, on the occasion of his meeting her father at Antwerp in 1521. "Mester Gerard, illuminator, has a young daughter, about eighteen years of age; her name is Susanna; she had made a coloured drawing of our Saviour, for which I gave her a florin. It is wonderful that a female should be able to do such a work." She is said to have died at Worcester, as the wife of an English sculptor of the name of Worsley or Whorstley, in the words of an Italian writer, "ricca e onorata."

With regard to the oil miniatures of the time, there were one or two artists working here quite capable of producing them. Gwillim Streetes, the Dutchman, one of Edward's Court painters, in point of technique closely resembled Holbein, and must have played a much higher part amongst contemporary painters than is generally supposed. Strype mentions portraits of Edward VI. by him, but no work is extant which is absolutely known to be by his hand. Between Streetes and Levina Teerlinck I suspect a good many Holbeins may be accounted for, both pictures and miniatures, without troubling the great Hans at all. Sir Antonio More is known to have painted miniatures. He was sent over to England by Philip of Spain, to paint Queen Mary's likeness, but this was not in miniature. Charles I. possessed a portrait of Mary painted by him on a small round plate. This is now in the Buccleuch collection. At the Burlington were two portraits of Queen



PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

(From the Miniature by Sir Antonio More.)

Mary, and one of Elizabeth when princess, by him, the latter painted in oil on slate. He was a great artist, and by the few specimens of his miniature work known to us he succeeded as well in that branch as in the larger portraits.



## "FATA MORGANA."

PAINTED BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A. ETCHED BY JAMES DOBIE.

IN only a couple of instances has Mr. G. F. Watts, the great painter of portraiture and allegory in our day, felt impelled to produce pictures which are directly illustrative of the creations of others. Now and again he has accepted a noble idea and applied it to pictorial purposes; but only twice—in his "Paolo and Francesco," and here in his "Fata Morgana"—has he sought to realise upon canvas the fancy conceived by another's brain. With what true poetic and pictorial instinct he has set before us, in the picture which forms our frontispiece, the personification of Fortune or Opportunity (a fairy subject of the omnipotent Demogorgon) all readers of Bojardo's "Orlando Innamorato" will be quick to appreciate. "Opportunity," symbolised by the dainty, alluring female form, can alone be captured by the lock upon her forehead, and to seize it the warrior, typifying Active Life, pursues the gliding, half-mocking form across rock and stream, by hill and dale, through desert and meadow, burned by sun and torn by bramble. The allegory is complete; the realisation exquisite.

Of this beautiful picture there are two versions. Both were begun about the same time; that is to say in 1847. The first was completed in 1870, and has been seen at the special exhibitions of Mr. Watts's works in London, America, and Birmingham. That before us, to our mind the finer composition, was only finished in 1888, having remained in fresco-like state till again taken in hand, and when shown at the ensuing exhibition at the New Gallery it created a furore. The flesh-painting was

likened to Titian's, and was applauded as a work that had vastly improved with time—the excellence of the painting, it was hinted, being beyond anything the artist was now capable of. As a matter of fact, all that was most approved was of extremely recent date, and proved the unabated power of hand and mind, and the fine sense of colour of the English master. The picture is, indeed, a justification of Mr. Watts's method of work. He never paints a picture "for exhibition;" he designs it when the fancy takes him, and turns to it only when he feels disposed—maybe years after. His eye is thus always fresh; and the pigments, frankly laid on, being hard and dry for repainting, retain all their purity and transparency.

This work, unquestionably one of the artist's masterpieces, belongs, through his munificence, to the Corporation Gallery of Leicester. Declining all offers of purchase, which few men would have been able to refuse, he preferred to present it to the natal town of Mr. Cook, the "tourist agent," in acknowledgment of the services to civilisation he had rendered. Mr. Watts has been deeply impressed with that gentleman's wonderful work of organisation in Egypt, and with the fact that his word and influence are accepted and recognised by the natives almost before that of the Government itself, while his patriotic services in connection with the recent campaigns in Egypt, judged on the spot, had aroused the artist's enthusiasm. Leicester has therefore been the recipient of his patriotic liberality, just as London, Manchester, New York, Canada, America, and Australia have been favoured before it.

## "A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY."

PAINTED BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

IN 1838, when Landseer was but thirty-six years of age, this superb picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy. In some respects it is worthy of being deemed his masterpiece; for while it contains none of the failings of qualities of paint which disfigure many of his later works, it is finely conceived and brilliantly executed. Dignified in its truth to nature, it is free from the blemish of being humanised and over-realised. It is entirely dog-like in character, its nobility and sentiment notwithstanding.

This splendid Newfoundland was bred by Mr. Philip Bacon, and was by him presented to Mrs. Newman Smith. It was while "Paul Pry" (for such

was its name) was in her possession, and while he was engaged in carrying a basket of flowers, that he attracted the attention of Sir Edwin. He obtained permission to paint him, and duly sent the canvas to the Academy. Here it was acquired by Mr. Newman Smith, and was by him bequeathed to the nation after the death of his wife. In accordance with the terms of this bequest the canvas passed into the National Gallery in 1887, and has since been hanging upon its walls, numbered 1,226.

The "Distinguished Member" has been engraved in line by Thomas Landseer and by C. G. Lewis, and has been etched by F. P. Becker.



A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

(From the Picture by Sir Edric Landseer, R.A. Engraved by F. Kaldemann.)





## THE MODERN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE,

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE "GRANDS PRIX" AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

### BELGIAN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

IT is a curious fact that although Belgium has obtained in the late competition a greater number of *Grands Prix* than any other nation except France herself—no less than three for painting and four for sculpture—her art, and especially her painting, received from the French critics a somewhat scant and grudging meed of praise. Although the Flemish art of the latter half of this century is in the main—like all other European schools save our own, and the earlier German and northern schools of the century, before the invasion of French naturalism—an offshoot of that of France, its own noble artistic traditions have always preserved for it, even when it sought to follow in the wake of modern development, a certain distinctive character. And this element of unlike in like it is, perhaps, which may have inspired a certain unconscious repugnance for the sister school of Flanders in quarters where one would have least expected to find it. Certain it is that a franker and more genuine sympathy is accorded in France at the present moment to the Dutch and Scandinavian schools in all their branches, and even to the latest and most naturalistic manifestations of the German painters, than to the more sober and steady, the heavier, if in their way not less remarkable, productions of the Belgian division of the Low Countries. Of the artists who in this section were shining lights at the Exhibition of 1878, some—like the dainty *genre* painter F. Willems, the animal painter J. Stevens, and the very individual landscape painter De Brakelaer—have gone over to the majority, while other stars have naturally arisen in the interval.

M. Émile Wauters is almost alone among the artists who, obtaining the supreme distinction of the *Médaille d'Honneur* in 1878, carried off the same prize, though under the designation of *Grand Prix*, in 1889; the only other instances being the Hungarian painter M. Munkacsy and the French sculptor M. Mercié. M. Wauters is still—take him all in all—supreme among Belgian artists, in virtue of the breadth, solidity, and variety of his style, and of the peculiar authority, quite distinct from *bravura*, with which he paints; even though it might be possible to name artists among his compatriots of a more fascinating, artistic personality, and more saturated with that *modernité* of aspect and sentiment which so much excites the sympathy

of the present generation, whose child it is. A glance, however, at the catalogue of the Universal Exhibition of 1878 shows that M. Wauters' art has taken a different direction since then. His successes on that occasion were the well-known "*Folie de Hugues van der Goes*" and the "*Marie de Bourgogne implorant des Echevins de Gand la grâce de ses Conseillers*;" whereas at the more recent display he was mainly distinguished by a noble series of portraits, and by Egyptian and North African scenes, in which he has of late evinced a special interest. Among the portraits the most important, by reason of its size and brilliancy of execution, was that of Madame Somzee, a lady attired in a dress of pale, warm, blue satin, and shown standing in an easy attitude in a sumptuously yet soberly decorated room, in which costly furniture, musical instruments, and Eastern carpets and hangings are arranged with cunning carelessness so as not to overpower or unduly to dominate the central figure. In this work, as in the "*Portrait de M. Cosme Somzee*"—a boy clad in blue velvet and mounted on a pony which stands motionless in the foreground of a sandy sea-beach—the emulation of the brilliant and only seemingly careless touch of Frans Hals is clearly though discreetly made manifest. The latter large canvas, which has already been seen at the Salon and elsewhere, is, however, defective in its insufficient suggestion of the effect of atmosphere under outdoor conditions on the human face and form. A splendid specimen of manly vigour and energetic, unaffected characterisation, not enhanced, however, by any special charm of tone or colour, is the "*Portrait de feu le Lieutenant-Général Baron Goffinet*" (see p. 17), by the side of which it would be just, but it is feared not very interesting, to enumerate most of the portraits which appeared in Paris. It is not very easy to make clear in what the style of the Belgian master as a portrait-painter differs from that of no less eminent Frenchmen, such as, for instance, M. Elie Delaunay or the late Bastien-Lepage, on the one hand, or from that of the chief of the Munich school, Herr Lenbach, on the other. M. Wauters, as it would appear, without exactly neglecting the intellectual side of a personality, prefers to take it as a whole—happily and decisively presenting the aspect of it which is shown to the world, and attaching equal importance to its

physical and mental elements. Herr Lenbach's great aim is to reproduce a commanding individuality in a moment of intellectual effervescence and with as much reminiscence of the portraiture of the old masters as may be; while to penetrate into the deepest and most hidden recesses of human nature, and lay bare without exaggeration what the casual observer does not decipher for himself, is the triumph of the distinguished French artists to whom reference has just been made. M. Wanters' view of the East, as evidenced in "Le Caire au pont de Kasr-el-Nil" and "Le Pont de Boulaq," is, no doubt, a true, though it is a decidedly prosaic and *terre à terre* one. He discreetly reproduces the busy kaleidoscopic scenes of the Oriental city under a veiled but vibrating atmosphere, through which the rays of the sun pierce, striking with mitigated splendour the white turbans and buildings, the brilliant garments and draperies, the market-produce of the street vendors. On the whole, this mode of lighting produces a somewhat speckled effect, and is decidedly monotonous. A nearer approach to the imaginative quality is shown in the sober but admirable "Pêcheur Marocain," a pendant to a similar study which has appeared at our Royal Academy.

There is no disguising the fact that the Alfred Stevens of to-day has lost some of the exquisite subtlety of colour and handling which marked his work in earlier times, when in default of a deep or wide significance of motive, his earnestness and artistic intuition were displayed in his search after new and harmonious combinations of colour, and in his beauties of balanced tone and delicate touch. Long before Japanese art became a too universal fashion, M. Stevens had extracted and made use of much of its better part, as had, towards the same period, but more avowedly and in entirely different fashion, Mr. Whistler. The Stevens of to-day has not lost all the old magic or the old piquancy, but he seeks too much to soar into regions in which he is not at home, while his handling has lost something of its old firmness and precision, and strangely enough in his sea and coast pieces he has in a marked degree fallen under the influence of a younger artist, the Frenchman M. Duez. In both the preceding Universal Exhibitions—those of 1867 and 1878—M. Stevens had carried off first-class medals, but it is only now, in the late maturity of his talent, that he achieved the last and highest distinction of the *Grand Prix*. In one sense, no doubt, it is an advance to pass from the elaborate *élégantes* of the painter's earlier time, having about them a flavour rather of the half than the whole world, and presented to us enshrined in perfume-laden boudoirs furnished forth with a bewildering profusion of heterogeneous splendours—to the delineation of heroines like the

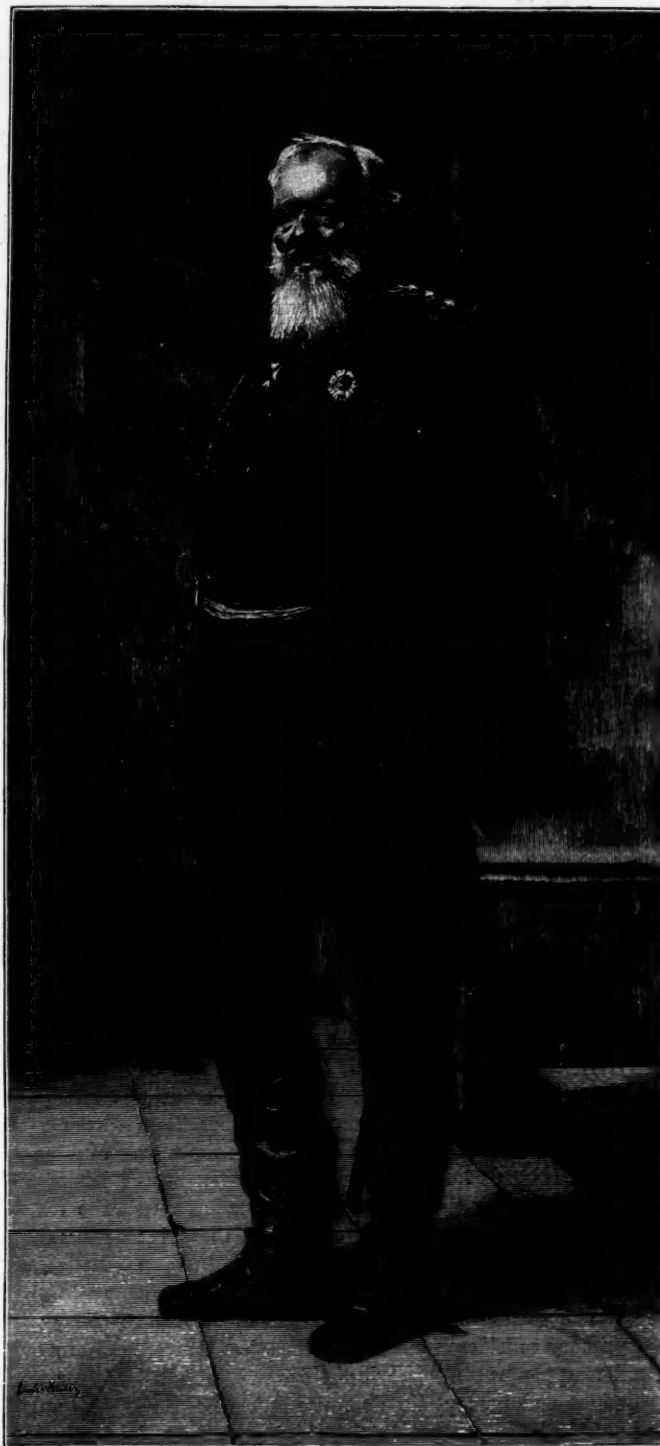
"Fédora," the "Madeleine," and the "Lady Macbeth." Yet it must be owned that these latter show a feebleness of conception, and altogether a want of authority in the modelling of the human figure on a large scale, such as make one long for a return to those lower regions—if they are, indeed, lower—in which the artist shines as a real master. It would be tedious now that the galleries of the exhibition are a thing of the past, to dwell in detail on the seventeen canvases of various sizes contributed by M. Stevens to the Belgian section. Besides those already mentioned, and one or two portraits, the following were among the best:—"Une Visite," showing two *mondaines* of the well-remembered type in a salon which actually glows with tempered yet splendid harmonies of yellow, dull gold, heliotrope, and rich dark purple, kept in balance by some more sober hues; the execution of this, with its cunningly devised combinations of rare tints, being almost up to the high-water mark of the painter's art. More ambitious still, but something less masterly in realisation, is the larger "Un Salon"—too spotty and fidgety in execution, but astonishing in its representation of large mirrors, reflecting in all directions the myriad frivolous splendours of the modern drawing-room. The sea-piece, "Devant la mer orageuse" has a coppery sunset sky of threatening and almost tragic grandeur—marred, however, by the trivial female figure in fashionable summer garments which, occupying one corner of the foreground, strikes a note quite out of harmony with the rest of the picture.

In distinguishing above his compeers the able landscape painter, M. Franz Courtens, who, if not in his own land unknown to fame, had not, at any rate in France up to the present, achieved any official distinction, the jury may have acted upon the same principle which guided them in according a *Grand Prix* to their own Alsatian *paysagiste*, M. Camille Bernier. Both have produced broadly yet elaborately wrought canvases of considerable size and pretensions, giving evidence of a close study of the scenes represented, and of a substantial if not phenomenal skill, but at the same time revealing a thoroughly prosaic conception of Nature, and a want of sympathy with her more pathetic and less obvious aspects. Strange that France should so persistently crown the living painters of solid uninspiring prose, at the very time when she justly enrols among the divinities of art her painter-poets of the last generation, her Corots, Millets, Troyons, and Jules Duprés. M. Courtens has a free and broad brush, much local truth, if not much charm or brilliancy of colour, and perfect sincerity, if a certain heaviness, in the representation of the not always inspiring subjects which he selects; but it is in other respects not easy to characterise his art, or to underline its

distinctive qualities. The large "Barque à Moules" has much decision, with good atmospheric effects, marred by a heavy distance; but it is painted without emotion and leaves us therefore unmoved; a Jacob Maris or even a Mesdag would have penetrated deeper below the mere surface of the subject. An exceptionally beautiful motive, for this painter, is the "Pluie d'Or"—a great avenue of overhanging trees with foliage still thick, though its hues are the yellow gold of a propitious November, and a carpet of the same sad brightness already covers the ground. The drawing is here masterly, the handling good, though too painty to be altogether first-rate; but for all that, the suggestive beauty which inherently belongs to such a scene, and, indeed, here lies very near the surface, seems somehow to have dropped out of the picture. Pathos of a kind has been avowedly aimed at, but not absolutely attained in the "Ex Voto"—showing a large wooden crucifix set up in the foreground of an uninviting landscape, sparsely covered with trees of monotonous growth; while the painter's everyday sincerity appears well adapted to express the "Retour de l'Office"—a return of country-folk from mass—which is fresh and bracing in general tone, fine in its linear and aerial perspective, and energetic in the sobriety of its execution.

Belgian sculpture, like Belgian painting, is necessarily to a certain extent dominated by the example of the great school of her immediate neighbours; but that this is by no means exclusively, or in overpowering measure, the case was shown by the distinctiveness of the important show made by the Belgian sculptors at the Champ de Mars, side by side with their French brethren.

Of the four artists honoured with *Grands Prix*—a number, by the way, not reached in the case of any other country, save, of course, France itself—M. Paul de Vigne is the most French in style and feeling, and he is also the only one of the quartet



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BARON GOFFINET.

(From the Picture by Émile Wauters. Engraved by C. Carter.)



who has previously obtained high honours in France, where at the last Universal Exhibition he carried off a first-class medal. He may fitly be classed among the group of high-trained, highly accomplished artists, lacking only that crowning quality of initiative and distinctiveness which it has been sought to define in treating of French sculpture. The great bronze group of "Briedel and De Conine," although it is worked out with much thoroughness and executive skill—as was further shown by the studies for the two heads separately exhibited—represents these mediæval Flemish heroes in a fashion at once commonplace and melodramatic to a marked degree. On the other hand, the colossal decorative group "L'Art Récompensé," the bronze original of which adorns the façade of the New Palais des Beaux-Arts at Brussels, is a fine example of what consummate skill can accomplish without genius. (See p. 20.) A beautiful nude youth, personifying the Genius of Art, towers erect, while two female figures, typifying Beauty and Fame, receive the crown of laurel and proclaim the triumph abroad. From the point of view of the higher architectural decoration, the work is entirely appropriate and harmonious, and it would perhaps be captious to hold indispensable in a group of this class the profounder significance which is the one quality absent.

M. Pierre-Charles Vanderstappen is an artist of not quite the same class, seeing that his work shows, side by side with French, certain other influences. It is evident from his two nude figures of young lithe athletes, "L'Homme à l'Épée" and "Dario"—both on just too small a scale to be altogether impressive—that he has sought to approach antique art without doing so as a copyist; acquiring thus undoubted qualities of style, though without the deep-seated vitality which is an essential quality of fine Greek sculpture. In another manner is the fine group of "St. Michael trampling on Satan," destined for the decoration of a main corridor in the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels, and reproduced on the opposite page. The militant archangel appears in complete armour of Renaissance rather than Classic type, trampling on a muscular, writhing demon of strangely human and piteous aspect; extraordinary skill being shown in arranging the not very manageable elements of the group, so as to secure a whole of high decorative value. Here again deep significance is lacking; but it may well be argued that under such circumstances it is not to be made the primary consideration. It may be taken that M. Vanderstappen has, in the style of this work, intended a distinct and perceptible reference to the Flemish style of the late Renaissance, the chief exponents of which were such artists as Adrian de Vries and the painter-sculptor Pieter de Witte, better known as Pietro Candido.

In M. Juliaan Dillens it is, we may assume, less the supreme artist, that he is not, than the innovator striving to introduce *modernité* into sculpture, that he is, whom the judges, or rather the jury, have recompensed by conferring on him the highest honour at their command. One of his main contributions is a large and curiously rather than happily composed group in plaster, "La Justice inspirée par le Droit et la Clémence," in which the seated figure of Justice is represented, not as a female figure, but as an aged judge weighing arguments in the balance, the usual rôle of Justice being here fulfilled by the figure called "Le Droit." The artist's most characteristic production is perhaps the large lunette executed for the hospital and orphanage called, presumably after its founders, "Les Trois Alices." This boldly represents without paraphrase or symbolism the education and adoption of orphans by these same Trois Alices—elderly patronesses clothed in simplified modern garb—before whom the children, wearing also the everyday garments of to-day, are being brought. There is originality in this endeavour to do for the far less tractable art of sculpture what has been done for painting—that is, to select its subject and its types from the actual life of our time. But it would be going beyond the mark to assert that the difficulties of treating in sculptural yet faithful fashion the humanity of to-day and the garments with which it is covered have been completely surmounted; these being here enhanced by the difficult form of the lunette within which the figures are necessarily compressed. This peculiar problem was once much better solved by the too little known German sculptor Hildebrandt, who, working peacefully in his Florentine studio, takes little pains to advertise his existence to the outer world. He represented his wife and children, within a Della-Robbia-like lunette of terra-cotta, in their garments as they live, and with portrait-like effect, yet with a treatment essentially large and sculptural.

The last of the Belgian sculptors with whom I have to deal, M. Constantin Meunier, of Louvain, is in some respects the most interesting of the group. His art, which was exhibited in two examples only at the exhibition, is, as it were, the outcome of the generalised and purified naturalism of Jean-François Millet, expressing itself, however, not in similar pastoral motives, but in subjects generated by sympathy with the *plaidoyers* for labour contained in the works of Émile Zola, and especially in the terrible "Germinal." The "Puddeleur," a bronze figure of a half-naked puddler taking repose after violent labour, is admirably sculptural, and very pathetic in its indication of mute rebellion against toil, notwithstanding the modern aspect of such few clothes as are introduced—the overhanging hat, the nether garments,



ST. MICHAEL TRAMPLING ON SATAN.

(From the Bronze by Pierre C. Vanderstappen. Cast by H. Luppens, of Brussels.)

the coarse shoes; over-generalisation of form and cast. The execution is here unduly sketchy, obliteration of detail being, if anything, the fault in perhaps for the reason just given, but it is again

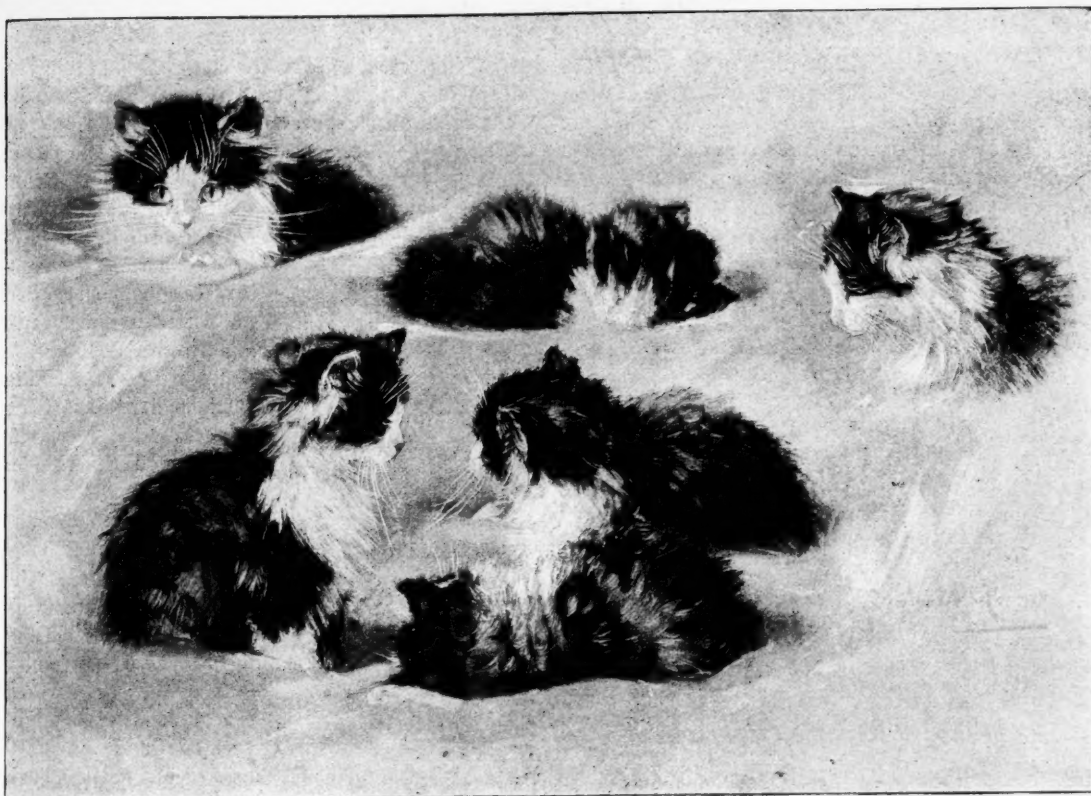


THE REWARD OF ART.

(From the Group by Paul de Vigne.)

the execution. In the same vein is the tragic "Grison (fire-damp): Femme retrouvant son fils parmi les morts," which was unfortunately represented at the Champ de Mars only by a defective large and sculptural in style; while the conception of a subject which might well have been deemed totally unsuited for legitimate treatment in sculpture, lacks neither pathos nor dignity.





STUDIES OF KITTENS AT REST.

(By Mme. Henriette Ronner.)

## A GREAT PAINTER OF CATS.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

"*VIVENT les chats!*" wrote Mme. de Custine in one of her delightful letters to Buffon, wherein, with no little scorn, she stigmatises the dog as a mere "fidelity machine." "Civilisation has not yet become a second nature for them. They are more primitive than the dog, and more graceful; more independent, freer, and more natural. When by chance they love their tyrant, man, it is not as a degraded slave, like your craven dogs, which lick the hand that smites them for the reason that they have not the spirit to be inconstant! In cats attachment is the result of selection, but in dogs of stupidity. Your canine idiots are the product of society, and are appreciated by man just as double flowers, which are the result of cultivation, are appreciated—because they are to a certain extent his own work. I fear my sentiments may annoy you; if they do, hate me, but tell me so often."

None, I take it, but a Frenchwoman of originality

and *esprit*, of the temper and fibre of Mme. de Sévigné, would venture to give frank utterance to such sentiments as these. To love a cat, it has been truly said, one must be in complete harmony with its nature and in a manner partake of it; and to admire it just for its lack of affection is assuredly a palpable, a most palpable, confession. The Portuguese have a saying: *Buen amigo es el gato, sino que rascaña* ("The cat is certainly friendly, but it scratches"); and it may, I think, be taken that the fair writer was more completely in sympathy with the animal of her predilection than she herself suspected. In the face of this eighteenth-century instance, are we not reminded that in his "Satire on Women"—the earliest satire extant, by the way—Simonides set it down that froward women were made from cats, just as the most virtuous and the best were developed from bees? To most people the cat has recommended, if not exactly endeared, herself by the implacable guerilla warfare

she—why always “she”?—prosecutes against the common or garden rodent; that is her claim upon the suffrages of society. But to consider her from the artistic point of view, and to be content to see in her not only a sitter of certain possibilities, but the reflection of much that is most delightful and

easy-going artist, so is it the most fascinating: the one, probably, that has defied more deft and famous pencils than all the other domestic fauna of Europe put together. To the horse, the cow, the stag, the sheep, the dog, eminent artists have devoted their attention and their talents times out of number; but how many

have ventured on Shylock’s “harmless, necessary cat,” and succeeded in portraying her form and feature true in life and spirit? Mme. Rosa Bonheur shrinks from the contest. Nay, she has painted the face of man oftener than the cat’s, as you may count on the fingers of your one hand; while the principal animal-painters of all times have elected to avoid a particular branch of art which exacts such exceptional keenness and sensitiveness of observation, such swiftness and decision of touch, and such an inexhaustible stock of patience. From the days of Nicias, who was the first to paint a dog, three centuries and more before the Christian era, down to those of Mr. Briton Riviere, it has ever been the same. Troyon and Mr. Peter Graham, Herring and Mme. Rosa Bonheur, George Morland and M. Van Marke, James Ward and Mr. Sidney Cooper, Fyt, Snyders, Potter, masters ancient and modern—all



MME. HENRIETTE BONNER.

(Engraved by Jonnard.)

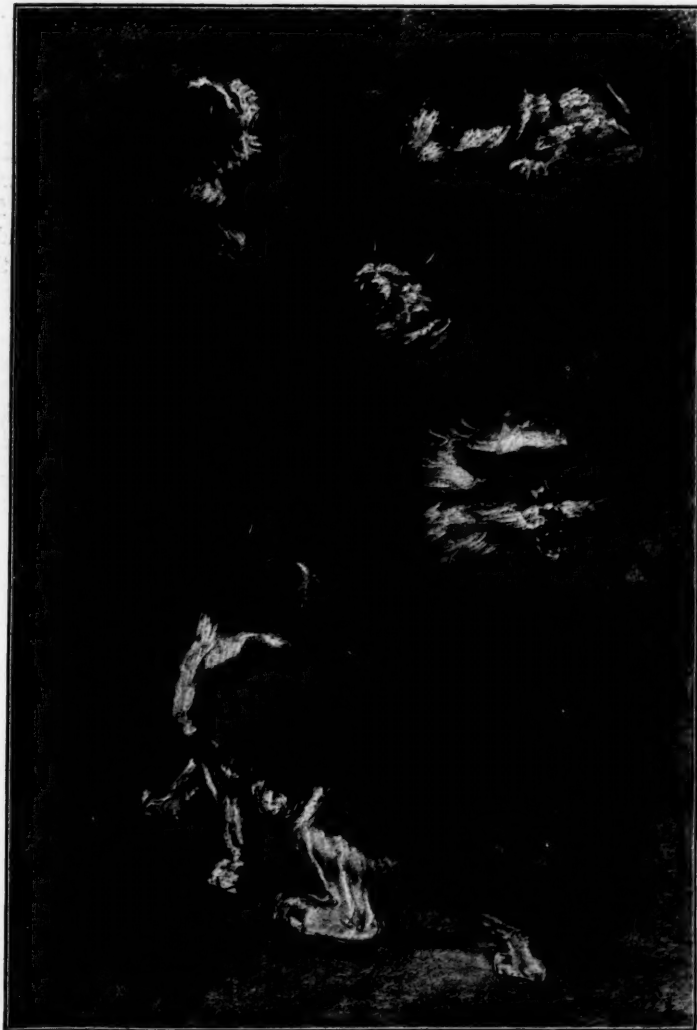
most admirable in nature, requires a temperament of a rare kind, and makes an enormous demand upon the æsthetic gifts of the painter.

Truth to tell, there are few things animate or inanimate so difficult to paint in the whole range of art as a cat or a kitten; and the reason is not far to seek. The proverbial chameleon is more stable in point of colour than the cat in respect to its contour, its expression, and its markings, which vary with every movement, with every thought, of the fickle-minded beast. But as it is the worst of models for the

who come uppermost to the mind—have almost without exception kept to their cattle and pigs, their horses, boars, dogs, and sheep. Breughel and Teniers, it is true, painted their famous grotesque “Cat Concerts,” the former more successfully than the latter; but neither very happily from the point of view of either accuracy of form or insight into character—nay, they are not to be compared with the admirable print of the ill-fated Cornelius Visscher. Landseer is perhaps the only English animal-painter of eminence who has not left Grimalkin severely

alone, but the couple of cat-pictures he painted—"The Cat Disturbed," in 1819, and "The Cat's Paw," in 1824—were not satisfactory in his eyes, so that he henceforward eschewed all dealings with the Beloved of Pasht. This is indeed the more extraordinary when we reflect that she has been held sacred in the eyes of many people, and has always occupied a position of honourable trust and admitted importance on the hearth of civilised man.

It may be that the superstitions that have ever dogged the unfortunate tribe of the cat, and made of her for centuries a persistently persecuted beast, tended to decrease her popularity with the painters and their patrons of a more credulous age. The symbol of liberty in Rome—blazoned *courant* or *passant* on the shields of doughty warriors—by reason of her independence and dogged refusal to be taught, or to conform to rules; and the personification of the moon in Egypt, by the contraction of her pupils by day and their dilatation by night, she became an object of suspicion, dread, and hatred to later generations. How had the mighty fallen! A deity in the land of the Pharaohs from the time she was imported from Persia, she was worshipped while she lived in Egyptian clover, and when she died, her mummy was reverently placed in the Temple of Bast or Bubastis, as Diana was elsewhere less euphoniously termed. Thence she travelled, *via* Cyprus, to our shores of Cornwall, but it must be confessed with no slight loss of dignity by the way. True, she arrived with the reputation of a doughty huntress of vermin and a deft chaser of snakes; true, too, that the fabulists had pointed morals out of her, and the most imaginative of the romancists had set her a worthy place in the immortal pages of the "Arabian Nights." But her honour had been tarnished; she was no longer the *Ælurus* of earlier days. Satan had chosen her form for his favourite Protean change. Hecate, too, as a matter of precaution, unhappily struck on the same idea, as Ovid tells us, *Fele soror Phæbe latuit*; so that she fell into disrepute. She lost character and caste slowly and surely, and step



STUDIES OF CATS IN ACTION.

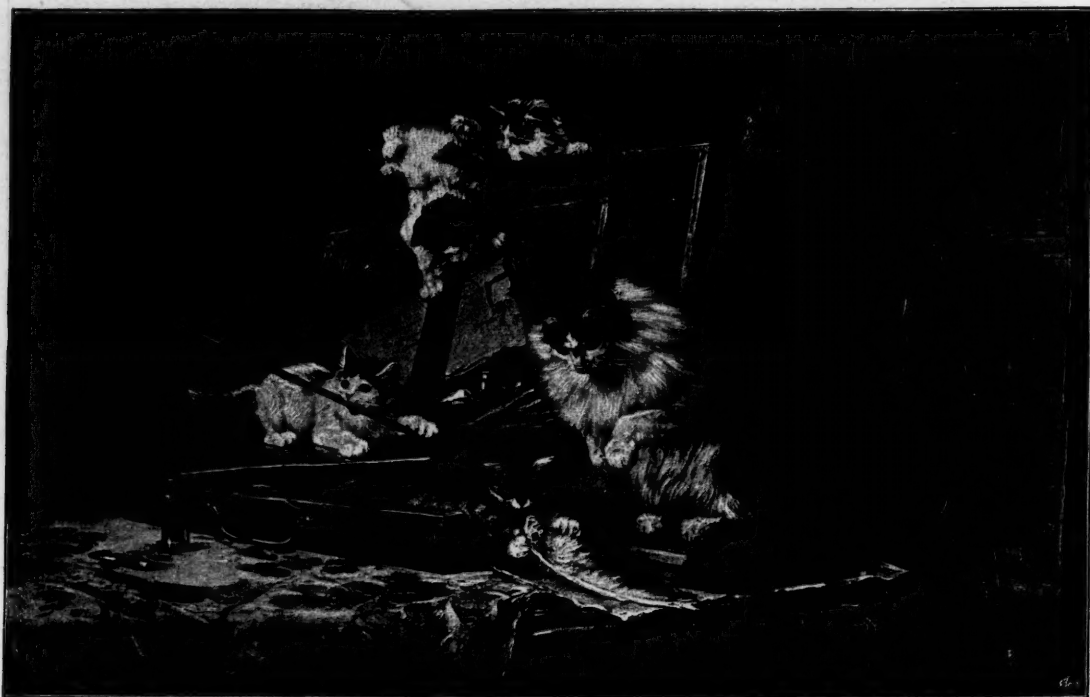
(By Mme. Ronner.)

by step, till at length, the last resource of the metamorphic Djinns, she was reckoned the familiar of the witch and the companion of the unholy. It availed her nothing that by the Laws of Howel—the great legislator of the Kymry—her price was maintained at a respectable figure, and the torment of her body was enacted a felony. The sailors had found in her a Mother Carey's chicken of disreputable and evil import, which by the mere playing with an apron or toying with a gown could so foment a storm that would rend sail and snap mast, that she must of a surety be in league with Davy Jones himself! Personal feeling had probably not a little to do with this unfortunate degree of unpopularity, for in many people a deep-seated dislike of the feline race, root and branch, is a matter of temperament and



constitution. We have all heard how Henri III. would swoon at the sight of a cat, and how Napoleon was little less affected; to such a degree, indeed, was it the case with the *petit Caporal*, that Mme. Junot is said to have gained an important advantage over him by the exercise of a little diplomatic tact in merely mentioning a cat at a critical moment in a certain discussion! But this aversion can hardly be urged in these later days as a reason for the banishment of the cat from the studio except for utilitarian purposes.

even during the most impressive audiences; as Petrarch and Dr. Johnson and Canon Liddon, who wrote with them at their elbow; and Tasso and Gray, who celebrated them in verse; think of their worldly weal like the Sultan El Daher Beybars, who fed all feline comers, or "La Belle Stewart," Duchess of Richmond, who, in the words of the poet, "endowed a college" for her little friends; you must be as approbative of their independence of character, their unamenableness to education, their inconstancy, not to say indifference,



IN THE STUDIO.

(From the Picture by Mme. Ronner.)

The truth of the matter is, that for painting cat-life and character, peculiar qualities are necessary in the artist to bring him into line with the oddities of his model's temperament. As the late M. Champfleury—the cat's Macaulay—has said of it and its habits: "The lines are so delicate, the eyes are distinguished by such remarkable qualities, the movements are due to such sudden impulses, that to succeed in the portrayal of such a subject as this, one must be feline oneself." That, doubtless, is the secret; and unless you are as "feline" as Rouvière, the actor, you cannot hope to raise the *Felis domesticus* into the realm of art by brush, by pencil, or by chisel. Nor is this all. You must love them as Mahomed and Chesterfield loved them; be as fond of their company as Wolsey and Richelieu, who retained them

and their general lack of principle, as the aforesaid Mme. de Custine; and as appreciative of their daintiness and grace as Alfred de Musset. Then, and not till then, can you consider yourself equipped for studying the art of cat-painting. As Mr. Ruskin has it, you must know "kitten-nature down to the most appalling depths thereof," and be sensitive "to the finest gradations of kittenly meditation and motion."

The representation of cats in art is, of course, not rare; but good representation is. Since the archaic bronzes and statues of Egypt, and the mural paintings of Thebes, cats have now and again been seen in prints and upon canvas. The visitor to the recent Tudor Exhibition will remember the pictures, so touching from the association, of the cat which is

THE Proprietors of THE MAGAZINE OF ART very much regret that through an error they gave currency, in the November number of that periodical, to an announcement of the death of Mr. ALFRED LYS BALDRY, by his own hand. That gentleman, we are happy to learn, is still living. It was through the confusion of his name with that of the late Mr. HARRY LISTER BALDRY, to whom the obituary notice was intended to apply, that the erroneous announcement of his death was made. The Editor desires to add the expression of his regret to Mr. BALDRY for the blunder which has been made, and for any annoyance it has caused him.





said to have fed Sir Henry Wyat with pigeons while he was imprisoned in the Tower. Was Joanna Yet, as I have said, many artists have tried, and most have failed. Géricault, Delacroix, and Barye,



THE TURBULENT FAMILY.

(From the Picture by Mme. Ronner. Engraved by C. Carter.)

Baillie thinking of this incident when, in her ode to "The Kitten," she wrote these ending lines?—

"Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,  
In lonely tower or prison pent  
Reviews the coil of former days,  
And loathes the world and all its ways,  
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,  
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,  
And smiles, a link in thee to find,  
That joins him still to living kind."

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all made the experiment, and they far oftener succeeded in producing diminutive tigers than cats; thus reminding us of the saying of Mery, anatomist and surgeon to Louis XIV., two centuries and a half ago: "Be assured of this, God created the cat that man might caress a tiger."

Although great artists have tried, and been only partially successful in this line, specialists of note

have arrived at perfection, or very near it, by the exercise of those qualities to which reference has here been made. Combining with technical skill and ability the power of piercing the strange unscrutableness of the cat in her calmer moods, of differentiating individual characteristics, and classing with well-nigh scientific accuracy the thousand and one humours, and motions, and expressions of cat-mind and body, as well in irresponsible and thoughtless youth as in sober age—in short, the capacity to appreciate “felineity” in all its many aspects—a handful of artists have arisen to eminence and secured for themselves a niche in the Temple of Diana. But whole-hearted devotion to the subject is the price which has been paid for the distinction. Who that has seen it will readily forget the cat carved in wood over the gate leading from the Mausoleum at Nikko—the *Nemuri no neko*, or “Sleeping Cat (or Rat-killer)” ? That by itself will sustain the reputation of the artist Hidari Jin-go-rō. Japanese artists in black-and-white have done much in this direction, especially Hokusai; and Caldecott, basing his method upon theirs, produced some sketches of cats quite marvellous in their truth to nature. But these are comparatively insignificant beside the brilliant work done by Gottfried Mind, the Swiss, celebrated as the “Cat Raphael” on the initiative of Mme. Vigée Lebrun, of the end of the last century and the beginning of this; whose gentle nature never recovered the horror of a massacre of cats ordered at Basle, where he lived, in consequence of an outbreak of madness among them in 1807. His works are very Japanese in their style of execution, but the facility with which character and expression alike have been seized, and the correctness of the drawing, are far beyond anything produced in this direction in the Land of the Rising Sun.

But better than all these, for general truth to nature, are the wonders of Desportes, of Monginot, the pencil drawings of Grandville and even of the unknown Burbank, and, more important still, the pictures of Eugène Lambert and of Mme. Ronner. For them cat-life has no mysteries; and the kitten, which, for the majority of us, is merely “an animal that is generally hurrying somewhere else, and stopping before it gets there,” is to them as comprehensible and logical a little creature as any that walked out of the ark.

Mme. Henriette Ronner was born in Amsterdam in 1821, and, displaying much taste and talent for drawing while still of tender years, she was destined for the artistic profession by her father, Heer Knip, who superintended her education himself, and enforced his principles with quite unusual severity. Undeterred by the misfortune of his blindness, which overtook him when his child was but

eleven years of age, he steadily continued in his purpose, and keeping her at the easel from sunrise to sunset, chiefly in the open air, he insisted on a couple of the mid-day hours being passed in total darkness, lest she, too, might suffer the most terrible of all afflictions for an artist. The day's work was cheerfully undertaken by the girl. Gifted with qualities that would have made her eminent in the broader path of promiscuous subject-painting, she devoted her attention to cat, dog, and still-life, till at last she has achieved the position of acknowledged rival of M. Lambert. But the way was long and hard. In turn she gained awards at all the principal exhibitions to which she contributed, in Holland, Belgium, France, Portugal, and America, until her claim was universally admitted. This position she still retains, and many a continental corporation museum has deemed it well—nay, due to itself—to possess itself of works by so skilled and eminent a hand. Since her marriage forty years ago, Mme. Ronner has lived and practised in Brussels, selling her works there, as well as in Paris and in Scotland, as fast as she can paint them; and painting in such a way as to win many medals and kindred honours, while building up the fabric of fortune and solid reputation.

But Mme. Ronner is not only a naturalist in art; she is really a fine painter. Although somewhat limited according to English notions of what constitutes a colourist, her technique is at least as fine as Rosa Bonheur's—virile, vigorous, decisive, unflinching in its truth, and admirable in result. As might have been seen at the excellent exhibition of her pictures of dogs, cats, and poultry, which was recently held at the galleries of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street, Mme. Ronner is as accomplished an artist as she is a keen observer, and as successful in the rendering of the most transient of feline emotion and expression as she is dexterous in the suggestion of texture, however difficult, of form and movement, however complicated. Her little model lives, and, like Princess Ida's,

“Her gay-furr'd cat's a painted fantasy.”

She paints it in every phase and humour of all its nine lives, and, as George Withers would say, with care enough to kill it. But her cats are all well-to-do, plump, silky, and lovingly cared-for; the lean and the mangy do not appeal to her as they presumably would have done to Courbet. “The Longing Look”—a cat watching a canary—like her prototype in “Pericles,” “with eyne of burning coal”—is a revelation of cat-character: the raised head, the drooping tail, the half-unsheathed claws, the quivering body, are so absolutely life-like that it seems a wonder the bird does not struggle to fly right out of the picture. Then, how true is maternal care in the

etching which Mr. Mendoza published a year or two ago, and how comically pathetic the love-sick "Djouma," with tail as "monstrous" as Carey's in "The Dragon of Wantley"! And what could be more lazily inert than that heavy old black tom-cat lying luxuriously by the hearth?—reminding one, as it does, of Mrs. Pipchin's old cat, little Paul Dombey's

asleep, and the unconscious conviction betrayed in its every movement that the whole world was made for its amusement alone, are all consummately rendered.

Many are the subjects such as these that Mme. Ronner has painted for us with unrivalled charm and unerring excellence of execution, and a few are here reproduced. Although a septuagenarian, she



STUDIES OF KITTENS AT REST.

(By Mme. Ronner.)

friend, which, coiling itself upon the fender, used to purr egotistically, "while the contracting pupils of his eyes looked like two notes of admiration." Had Mme. Ronner lived when the poet Gray suffered his celebrated bereavement by the tragic loss of Selima—who perished miserably in a gold-fish bowl—surely she might have helped to console him and comfort him for his loss.

Pretty and graceful, playful, yet terribly in earnest, for those who are in sympathy with it, the kitten constitutes the most charming of models for artist and poet alike. And perhaps it is, after all, in the delineation of it that we shall find Mme. Ronner to excel if we carefully analyse her work. The incomparable grace and playfulness of the little animal when awake, its engaging innocence when

betrays in her canvases none of the failings of age; and that, after all this lapse of time, her work should this year be new to our metropolis is equally a misfortune to art-lovers and an injustice to the artist. Not that we have no cat-painters in England; in Mr. Couldery, Mr. Walter Hunt, and Mr. Louis Wain we have men who understand and appreciate feline beauty and feline character, although they are not of the calibre of Mme. Ronner. But the quality of her work has greatly been lost sight of in the subject. Yet, surely, the dignified and graceful beast whose praises have been sung by Petrarch and Tasso, by Gray and De Musset, by Chateaubriand and Baudelaire, by Moncrif, Paul de Kock, and Dumas *fils*, is worthy of the artist's brush and of the exercise of his most precious talent.



## THE ILLUSTRATING OF BOOKS.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

By WILLIAM BLACK.



IF any poor devil of an author should want the conceit taken out of him—an operation that is rarely necessary nowadays—he has only to have his latest production illustrated by a third-rate artist: then will he arise and exclaim, “Gracious heavens! is this what the public see in my work? And the three or four friends whose opinion I value more than that of the public, is this what they see?” But after all he may take heart of grace. It does not follow that this is what his friends and the public realise for themselves out of his pages. Some little time ago three students in a Government School of Art had a passage from Scott read out to them; they were asked to put down on paper the landscape that had just been described; and the result was that the three drawings were all different and all wrong: whereupon a writer in one of the daily journals observed that here was a proof that descriptions in books, of either persons or places, were useless. It is hardly worth while answering a fool according to his folly; but it may briefly be said that the incident in question proved nothing of the kind; it only proved that these three students were of deficient and inaccurate imagination. Nay, more, it is quite possible that the written words called up before them a visionary picture, which, for lack of technical skill, they could not properly embody. Can anyone believe that, when Thackeray undertook to illustrate one of his own stories, the drawings he produced were all that he mentally saw of his characters, and their expression and gesture: and shouldn’t we all be thankful that he wasn’t tempted to illustrate “Esmond”? On the other hand, a great artist, who “brings with him the power of seeing,” will not only glorify and ennoble the author’s conception, but may even reach to something far finer than the text warrants. It is no disparagement of “The Heart of Midlothian” to say that Sir John Millais’ picture of “Effie Deans” has in it a tragic despair, as well as a strange and wistful beauty, such as Walter Scott did not describe, and probably could not have described. For there are many things transcending

words which are still possible to the brush or pencil. I have a little sketch by Mr. du Maurier—the original of one of his *Punch* drawings—and there is in it a woman’s face in profile; well, all the writers who ever wrote could not describe the grace, and sweetness, and charm of that bit of outline. As for Millais, everyone knows what splendid work he has put into illustration during odd hours snatched from his painting. In the domain of simple and sincere pathos, he seems to me to have no rival. I remember a small drawing in an early number of *Once a Week*, representing a young girl, or perhaps a young widow, who has thrown herself on a bed in an access of grief, while through the window you can see the victorious banners of the returning army; and this little drawing lost none of its force that the artist, with uncompromising directness, had drawn the ungainly costume of the day—a huge mass of crinoline being much more in evidence than the averted face. The same theme was repeated in one of his illustrations to “Framley Parsonage”—illustrations that remain vivid to the mind when the characters in the novel have all faded away into shadow or into downright oblivion. How long is it since that story was published? One recalls the circumstance, at all events, that the hero—Lord Somebody—standing at a garden gate, had a powder-flask slung from his shoulder, so that it must have been in the days of muzzle-loaders.

These random observations may serve to show that when the question is asked whether illustration helps, or does not help, a work of imaginative literature, the answer must be a relative one. It depends partly on the capacity of the artist, and partly on the intelligence, or want of it, of the reader. Indeed, the art of illustration may be said to run on all fours—there is no insult intended anywhere—with the art of acting; each is an interpretation, a giving of visible shape and substance to what before was impalpable; and accordingly as it is well or ill done, it may be a help or a hindrance. There are people who cannot endure to see Shakespeare played; they do not wish to have the ideal characters they have constructed for themselves in their study distorted, or, perchance, vulgarised on the stage. In like manner there are many who would rather turn away from an illustrated edition of “Consuelo” or “Esmond.” But there can be

little doubt that the great mass of the public—who are busy folk, not students—understand and realise a play much better when it is intelligently represented on the stage than if they had merely read it in their own homes. They find the proper emphasis put on beautiful speeches; they watch the light and play of expression on the faces; the sequence of the action becomes more obvious. Even the upholstery, against which there is such a cry at present, has its modest uses. When Romeo and Juliet are bidding farewell to each other, and sadly talking of “the severing clouds in yonder east,” it is no intrusion, it is no disillusionment, but rather the reverse, when we see the dawn rise slowly behind the trees in Capulet’s garden, until the “jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.” And this is one direction in which the artist can always help us. If the rendering of facial emotion, and even of appropriate gesture, be too difficult for him, he can at all events give us a background. He can take us out of doors, and show us wide spaces and white light. This feeling of out-of-dooriness, so to speak, is an admirable quality, both in literature and art; and happily we have a few draughtsmen who possess it in perfection. Take Mr. Charles Keene, for example, and his sketches in *Punch*: ever and again we come upon a bit of a turnip field, a hedge-row, even the corner of a London street, the vividness of which is a sudden delight to the eye. Something of the same out-of-door feeling is to be found here and there in a series of small drawings which Meissonier did for “*Les Contes Rémois*.” The book itself is idle trash—stupid old stories told in dull rhyme—but certain of the little vignettes are charming: happy is he who possesseth an early edition, before the plates got worn. Then who so fitted to illustrate Wordsworth’s *Sonnets* as Mr. Alfred Parsons? That will be a notable work when it appears one of these days.

Frequently the author is disappointed because the artist, in choosing his subject, has passed over the vital situation or incident of the book or chapter, and taken one which to him, the author, appears quite subsidiary. He forgets that what is important to him does not always lend itself to artistic treatment. Indeed, the illustrator must often be sadly puzzled in trying to seize upon the salient feature of a work of fiction, to adapt it to his own uses. If, for example, an artist were to come to me and ask what I considered the chief characteristic of such a book as “*Anna Karénina*,” I should say a fetid odour; but how is he going to represent that? Or if he came to me and asked what I considered the chief characteristic of such a book as “*The Lady of the Aroostook*,” I should say the sublimation of unconscious caddishness: and what could he do

with that? It is true he might take the incident of the captain of a ship effusively shaking hands with two young men who had just been vowing between themselves (one of them with glistening eyes) that nothing—no, nothing—would induce them to wound the susceptibilities of an innocent maiden who had actually ventured to come on board without a chaperon; but that is a subject which might more fitly be entrusted to Mr. Harry Furniss in a merry mood. And the abler, the more individual the artist, the more certain is he to look from his own standpoint at the character or the incident to be depicted. I once tried the experiment of having a book of mine illustrated by twelve artist-friends, and took the precaution of giving each draughtsman—except the first, of course—proofs of what his predecessors had done. The result was twelve beautiful drawings, with no consistency between any two of them, except in the case of the landscapes, which could not conflict. I ought to have known. Was it likely, for instance, that Mr. Pettie and Mr. Orchardson and Sir J. E. Millais would figure forth the same kind of hero? The book was enriched, but the reader was bewildered. And as I am speaking of personal experiences, I may say that the most apposite illustration I have ever met with was done by the late Fred Walker, for “*A Daughter of Heth*.” The incident that he chose was not of much importance, perhaps, but it struck the keynote of the whole book; while as for the technical excellence of the drawing itself, that is far beyond any praise of mine. It might be a lesson to the rough-and-ready illustrator to look at the three preliminary studies for this drawing which Walker made: the careful consideration of various attitudes and groupings is most interesting: one of the sketches, indeed, is in colour—but Millais told me he understood that Walker meant subsequently to make a water-colour drawing of the subject, so that may be the explanation. I may add that Mr. Ruskin, in his published notes on the Walker exhibition, remarked that these studies were so charming that they almost tempted him to read the book. Fortunately his admiration seems to have stopped short of that fatal climax.

Of course, the author is invariably disappointed with the counterfeit presentment of his heroine; that stands to reason; his exalted ideal suffers a painful lowering from her pedestal when the artist’s pencilled rendering appears. But he should make allowances. It is the most conscientious artist—the artist who draws from living human beings, who aims at the modelling of features, and the portrayal of real, not conventional, expression—who is most likely to stumble; for how is poor little Mary Jane Smith, from Notting Hill, High Street,

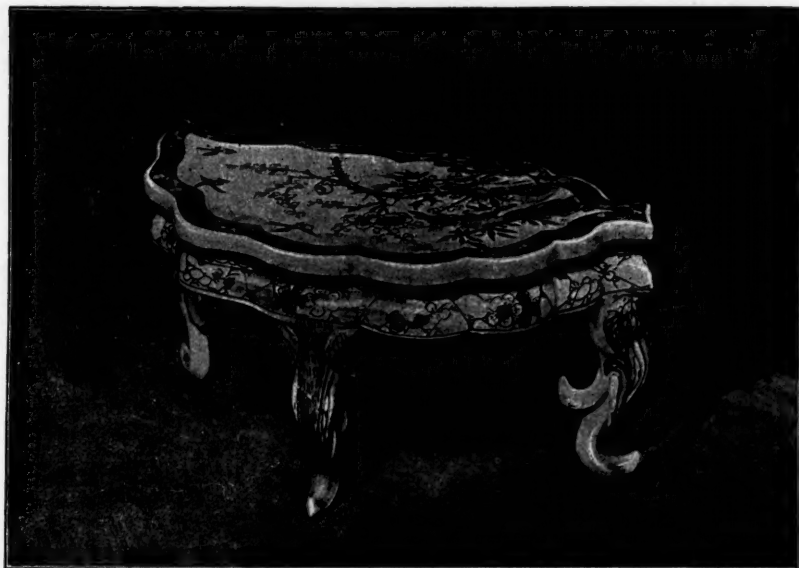
or the Bayswater Road, who comes round to smirkingly or yawningly earn a few shillings a day—how is she to reach the standard of intellect and grace and lofty carriage that the author demands? These are mysteries. One might as well ask where Mr. E. A. Abbey found the noble Portia who figures in his recently published "Merchant of Venice." At the same time the discrepancy between the text and the illustration may become too glaring; and it is not improbable that the author mentioned at the beginning of this paper may be startled by some such letter as the following (I vary the terms for obvious reasons):—"Hôtel Quirinale, Rome. Sir,—I must write at last. Week after week I have been shocked and pained beyond expression to see how you are traducing your countrywomen in the columns of the ——. In the printed page you declare your heroine to be the very type of a refined and intelligent young English gentlewoman; and in the accompanying drawing you represent her as a haggard, leering, impudent, frowsy-haired *cocotte*, outrageous in her dress, and shameless in her manner. This is pretty information for these foreigners, who pick up the illustrated papers in the reading-rooms of hotels! This a type of a young Englishwoman? Are you not ashamed, sir? Why should you slander your own countrywomen so? You are a man; you are not a disappointed and ill-conditioned old spinster, living in the precincts of a foreign town, and shunned by society, both English and foreign. What motive have you for this malignity? I remain, sir, yours most indignantly, AN ENGLISH LADY." And of course he cannot write and say, "Please, m'm, it wasn't me, m'm." Probably he sends the letter on to the editor of the journal in question, and that more in sorrow than in anger.

Then still further allowances must be made for the artist in respect that his knowledge of history and historical costume (for example), and of the various conditions and employments of contemporary life, must necessarily be limited. He cannot be expected to be equally familiar with the court, the camp, the grove. I have some slight acquaintance with an author who likes to put a good deal of country life and country occupations into his books—driving, yachting, shooting, fishing, and the like; and right heartily does he rejoice when he learns that it is Mr. William Small who is to illustrate his chapters. Then there will be no representation of a noble sportsman going gaily forth in the morning with a pair of knickerbockers and elastic-sided

boots. There is a story—probably a wicked invention—of an artist who made a drawing of a shooting-party, and gave the keeper a Gladstone bag in his hand, for the collection of the slain grouse. But Mr. Small is as much at home by the side of a salmon-stream (who but himself ever managed to make a pair of fishing-waders picturesque?) as on a moor; even as he is as much at home in a Galway cottage as in a Mayfair ball-room.

Finally—and by way of parting injunction to the author—it matters very little whether the artist realises precisely what was in the author's mind so long as he realises something equally vivid. Supposing I read "Lorna Doone"—no very difficult task, by the way: it is quite certain that the Doone Valley that I see is not the Doone Valley that Mr. Blackmore described, nor yet the Doone Valley that exists, if it does exist. But what of that? What I see is no doubt quite different; yet it is something; it is enough; the dream-world has been created—and I can follow Lorna and her gigantic lover as they wend hither and thither, with a comfortable assurance that it is all true and actually happening. I don't want a photograph of the Doone Valley, if there is such a valley; there is no need that I should be put right. Some little time ago an artist-friend of mine happened to find himself in a neighbourhood which had been in a measure described, by way of a background, in a book he had been reading. After a day or two's study of the district he said, "I prefer the landscapes in the book; they are more clear—and compact." But the reader who has followed these chance remarks so far may have perceived that it is of landscape I have chiefly spoken. It is in that direction, it seems to me, that most aid is to be got from illustration. Except in the hands of the masters—most of whom are so occupied with colour that they rarely turn to black-and-white—the expression of human emotion is too difficult a thing, and is almost certain to lead to disappointment. For, after all, it is to be remembered that the "Effie Deans" I have mentioned—which seems to me to be endowed with a truer pathos and a more wistful beauty than even the Madonna of Titian's "Assumption" in Venice—is no casual little drawing, partially surviving the ill-treatment of the engraver, or half "processed" out of recognition, but a large and long-thought-out picture, by the greatest of our living English painters—the painter of "The Order of Release," "The Boyhood of Raleigh," and "The Vale of Rest."





NO. 166, YELLOW GROUND STAND.

## THE SALTING COLLECTION OF ORIENTAL PORCELAIN.

By LINDO S. MYERS.

IN attempting to describe within the limits of a single article the magnificent collection of Oriental porcelain lent by Mr. George Salting to the South Kensington Museum, the choice between the views of the potter, the decorator, and the art collector has to be considered. An endeavour has therefore been made by the writer to combine these three aspects and to look at some of the specimens from these different standpoints.

That these fictile productions were the result of deep and long-continued study and the outcome of general encouragement and taste for the collection of porcelain, there can be no doubt, and of this the careful attention bestowed by the Chinese on ceramics is the best proof.

Of the antiquity of collecting in China, no better illustration can be given than an extract from the journal of the Peking Oriental Society, written by Dr. Bushell (the well-known physician to H. B. M. Legation in Peking). This pamphlet is entitled "Chinese Porcelain before the Present Dynasty," and the paper consists for the most part of the translation of an illustrated MS. catalogue in four volumes by a collector of the sixteenth century, describing eighty-two examples of porcelain which were appreciated more than three hundred years ago. The book was formerly in the renowned collection of

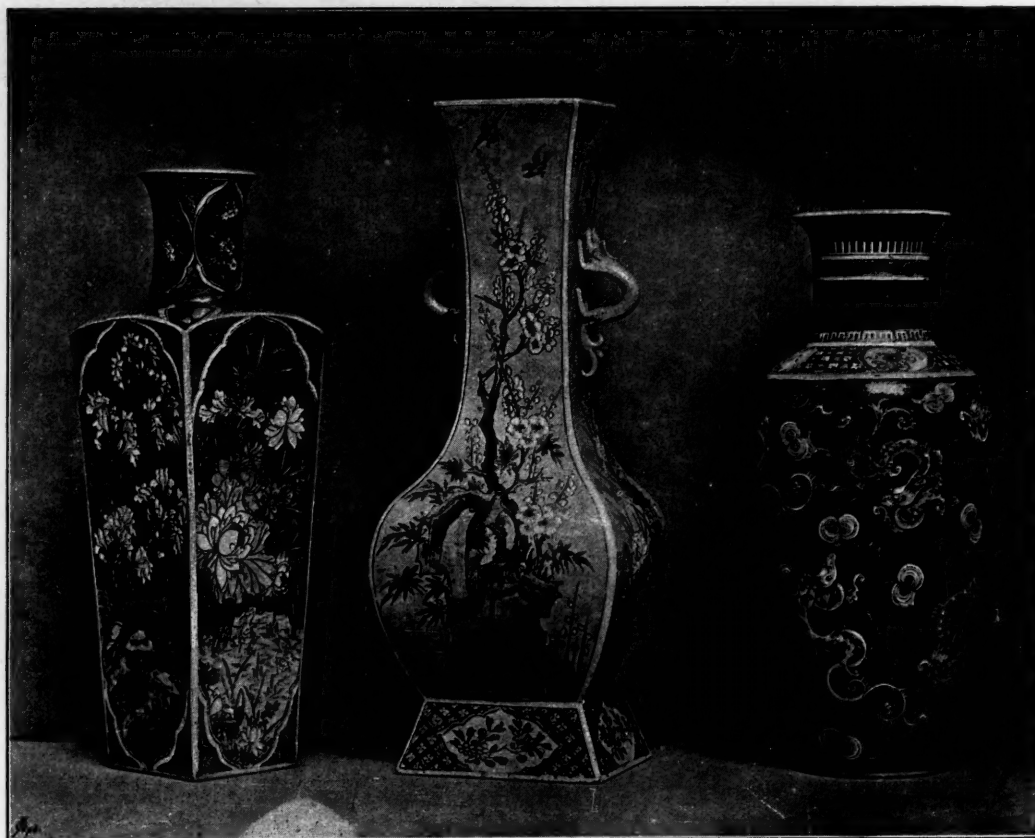
the hereditary princes of Yi; and the writer's unpronounceable name is worth preserving—H'siang Yuan-p'ieu or Tzu-ching. The author enjoyed some celebrity, and is mentioned in the Chinese cyclopædia of writers and artists, in which his reputation as a painter is specified. That he lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century is evident from an inscription on one of his pictures.

All the specimens are accurately described, and of many the cost is given. In one instance, £600 was paid for a wine-pot 6½ inches high, so that we have not yet reached the starting-point of highly-priced appreciation. In the classification of such a varied collection as the one under review, an attempt to describe accurately each exquisite piece worthy of examination would require more space than the general interest in the subject would justify. Specimens have therefore been grouped together showing the school of decoration or method of manufacture which would appear to have been followed, or the similarity of the composition of the paste and method of baking which have been adopted. Although, for the purposes of accurate study, an analogy of period or manufacture is not proved by such an arrangement, yet, as a classification by period would be of a dull monotony and lead to endless subdivision, it is

thought better to put all the pieces of similar type together.

Starting then with those in which the ground is coloured black, we come upon such a startling and intricate knowledge of the potter's art, combined with a high degree of individuality and knowledge of decorative effect, that it is difficult to make a selection to praise. There are about two dozen pieces, each of

factures are practically unattainable, as for instance Ting-tcheou (Dynasty Tang, A.D. 618-907), of which Tzu-ching in 1528 says, "I have never seen but one piece in my life." These black pieces are as interesting on technical grounds as they are for their admirable ornamentation. The solid ground is not obtained by one coloration, but the piece would appear in every case to have been painted a green



NO. 41, BLACK GROUND VASE.

NO. 73, YELLOW GROUND VASE.

NO. 73, BLACK GROUND VASE.

which could claim special attention.\* No. 32 (see page 33) is a splendidly formed trumpet-shaped mouth beaker, decorated with branches of the prunus in purple, with the flowers in a most beautiful red. There are birds and rocks in a rich apple-green colour, and the black ground is of a brilliant lustre. The height of the beaker is 28½ inches, and it is marked with the mystic Yang and Yin. The companion beaker, No. 27, has white flowers with green centres in place of the red. Black ground pieces of early date are of special rarity—in fact, certain manu-

colour wherever green or black was wanted, and then covered where black alone was desired with a brownish black colour, so that, on close examination in a bright light, this black ground will appear of a deep mottled green.† It is further to be remarked that in none of the earlier specimens (*i.e.*, previous to 1736) have the reds, when used in combination with enamel colours, any glaze upon them. This would appear to have been from the fact that the

\* The numbers given are attached to the pieces by the Museum authorities and will not be changed, so that this article may serve as a guide at any time.

† After 1726, first year of the Kien Long, the Chinese had a black which was very intense, and obtained in one enamelling. An examination of a number of specimens leads to this conclusion, and the observations of Père H. Dentrecolles on "Ou Mien" and "Ou King" (dull black and shining black) support this view.



NO. 32, BLACK GROUND BEAKER.

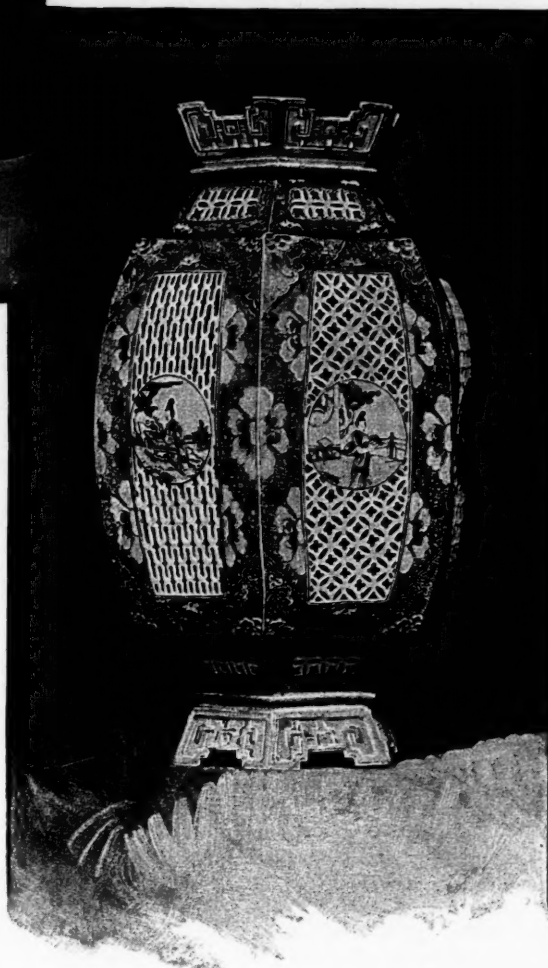
red could not be applied in the same manner as the other colours.\*

Nos. 40 and 42 are two similar square vases, 8 inches in height, the one with the red flowers of the prunus and green birds, the other with yellow flowers; the drawing on these vases is of the finest description, and from whichever view we regard them they are equally satisfactory, for in form, colour, drawing, potting, and rarity, they are nothing short of perfection.

No. 29 has the prunus flower decoration of an unique form. Special attention may be drawn to the potting of this piece, which is most exquisite. This specimen at one time belonged to M. Marquis (of chocolate fame),

\* *Vide* letters of Père H. Dentrecolles. M. Salvétat observes that "Ta Hong," rich red, *i.e.*, those now mentioned, could have had no glazing from their chemical constitution, and had to take their silica from the porcelain, and consequently could only preserve a bright surface when applied in the thinnest manner possible. See also Analyses of M. Itier's collection of Chinese enamels, made at Sèvres.

who originally asked 5,000 francs for it. Negotiations for its purchase lasted some time, and at every fresh attempt to buy it M. Marquis increased his price by 1,000 francs, until the vase finally passed to its present owner at more than three times its original price. It was cheap even then, for it is now priceless. No. 45 is a pretty vase with large flowers in red—the first specimen of the kind that had been sold at auction for many years. It was brought to London from a sale in Paris, and found many detractors, as nothing had been seen like it; but Mr. Valentine Prinsep saw its beauty and unity of design, and from him Mr. Salting ultimately obtained it. Nos. 35 and 36 are a pair of very fine beakers, which are remarkable from the adaptation of the rocks, birds, and flowers to the purposes of the ornament required. No. 41 (see p. 32) is of an exceedingly rare and beautiful type; so far as is



NO. 295, FAMILLE ROSE LANTERN.



known, indeed, it is unique. The diamond-shaped panels are relieved with a deep brownish-yellow ground. The drawing of the various subjects is very fine. The design consists of a stream with paddy birds, the lotus flower, and flowers of the prunus and chrysanthemum. The charming degree of lightness which is given to this piece by the distribution of the colour it is impossible to over-appreciate. It is marked Tching Hoa (1465 to 1488). No. 73 (see p. 32) is a very uncommon example of freeness of effect, particularly when attention is given to the fact that the black is overlaid, and therefore must have been pencilled around the objects depicted on the ground. This vase is of an elegant ovoidal form, and is decorated with flying dragons in every attitude of graceful curve, while the colours employed—blue, green, and others—are of the highest qualities of enamel. In addition to the examples chosen for description, No. 174, a pipe-stand, or narghile, with panels in Famille verte; a small circular incense-burner, No. 195, formerly in the Marquis collection; a pair of square-shaped vases with handles, Nos. 37 and 38; and No. 31, a beaker with dragons, are worth examination. In No. 33 the double coloration to obtain the black is specially observable.

In respect to dated pieces the marks are no exact indication of period, for there was a celebrated maker of porcelain in the sixteenth century who manufactured specimens imitating the antique, for which he was paid as much as £300, and which were in great request at that date. The black ground pieces mentioned can, however, from their structure, be referred without doubt to the dates they carry.

In the next series for examination there would appear to be a remarkable coincidence of decoration, with a similarity of paste in all the pieces, as well as certain details of manufacture. It is not, however, to be otherwise than understood that although all the indications would point to one place and approximate periods of manufacture, yet it is not to support any theory that facts are found to fit it. The theory, if such it be, is built on the facts. First, then, the yellow colour has the character of a semi-gelatinous slip, and as a consequence it is but rarely found otherwise than in varying density of colour, and usually has an iridescent lustre.\* The paste is of a remarkable density, and the pieces are generally made with rather thick bodies, so that, apart from the specific gravity of the clay, which would seem higher than specimens of other manufacture, they look and feel harder and heavier. Quite a large proportion have been baked on some textile fabric to save contact

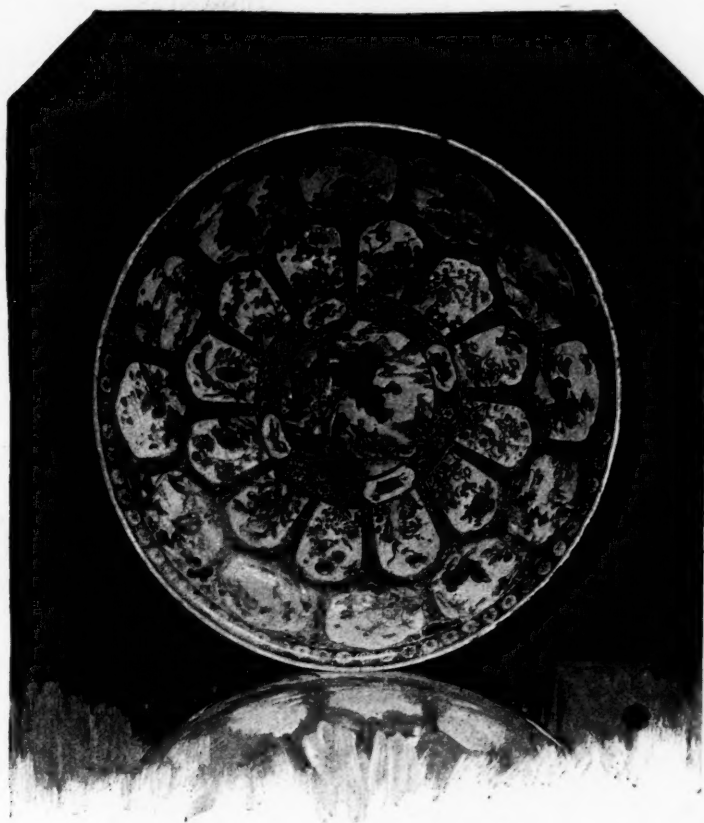
with the furnace. Nos. 73 (see p. 32) and 74, although similar in size and decoration, have different handles, one being of dragons, the other of tree-branches. The drawing is of great delicacy, and includes flowers, birds, and a moonlit landscape with pheasants. No. 72 would appear to have been made as a companion to No. 73, to judge by the handles, but the decoration differs entirely, and is of remarkable rarity, having figures in boats on a river. In No. 75 the predominance of blue is peculiar; it is worth comparing with Nos. 108 and 611, for although dissimilar in form, the class of decoration is alike. It will be seen that the two pastes are totally different, and that in No. 108 the peculiar dry biscuit has been *painted* with the heavy yellow enamel, while No. 611 has a fine, rich, porcellaneous appearance, and the yellow glaze is a comparatively thin slip superposed on the first glazing, being conspicuously of another manufacture than No. 108. In this series Nos. 69 and 276 are amongst the few dated pieces; No. 105 is a very exquisite cylinder-shaped vase, while the square beaker No. 80 is unique (see p. 36). It would be difficult to assign a date to this piece without risking the wrath of the sceptic, but its general appearance in drawing entitles it to a place as a patriarch among porcelain. No. 67 is a much later piece, but in elegance of design and delicacy of execution can hardly be surpassed. The variety of subject, allied to the change of form in the panels, combine to make this a most lovely specimen. Nos. 22, 23, 24, 25, are four superbly decorated figures of mythological personages; the elegant variety of design and colour in the robes of these figures is quite extraordinary, and the faces, though not of our type, are possessed of a certain agreeable dignity. Left out in the cold of non-description, there are necessarily many pieces of this class not less interesting than those mentioned, amongst them being the very exquisite series of stands, Nos. 163, 165, 166, four of these being hexagonal with perforated borders, while 166 (see p. 31) is formed as a leaf with elephant-trunk feet. This specimen is unique.

Having now passed from a classification which was purely arbitrary by the writer, it is possible to examine the more generally known Famille verte. The appellation is perhaps scarcely more accurate, for it certainly covers a great extent of time and a large number of factories; yet it serves well the purpose of a general description, bringing to our mind's eye at once a white ground porcelain of which the prevailing colour in decoration is green. No. 4, illustrated on the opposite page, is the finest plate in the collection; the diversity of pattern, the equable distribution of colour and ornament, the manner in which the apparently fortuitous selection of birds, Kylins flowers, and landscape are blended into an

\* The yellows here alluded to are of a citron tone, and are all painted glazes in the sense that they were certainly applied with the brush. The later yellows vary from orange to canary, are uniform, and were, in single-colour pieces, put on as a slip.

harmonious whole, is truly wonderful. The red of this plate is of exceptional brilliancy and depth, and we are safe in assuming that none of this class were made after 1736; for there is never found any of the ruby or rose-pink reds in these pieces, or reds, in fact, with glaze upon them at all—these being derived from iron or copper. The salts of these minerals do not give the reds obtained from gold, and from all the evidence that can be collected the use of this

bottle-shaped vase with scalloped ornament; on the body is repeated the sign "Cheow," or longevity. No. 110 (see p. 36) is a vase of very elegant form, and specially curious from the scheme of colour, the predominance of blue being used in the outlines, and in broad bands around the panels, on which are represented, with the grace of a Chinese Teniers, views of domestic life and tea cultivation. No. 100 is a beaker with some very charming drawing, notably



NO. 4, FAMILLE VERTE PLATE.

precious metal as a colouring matter for porcelain was unknown in China till the eighteenth century. No. 5 is a grand plate, nineteen inches in diameter, of the same order as the preceding number, and is remarkable for the multiplicity of sacred emblems and the brilliancy of its colour. No. 79 is a fine square vase with raised panels of different forms, on which are horses, &c., again in slight relief. The shape of the vase is unique. Nos. 88 and 89 are a pair of bottles of rare form, the ornamentation of the body consisting of figures of the dog playing with the sacred pearl. A similar design is occasionally found on blue-and-white vases of like form, of which there are fine specimens in the Orrock collection. No. 91 is a magnificent

in respect to a figure of a fisherman; Nos. 60, 70, and 76 are specially worthy of close inspection and study.

The blue-and-white in this collection can with propriety be left out of this article, as it is but recently that this Magazine published two papers on the subject. It may, however, be said that between this and the Orrock collection, now in the possession of the Museum, a complete knowledge of all that is beautiful in the branch of Chinese ceramics may be obtained.

There is now only left the so-called egg-shell china for examination, and of this it may be said with certainty that by far the larger portion was made in the period of the Kien Long, although there

are some few specimens, not perhaps important, of the earlier and rarer periods. The infinite variety of pattern, the exquisite colours of the painting, the elegance of form, and the thinness of the porcelain, show the cumulative knowledge brought to bear on these productions, and place them above praise. Amid such a number of fine specimens it is difficult to select for description. Among them, however, No. 542, showing a lady with her little boys playing, is a most exquisite example of enamelling; No. 547, Poultry, and No. 548, Quails, being equally fine. No. 572 is a practically unique cup and saucer, the *inside* of the cup being of the well-known rose pink. The enamelling on the bowl No. 549 is very beautiful, and the harmony of colour is simply perfect. A pair of globular egg-shell lanterns, No. 289, are remarkable for their large size, and though late, *i.e.*, after 1736, compare not unfavourably with Nos. 291 and 292, a pair of extremely rare Famille verte egg-shell lanterns. No. 293 (see p. 33) is also a lantern, of hexagonal form and of most elegant structure and decoration.

Mr. Salting's predilections have apparently not led him far in the direction of the many beautiful fictile products with multi-colour glazings, nor is his accustomed acumen discernible in his single-colour

pieces, his collection of specimens of this class being unimportant. No. 590, a noble two-handled old turquoise-colour vase, and Nos. 598, 624, 627, 629, and 111 are the only pieces which call for special notice; description of them is almost impossible, as their beauty is in the various shades of surface colour—not one piece of the well-known mustard yellow or coral colour is here, and it is in this class alone that the collection is weak.

Finally, after the cursory glance through this collection, special attention should be paid to No. 117, which is the only specimen in the collection of the renowned *peau d'orange*, and of which an illustration is here given, as well as to No. 59, dated 1488, which is the only large specimen with a green ground known to the writer, and which for splendour of colour and elegance of form is unequalled. It is to be hoped that such an exhibition as this, together with the specimens already in the museum, may lead to a more careful study of the keramic arts of China and to such improvement in the popular taste that the purchase of cheap, bad modern things, imported by the ton and sold to satisfy a morbid craving for following the fashion, may at length be ended.



NO. 110, FAMILLE VERTE VASE.

NO. 80, YELLOW GROUND BEAKER.

NO. 117, PEAU D'ORANGE.





MEMORIES.

(From the Pastel by Fernand Khnopff.)

## FERNAND KHNOPFF.

By WALTER SHAW-SPARROW.

**M** FERNAND KHNOPFF was born at Grembergen, a hamlet in West Flanders, on the 12th day of September, 1858. Grembergen lies near to Termonde—a picturesque little market town of historic interest. It was here, in fact, in 1566 that William I. of Orange met Lewis of Nassau, and the Counts Egmont and Hoorn, to talk over a policy which might overcome the tyranny of Philip II. Near at hand the river Scheldt flows past with oily smoothness. Even in its rage it is slily treacherous, and in its calm it purrs like a tiger-cat. Such a river as this would fascinate a dreamy child; for here the quaint Dutch craft push the unctuous waters aside with stunted prows, the rich parti-coloured sails swelling with the wind, or beating in monotonous rhythm against the masts: and here, all day long, the mists lie low over the waters—sometimes like a heavy pall, and sometimes like thin floss of Oriental silks, so light that the webbed threads float in the sun.

When six years old he was taken to Bruges. The memories of the five years he remained there hang so fondly round his heart that he has never been willing to try them with the acquaintance of

to-day. They have become too much a part of himself to risk a very probable disenchantment; but every now and again, in some mediæval picture, he finds an echo, in sentiment and architecture, of his early impressions. To the sensitive mind of the lad there was a world of mysterious thought in all the quiet streets and weather-beaten houses, in the melodious carillon from the belfry, in the twilight mournfulness of the churches, so rich in pictures and wood-carving, recalling a period when religion—in spite of her sinful persecutions—supported the artist and ennobled his inspirations. And to-day, in spite of the separate charities of a hundred modified creeds, art discovers to us the human law that humanity is to be won to truth, and not driven to it by the flash of the never-ending fire. It was the scorning of this truth which lit the *auto-da-fé*, and fed the clouds with a sacrifice of piteous sorrows.

These were a few of the boy's thoughts; for Bruges was a haunted treasure-store to him, and her history the wildest fairy pageant.

As the name may suggest, Fernand Khnopff is not of Flemish origin. His ancestors, indeed, were Austrian, hailing from Vienna. One of them, in the

reign of Charles V., went with the Court to Madrid, in the quality of *tapissero mayor*, and became ennobled. We find the Khnopffs at Brussels in the reign of the Archduke Albert and the Archduchess Isabella.

The school-days of Fernand Khnopff were very like the school-days of other painters—of those who had schooling—for he yearned to paint, and the yearning was stimulated by stories of every artist who lived or is yet living. Sometimes he talked of his hopes, but his father shook his head, having other plans for his future. Then began the grinding work necessary to pass the law examinations, and the university itself offered an interesting study of manners in an uncongenial life. The examinations were passed when he was nineteen, and then, at last, with every encouragement from his father, he began to follow the classes at the Brussels Academy.

There were few university men here, and little learning, for the system of taking talented boys from the plough and workshop, to send directly to the Academy, with an adequate subsidy to pay their way, is not very likely to raise the intellectual standard of a nation's art. Yet it is a wholesome school, strong in style and method of drawing—coarse, perhaps, like the national temperament, and as limited in aspirations as the person of a *carabinier*; but, taking all things into account, it is an excellent place to learn to draw and to use the brush.

It did not, however, agree with Fernand Khnopff. His thoughts were too formed and personal to submit *in toto* to a system of study which, like the bed of Procrustes, was ordered to suit all lengths. And I imagine there was some tension between him and the professors. "*La belle pâte flamande*" did not impress him at all. He could not for the life of him believe that because a canvas is heavy to carry we have an undoubted sign and symbol of merit—because a traditional quality, "*la belle pâte*," is respected even to weight *avoidupois*. During this period he turned to M. Mellery, a draughtsman of

rare delicacy and observation, with a touch of cold idealism, and the young student found in him a friend whose criticisms are still affectionately followed.

On leaving the Academy he went to Paris, where he worked for six months under Jules Lefebvre. He then returned to Brussels, resolved to follow the bent of his talent and await his time. Happily for him, his father's advice was not, "Put money in

thy purse!"—the usual cry of the parent, which forces so many young painters to pot-boil directly the academic courses are finished.

How many begin the race thus weighted—dash ahead, struggle, falter, and fall? Or rather, how many do not? A few. It is universally recognised that a barrister must wait for his brief and a doctor for his practice, but a young painter?—why, "let him pot-boil!" But does he put money in his purse?

Under the most favourable conditions there's a hard fight, for critics often seem afraid to speak well of the first efforts of a genius. Genius, we know, is so rare, and a critic may lose his reputation by being hasty.

So the hardy penman tries first to clip the new eagle's wings. If this should fail, to damn with faint praise is his first concession; after a while, to see more in the artist's work than the artist himself; and having achieved this *tour de force*, he tells everyone he made "Young So-and-So." Fernand Khnopff has gone through all this with a still greater war with the public. For the connoisseurs were offended that he should speak to them in an unknown language, which, surely, was as rude as for two friends to speak French before people who do not understand it. They felt the painter's want of manners very keenly. After a while, however, a few beautiful portraits of children set a few aristocratic hearts agog with pleasure and pride, and people began to find an increase of self-importance in estimating the merit of his last picture.

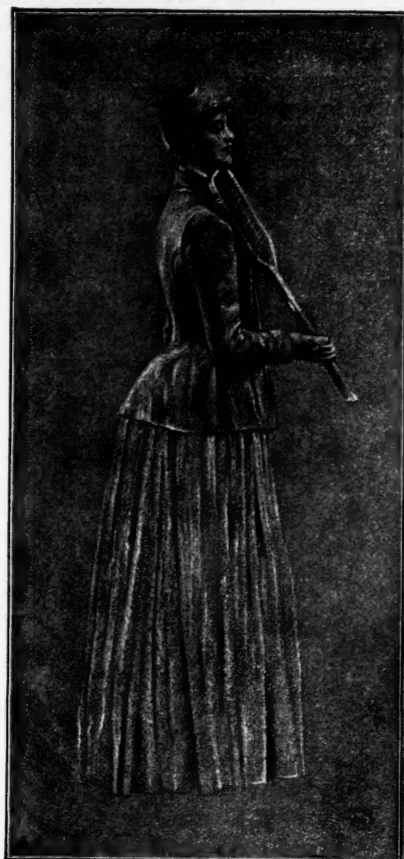
The progress of a great artist is not unlike the charge of a fire-engine through a crowded London



FERNAND KHNOPFF.

(From a Pencil Drawing by Himself.)

street. It surely cannot advance! but all obstacles move aside—a sudden hush—it passes—the street



STUDY FOR "MEMORIES."

(By Fernand Khnopff.)

becomes as before, and the light of the frantic thing is away on ahead! And a hum of admiration follows.

The art of Fernand Khnopff shows us the power of a searching intellect over the haphazard effects of the modern Belgian school. Thought to him is as necessary to art as metre is to poetry; and thought with him is mystical and symbolical. His method of painting is governed by the effect he intends to produce. In studying his pictures, one is entirely puzzled to guess his processes, which convince without revealing themselves. Watching him at work, one is struck by the absence of that parade of adroitness which, like the skill of the musical virtuoso, dazzles but rarely satisfies. There is none

of that walking back to see the effect of a dexterous pat, while the body is thrown into a position of unconscious admiration. He rarely moves: too much is to be done, to be thought of; too much has yet to be learnt. Sharp, minute touches of the brush follow very slowly with grave inquietude. He paints as the ancient sculptors chiselled in stone those tiny, erratic-looking cabalistic signs. Each anxious touch must be a thought, a conviction; and all the time there is a painful anxiety written in every line of the face, while the searching look tells of the grappling nature of the mind, and of its determination to follow its promptings, cost what it may in time and tenacity of will. It is a deep philosophic method of work, without any wild impulses or daring conjuring of colours, such as your passionate colourists glory in. His mind works with the decision of a Kant: without hesitation, with incessant prudence. Thus the character of



PORTRAIT OF MY SISTER.

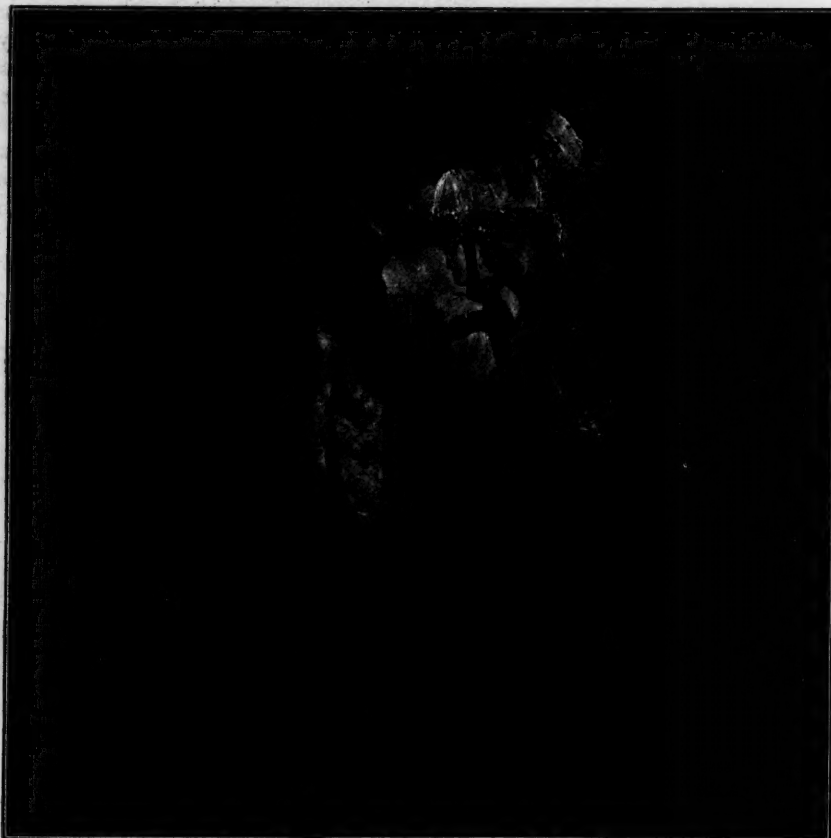
(From the Pastel by Fernand Khnopff.)

his drawing becomes close, dignified, extremely delicate, and wonderfully accurate and cherished.



His colour is modulated in a low key of greys and pearls, harmoniously pleasing, but offensive to those who revel in the voluptuous *pâte* of the school of Rubens. Fernand Khnopff has formed his own school; there is nothing Belgian in his work, either in tone of thought or in tone of colour; as he stands apart, so must he be judged alone.

carrying on the principles of Lepage he avoids the horny detachment of the figure from the landscape. The outlines of Lepage were never atmospheric; there was no relation between the figures and the surrounding objects. They appeared cut out from the landscape, not a part of it in unity of effect. They tyrannised over the minor parts of the com-



TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY.

(From the Picture by Fernand Khnopff.)

His method is a logical outcome of his personality. From the very beginning we find no hesitation in this; but it was some time before he found his subjects. But in 1881 he struck the right chord, and "The Crisis" was exhibited at the Brussels Salon. A man with the sorrow of sin for his companion on a desolate plain; grey mournful rocks for a background, and a dull grey sky beyond. The head is delicately formed; the expression overwhelmingly wistful and anguished. The first agony of conscience has passed; the hollow mockeries of its torments remain; and the spirit falters like the steps of the sinner. In this early picture we find many of the best qualities of his outdoor work. In

position, like the violin De Quinsey complains of in the modern orchestra. By avoiding this, the figure in "The Crisis" seems to bathe in the landscape, is a part of its mournfulness, and the tragedy of his emotions is not intruded upon the critic.

In 1883 he made a decided stride—"Listening to Schumann," a picture which avoided the prettiness of the English *genre* painter, the demi-mondism of the Belgian; while it impressed everyone by its severity and great distinction. The lady who listens lives in the music. How vividly the nature of the music is written in her attitude!—such utter restlessness of emotion; such yearning; such a weight of withering discontent—discontent for everything

that is and may be! The surroundings are an everyday apartment, rich, not gaudy, a thick soft carpet to muffle the footfalls, and a grey daylight is over all. The furniture is wonderfully painted, the relations kept with truth and charm—nothing scamped or unstudied or uninteresting. "Recollect," said Mellery, "that a chair may live if the painter has the breath to puff into it!"

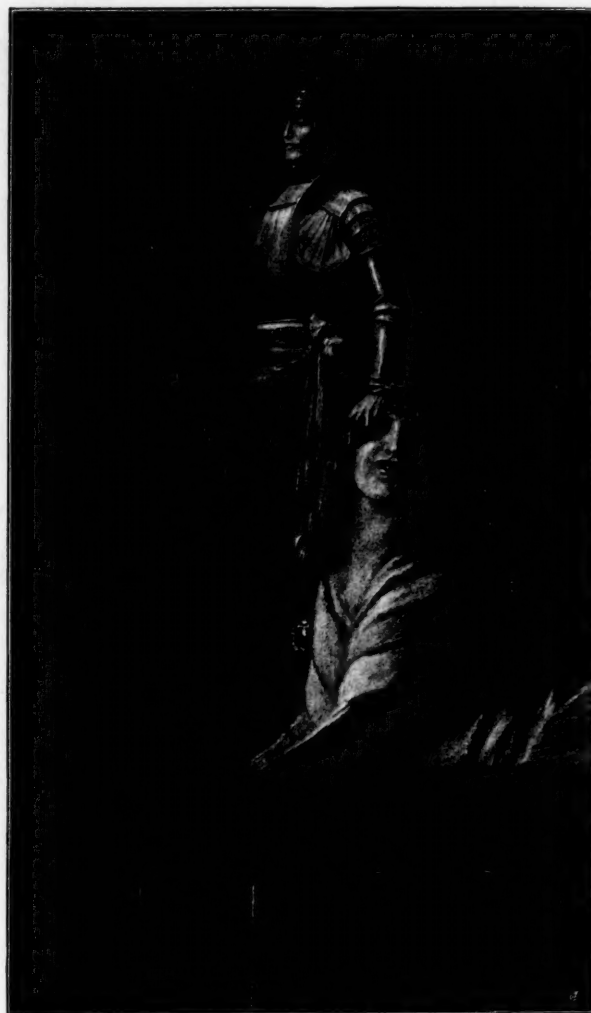
Before going further, let us look at the artist himself. To the outside world, viewing his work in a casual way, at the "private views" of pretty faces and tasteful dresses, he will appear as an eccentricity. One lady called him a "purveyor of mystic novelties," for there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so. She thought of him as a person who appeared—

"With dank and dubious collars,  
And sad superfluous hair!"

Great was her disappointment when she found him a man of fashion, with the air and graceful reserve of a diplomatist, and that power of appearing to listen while the thoughts are far away. He is considerably above the middle height, and very English in carriage. His face is a striking one: ascetic, tenacious, and powerful, and somewhat haunted by the shadow of another age. But the eyes predominate with their piercing light and changes of expression. They observe everything; nothing escapes them.

He passes the summer months in the Ardennes, painting from nature, and it is to be hoped he will continue to do so. Thoughts, sometimes, must come down from the high mountains to the level of the sea—play a bit like children, and mount again. He prefers the severity of the upper plains, covered with yellow furze and purple heather, the long reaches of moorlands, dipping and bending in solemn lines, to the fresh verdure and noisy streams of the valleys. Very charming are his small landscapes, with their delicate harmonies of grey-greens and purples, and their breeziness of air. There is no attempt to please by prettiness; the great charm is their unostentatious truth. Many people would pass them by; they are not human enough, perhaps, to arrest immediate attention, for they never harm the qualities of the humblest neighbour, with the clamorous appealing of their own. But those who study these little pictures will be rewarded for their pains.

In his portraiture we find the characters of his sitters. This, indeed, is a dangerous thing to do. It is the duty of art and literature to lie; such lying pleases the vanity and is therefore moral. But an artist with the style of Fernand Khnopff may be veracious without discovery. The hidden tale of



THE MEETING OF ANIMALISM AND AN ANGEL.

(From the Picture by Fernand Khnopff.)

character is lost to the multitude in the astonishing truth of the entire composition; for Fernand Khnopff is averse to conventional backgrounds and theatrical attitudes. He paints everything he sees, how complicated soever it may be. A musician cannot shrink from difficulties, being the interpreter of another man's genius; but an artist nearly always scamps the difficulties of nature; greens become russet browns; when the flesh tones become

dirty, a background like tar puts them to rights, and so on.

His portraits of children have a bewitching interest, so fresh are they with the charm of childhood; and yet, on examination, there is a sad suggestion of what they may become—a half-thought of the mingling of other instincts with their debonair innocence. Did not the ancient sculptors scatter symbols of death in their bas-relief of whirling dancers?

It would be interesting to inquire into the causes which drive painters to symbolism, "that immense algebra, but the key of it is lost." Is it the effect of early education and of peculiar surroundings upon a disposition abnormally sensitive and precocious? Is it the natural rebound from the vivisection of naturalism, the desire to see truth truly, but without her magnified ulcers? Both, without doubt, foster an in-born tendency to mysticism. Early education is the father both of boy and man. And we cannot sever ourselves from the memories of early years, from the doubts or the cruelties, from the fears or superstitions, from the face of nature, whose smiles or frowns we first looked upon. Like birth-marks, these recollections and impressions grow with us—sometimes hidden, often shown in disfigurements, always there.

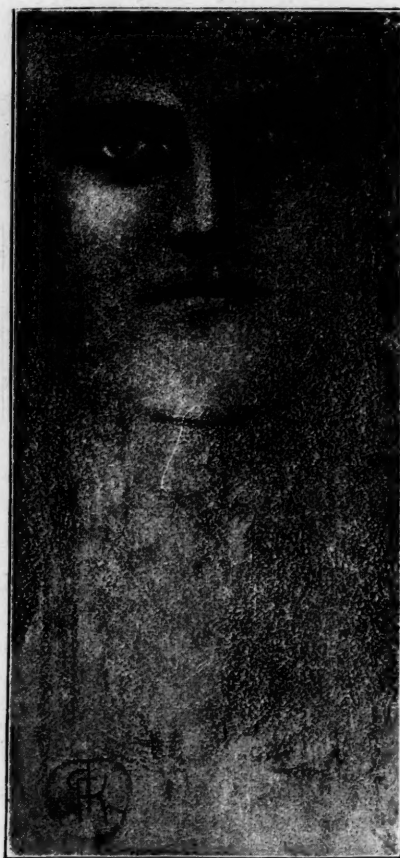
Bruges has much to do with the art of Fernand Khnopff; and its symbolism is even more subtle and refined than that of Moreau. There is absolutely nothing in it either gross or feeble, nothing to startle even a timid thinker into a fever of wounded morality. Fernand Khnopff is too Miltonic and dignified to appeal to the senses; his art exercises the brain. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Whistler has found his work a source of inspiration. And it is precisely in this power upon observant minds that we must look for the influence of his imaginative compositions; but I doubt if they will ever please the million. For his art, in very truth, is an art for artists and thinkers, for those who

delight in the problems of human nature, with their attendant corollaries of thought.

Lately three of his drawings were seen at the

Hanover Gallery; a large pastel, "Memories;" a drawing in chalk, "The Dead City;" and a small illustration in pastel for "Le Vice Suprême" of Joséphin Péladan.

In this illustration we see symbolised the decay of the Latin races. The dying Church is shown to us in the body of a creature, half lion, half sphinx; its paws lie flat and softly on a rock—the rock of truth, chiselled with cabalistic characters. There is power and dignity in the outstretched body, for the rock is large, and the guardian of it would gladly cover it all, and protect it from any rivals with the sharp claws which are nearly hidden in the sleek tawny skin. But the face of the sphinx is "shadowy, shrunk, and weak," petrified into a look of impenetrable weariness; and the eyes are sightless. In front, reared up upon a massive pillar, firm enough to resist any shock, and engraved with a figure of Death playing a lyre, is a white statuette of Venus.



STUDY FOR "THE SPHINX."

(From the Drawing by Fernand Khnopff.)

She dazzles one, for the sky beyond is very dark. While she shrinks with maidenly prudence from sight, her face challenges the eyes of all, and covets the longing of all. There is a triumphant gleam in her cruel eyes, a disdainful leer about the mouth. Her victories are so easy, she can afford to despise and hate. Yet she wishes to please and fascinate, for the brownish hair is changing, is nearly changed, into an aureole of waving gold! In a corner, and almost lost to sight, is a tiny statuette of a primitive Virgin Mary, and her aureole is very dim. The virginity has fallen: Venus predominates with a sensuous triumph; and the body of the Church remains, but where is the spirit of it—in the tomb of that sightless head? Where?

The large pastel reproduced on p. 37 is a charming group of tennis players. The game is over. The sun has set. After the heat of the day there



comes a hush, an hour of dreaminess, while the twilight melts into moonlight. And the girls are dreaming in the stillness, busy with their memories.

In turning to the illustrations, I believe "The Meeting of Animalism and an Angel" tells its own story so plainly that a word-painting would neither add to its pathetic dignity nor please the taste of an intellectual reader (p. 41). Such a picture must reveal its own secrets, without the interference of words, like the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven. Perhaps the angel's head is a little too small.

"St. Anthony"—everyone has read the temptation as described in Flaubert's story. The painter has suggested the childish nature of the Queen in the pout of the lips—like that of a wayward child—and her perverseness in the fixed promise of her look. She appears to him in a voluptuous light, which has borrowed its colours from molten gold and silver and melted precious stones (p. 40).

"Veux-tu le bouclier de Dgran-ben-Dgran, celui qui a bâti les Pyramides? le voilà! . . . J'ai des trésors enfermés dans les galeries où l'on se perd comme dans un bois. J'ai des palais d'été au treillage de roseaux et des palais d'hiver en marbre noir. . . . Oh! si tu voulais!"

Finding her beauty cannot vanquish his purity by appealing to his manhood, she tempts him, as men do women, with promises of luxurious comforts. The drama is seen in the expression of the two faces. Close as they are, an eternity separates them.

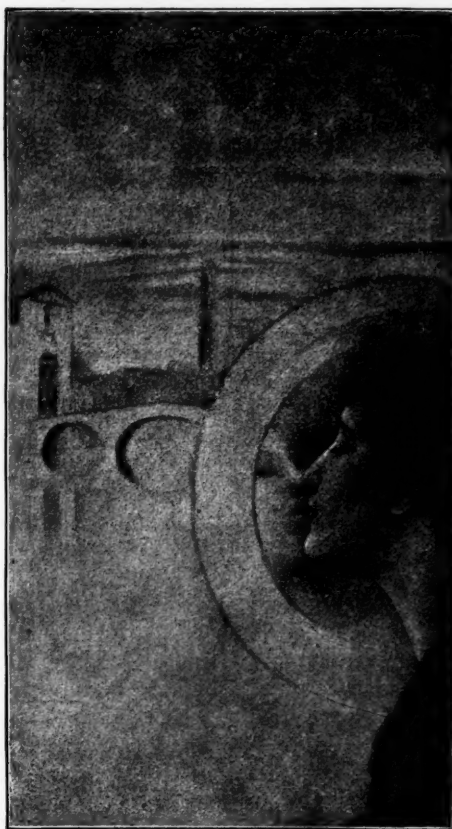
A study for "The Sphinx" is reproduced on the opposite page. What is this face? An enigma—a mystery—a sphinx riddle—the heart of womankind!—fascinating us away off like a distant horizon; repelling us on drawing closer in thought; tempting us, half cruelly, half spiritually. The complexity of expressions haunt us, and fascinate us, with an almost hypnotic power.

More I need not say of Fernand Khnopff for the present. His life as a recognised artist in a high domain of art has only begun. The third-class medal which the Universal Exhibition of Paris gave him last year proves that his small pictures are acknowledged in a city where young painters are noticed by the size of their canvases, by the prodigality of numerous square feet for the exercises of little thoughts. But those who follow his work with any interest will take advantage of the opportunity of seeing the extensive exhibition of his pictures at the Hanover Gallery. Two years ago he held one in Paris, and there is little doubt that the London public will agree with the favourable reception the

Parisians gave his very delicate and thoughtful art. The extreme delicacy of his colouring has made it difficult to provide illustrations; for the subtle values of his best pictures defied the photographer.

I hope that this exhibition will draw more attention to the psychological nature of Khnopff's art. For me to do so now, however, would be dropping words in the air; for we never fully understand or appreciate the comments upon a subject until we have seen or studied that subject, and felt for ourselves. Then comes the pleasure of comparing our own impressions with the impressions which others have received. Hence, it would be folly to draw a comparison between Fernand Khnopff and Gustave Moreau, useful as such a comparison would be, until both painters are really known to the English public.

Furthermore, much may yet be written by drawing a parallel between Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Khnopff. It would, indeed, be most interesting to show where their art meets and where it separates—to contrast the luxuriant effeminacy of Rossetti, and that strange nerveless power of Burne-Jones, with the closely-knit strength of Fernand Khnopff.



"WEeping FOR OTHER DAYS."

(Drawn by Fernand Khnopff for a Poem by Le Roy.)



THE KUM KAPOU (SAND GATE).

(Drawn by Tristram Ellis. Engraved by C. Carter.)

## THE WALLS OF STAMBOUL.

By TRISTRAM ELLIS.

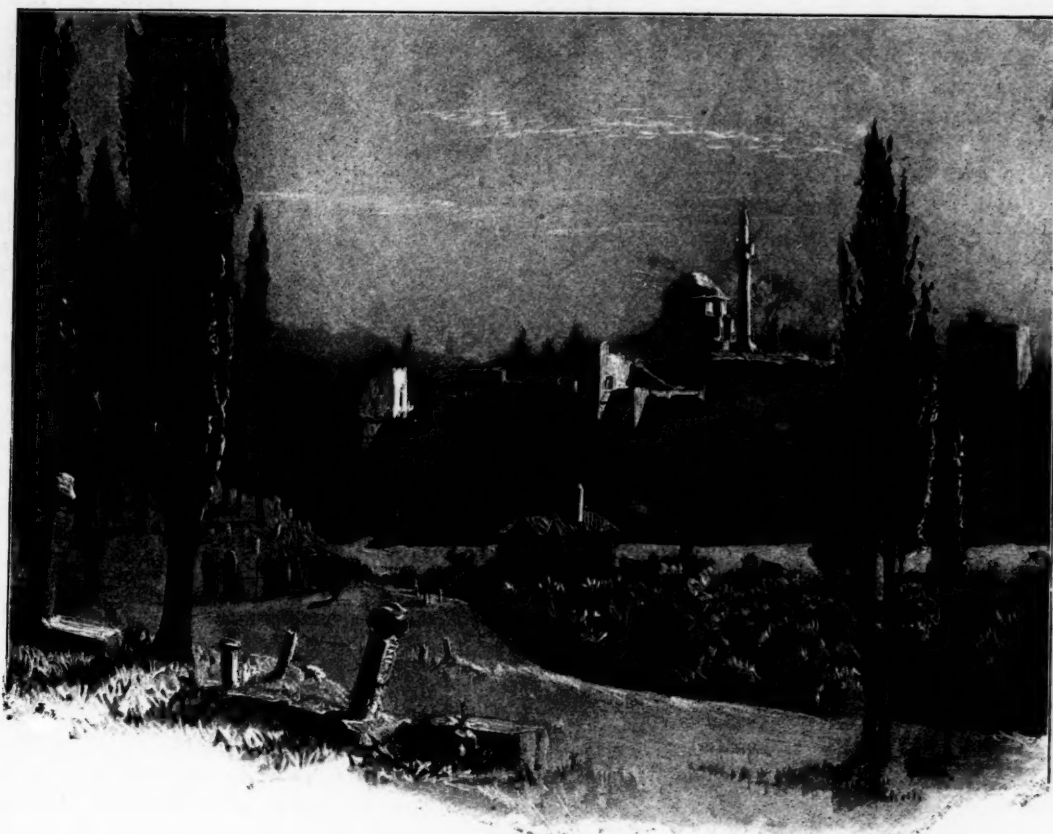
CONSTANTINOPLE, though built like the parent city on seven hills, lies so low on the mainland that it is not till the great steamer is within twenty miles of the town that the dome and minarets of St. Sophia come well into view. An hour later and the whole extent of the city opens up. The red-tiled roofs of the houses are broken in their mass by the leaden cupolas of countless mosques that sometimes flash silver bright in the dazzling eastern sun, and patches of green—walnut or sycamore—peep out from the cool courtyards of the palaces. The wooden-built houses are mostly dingy grey, but the fronts have sometimes to be painted to keep out the weather, and then the local love of colour asserts itself in squares of brilliant red. From every part of the city rise the taper minarets, some pale stone colour, some of the purest white marble, but all light and delicate in their structure; and in the foreground, stretching along the whole frontage to the Sea of Marmora, the grey walls still protect the old

city, very massive but in some parts ruinous. The monotony of them is broken here and there by square-towered bastions, some still formidable with their crenulated parapets and some hopelessly mutilated.

These walls extend along the coast eastward to Serai Point, where the incoming vessel rounds into the Golden Horn, when they gradually become less prominent. In some places the earth has silted up; in others houses have been built. In one place a whole street skirts the walls and obliterates the view of it from the port, but just where the Golden Horn ends they reappear, and turning inland to the left and then striking south, form the boundary of the city on the land side. Across the Golden Horn is the town of Galata, very old, rather poverty-stricken, but rich in mural remains; and beyond Galata the suburb of Pera. This is more modern, being the quarter chiefly patronised by the European population. Strictly speaking, Constantinople includes these adjoining towns, but for the purposes

of this paper the original city shall alone be considered. The early Constantinople was built on a narrow tongue of land, washed on the south by the Sea of Marmora and on the north by the waters of the Golden Horn. It was founded by the Emperor Constantine in the fourth century, to

Even that old city was famous for its walls. They were built—says Dion, the historian, writing in the first century—of massive square stones clamped with iron bolts, and fitted together so well that the whole wall appeared to be one block. On looking at the plan on page 46 it will be seen



THE MOSLEM CEMETERY OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(Drawn by Tristram Ellis.)

restore the glories of his outworn capital on the Tiber and to become the centre of a great Eastern empire. But the site chosen had already been occupied by a city of renown—the Byzantium of classic days, so closely allied with the history of Philip of Macedon, and a curious legend of his attack upon the town connects a campaign fought in the third century B.C. with the present symbol of the city. A midnight assault had been planned, but the inhabitants were warned of their danger by a light which appeared in the heavens. The grateful townspeople thereupon built a temple to Diana, and adopted as the arms of their city that crescent which for more than two thousand years has been the emblem of the place.

that the promontory on which Stamboul is built is shaped rather like an inverted vulture's bill, the tip of which is known as Serai Point. The grounds and gardens of the Seraglio occupy much of the site of the old Byzantium, and it is at this point that the great walls of Stamboul practically commence. If we except those of Antioch and Aleppo, they are probably the most perfect fortifications in the world, though a patriotic Chinaman would no doubt add his country's bulwark to the list of exceptions. This portion of them was commenced by Constantine himself fifteen hundred years ago. It is built very close to the water's edge, in some places resting on the solid rock, where it rises a few feet out of the sea. This is the oldest part.





were these old marbles, and so little respect was shown for them, that the workmen inserted broken shafts as borders in the lower courses of the wall; and to this day you can see the circular sections, like drumheads of white marble, diversifying the yellow surface of the facing stones. In some cases the columns actually protrude from the wall, like guns from a stone fort. A small harbour has been built opposite this point, which shelters the fishing boats from the fury of the southern winds. For more than half a mile past this point the fortifications have

been demolished, or act only as the retaining wall of the railway, which here runs in full view of the sea; but immediately after this gap they are in very perfect preservation, and so they continue without any serious break right up to Yedi Kouli. There, as a reference to

the plan will show, the town ends and the wall turns inland. The sketch on the opposite page, taken near Psamatia Kapousi, will give a fair idea of the form of the fortifications. The wall, which rises to a height of about 25 feet, is crenulated and protected at intervals by square-towered bastions 35 or 40 feet high. A parapet supported by heavy stone cantilevers completes the summit of the tower.

When Yedi Kouli is reached, the sea wall of Constantinople has practically come to an end, and at this point the fortifications are of considerable strength. Yedi Kouli means the Seven Towers, but the number is not necessarily exact. The peoples of the East delight in figurative language, and *yedi*, or seven, is a favourite metaphor with the Turks for abundance. The group of buildings shows still one octagonal and three very large round towers, besides the usual bastions on the side that faces the moat. Indeed, this was a point not merely of great

strength, but intimately connected with the history and the triumphs of the empire. Here was the famous Golden Gate by which victorious generals entered the town with triumph—the Sultans continuing in degenerate days the pomp and splendours which dated from heroic times. The Golden Gate remains a familiar phrase in the history of Constantinople, but the traveller who seeks here for the relics of past magnificence will be puzzled or disappointed.

Few barbarous races have equalled the Turks in rapacity, and few old cities have been so mercilessly

pillaged as Constantinople. Constantine alone is said to have expended £2,500,000 on the construction and decoration of this part of the capital, and the four bronze horses of San Marco at Venice are probably the only relics left intact of the great works of art

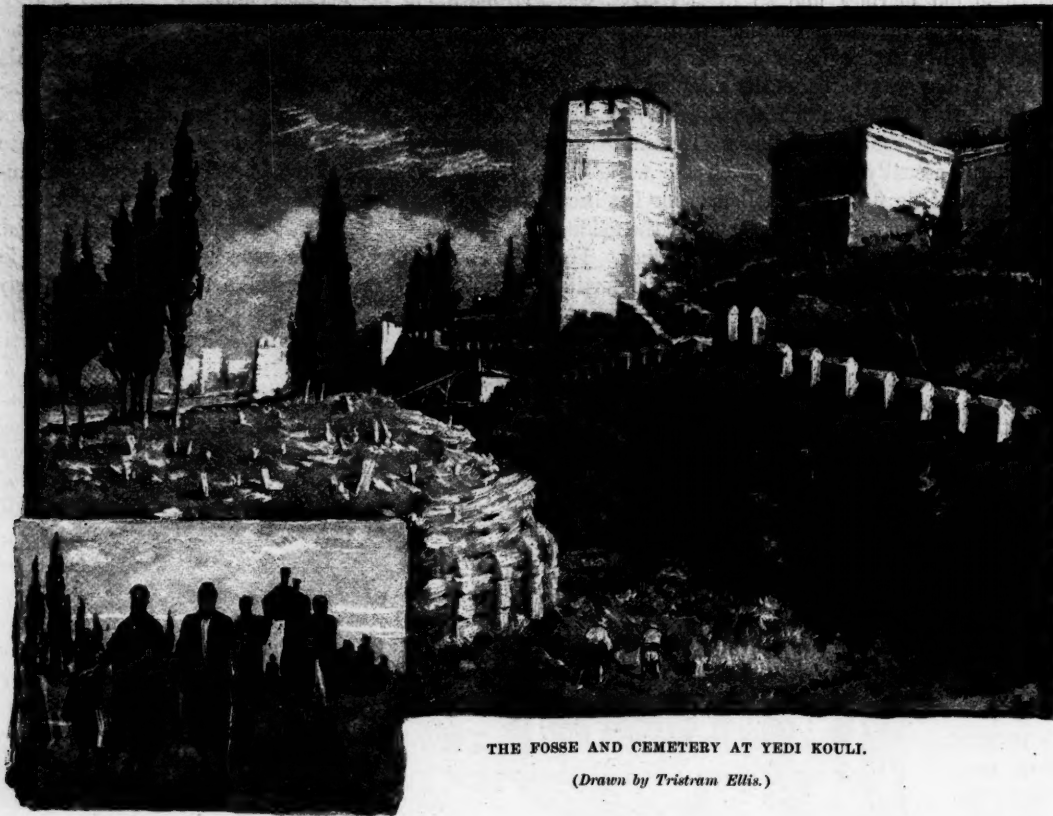


EGRI KAPOUSI (CROOKED GATE).

(Sketched by Tristram Ellis.)

that were once the glory of the city. As to the "Golden Gate," guides and guide books do indeed point it out. According to them, it is the small arch seen to the right in the illustration on page 49, but the poorness of the structure and the tawdriness of the colours, already fading off the walls, make it difficult to believe that this was the famous gateway of Theodosius. Evidently of late date and of Turkish workmanship, this mean approach could never have attained the dignity of triumphal associations. The site, however, is well authenticated. It is more than likely that the two square bastions shown to the extreme right of my sketch were the foundations of some great structure since overthrown. They are faced with marble, and a large gateway still traceable between them, but now built up, probably held the uprights of the Golden Gate itself.

These Seven Towers—like other old fortresses—hold within their walls grim records of the past.



THE FOSSE AND CEMETERY AT YEDI KOULI.

(Drawn by Tristram Ellis.)

A MOSLEM FUNERAL.

The Turks had a practice when war broke out of imprisoning the unfortunate ambassador of the belligerent country, and the prisons with inscriptions on the walls, some in French, some in Latin, some in Italian, may still be seen. But these towers held still more dignified captives, for Yedi Kouli was the state prison for dethroned Sultans. These rulers had not always a happy lot. The Janissaries—the most remarkable body of soldiers ever known—were not very steady in their allegiance. From time to time they would turn their camp kettles upside down (the signal of revolt), and soon afterwards there would be a new tenant of the throne and a new guest in Yedi Kouli. Seven of their Sultans were “bowstrung” within these walls, and taken altogether it is a rather gruesome spot.

Turning inland just past this Gate of the Seven Towers, the whole character of the wall changes. It has now lost the defence of the sea, and is accordingly built much stronger in double line, bastioned and towered, and supported by a third line of wall—not indeed so strong, but itself amply protected by a fosse some 30 feet across and about 20 feet deep. This, however, is now tilled, and the city is largely

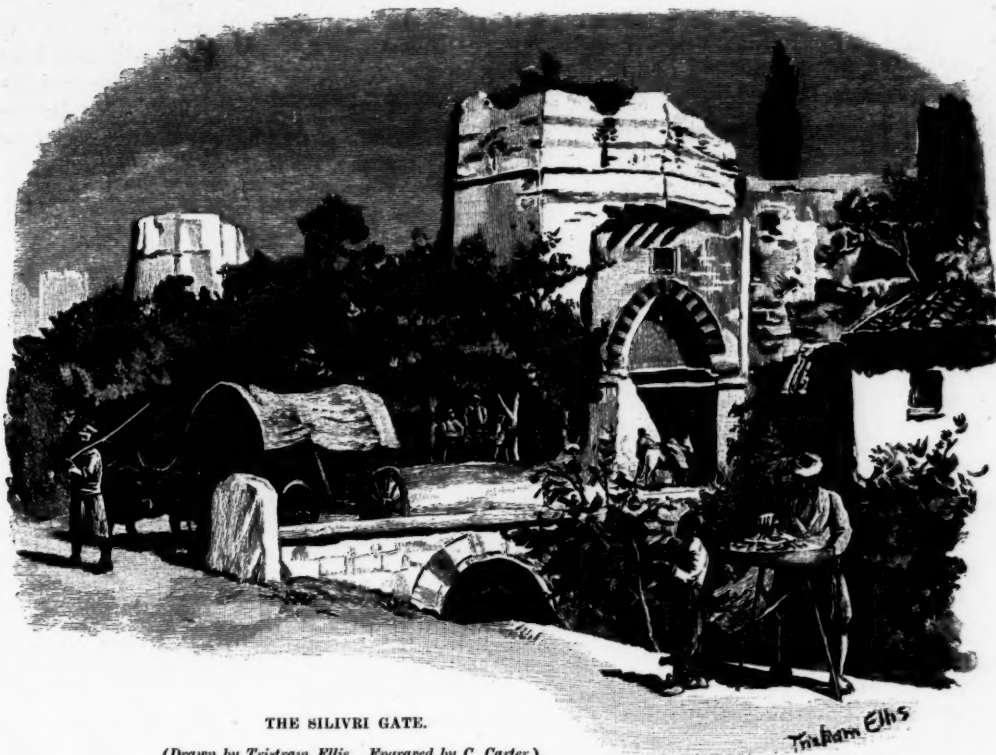
supplied with cabbages grown under the shadow of the walls. Beyond this ditch are ranged the great cemeteries of Stamboul which stretch in a continuous belt all the way from Yedi Kouli by the sea to Eyoub on the Golden Horn, a distance of five miles. The graves are entirely those of the Turkish population, and the cypress trees with which the cemeteries are planted attain a quite unusual size and luxuriance of foliage. The landscape all around is beautiful and impressive. A solemn silence seems to hold the whole district. Beyond the gardens across the walls the never-ending din of a closely peopled Eastern city is rising with shrill tumult of sound, but here nothing is heard save the tinkling of the camel bells. Nowhere in Constantinople itself do you hear them, for in the city carriages and tramways have gradually supplemented the familiar mode of Eastern traffic. But outside the walls, especially at the approaches to the gates, long lines of loaded camels may be met, carrying to the town country produce of all kinds.

After leaving the Yedi Kouli Gate the road beyond the wall passes through a grove of cypresses up to the Silivri Kapousi, and there meets the roadway leading straight to Solymbria. The large square blocks of stones with which this thoroughfare



is paved were laid in the time of Justinian. The gate itself is poor in structure, though picturesque from its surrounding verdure. Evidently from the action of earthquakes the walls all along this district are more or less ruined, till we come to the next entry into the town, Top Kapousi, or the Cannon Gate, where they remain in an almost perfect state of preservation. The towers along the inner wall are very frequent: originally there were two hundred of them at intervals on the five-mile belt from the sea to the Golden Horn, and of these about two-thirds are now standing. Still following this northern line we next reach the Crooked Gate—Egri Kapousi—by which Justinian made his triumphal entry into the town, and opposite to which is the Greek Cemetery. The wall here takes a sudden curve outward, and is carried up to a much greater height, the fortifying towers being more frequent, while the ground

the Waring Guard, whose special province was to keep watch and defend the Egri Kapousi, had their quarters. They were bands of dare-devil warriors, known to be foremost in loot as well as in fray, and reputed to be largely composed of discontented fugitives from England. Beyond the walls, almost up to the inlet of the Golden Horn, the cemetery that skirts the town is continued, and in which funerals may be seen all through the day—the processions headed by blind beggars who chant in a sing-song voice the solemn verses of the Koran. Their grief is too mechanical to be even picturesque, though the payment in *metaliques* or “coppers” shows that this kind of mercenary woe can scarcely be profitable. Far away upon the heights may be seen the great tower of Galata, built by the Genoese to defend the town, which it seems still to watch over and dominate, though the garrison now consists of the firemen of the city. The Golden Horn lies



THE SILIVRI GATE.

(Drawn by Tristram Ellis. Engraved by C. Carter.)

descends rapidly, and the landscape becomes very picturesque.

The site of the Church of St. Nicolas and St. Augustine of Canterbury is soon reached, dating to the twelfth century, and interesting to Englishmen both from its name and from its associations. Here

beneath, but is concealed by the houses, and beyond Galata is the Bosphorus with its wooded banks studded with marble palaces down to the water's edge, while the shipping of all the countries in the world passes through the waterway that separates one continent from another.

## THE CHEMISTRY OF PAINTS AND PAINTING.

By EDWIN BALE, R.I.



THE discussion on the effect of light on water-colours, which lately made so great a stir, proved one thing very certainly: that few of the disputants had any scientific basis for their arguments, and not one of them—except perhaps Professor Church—had conducted the necessary experiments with the patience and care necessary to a scientific knowledge. And the curious point about the dispute was the absolute lack of any authority which could be appealed to. There was hardly any literature on the chemistry of colours. The few handbooks which from time to time have been published were quite unreliable, and not until the issue of the Government Blue Book containing the report of Dr. Russell and Captain Abney on their inquiry into the stability of water-colours, and the publication of Professor Church's *magnum opus*, "The Chemistry of Paints and Painting,"\* has there been any authoritative pronouncement on this important subject in any European language.

In the course of the Government inquiry the interesting fact was established that damp was the great enemy of water-colours—an enemy much more to be dreaded than light, which was supposed by Sir J. C. Robinson to be the arch-fiend. If any method could be found of sealing up water-colour drawings in their frames so as to exclude air of any kind they would be imperishable. But such a method has yet to be discovered, and meanwhile collectors need be much more careful as to the action of damp than to the action of light. Damp is the enemy of the oil painter also. It gets at his canvas and rots it, or it causes it to stretch unequally, and rends and cracks the paint upon its surface. The oil painter can, however, defeat its attack much more easily than the painter in water-colours: he can paint the back of his canvas with white-lead and starch paste, or one of the other preparations mentioned by Professor Church, and his picture will be safe.

In the matter of vehicles the water-colourist is much better off than his brother. Distilled water and rain-water are quite innocuous as vehicles, and are liable to no trade tricks, but a large part of the section on vehicles and varnishes in Professor Church's book is devoted to tests for detecting adulteration or

the use of base substitutes for the real article. These experiments are very interesting, but artists will never make them for themselves. Professor Church is a very good amateur painter, and he apparently thinks it is as easy for a painter to turn chemist as for a chemist to paint. In practice, however, this is not so. One man, here and there, with a turn for chemistry may test his materials, but the majority will of necessity continue to trust to their colourmen. They might and should, however, learn which of their varnishes and oils are liable to adulteration, and insist on having from their colourmen a guarantee that such as they sell are absolutely of the best kind.

The medium of the oil painter is one of the most difficult to fix upon. Until an artist by practice and experience has settled for himself what is best to use it is a constant subject of inquiry and experiment. Almost every artist has his own peculiar mixture of oils and varnishes and waxes, but a bad medium is often fixed upon because it works well or is easy to get and easy to keep.

Here is the result of Professor Church's experiments: "For the general use of painters in oil nothing more is wanted than true copal or amber oil-varnish, a drying oil, and a diluent. A formula which answers well is this: Two measures of copal oil-varnish made from Sierra Leone copal; one measure of poppy oil; two measures of oil of turpentine or oil of spike. Of megilp—a mixture of linseed oil and mastic varnish—it is only necessary to say this: that however agreeable as a medium with which to work, it contains a poor and weak resin which becomes in course of time yellow and brittle, and is liable to be injuriously affected when a picture in which it has been used freely is cleaned."

It is the pigments that the artist uses, however, that form the subject of the most important part of this inquiry. It is true that they are affected by the grounds and the medium, but the natural character of each one for permanency and innocuousness is the question. And in connection with this inquiry it is perhaps not unnatural that it should occur to some to ask—Were the old masters—the Italians, the Flemings, the Spaniards—better chemists than we that their pigments have stood the test of centuries, while ours often will not stand a generation? They were certainly not better chemists, but in two respects they were better situated than the modern artist. In old days in Italy and elsewhere artists formed a guild of workers, and the knowledge of all the detail

\* "The Chemistry of Paints and Painting." By A. H. Church, F.R.S. (Seeley & Co., Limited: London, 1890.)









Sir J. D. Linton, paint.

MAGAZINE OF ART.

Macbeth-Rasburn, sculpt.

WAITING





of the profession was common property, and was handed on from the master to the pupil. The pupil's first business was to learn all about his materials. He had to prepare his master's grounds, his oils, and his colours. All that most young artists know of the pigments they use to-day is that they can buy them in tubes at Newman's or Roberson's; not one in fifty takes the trouble to inquire whether his pigment is in its origin animal, vegetable, or mineral. He has never had a master to teach him such technical matters, and consequently the knowledge that existed in the old guilds has passed from the artist to the chemist. The old artists were better off, too, in that they were not open to the temptation of the artists' colourman to use pretty fascinating colours. It is a matter of business with many a colourman to be constantly producing new colours to tempt the unwary, and as the amateur is perhaps a better customer than the artist he has little conscience in preparing pigments that will fade. He probably thinks, if he thinks at all, that it is the artist's business to look after himself, and as to the amateur it does not matter. The curse that accompanies the convenience of the artists' colourman is that the artist has too many pigments offered him, and that he does not know how to choose. Professor Church and Dr. Russell have done the public and the profession an enormous service in forcing to the front the fact that many of these pigments sold by the colourmen ought to find no place on the artist's palette. Fortunately, there is scarcely a fugitive colour that cannot be spared. A very interesting portion of Professor Church's book deals with the substitution of permanent colours for fugitive ones, showing in detail how certain combinations of the former are to be made to do duty for the latter. Many of these combinations are good enough as substitutes, but Prussian blue and black is hardly a substitute for indigo; it is a

makeshift only, and misses the loveliness of the fugitive pigment.

Professor Church has drawn up lists of pigments used by certain artists of repute, from which it is manifest that if a painter *feels* colour he does not require many pigments to produce good colour. If Sir Joshua was able to produce some of his most important works with a palette restricted to five pigments, and if Etty's palette included only ten, it is certain that great colourists do not require a great range of pigments. The secret of the demand for so extensive a palette as some painters require probably is to be found in the fact that realistic colour rather than fine colour is their aim. If an Act of Parliament could be passed, as once was suggested by Mr. Ruskin, to restrict an artist's palette to from ten to fifteen pigments, it is probable there would be less complaint of the garishness of so many pictures in our Academy exhibitions, and unwary buyers would find it less difficult to live with their pictures when they had them home.

Now that this book can be in the hands of every painter, he is a culpable man who uses the pigments that are absolutely condemned. He should remember that to use bad pigments puts him very much on the level with the tradesman who adulterates his goods with inferior and deleterious substances. There was an excuse for him when he could not know certainly which were bad. Now there is none.

There is one other desirable thing: it is that the artists' colourman who cares for a reputation—and in these days that means money—should make it the feature of his business actually to sell no fugitive colours, no injurious vehicles, no adulterated varnishes without letting it be clearly known that they are so. Every colour should be stamped just as the florist labels his plants—hardy, half-hardy, tender; and he should be prepared to give a guarantee that every article sold is as it is stated to be.

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"WAITING."

PAINTED BY SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I. ETCHED BY H. MACBETH-RAEBURN.

IT is at first sight a curious fact that the tendency of our most vigorous painters of the younger school is away from figure-painting and towards portraiture. Professor Herkomer, Mr. Luke Fildes, the late Frank Holl, are among the most notable examples; and to these we must add the name of the President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. In all those cases it must be remembered the motive is an artistic one, for the opportunity for minute observation of character, for subtle colour-

scheme and skill of technique, is one that it is hard to resist. Sir James Linton's achievements in water-colour in this direction are too well known to our readers to require further exposition on our part. We need only say that the charming fancy portrait which, through the courtesy of Mr. J. Orrock, Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn has so intelligently translated for us, is another of those masterpieces of rich and subdued colour-harmonies which have placed their author in the front rank of British colourists.

## "LINGERING LIGHT."

PAINTED BY W. GILBERT FOSTER.

IN reviewing the recent exhibition of the Royal Academy we took occasion to draw especial attention to this charming and original work by an artist almost unknown to us. There was a beauty of colour and a poetry of sentiment which reminded the spectator strongly of Duetz; but the treatment was wholly individual and characteristic. As a matter of fact, the painter, Mr. Gilbert Foster, is an artist of Leeds, English in feeling, and, save for certain instruction received from his father, who

was a portraitist, he is entirely self-taught. Mr. Foster's earliest success was in 1876, when his first picture, "A Lane near Chapeltown," was hung upon the line. He made his real mark, however, as recently as 1887, with "Driving the Ducks;" but his most notable work so far is "Lingering Light," a poetic rendering of an evening in Runswick Bay. It is an admirable example of memory-painting *à la Japonaise*, and marks out the artist as one of the rising men of the English school.

## THE MODERN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE,

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE "GRANDS PRIX" AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

HOLLAND, GERMANY, AND SCANDINAVIA.

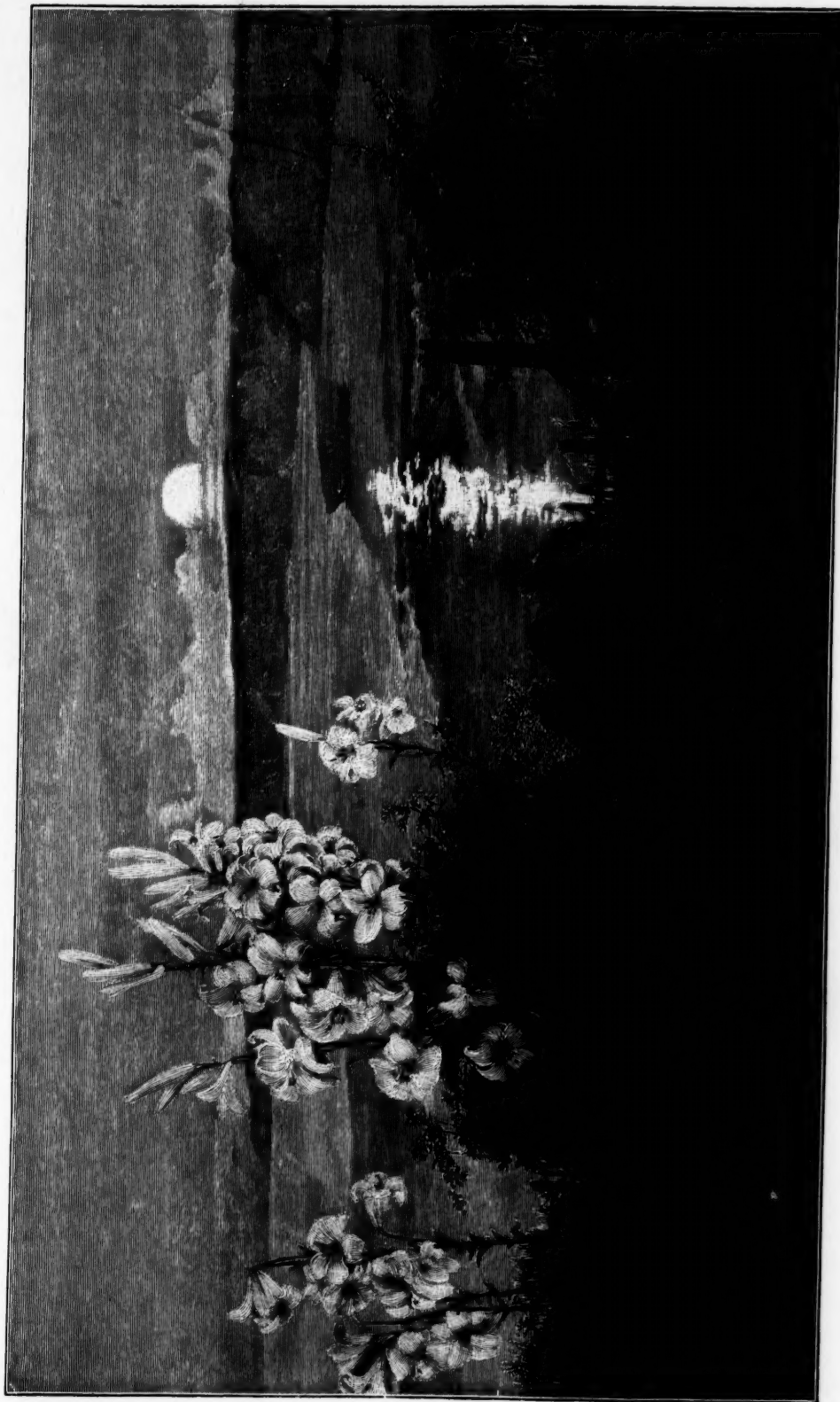
BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



CONSIDERING how great are the bonds of natural sympathy which bind together the schools of modern France and Holland, and how a sober sadness both of aspect and of conception and sentiment informs both; considering, too, that two schools far less sympathetic to France—those of Belgium and Italy—have been rewarded with a generosity erring, if anything, on the side of profusion, it is curious that one *Grand Prix* should have been deemed sufficient to reward the originality and the artistic pre-eminence shown by the Low Countries. As might easily be guessed from the Quaker-like general tone and the vein of pessimistic discouragement which mark the modern Dutch masters, the aspect of their galleries was not exactly a lively or inspiring one to the eye. But, then, peculiarities nearly akin to these are to be discovered in many of the most highly-lauded works of pictorial art produced by the modern France of the Republic. Though it might very fairly be argued that Hendrick Willem Mesdag and Jacob Maris are sufficiently rewarded with the gold medal which they each obtained, it would have been difficult to object on the score of exaggeration had the jury chosen to accord to them, or to either of them, a *Grand Prix*. It would be yet harder to maintain

that they are not more than the equals in artistic rank of such painters, occupying, according to the recent verdict of a nominally international jury, a grade above theirs, as MM. Chelmonski (Russia), Jimenes (Spain), Boldini (Italy), or Werenskiold (Norway). The late Anton Mauve, so suddenly snatched away in 1888, might possibly have obtained the highest honour for a series of his works which was numerous, but not altogether complete or thoroughly representative of his finest qualities; but that, unfortunately, a dead man might not, it appeared—it is difficult to see why—be honoured in this fashion. True Dutchman—that is Dutchman of the modern and by no means of the vigorous seventeenth century type—as he was, a close bond of union linked him also to the great Barbizon school of modern France. His love of familiar nature, seen by him as by them in mysterious kinship with phases of human emotion, was as keen as theirs. Yet his sadness was of a more entirely subjective, a more depressed and even type, hardly even temporarily enlivened by any bright ray of sunlight or hope; even as his colour was colder and more uniformly grey, if in its way not less true than theirs, and his tone less subtle in its sobriety.

However, if it was decreed that but one *Grand Prix* should be given, it could not well have been more worthily bestowed than on Josef Israels. He



LINGERING LIGHT.

(From the Picture by W. Gilbert Foster. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1890. Engraved by C. Carter.)





is the father of the most distinctive phase of modern Dutch art, and a painter who, without making any undue concessions to mere popularity, has attained it in the highest degree by an unaffected mastery of technique no less than by a subdued intensity of pathos; and has attained it, not only in his own land, but in a more than equal degree in England (should I not rather say Scotland?), France, and Germany. Heer Israels is an officer of the *Légion d'Honneur*, and received a first-class medal at the Exhibition of 1878. As THE MAGAZINE OF ART has already published (October, 1890) a special study dealing with his life and work, it would appear unnecessary to discuss either the one or the other at length on the present occasion. For some few years past the Dutch master had shown, if not exactly a falling-off of power or technical skill, still a certain excess of uniformity, a too exclusive reliance on a certain formula—potent, as had been conclusively shown, to move, but which through constant use had lost a portion of its charm and pathos. The picture which constituted his chief contribution to Paris is, with all its simplicity of motive, a new creation, and one of the painter's finest performances. It is entitled "Travailleurs de la mer," and shows two sailors who, wearing the roughest of rough fishing garments and overhanging tarpaulin hats, carry ashore an anchor belonging to one of two fishing smacks, which appear tossing in the shallow, grey-green waters of the middle distance. The conception of the two workers who are the simple heroes of the picture is in its unaffected truth full of a masculine dignity; the general tone of silvery delicacy and comparative brightness is more agreeable than that of the noble "Naufragé" (in the collection of Alexander Young, Esq., and by him contributed to the Glasgow Exhibition), which as a design must for rhythmic harmony of line and intensity of simple pathos, rank as the painter's masterpiece. Heer Israels renders the toilers of the sea with the same loving sympathy that Jean-François Millet and Bastien-Lepage have each in his way expended in depicting the toilers of the land. His men and women are less largely typical of humanity than the grand generalisations of Millet, but they are still to a large extent types, and do not emulate the individualism or

the portrait-like exactness of Bastien-Lepage; they, however, owe little or nothing to outside influence, but are naturally evolved, and all Heer Israels' own.

The transition from the Dutch school to the latest and most naturalistic phase of German art is a very easy one, seeing that the latter owes its exist-



A. EDELFELT.

(Drawn by Himself.)

ence in almost equal measure to modern Holland and to modern France. Of the more widely known and representative masters of Germany, who triumphed under exceptional difficulties at the Exhibition of 1878—an Adolf Menzel, a Knaus, a Lenbach, a Josef Brandt—nothing save some small but masterly water-colours by the first-named painter was to be seen in 1889 at the Champ de Mars. But, *en revanche*, Max Liebermann and Fritz von Uhde, two painters who may be said to belong to the *Sturm und Drang* party of naturalistic art, and whose works had already won high appreciation in Paris, where they had from time to time

appeared at the Salon, succeeded in conquering, notwithstanding their nationality, a full measure of recognition and sympathy. This found practical expression in the grant to them of the only two *Grands Prix* allotted to Germany. To Max Liebermann belongs the honour of initiation, and he had, indeed, to bear the brunt of the battle in the

As the catalogue of the exhibition conclusively showed, Herr Liebermann still chooses his subjects almost entirely in Holland; and if in his latest manifestations his technique is evidently based on French models, it is equally clear that he preserves his own Teutonic individuality, and that even in execution he does not slavishly follow any one master.



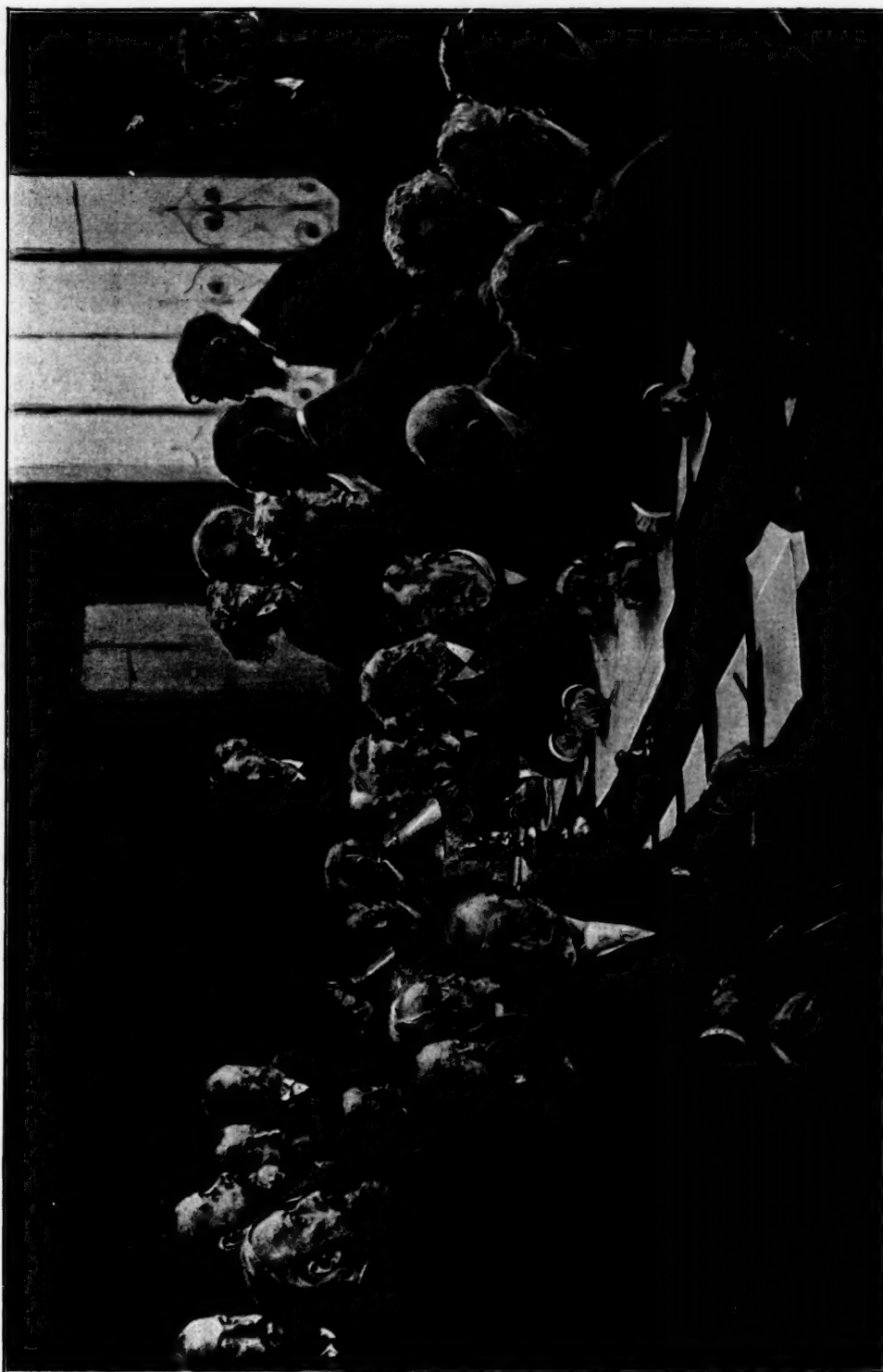
OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

(From the Picture by A. Edelfelt. Engraved by Jonnard.)

rebellion which he initiated less against the already almost defunct pseudo-romantic school of Carl Piloty, than against the more modern following of Professors Diez and Löfftz—two artists and teachers who until recently exercised complete domination, and are, indeed, still very powerful at Munich. His studies began with an enthusiastic emulation of the Dutch painters of light and atmosphere of the seventeenth century, and passed—apparently through the modern *plein air* masters of the Low Countries—to the French *luminaristes* of the present decade.

In two pictures which have already appeared at Munich in 1888—"Courtyard of the Maison des Invalides in Amsterdam," and "Courtyard of the Maison des Orphelines at Amsterdam"—there is evidence of a curious mannerism in the way in which bright sunlight, filtering through intervening screens of foliage, is made to illuminate in patches, in the one case the red and black coated pensioners, in the other the soberly-gowned forms of the orphan girls. The execution has here a certain heaviness and deliberation which is foreign to the nearly-related style as





THE COMMITTEE OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION AT COPENHAGEN, 1888.

*(From the Picture by Krøyer. Key on p. 88.)*

practised in France, and reveals a German origin; but in a maturer example of the painter's powers, "*Femmes raccommodant des Filets à Katwyck (Hollande)*," these mannerisms disappear. We have in this definitive example an interpretation of modern humanity in combination with nature which is very noble in its unaffected realism, and moreover is executed with a sweeping breadth of brush, though still without the apparently effortless deftness of French technique. This vista of flat sea-shore strewn with brown weed, and ending in a distance of unquiet grey sea—with its single figures of Dutch fisherwomen bending everywhere in seemingly natural but cunningly varied attitudes as they mend the coarse web of their nets—has above all the attraction of a singular unconventionality. Less even than in the similar canvases of the Dutchmen themselves are the expedients of the painter—inevitable even in dealing with subjects so purely realistic as this—obtruded on the beholder. Herr Liebermann aims above all at a natural truth which shall be as little coloured as may be with the subjectivity of the imaginative artist, but shall yet be far from a photographic insensibility. His art is therefore marked by a certain reticence, not indeed making itself felt in technical execution, but in the moderation with which is expressed the sentiment naturally inherent to the men and the scenes depicted.

The sudden rise of Herr Fritz von Uhde into prominence and then into fame, within a short period of six or seven years at the utmost, is one of the most curious phenomena of a period of transition in German art. Like his last described companion in naturalism he is a contributor to the annual Paris Salon; where he is, however, appreciated for the technical qualities of his art—in which an imitation of French models has been observed and approved—rather than for the depth and sincerity of religious feeling which, expressed though it undoubtedly is with a more than Rembrandtesque eccentricity in the choice of type and *milieu*, constitutes its real attraction and its real novelty. Yet until in the recent competition in Paris he attained, as it were with a leap, the *Grand Prix*, he had not, according to the official catalogues, reached a higher grade in honours than a third class medal, obtained at the Salon in 1885. He is incontestably, as to school, a French luminarist of the grey and subdued order, with leanings in his latest canvases towards the peculiar phase of colour of which M. Puvis de Chavannes is the chief exponent; but this adoption of a style is not, as with many French artists, an end in itself, but only one of the means for the attainment of an end. Herr von Uhde's real aim is the renewal of an exhausted religious art by means similar to those employed by Rembrandt; that is by boldly giving

to the sacred personages actual types taken from the painter's own race, with the mode of expression of to-day, and by placing them in an atmosphere of our own time, with surroundings as uncompromisingly modern as they are primitive. This system naturally involves a certain element of paradox and contradiction. It is well-nigh impossible that a painter taking up such a standpoint in our time should completely get rid of the idea that he is an audacious innovator flying in the face of accepted tradition and prejudice; and this haunting conviction must necessarily import into his style a certain self-consciousness which can coalesce but imperfectly with the truest form of religious naïveté. Still Herr von Uhde's art is so tender, so full of elements which especially appeal to the suffering humanity of to-day, and so reverent in its attempt to express anew the great scenes of the sacred drama, that he succeeds, if not in surmounting all obstacles, yet in commanding not only serious attention but real sympathy. Let no painter, however, who only desires to astonish—to *épater*, if it may be permitted to use the expressive studio slang of our neighbours—follow in the Saxon artist's track. The style in such hands, however consummate their skill, would be reduced to the level of a contemptible trick, and could not be allowed to endure. Herr von Uhde's first great success, the "*Suffer the Little Children to come unto Me*," was not this time in Paris; nor was the curious triptych of the "*Nativity*," painted for the Munich Exhibition, to be seen there.\* But the "*Last Supper*," already shown at a previous Salon, vindicated the painter's position as an exponent of modern naturalism, while thoroughly emphasising his peculiar standpoint as it has been here indicated. If more consummate pieces of mere painting have been produced in the same manner, nevertheless the impression produced by the tender human Christ and the Apostles—represented as these latter are as hard-handed and lowly toilers of to-day, through whose rough exterior glows a real intensity of faith—is an extraordinary and a most moving one. Very pathetic in a style closely akin to that of Bastien-Lepage, yet sufficiently national in conception to maintain a certain individuality, is the same painter's "*La petite Emilie*," the figure of a depressed, shivering little gleaner, who stands fronting the spectator in a field to which the abundant tares among the stubble lend variety and a measure of picturesque beauty.

The Scandinavian group is one of the most remarkable of those which have issued fully equipped from the flank of France. It is distinguished from the school of the United States, which bears to that

\* Both these works have since been seen at the French Gallery in London.

of the fountain-head an even closer and a much more servile relation, by the strength of its truly national element, which causes it, while making the fullest use of French *procédés*—and, indeed, throwing over in technical execution all that is not of French origin—to revel more than ever in national subjects, and what is much more important, to represent them from a truly national standpoint. As compared with the naturalists of Holland and Germany, the Scandinavian painters—in this singularly unlike the poets, playwrights, and novelists of the same race—take a more optimistic and also a more superficial view of the life and the natural scenes which they depict. They embrace in their sympathy and love all nature, both sea and land, and all popular life; but they do not seek to penetrate over far into the mysteries of either the one or the other. It is perhaps for this reason that, though they have already produced many charming and many exceptionally skilful painters, they can up to the present boast of none who can be placed in the very first rank, or whose art has that grasp and that distinctiveness which are imperatively necessary if a deep and lasting impression is to be made outside the boundaries of school and country.

M. Edelfelt, though as a Finlander he is a Russian

subject, emphatically belongs to, and, indeed, leads one section of, this group, of which he must be pronounced one of the greatest ornaments. His style has lightness and facility of brush, with a sufficiency of finish; gaiety and amiability rather than real brilliancy of colour; a love for the tempered yet powerfully effective tone-harmonies of the *plein air* class; and a true northern geniality of temperament. His most important canvas, as regards size, at the exhibition was "Devant l'Eglise," showing a number of market-women and village gossips seated in groups outside a rustic church (p. 56).

This is a very clever study of different reds standing out against very light hues in the garments of the women, the scene being given in an even daylight, full but soft, and without the variety which would be obtained by the use of artificial chiaroscuro: the characterisation is, however, not of especial interest. Far finer is the already celebrated portrait of M. Pasteur, depicted in his laboratory in the very act of working at those experiments which have made his name a household word throughout the world. It cannot compete for massive power or for broad unerring sweep of brush with M. Bonnat's rendering of the same subject, but it is far happier as the interpretation, true without affectation, of a great yet simple individuality. Very pleasant, too, and bearing evidence of a subtle divination of character, were two portraits, flooded with an amiable summer light which almost rendered them transparent—those of the painter's mother, and of an elderly

poet characteristically named Topelius, and presumably a greater celebrity at home than with us.

For general technical accomplishment, for a certain refinement of vision and power of selection which reveal him half Frenchman, half Northerner, no member of the Scandinavian group can match the



KEY TO "THE COMMITTEE OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION AT COPENHAGEN, 1889."

- |                 |                     |                  |                   |
|-----------------|---------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Cazin.       | 8. Carolus-Duran.   | 15. Krøyer.      | 21. Barrias.      |
| 2. Besnard      | 9. Charles Garnier. | 16. Paul Dubois. | 22. Chaplain.     |
| 3. Roll.        | 10. Jacobsen.       | 17. Pasteur.     | Without numbers:  |
| 4. Gerwez.      | 11. Klein.          | 18. Puvion de    | Cormon, behind    |
| 5. Delaplanche. | 12. Antonin Pronst. | Chavannes.       | 5; A. Mercie and  |
| 6. Bonnat.      | 13. Lucien Magne.   | 19. Gérôme.      | Gautherin, behind |
| 7. Chapu.       | 14. Tuxen.          | 20. Falguière.   | 16.               |

Danish painter M. Krøyer. He is not only by temperament, but resolutely and on principle, an optimist—among creative artists of all kinds a *rara avis* in these days—and, if we may judge from the outside, he steadfastly averts his gaze from all that does not dovetail with his ideal. Exquisite in their tranquil brilliancy and beauty, and moving, too, in the spirit of calm and happiness pervading them, were two well-known canvases, "Le départ des Pêcheurs," and "Sur la Plage," both of them studies of the peculiar luminous twilight of a northern evening. Another phase of the Danish master's talent



was represented in the remarkable group of lamplight portraits of French notabilities called "Le Comité de l'Exposition Française à Copenhague" (p. 57).

Scarcely less French in technique, though perhaps more thoroughly national in the northern colouring which saturates all that he produces, is the representative of Sweden, M. Richard Bergh. Though he is a pupil of M. Jean-Paul Laurens, nothing less like the style of that masterly exponent of a lurid ro-

supreme rank among modern artists it is not altogether possible to approve, though it is not difficult to understand the benevolent motives of a jury desirous of avoiding the appearance of a slight to an important section of a friendly nation.

The only Scandinavian sculptor who has attained the highest honour is also a Norwegian, M. Stephan Abel Sinding, who, however, though born at Trondhjem, has his studio at Copenhagen. His



THE CAPTIVE MOTHER.

(From the Group by Stephan Sinding.)

manticism can well be imagined than the happy mood and the gay if not very subtly-harmonised colouring of M. Bergh. Nothing in its way more delightfully fresh and individual could well be imagined than the two portraits "Ma Femme" and "M. Nils Kreuger," the former belonging to the Gothenburg and the latter to the Copenhagen Museum. "Ma Femme" is such a lively and charming specimen of the *petite bourgeoise* of the North, so human and so full of vitality, that in contemplating her we almost forget to observe the skill, consummate in its way, in which the modern French style of execution, with its evenly suffused light, and its blue, lilac, grey, and buff combinations, is used. Last in the Scandinavian group comes Norway, represented by an able if not very inspiring painter, M. Werenskiöld, whose exaltation to the

"Mère captive," which has been deemed worthy of a *Grand Prix*, shows the entirely nude figure of a female captive who, with arms tightly bound behind her, crouches on the ground, and, bending forward, with difficulty gives suck to an infant lying on the ground in front of her. The idea is an undeniably poetical one, and would be a fitting subject for verse in the manner of Victor Hugo or Coppée; but it is ill suited for the necessarily material art of sculpture. A female figure whose attitude is even more strained and unusual than that of the *Vénus accroupie*, on which it is based, is not in a high degree harmonious or agreeable to look upon, with whatever simplicity and pathos it may be conceived. The execution of M. Sinding's figure is good, even though it lacks high finish, and reveals no very consummate art.

## EMBROIDERED BOOK-COVERS.

## MATERIALS AND STITCHES.

By S. T. PRIDEAUX.

I PROPOSE to describe the materials and stitchery used for the old embroidered bindings as well as the designs that decorated them, and show finally what should be the necessary conditions of an application of needle-work to the binding of to-day.

The groundwork of the covers was always velvet, satin, or silk—mostly the two first—and of these time has proved velvet to be decidedly the best and most suitable material, and silk the least durable of the three. Nothing is known of the history of velvet, whence it came, or what people made the fortunate discovery of its manufacture. It probably originated, as well as satin, in China; but the earliest places where it was made in Europe are all we know for a certainty, and these were the south of Spain and Lucca. The name "velluto" most decidedly indicates that Italy was the market through which it reached us from the East. It was no doubt fully in use after the middle of the fourteenth century, but is not mentioned in the earliest inventory of church vestments extant—that of Exeter Cathedral, 1277, though unmistakably alluded to for the first time in the later one of 1327.

Satin was not known in England either until the fourteenth century. The earlier church inventories have no mention of it, but it is named among the rich bequests made by Bishop Grandison to his cathedral at Exeter in 1340, and the later wardrobe accounts have frequent mention of it.

Chaucer, who died in 1400, mentions it in his "Man of Lawes Tale":—

"In Surrie whilom dwelt a compaignie  
Of chapmen rich, and thereto sad and trewe,  
That wide where senten hir  
spicerie,  
Clothes of gold, and satins  
rich of hewe."



WHITE SATIN COVER, EMBROIDERED WITH SEED PEARLS  
AND COLOURED SILKS.

(From the South Kensington Museum.)

The Countess of Wilton speaks of Fitchet's Rhetoric, 1471, as being the earliest embroidered binding extant, and this is to be seen in the library of the British Museum, bound in crimson satin with a coat of arms.

Velvet and satin, then, constituted the actual covers of the books. The materials used for their enrichment were floss silks of many colours; gold and silver threads of various thicknesses, the thinner being called "passing;" and "purl," a material imported from Italy and Germany in the sixteenth century, and henceforth much in vogue. To these may be added spangles, the invention of which has been attributed to the Saracens, and "plate."

This consisted of narrow strips of gold or silver metal beaten thin and stitched on to the work by threads of silk which pass across them, and lizzarding. Spangles are not very often found on book-covers, pearls being much more prevalent in the fifteenth century, but "plate" was very frequently used, especially as the art got more debased and striking effects were aimed at without much trouble.

Gold thread was produced by twining long narrow strips of gold or gilt silver round a line of

silk or flax, and is probably almost, though not quite, as old a process as that of working up the pure metal itself into a hair-like thread to be either woven into the raw material or embroidered on it. Probably the oldest church vestments were embroidered with this gold wire, though in later times the gold thread mostly took its place. It is possible that the reputation of Attalus II., King of Pergamus, as an inventor of gold tissues may have arisen from his patronage of thread of gold, for the gold flat plate or wire was certainly in use before his time. It is a fact that in the thirteenth century ladies used to spin the gold thread needed for their own embroidery, for the process which they followed is set forth as one of the items among the other costs for that magnificent frontal wrought 1271 A.D., for the high altar at Westminster Abbey. The bill is to be seen in the Chancellor's account for the year fifty-six of Henry III. But it was also imported, and the gold threads that still preserve their brilliancy were surely Oriental, and probably came over in the bales of Eastern merchants. It had various names from the places where it was made, these indicating also its quality. Thus may be seen "a vestment embroidered with eagles of gold of Cyprus;" and again, "a cope of unwatered camlet laid with strokes of Venis gold," but in what the difference consisted I do not know, though experts have many theories on the subject.

The first wire drawing machine was invented at Nuremberg in the fourteenth century, but was not introduced in England until 200 years later.

"Purl" was a coiled wire cut into lengths threaded on silk and sewn down generally over packthread in the raised portions of the design to give a slight relief. The same word is met with under the form of "purfling," and its derivation is from "pour filer," to thread on. It was sometimes manufactured with a coloured silk twisted round the metal, though not concealing it, giving a very rich effect. The small corkscrew-like rings made by this coiled wire are very effective, catching the light in a sparkling way, as may be seen in the illustrations. This material is now made in four different varieties, rough and smooth, check and wire check purl. A further kind called bullion is also to be had of gold and silver wire makers.

The art was soon discovered of making all these materials an inferior way; in such cases the work has perished, so far as its artistic value is concerned, but in the best days of needlework only the finest of everything was used. In the history of embroidery, accordingly, it is found that much of it has been lost from two contrary causes. What was made of the best material was often melted down for its intrinsic value, and what was decorated with adulterated metal has not stood the test of time. In

these days, when there is no longer anything to fear from the melting-pot, there is no doubt that the metal threads and purl used should be only of the best.

I pass on now to consider the way in which these materials were used, and the kind of stitchery most effective for the purpose of book-covers. The finer kinds of metal thread, called "passing" and "tambour," were either worked through the material or sewn on to it with silk of the same colour. Sometimes they were sewn on flat and sometimes raised over thread or even cord if the relief was to be high, but silk embroidery was never thus raised. They were mostly used double, the lines being laid down side by side and only the ends passed through from the back. Occasionally, too, they were sewn down with a bright red silk that added lustre. This kind of work, in which the gold thread is stitched on the surface by threads coming from the back of the material, is called "couching," or "laid" work, and the ancient modes of couching were very numerous, zigzags, wave patterns, and all kinds of diapers being produced by the position and arrangement of the stitches that control the gold thread. This use of very fine passing is not often found on book-covers, but there is one in the MSS. Department of the British Museum which, though much worn, is an interesting specimen of this class of work. It is a Latin psalter of the commencement of the fourteenth century, which belonged subsequently to Anne, daughter of Sir Simon de Felbrigge, a nun in the convent of Brusyard, in Suffolk, to which she bequeathed it, and where the figures were probably wrought. Only the panels now remain. Let into the sides and patched with leather, these represent on the upper side an Annunciation, and on the lower a Crucifixion. The figures are of the finest workmanship, and stand out on a ground wrought with a gold thread caught down in a wave-like pattern. Different sizes of twist gold were employed for scroll work or for outlining leaves and flowers, or bordering the raised parts of the design in which purl was used.

The kinds of stitches used in the gold and silk embroideries are comprised in classical and mediæval authors under six heads, four of which are to be met with on book-covers.

First of all is that termed *Opus Phrygium*, or *Orphreys*, as it was called in the Middle Ages, which includes all passing and metal thread work above described. It was so named in the beginning because the Phrygians had attained to the utmost perfection in the art when conquered by the Romans, who imagined them to have invented it, being unaware of the success of the Chinese in tissue ornament likewise. The Romans imported and domesticated the art, and afterwards applied the name to all work in gold.



Opus Pulvinarium, or cushion work, includes all stitches regulated by the thread of the material, such as mosaic, cross and tent stitches, as well as chain stitches—all, in fact, except the flat ones. It is considered to have been so called because the stitches, being firmly set, were found most suitable to shrines and cushions. Under the name of Berlin work it has become wholly debased, but what its effect can be may be seen in a little volume of Psalms in the British Museum, covered in canvas worked all over in tent stitch.

Opus Plumarium, or feather work, embraces all flat stitches—of which the distinguishing mark is that they pass and overlap each other—such as those known as "satin," "stem," "twist," and "long and short" stitches. This class has more of inspiration in it than any other, as the design may grow with the freedom of stitches that are not counted but wrought at the will of the worker. The origin of the word is obscure. Pliny mentions the Plumarii as craftsmen in the art of *acu pingere*, or painting with the needle, and it is probable from the feather patterns found in Egyptian art that first feathers themselves and later the imitation of them were used in the adornment of textile fabrics. Feather application was therefore most likely the first motive of the word, which was afterwards extended to the stitches which conveyed a similar effect.

All these three classes are to be found exemplified either alone or in combination upon book-covers. I give the remaining three for the sake of completeness. They are:—Opus Consutum, cut or appliqué work, and of this there is one example on a binding in the British Museum—the only one I have so far come across. It is here reproduced on account of its quaintness and as being a unique specimen. (See p. 65.) The Opus Araucum or Filatorium, net or lace work, and the Opus Pectineum, tapestry or combed work, are naturally not represented on book-covers.

It is almost certain that the application of embroidery to binding was essentially an English art, and nearly all the examples in our national collections are of home workmanship. The Bibliothèque Nationale has two on view in the Printed Books Department, and two in that of the MSS. Department, which are of native work; there may be more, but according to the rules of the library it is impossible to make any researches from the point of view of a particular art, as one must know the title of a book before one can get

access to it. Both those in the first department are folios—one bound for Louis XIV. in blue satin has his arms wrought in gold, silver, and silk, and those of France and Navarre in the corners; the other, bound for Louis XV. in crimson velvet with gold embroidery, has a water-colour portrait of the king on the front side, and the arms of France on the other.

"Les Gestes de Blanche de Castille," Queen of France, in the MSS. Department, dedicated to Louise



BLUE VELVET COVER WORKED WITH SILVER PURL.

(From the South Kensington Museum.)

de Savoie, one of the many French ladies who had a famous and well-bound library, is covered in black silk, the stitchery representing a hunting scene as well as the presentation of the book to Louise.

The most interesting one of the four is a small collection of prayers of the end of the fifteenth century. Inside the boards are portraits—probably of the possessors—the book itself being covered in an embroidery in very fine cross-stitch representing the Crucifixion with the Virgin, St. John, and the angels.

In France, however, embroidery was more frequently used as a mere envelope for a book of devotion, richly tooled when the owner was in mourning, and desirous that nothing gay should disturb the sombre note of her apparel. Such a one Monsieur Gruel lately discovered sewn on a

binding still fresh in appearance, and dating from the seventeenth century.

Some of the old books treating of the art of needlework are very valuable; of others, indeed, only the titles are known. It is rather a curious fact that the English specimens are all after Elizabeth's reign, when embroidery had ceased to be a necessary part of education. Their disappearance may perhaps be accounted for by their having been cut to



MAROON VELVET COVER WITH DESIGN IN GOLD PURL.

(From the South Kensington Museum.)

pieces, and used by women to work over or transfer to samplers. Mr. Douce, in his illustrations to Shakspeare, has a list of some of these books. There is one which, from the dress of a lady and gentleman in one of the patterns, appears to have been originally published in the reign of James I. It appears that the work went through twelve editions, and yet a copy is now scarcely to be met with. It is entitled "The needle's excellency, a new booke, wherein are divers admirable workes, wrought with the needle. Newly invented, and cut in copper, for the pleasure and profit of the industrious. Printed for James Boler, 1648." Beneath this title

is a neat engraving of three ladies in a flower garden, under the names of "Wisdom," "Industrie," and "Follie." Prefixed to the patterns are sundry poems in commendation of the needle, describing the characters of ladies who have been eminent for their skill in needlework, among whom are Queen Elizabeth and the Countess of Pembroke.

If the art of embroidery in its application to binding is ever to come into fashion again, some lessons may be learned from its similar employment in past times. And at the outset it may be said that it is only applicable within certain limits. Books chosen for decoration by needlework should be such as are not meant to be stood up in a bookcase, but rather intended to lie on a table or be kept in a case. It follows, one would think, that the work should appear only on the upper side of the book, unless it is of so flat a nature as not to interfere with its recumbent position. It is true that nearly all the old embroidered covers were worked on both sides, but most of them are much more worn on the under side, the appearance of the whole being thus greatly marred by the discrepancy between the freshness of the two sides. If the design is not in relief at all, being worked in silk and without metal thread or purl, it can appear satisfactorily on both sides.

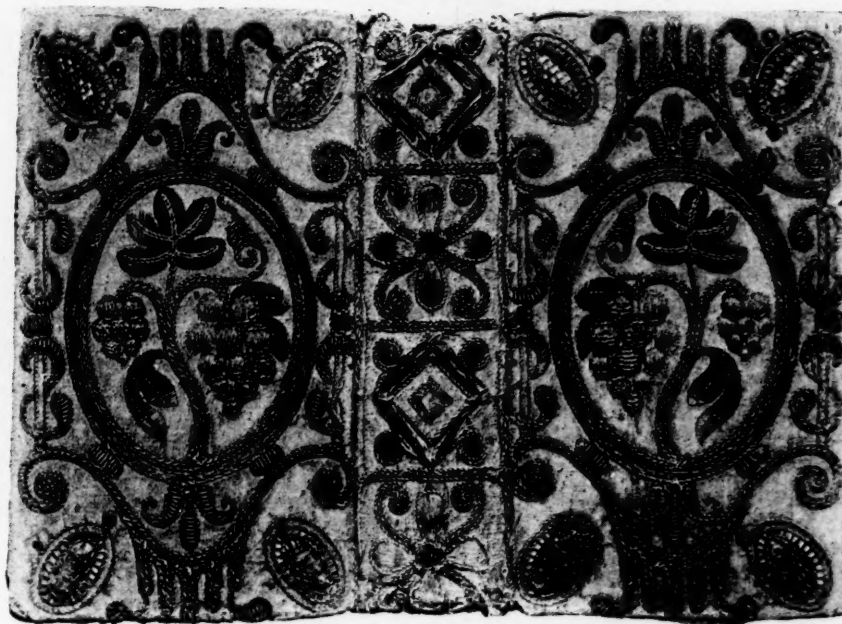
Another condition is that the material should be velvet rather than silk or satin, as being much more durable, not only in its texture, but also in the colours in which it is generally made. A great many of the old embroidered books that have survived are worked on silk or satin of very delicate colours, and with silks equally delicate in hue, giving artistically the most charming results. But the conditions of modern life, with its smoky towns and constant struggle with dirt, render such materials quite unsuitable to these times, while a good rich-coloured velvet has an immense amount of wear in it, and is more dirt-resisting than many a delicate-coloured calf or morocco.

Velvet, then, being the most suitable covering, a further limitation is brought about in the materials with which it should be worked. There is no doubt that gold and silver passing of the best kind, in conjunction with purl, looks best on velvet, and that silks are more suited to the ground with which they naturally correspond. On velvet only is it worth while expending the time and trouble of an embroidered design. There is a book in the British Museum bound in purple velvet, and worked with silver purl and passing, which is an example of

the style of work I think most adapted for revival, and which is reproduced here chiefly on account of its suitability. There is another to be seen in one of the show-cases of the museum entitled "*Orationes Dominicae Explicatio*," bound for Queen Elizabeth in 1583, which in material, colour, and design is the most perfect example of this style of work. It was pictured in *THE WOMAN'S WORLD* for November, 1888, and I strongly recommend it as the ideal to be aimed at. Bound in dark green velvet, the sides are

be seen one that is both complicated and successful, but not often—certainly so rarely that in reviving the art complication of design would be avoided rather than the reverse. The two first classes are the most attractive and suitable for models; there is always a distinction about coats of arms, and set on a fine coloured velvet with a simple border of gold twist they are both simple and effective.

The three first illustrations given are from the South Kensington Museum. The first is that of a



"HOLY BIBLE," EMBROIDERED ON WHITE SATIN (1640).

(From the British Museum.)

completely filled by a well-balanced design of comparative simplicity, worked with couchings of gold twist, the roses and leaves being treated with purl on a slightly raised foundation. A final condition of the success of this work, but the most important of all, is that the design should be simple and appropriate.

I may roughly class the embroidered bindings that are within reach as materials for study under four heads—Those with heraldic arms blazoned on velvet; those with scroll work in couchings of twist and metal threads mixed with purl, having either velvet or satin as groundwork; those wrought with silks on silk or satin; and those covered entirely with fine tapestry stitch in silk on a linen or canvas ground, no part of which appears. In comparing these different classes one is impressed by the fact that the simplest in design are both the most effective and the most pleasing. Here and there may

white satin cover, richly embroidered in seed pearls and coloured silks which have not lost their brilliancy, the whole being in a remarkable state of preservation. The second shows a blue velvet cover worked with silver purl, the back of which is also given as having an extremely original design. The third gives a design in gold purl on a maroon coloured velvet. The last is from the British Museum, a white satin cover with a graceful design of grapes and vine leaves, set in a Renaissance frame of silver twist and thread.

In the beginning of this century a French binder called Lesné wrote an elaborate poem in favour of his craft, which, like similar poems with a purpose, is not of any great merit as literature. But it contains some good things, and, among others, two lines which should become the motto of every craftsman:

"Un art n'est qu'un métier dans une main vulgaire;  
Un métier est un art quand on le sait bien faire."



## THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF MINIATURE ART.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.  
FROM NICHOLAS HILLIARD (1547-1619) TO THE END OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

By J. LUMSDEN PROPERT.

NICHOLAS HILLIARD (1547-1619) was not only a distinguished miniaturist, but the first Englishman who entirely devoted himself to this branch of art. He tells us himself that he formed his style by copying Holbein, and, though he may have succeeded in rivalling the master in certain details, such as the treatment of jewels, drapery, and accessories, it must be confessed that he fell far short of him in the essentials of portraiture. His flat, shadowless faces are weak and utterly wanting in those qualities which I have designated character. He certainly cannot be adduced as an example of an artist changing his method in the course of his career, and he began early, if Walpole is correct in stating that Lord Orford possessed a portrait of Hilliard by himself, taken at the age of thirteen. As he was born in 1547, and died in 1619, and commenced work at the age of thirteen, his art-career was very

nothing. A very considerable number of his works were shown at the Burlington Club; perhaps the best of all being a portrait of himself, apparently about twenty-eight or thirty years of age. Owing to the very thin *couche* of colour he used in painting the face, the features of many of his portraits are but the ghosts and wrecks of their former glories, and yet every now and then one turns up which arrests attention. One especially was a late portrait of Elizabeth, the features reduced to mere lines, and absolutely colourless, and yet in gazing on it one seemed able to read the whole story of the sad and forlorn mind of the great Queen in her later years, when alternate irritation and apathy formed such a painful contrast to the fire and strength of her earlier time.

The most interesting specimen of Hilliard's work in the exhibition was the tiny prayer-book containing at one end a portrait of Elizabeth and at the other that of the Duc d'Alençon. The book consisted of prayers, written in six languages, by the hand of the Queen herself. It was evidently intended as a present from the Queen to the Duke, when in the year 1581 he came a-courting. Happily for this country a rupture occurred between them, and the Duke returned whence he came, the Queen retaining the prayer-book. After many vicissitudes it is now in the collection of Mr. Jeffery Whitehead. The portraits are both in Hilliard's best style, and, from being preserved in a book, the colours are fresher than the usual specimens of the master.

Richard Heydock, of New College, Oxford, who



NICHOLAS HILLIARD.

(From the Miniature by Himself.)

extended; and yet his earliest portrait of Elizabeth, and his latest of James, are precisely similar in all technical points. He learned nothing and unlearned



SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

(From the Miniature by Nicholas Hilliard.)

translated "Lomazzo on Painting," says in one part of the work: "Linnings much used in former times in church books, as also in drawing by the life in himself "Paynter and Architecte" in a book written and published by him in 1563, called "The First and Chief Groundes of Architecture," and dedi-



LADY ESSEX.

(From the Miniature by Isaac Oliver.)

small models; of late years by some of our countrymen, as Shoote, Betts, &c., but brought to the rare perfection we now see by that most ingenious, painful, and skilful master, Nicholas Hilliard, and by his well-profiting scholar, Isaac Oliver." It is possible that this Shoote is John Shute, who styles

cated to the Queen. Nothing is known of his miniature work. There were two artists of the name of Betts, John and Thomas. John is said to have been a pupil of Hilliard's, and is called "designer" in Hall's "Chronicle of the Year 1576." Vertue mentions a miniature by him of Sir John Godsalue, who

was Controller of the Mint to Edward VI. Betts could hardly have painted this miniature from life. The knight is portrayed with spear and shield, and round the portrait is the legend, "Captum in Castris ad Boloniam, 1540." Sir John, in fact, accompanied Henry VIII. in his expedition to Boulogne in that year. He died in 1557. Now, if John Betts were a pupil of Hilliard's, who was born in 1547, he could hardly have painted a miniature of a man who died in 1557. There is a likeness of Sir John Godsalue

Essex, exhibited by Lord Derby, a large and highly wrought miniature, would certainly have been classed as a Hilliard, had not the tiny I. O. appeared in the corner. Happily, Isaac Oliver did occasionally sign his work. If we compare this portrait with such specimens as General Sotheby's James I., or my Dr. Donne, it would hardly appear credible that the same artist produced them. At first, naturally, his work was merely copying his master; but as his artistic instinct taught him, as time went on, that



SIR KENELM AND LADY DIGBY.

(From the Miniature by Peter Oliver.)

amongst the Holbein heads at Windsor. There seems, indeed, to be confusion everywhere as to the dates of John Betts. An oil head, said to be by him, was exhibited in 1875 at the Old Masters Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which was dated 1545. If Betts were a pupil of Hilliard, this head must have been painted by him ten years before Hilliard was born, which is, to say the least, extraordinary. The fact is, nothing reliable is known about him. What was the exact relation between John and Thomas Betts is also uncertain. I am fortunate in possessing a specimen of Thomas's work, "John Digby, Earl of Bristol." Judging by the date of John Digby, I should be inclined to think that Thomas was the son of John Betts.

Isaac Oliver (1556-1617) was a finer artist than Hilliard, and forms a notable example of change of method during his career. He was a contemporary and pupil of Hilliard, and in his earlier portraits exactly resembled his master. The Countess of

the flat shadowless face of the missal was not all that nature presented to the view of the artist, thenceforward his portraits are life-like, and the chiaroscuro very fairly developed.

A portrait of the artist by himself was contributed by the Queen. The face is hardly that of an Englishman, and possibly Vertue was right in suggesting that the family were of French extraction, and the name Olivier; \* indeed, his pocket-book, which has been preserved, is written partly in French. The late exhibition was peculiarly fortunate in securing the whole series of the Digby miniatures, and their history is most interesting.

Walpole tells the story thus:—"Since this work was first published, a valuable treasure of the works of this master and of his father Isaac was discovered

\* When this artist signs himself in full it is always "Olivier." See register in Dutch church, Austin Friars:—"Marr. 9 Feb. 1602, Isaac Olivier of Rouen and Sara Gheerarts of London."  
—EDITOR.



in an old house in Wales, which belonged to a descendant of Sir Kenelm Digby. The latest are dated 1633, but being enclosed in ivory and ebony cases, and the whole collection locked up in a wainscot-box, they are as perfectly preserved as if newly painted. They all represent Sir Kenelm and persons related to, or connected with, him. There are three portraits of himself, six of his beloved wife at



ISAAC OLIVER.

(From the Miniature by Himself.)

There is a duplicate of Sir Kenelm and Lady Digby from the same picture, and, though of not half the volume, still more highly finished. The last piece is set in gold, richly inlaid with flowers in enamel, and shuts like a book. All these, with several others, I purchased at a great price; but they are not to be matched."

Taken together, Walpole's encomium on the Digby series is none too great, but the lion's share of the work fell to Peter Oliver—died 1647—the son of Isaac, who was taught by his father, and therefore commenced his artistic career with the full benefit of his father's developed methods. This must be taken into consideration when the question, so often asked, has to be answered as to the relative artistic position of father and son. The fact is, they were both excellent artists, and there is little to choose between them. Peter was largely employed by Charles I. to copy "in little" many of the pictures of his unrivalled collection, and they are quite gems of art. A curious story is told by Russell, the painter, himself a connection of the Olivers, of a visit paid by Charles II. to the widow of Peter Oliver, who retained in her possession a large number of the works of both Isaac and Peter. Russell told the anecdote to Vertue as follows:—

"Charles II., anxious to obtain all the specimens

he could of Oliver's work, paid a visit incognito to Peter's widow, immediately after his accession to the throne. He was told by one Rogers of Isleworth that both the father and son were dead, but that the son's widow was living at Isleworth and had many of their works. The King went very privately and unknown, with Rogers, to see them; the widow showed several finished and unfinished, with many of which the King being pleased asked if she would sell them. She replied she had a mind the King should see them first, and, if he did not purchase them, she would think of disposing of them. The King discovered himself, on which she produced some more pictures which she seldom showed. The King desired her to set her price; she said she did not care to make a price with his Majesty, she would leave it to him; but promised to look over her husband's books and let his Majesty know what prices his father, the late King, had paid. The King took away what he liked, and sent Rogers to Mrs. Oliver with the offer of £1,000, or an annuity of £300 for life. She chose the latter. Some years afterwards it happened that the King's mistresses having begged all or most of these pictures, Mrs. Oliver, who was probably a prude and apt to express herself like one, said on hearing it, that if she had thought the King would have given them to such unworthy persons, he never should have had them. This reached the Court, the poor woman's salary was stopped, and she never received it afterwards."

John Hoskins — died 1664 — painted about the same time as Peter Oliver. His work is totally unlike that of any of his predecessors—much bolder, broader, and alto-



THOMAS HOBBS.

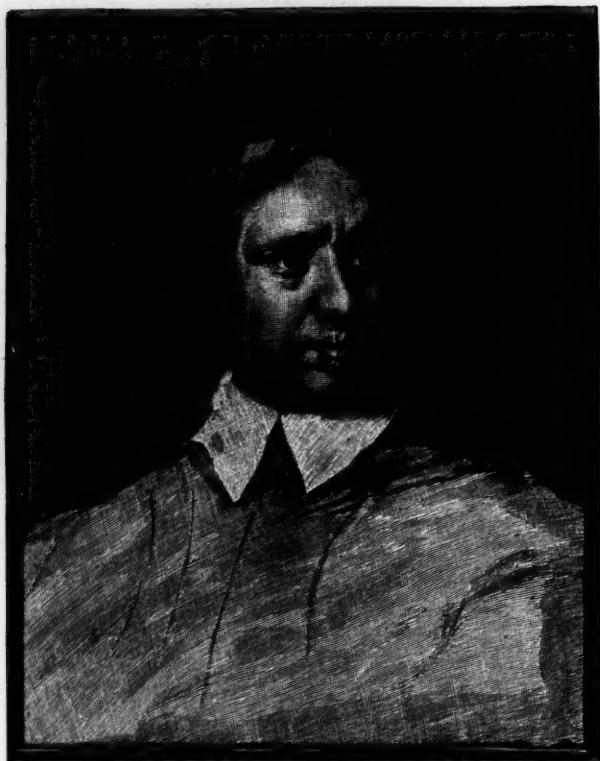
(From the Miniature by John Hoskins.)

gether on a stronger scale. Indeed, he may justly be regarded as the father of the style which prevailed, more or less, during the seventeenth century. He signed his work more frequently than most of his contemporaries, and the variety of monogram he made from the two letters J. H.

probably gave rise, in the first instance, to what I believe to be the myth of his having had a son who followed the same profession. There is no mention made anywhere of there having been two artists bearing the name of Hoskins. The position I have assigned to Hoskins was quite confirmed by the late exhibition, where one enjoyed the great advantage of reviewing together a large number of the works of these earlier masters, and of thus tracing the successive steps in the development of the miniature portrait; and certainly, after careful comparison, no

shade, the ever-changeable play of feature, the reflection of the inner being in the mirror of the face, which together go to form woman's highest charm—expression. He was more at home with sterner stuff; he revelled in the rugged masses of a Monk or a Cromwell, and has left us a series—representative of the strong men, the great warriors and statesmen, who helped to build up the fabric of this country in those stirring times—second to none in the whole history of portraiture. Walpole said of him that if he were compared with Vandyck he

was not sure the latter would gain by the comparison. Vandyck, undoubtedly, could paint a handsome face. He has given us the little love-locks (a coiffure introduced by the French Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria, from the Court of her father, Henry IV.) and the bright eyes, to which they formed so becoming a frame, in the most seductive manner; but I confess I know no male portrait by Vandyck which, for breadth and delineation of character, could be placed on the same level as many of the tiny miniatures by Cooper which were lately shown at the Burlington. No doubt the Committee were exceedingly fortunate in securing most of the finest Coopers in England, and the artist has never been seen on any previous occasion in such variety and excellence. The first place may fairly be claimed for the two magnificent specimens lent by the Queen, which form the pride of the Windsor collection, General Monk and the Duke of Monmouth. They are of large size, and both are unfinished, as far as the dress is concerned, but the faces are perfect. Perhaps the next in order of interest would come the series of the Cromwell portraits. There were five out of the number exhibited which may claim special notice, and if the story told of Cromwell and Cooper be true, there is some difficulty in deciding that even the



OLIVER CROMWELL.

(From the Miniature by Samuel Cooper. Engraved by C. Carter.)

fact came out more strongly than the new departure made by John Hoskins in this branch of art.

The freedom and strength developed by him were destined to come to a climax in the person of his nephew and illustrious pupil, Samuel Cooper (1619–1672). I have always admired Cooper's work, and the more I have studied it, the more the conviction has grown upon me, that he was probably the greatest portrait-painter that ever lived, with the possible exception of Velasquez. This estimate of his powers refers more especially to male portraiture. His talent seemed cast in too heroic a mould to portray efficiently the subtle *nuances* of light and

whole of these were taken from life. It is related that Cromwell consented to sit to Cooper on condition that no copy should be taken from it. One day, however, at Hampton Court, Cooper was so deeply engaged in breaking his promise that he was unconscious of the approach of the great man, until startled by hearing a voice exclaim: "So ho, Master Cooper, none of this, sir," and both finished and unfinished portraits were confiscated. One of these two descended to Lady Falconbridge, and the other to another member of the family; and yet, by a curious train of circumstances, they are both now included in the Buccleuch collection. Unhappily,

neither of these was at the Burlington, as they are never allowed to leave the sacred cabinet in which they are enshrined.

If we accept the above tradition, how are we to account for the Devonshire miniature? This is square instead of oval, and the armour is only sketched in, but the face and head are identical in treatment with the finished oval of the Buccleuch collection. We may as well say at once that the finished Buccleuch oval is the basis for all the innumerable reproductions of the Protector's features (and their name is Legion) which are running about the world. On vellum, card, ivory, and in enamel, they are met with everywhere, and, of course, generally bearing the well-known S. C. Cooper's usual signature, and not one of them genuine. Then, again, there was Mr. Laurence's portrait, which is microscopically, line for line and touch for touch, the same as the Buccleuch specimen, which was carried off by Cromwell whilst still unfinished.

The pen-and-ink profile sketch, also in the Devonshire collection, bears unmistakable evidence of having been done from life, and it is quite possible that Cooper drew this hurriedly, without his sitter's knowledge. My own portrait, also a profile, is quite finished, and, in some respects, is quite as remarkable as any of the others. The rugged features, the deep-set eye, the compressed lip, the massive head set on the bull-like neck, speak trumpet-tongued of one born to be the leader of men; and yet the whole miniature measures only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  by  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Col. Sotheby's James II. when Duke of York; the Duke of Buccleuch's Edmund Waller, the poet; the Duke of Portland's Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury; my own John Thurlowe, Cromwell's secretary; Col. Lilburne, and a host of others, fully confirm Cooper's position as a portrait-painter.

Contemporary with, and immediately following Samuel Cooper, were several artists, who all painted very well, but whose work, unless signed, it is very difficult to discriminate. They are all painted technically on the lines commenced by John Hoskins and perfected by Samuel Cooper. I asked the Committee to allow me to hang on the same line at the Club three female portraits signed respectively N. D. (Nathaniel Dixon), S. C. (Samuel Cooper), and P. C.

(Penelope Cleyn). I frequently took very good judges up to the spot, and asked them to name them. I do not think I ever got a correct answer. When to these two we add Richard Gibson, Charles's favourite dwarf; Thomas Flatman; Balthazar Gerbier; Mary Beale; the two sons of Francesco Cleyn, who was designer and manager of Charles I.'s tapestry works at Mortlake; David de Grange, and others, I defy any expert to be sure of his ground on all occasions, if he attempts to attribute the unsigned



THE DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

(From the Miniature by Samuel Cooper. Engraved by C. Carter.)

work of the seventeenth century. Some people seem so terribly afraid of the imputation of ignorance if they say "I don't know;" but where there are, perhaps, a dozen possible artists to choose from, all of pretty equal merit, it seems better to give the names and let the happy possessor take his choice. Were I compelled to place these, what one may call subsidiary artists (but only so in reference to Samuel Cooper), in order of merit, Nathaniel Dixon would certainly occupy the first place. Some of his signed work at the Burlington almost ran Cooper hard, only lacking that indefinable something which marks the



touch of genius. Then I should bracket the two ladies, Penelope Cleyn and Mary Beale, both excellent artists, their work as broad and firm as many of their male competitors; then Thomas Flatman, whose fault tends rather to too much breadth, occasionally degenerating into coarseness; and certainly last would come David de Grange, who paints more often ill than well. Of Gibson's and Gerbier's work we hardly know enough to pronounce upon their merits. I have a Charles I., said to be by Gibson, but I am not sure of the correctness of the attribution. He was mainly occupied in copying Charles's pictures "in little," like Peter Oliver. Of the two brothers Francis and John Cleyn we know less still. Evelyn mentions them in his diary as excellent artists, and possibly one specimen at the Burlington, signed S. C., 1684, and, of course, attributed to Samuel Cooper, may be by one of the brothers. It is certainly not by Cooper—first, because it does not resemble his work, and second, because Cooper had been dead twelve years when the miniature was painted. It is hardly worth while to notice specimens exhibited as the work of well-known masters, such as Van der Helst, Velasquez, Vandyck, Rubens, &c. All great artists may have indulged in an occasional miniature, but in such cases the attribution must be taken for what it is worth. This is especially the case with miniatures painted in oil on gold, silver, copper, or sometimes slate. The portrait of Queen Mary, in the Buccleuch collection, by Sir Antonio More, has been already mentioned, and I have an undoubted Vandyck, a portrait of Henrietta Maria, which was exhibited at the Burlington; but, as a rule, oil miniatures are much more difficult to identify than water-colours. The names already given embrace the best-known miniaturists of the seventeenth century. Others there are, no doubt, and I have referred to them at large elsewhere, but they are more or less shadowy persons, about whose work little or nothing is known, and to attempt

to bring them into account for the too long list of portraits by unknown artists in the late exhibition would be mere guesswork.

All the miniatures painted in water-colours up to the end of James II.'s reign, or beginning of William and Mary's, were done on vellum (the finest kind of parchment, prepared from calf or chicken skin), or upon card; but towards the close of the seven-

teenth century ivory began to be used as the basis for water-colour. At first, thick pieces of ivory were employed, quite rough at the back, but as its use became more general it was prepared thinner and thinner, until it became a transparent slip, no thicker than writing-paper. The earliest specimens I have seen were portraits of Mary, Queen of William III., and his celebrated general, Van Schomberg. These were both at the Burlington Exhibition. The use of ivory certainly added considerably to the transparency of the flesh tints, its warm tone giving a beauty to the complexion in some respects unattainable in the case of vellum or card; but somehow there seems a strength,

firmness, and body in the older portraits which quite hold their own against the delicacy of the ivory.

Perhaps, according to the eternal fitness of things, each material was right at its time; the strong men of the seventeenth century appear to greater advantage on the vellum, whilst the ladies of the eighteenth century shine more lustrous on the dainty ivory slips. A knowledge of the approximate date when ivory was first used often enables the expert to decide the authenticity of a portrait.

Cromwell is quite a common portrait to meet with on ivory, generally signed with the inevitable S. C. (Samuel Cooper), and dated. Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and even Henry VIII. are not unknown, of course, considered by the possessor as undoubted Holbeins, Hilliards, and Coopers, but if anything can be predicated as certain it is that all those artists were absolutely innocent of the use of ivory.



A GENTLEMAN IN ARMOUR.

(From the Miniature by Nathaniel Dizon.)



## THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN RUSKIN.—I.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.



OF all the men who have dominated the art-world during the present century, Mr. Ruskin is beyond all question the most prominent, and, by general consent, the most interesting. What is his exact position as a critic and as a preacher of art, what

again be hotly waged among the combatants. Not that any decisive result will even then be arrived at; for I believe that painters, for whom as a class technique is a matter of the first, almost all-engrossing, importance, will always be ranged against the critics and historians of art, and that greater outside circle who come within the limits of the com-



JOHN RUSKIN AT THE AGE OF 3½ YEARS.

(From the Portrait by James Northcote, R.A. By Permission of Arthur Seear, Esq., R.I.)

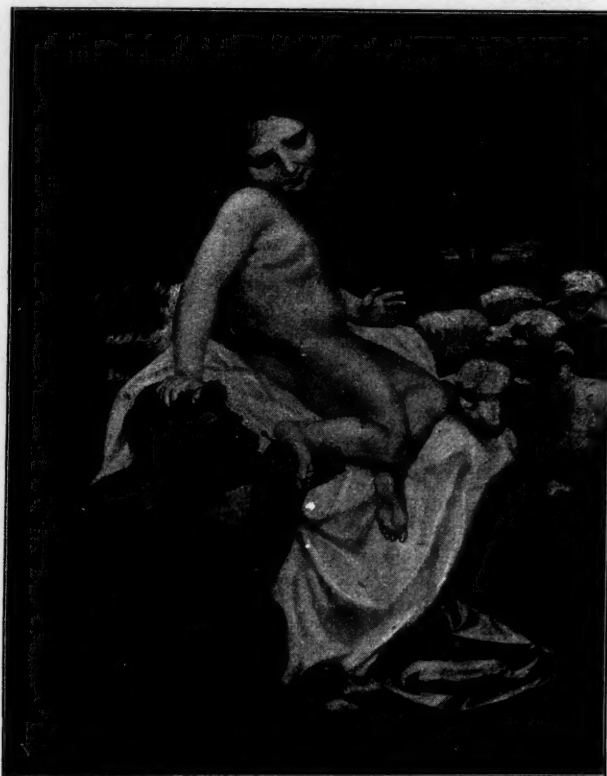
his rank as a scientist, a political economist or a leader of thought, I do not here pretend to inquire. Whether he has thrown art back fifty years in England, as was lately asserted by Mr. Hole, or, as the retort came warmly from Mr. William Morris, he is the only man who has made art possible in our country in what I may call the dark ages of British latter-day æstheticism, it is beside my purpose to discuss. The subject has engaged many pens in the past, and before the century has flown battle will

prehensile term of "art-lovers." Yet by common consent Mr. Ruskin has been, for good or for evil—I leave the subject untouched—the most distinguished figure in the arena of *Ars Militans*; the man who has admittedly moulded the taste of the public to an enormous extent in matters æsthetic, and has exerted an influence so strong that he has given a direction to the practice of painting and architecture that may still be traced in the productions of the day.

It is interesting to see what manner of man is he

who has but to put his pen to paper to set the whole art-world by the ears and to kindle our admiration for his literary excellences, while amusing us by his originality and his quaintness—startling us with the bitterness of his scorn, with the heat of his eloquence, and the gall of his contempt and ridicule, tickling us with the delicacy of his banter, and charming us with the wealth, beauty, and poetry of his diction. How does his appearance, external and physical, impress him who has formed his own conception of the author seen through his own writings? Truth to tell, the first sight is disappointing. With Lord John Russell, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and many more, he shares the distinction of being one of the

features of "the Professor," as he is lovingly termed in his own circle, have not been more often recorded than is the case. Several artists of distinction have set them on canvas, moulded them in clay, and carved them in marble; but it is rather through the photographer that they will live, with all the thousand and one changes of expression and humour that no painter or sculptor can hope to seize so as to give a complete representation of the man. Moreover, Mr. Ruskin has no special love for being reproduced: paradoxical as it may sound, his lack of vanity in respect to his own features struck me once, when we were talking on this subject, as savouring not a little, and not unpleasantly, of that very weakness.



JOHN RUSKIN (1824).

(From the Picture by James Northcote, R.A. By Permission of Arthur Severn, Esq., R.I.)

great little men of his day; but though the slightness of his build combines with the shortness of his figure to produce hardly more than nine stone of humanity, such is the brilliancy of the conversationalist that nothing remains but a commanding magnetic personality, the sweetness of whose merry, fascinating smile, and the vivacious, deeply sympathetic expression of whose bright blue eyes remove at once all sense of comparative diminutiveness.

It is perhaps to be deplored that the head and

His father, however, had no such prejudices and scruples, and when his son was not more than three and a half years old, he employed James Northcote, R.A., to paint the child. This charming picture, the size of life, is well known by reputation by readers of "Fors Clavigera" and of the opening chapter of "Præterita." Let Mr. Ruskin himself speak:—

"The portrait in question represents a very pretty child with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad



light-blue sash and blue shoes to match; the feet of the child wholesomely large in proportion to its body; and the shoes still more wholesomely large in proportion to the feet. These articles of my daily dress were all sent to the old painter for perfect realization; but they appear in the picture more remarkable than they were in my nursery, because I am represented as running in a field at the edge of a wood, with the trunks of its trees stripped across in the manner of Sir Joshua Reynolds; while two rounded hills, as blue as my shoes, appear in the distance, which were put in by the painter at my own request; for I had already been once, if not twice, taken to Scotland, and, my Scottish nurse having always sung to me as we approached the Tweed or Esk—

'For Scotland, my darling, lies full in thy view,  
With her barefooted lassies, and mountains so blue,'

the idea of distant hills was connected in my mind with approach to the extreme felicities of life, in my Scottish aunt's garden of gooseberry bushes, sloping to the Tay. But that, when old Mr. Northcote asked me (little thinking, I fancy, to get any answer so explicit) what I would like to have in the distance of my picture, I should have said 'blue hills' instead of 'gooseberry bushes,' appears to me—and I think without morbid tendency to think overmuch of myself—a fact sufficiently curious, and not without promise in a child of that age."

Of this picture (see p. 73) there are two versions, the first the life-size portrait hanging in Brantwood, by Coniston Lake, the Professor's country home; and the other, an admirable reduced copy of it, at Mr. Arthur Severn's house at Herne Hill—the place which belonged at one time to the Professor's father, and which his own writings have endeared to all Ruskindom. How far this portrait is an accurate likeness it is impossible to say, but there is a manifest similarity between it and the prettily-painted allegorical subject by the same artist which represents the child naked, with a fawn or satyr—or, as Mr. Ruskin himself calls him, "a wild man of the woods"—extracting a thorn from the foot of the baby-shepherd. There is no missing the resemblance between the running child and the poor half-averted, panic-stricken, little face. This picture, Mr. Ruskin tells us, was painted at the special request of old Northcote, who had previously been so charmed with the quaint repose and excellent sitting of the little model; but it must be noted that the reproduction here given has lost some of the expression of the original portrait.

Assuming that the first-named portrait gives a fair impression of the child, we see young John Ruskin the possessor of a fine intellectual head, quite exceptional in one so young, with singularly beautiful blue eyes, and a mouth of great sensibility. Playing happily in the green fields "among the lambs and the daisies," he reveals the same love of nature which has always been his strongest passion from first to last. We may safely take it that the portrait is a good one, for Northcote was one of the finest portrait-painters of his day, and although he greatly affected history-painting, sacred as well as profane,

portraiture was his speciality. By this time, however, Northcote was a man greatly advanced in years, of whom Charles Westmacott, in his "Pindaric Ode," issued in 1824, had written—

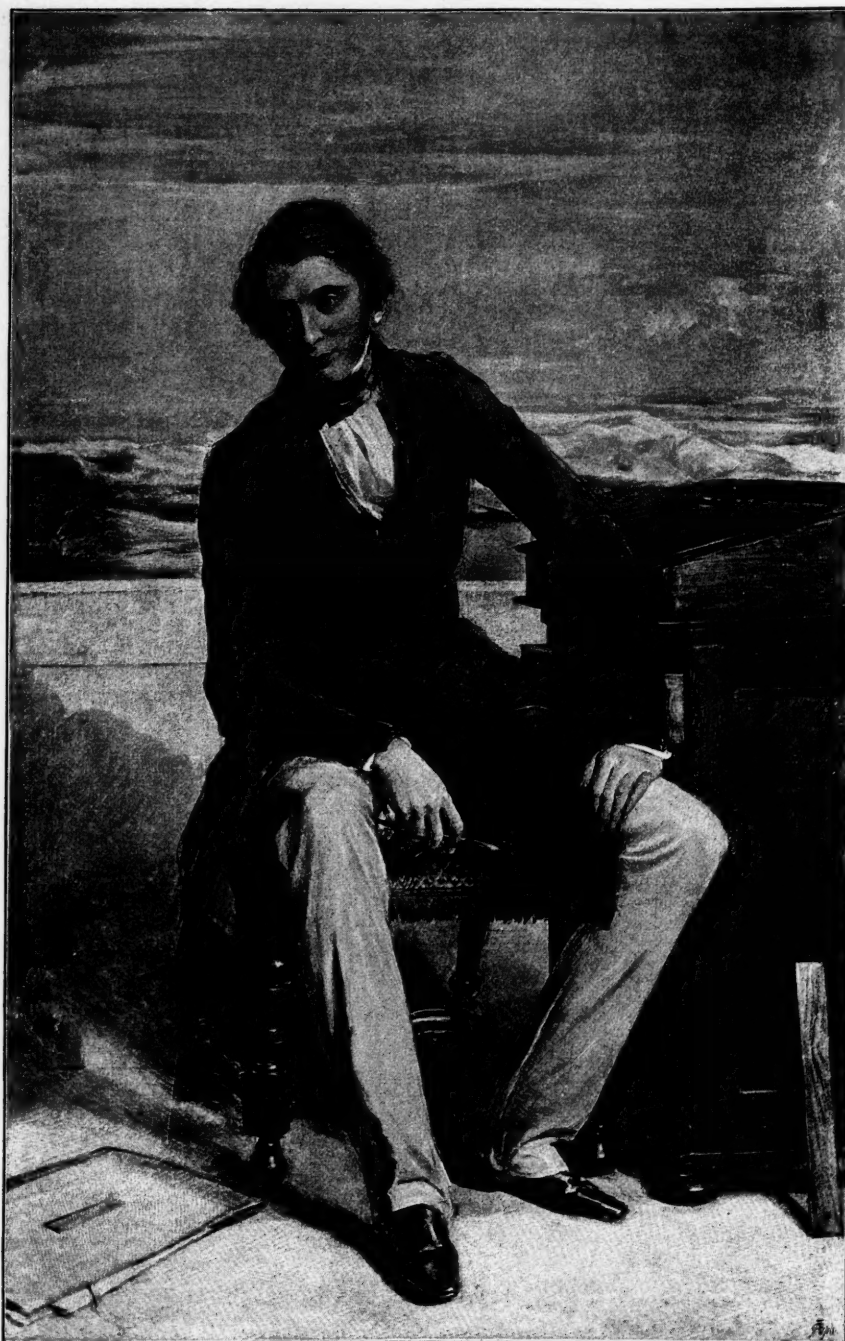
"Northcote, the veteran, let me praise,  
For works of past and brighter days."

His star was manifestly in the descendent, and only one of his works was afterwards publicly shown in Somerset House, where the Royal Academy then held its court. Yet Mr. Ruskin has always thought well of the painter, though he has written so little about him in his works. Showing me the artist's portrait of Mr. Ruskin, senior, which hangs in the dining-room at Brantwood, and which at once recalls Reynolds's "Banished Lord" to the beholder, the Professor expressed his gratification that his father "had the good taste and the good sense to have his portrait painted by so clever an artist." Neither of these portraits by Northcote was ever exhibited in the Royal Academy.

We now come to the year 1842, when Mr. George Richmond, R.A., painted the full-length water-colour, reproduced on p. 76, for Mr. Ruskin's father. At that time the young graduate was not yet famous. He had distinguished himself at Oxford; he had proved himself a born artist, by the charming drawings he had produced under the tutorship of Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding; he had shown himself a poet, by the verses, instinct with feeling and imagination, which he had contributed to a magazine; a scientist, by the manner in which he treated subjects, geological, mineralogical, meteorological, and other, in the pages of London's *Magazine of Natural History* and other learned periodicals; and an inventor, by his "cyanometer"—an instrument for measuring the depth of blue in the sky. He had fairly tested his keen critical faculty as the author of a series of papers on the "Poetry of Architecture," and a work destined to be much enlarged in defence of Turner, who was fast becoming the butt of the ignorant critics. But his great work—the book that was to bring him such immortality as he may enjoy—was as yet unpublished. The first volume of "Modern Painters," or, as he was within an ace of calling it, "Turner and the Ancients," was indeed not unwritten; but it was not issued until the following year. And when the portrait was hung in the Royal Academy and catalogued "1061, John Raskin, Esq.," there were none so wise as to correct it.

For that portrait, which is now reproduced for the first time through the kindness of Mr. Arthur Severn and of the artist, Mr. Richmond had plenty of opportunity of studying his sitter. His senior by ten years, Mr. Richmond was of the Ruskin family party

which, with Mr. Joseph (otherwise "Keats's") Severn, art and encouraged his aspirations, and he was his journeyed through France and Italy for the purpose companion on other expeditions; for which reason,



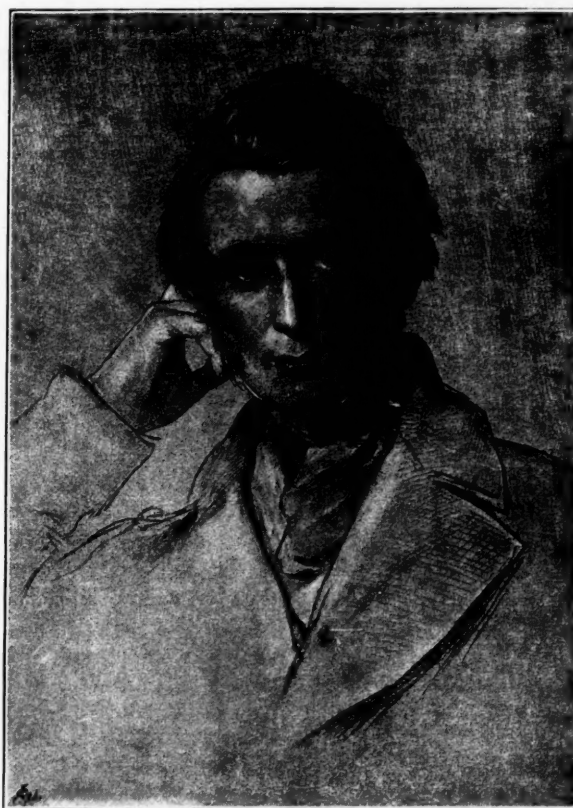
JOHN RUSKIN (1842).

(From the Portrait by George Richmond, R.A. By Permission of Arthur Severn, Esq., R.I.)

of studying nature and aesthetics in the artistic Elysium of Europe. He shared his enthusiasm for this first portrait of Ruskin as a man—he was now in his twenty-fourth year—has a peculiar interest. It is

manifestly like him; and his attitude as he turns from his desk, at which, may be, he had just been polishing his rounded periods in the proof-sheets of "Modern Painters," and was about to make some new drawing of the Alps, is still characteristic of the man. The hilly landscape background, too, is what we might expect from the boy who asked for "boo hills;" but the spectator cannot but be struck with

shrewd, and keen, turning his gentle and kindly face towards the friend who is painting him. To judge by the shape of his head and face he already belongs to what phrenologists and physiognomists would call the "eagle tribe"—the aquiline nose, as they would tell us, denoting sovereignty over men; the projecting brows, perceptiveness with undoubted æsthetic tendencies; and the chin, a considerable



JOHN RUSKIN (1867).

(From the Portrait by George Richmond, R.A. By Permission of Arthur Severn, Esq., R.I.)

surprise at his apparent tallness. This is a physical fact which we can hardly accept; yet, it may be that the natural slightness of the young author and a certain smallness of the furniture lent him a height which is misleading only through lack of proper comparison of proportion. As a work of art the portrait is in every way charming and interesting, and an admirable example of the water-colour portraits with which Mr. Richmond—"dear George Richmond," as Ruskin calls him—was then building up his reputation.

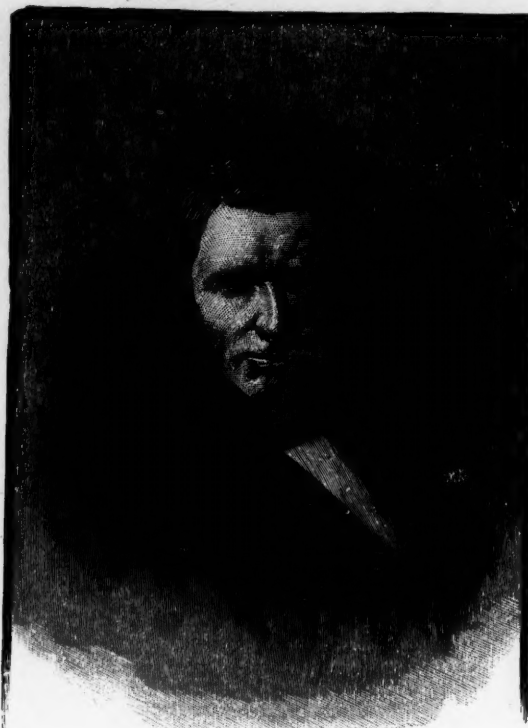
It shows us the Ruskin militant of those days—not yet steeped in the bitterness of controversy, but ready for the fray—good-humoured, sensitive,

degree of reasoning power to direct his strongly-conceived opinions, yet with hardly a corresponding capacity for continuous logical deduction. Thus has his face been read by an accredited student of physiognomy; yet with this version would the subject of it certainly disagree; for Ruskin specially prides himself upon his power of logical deduction, and somewhere quotes Mazzini on him to the same effect.

On these characteristics of face Sir Everett Millais dwelt somewhat over-much in a chalk or pencil-drawing executed about this time, if we are to judge by the impression it made on those who saw it. Referring to this drawing, Mr. Woolner, R.A.,



writes to me as follows: "The Millais pencil-sketch was in the possession of Lady Trevelyan, wife of the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, of Wallington. The likeness, so far as I can remember, was very good, but the expression that of a hyena, or something between Carker and that hilarious animal. Enemies would call the expression characteristic, but friends would declare that it did him injustice." Whether this



JOHN RUSKIN (1866).

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry. Engraved by M. Klinkicht.)

portrait is the same as that by Sir Everett now belonging to Mr. Severn, I cannot say.

In 1853 Sir Everett Millais began his brilliant portrait of the now celebrated art-critic. Ruskin was known as the author of "Modern Painters," he had published his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," the "Stones of Venice," and other things, and had taken up the position of the champion of the cause of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. This movement had for the last five years profoundly exercised the minds of the art-world, and no pen but Ruskin's could have fought its battle so fiercely, so powerfully, and so eloquently, nor with so great a measure of success. In acknowledgment of the yeoman's service he had rendered and was still rendering, Millais painted this portrait, which forms our frontispiece, and which its possessor, Sir Henry Acland, of Oxford, has so

courteously allowed us to reproduce. Both painter and sitter were in Scotland, whither the young author had gone to deliver his "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," and there, standing by the waterfall of Glenfinlas, Millais painted him, religiously abiding in the execution of the picture by all the tenets of the Pre-Raphaelite faith. Ruskin says somewhere that the Englishman is content to have his portrait painted any way but praying—the chief delight of the Venetian noble; and similarly here, though not on his knees, but wrapped in loving reverence of nature, full of that spirit of humility and awe which even atheists feel at times, is the young preacher represented, as he stands bare-headed by the little cataract that rushes and dances down the "grey-white valley" to join the waters of Loch Lomond. With rare conscientiousness has Millais rendered every detail in the scene; the geologist cannot find a flaw in the painting of the rocks, nor can the botanist carp at the representation of lichen, plant, or flower. Detail was never more truthfully and accurately set on canvas than here in this small frame, measuring in all but twenty-eight inches by twenty-four, while in respect to technique, the painter has rarely excelled the perfect execution of this work, which he completed in 1854, the year of his election into the Academy.

Nor is the character of the figure unworthy of the still-life in this remarkable picture. The man is seen at a moment when his enthusiasm is lost in contemplation. His hair, always luxuriant, even to these later days, is thrown back in somewhat heavy masses from his temples, and reveals once more, and perhaps more successfully than heretofore, the stamp of man he was. Drawn nearly in profile, the upper part of the head is perfectly rendered, but the full sensibility of his mouth is hardly made as much of as it deserves—and his mouth is one of his most remarkable features. In this connection I may here print a further portrait of Mr. Woolner's reminiscences of Ruskin's appearance:—

"As to Ruskin's mouth, it would be hard for anyone to read that feature. Rossetti told me that when a boy Ruskin had part of one of his lips bitten off by a dog. The mouth is the most expressive of all features, and tells the history of its owner's nature better than any other; but under the circumstances how would it be possible to read accurately? To fill up the gaps in Sappho's verse would be but a schoolboy's exercise compared to such a task. Lavater might give a hint, or the Greek expert who discovered that Socrates was a sensual fellow, but I don't think any modern physiognomist could do much with this modern instance. Of course, the main force of his head is perception, this faculty being unusually developed; but, so far as I remember, I do not think there is anything else out of the common in the shape of it. His expression is varied beyond all example in my experience."

Sanguineness and sweetness of temperament, when not crossed, appear his chief characteristics at that time. Writing to me about our friend, as he









Sir J.E. Millais, Bart. RA pinxt

Boussod Valadon & Co. Photographers.

JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.

Magazine of Art.



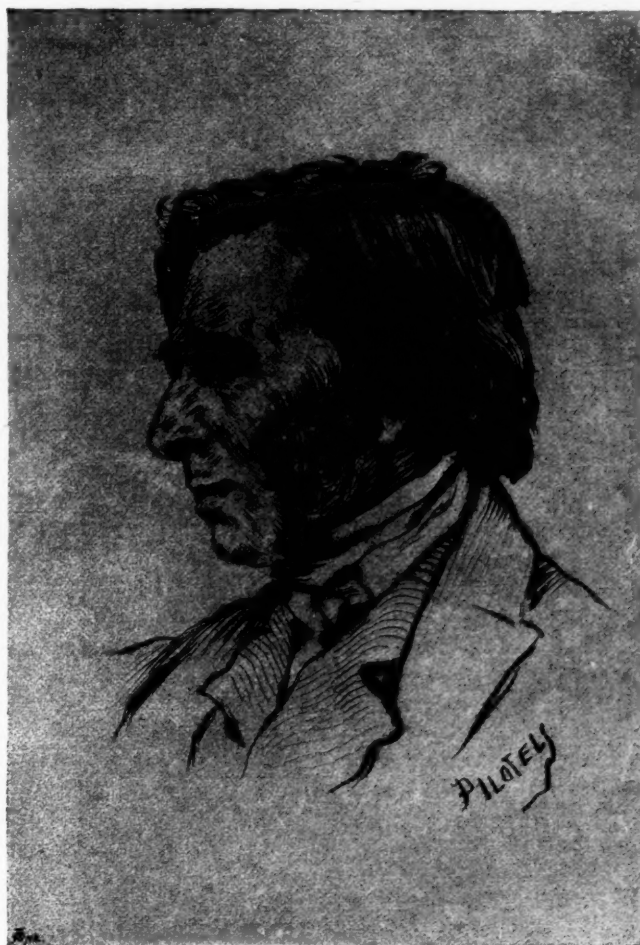
knew him in those early days, Mr. Holman Hunt records his interesting recollections as follows:—

"When I first met him, I was struck by his great slenderness of build, which was not yet without remarkable gracefulness of motion in quiet life. In manner, his persevering politeness and untiring pains to interest me and others in his possessions almost surprised me, and it would have been really unbearable to receive so much attention had he not shown so much pleasure in gratifying his guests. On further acquaintance he was quite capable of expressing the most extreme discontent that his friends would not adopt all his views. He was displeased with me for my determination to go to the East, and that I did not set myself to work to found a school. I was often amused at his ignoring the state of paralysis I was generally in from want of means. He would ask me why I did not go to Scotland for a few weeks or months for a holiday when I appeared overworked? and more than once he urged me not to delay leaving England for the purpose of seeing Italy—when in truth my purse would have been empty at Dover, and there would have been no means of making sure of a home had I returned on foot from the coast. It was quite strange to witness how his life-long experience of finding all things that he wanted at hand had made him, not incapable of talking of poverty, but without power of realizing how straightness of means prevented a man from obeying the inclinations of his mind and body at every turn. Whatever feeling he professed towards one's purposes, I can say that I never found him anything but most gentle and tenderly affectionate, and although for some years circumstances made us unable to see one another much, I never had any reason to think him other than one of the truest men I had ever met as a noble friend."

It is not uninteresting to seek for the traits set forth in Mr. Holman Hunt's generous testimony in the admirable synchronous portrait by Millais.

Three years later, in 1857, Mr. Richmond executed a head in chalk, also for Mr. Ruskin *père*, which is an excellent specimen of the artist's skill in this form of portraiture. (See p. 77.) In this drawing, as in the water-colour, Mr. Richmond has preferred to show us the gentleness, thoughtfulness, and brilliance of the friend, rather than the vigour, the combativeness, and the earnestness of the crusader—characteristics which at the time were most impressed on the public mind. In both his charming works it is "Ruskin at Home" whom the artist has recorded,

not Ruskin the Teacher or Ruskin the Missionary. This portrait, which hangs at Brantwood, and which was brilliantly engraved by Mr. Francis Holl, A.R.A.—Frank Holl's father—and issued in a reduced size in one of Mr. Allen's publications, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year it was made.

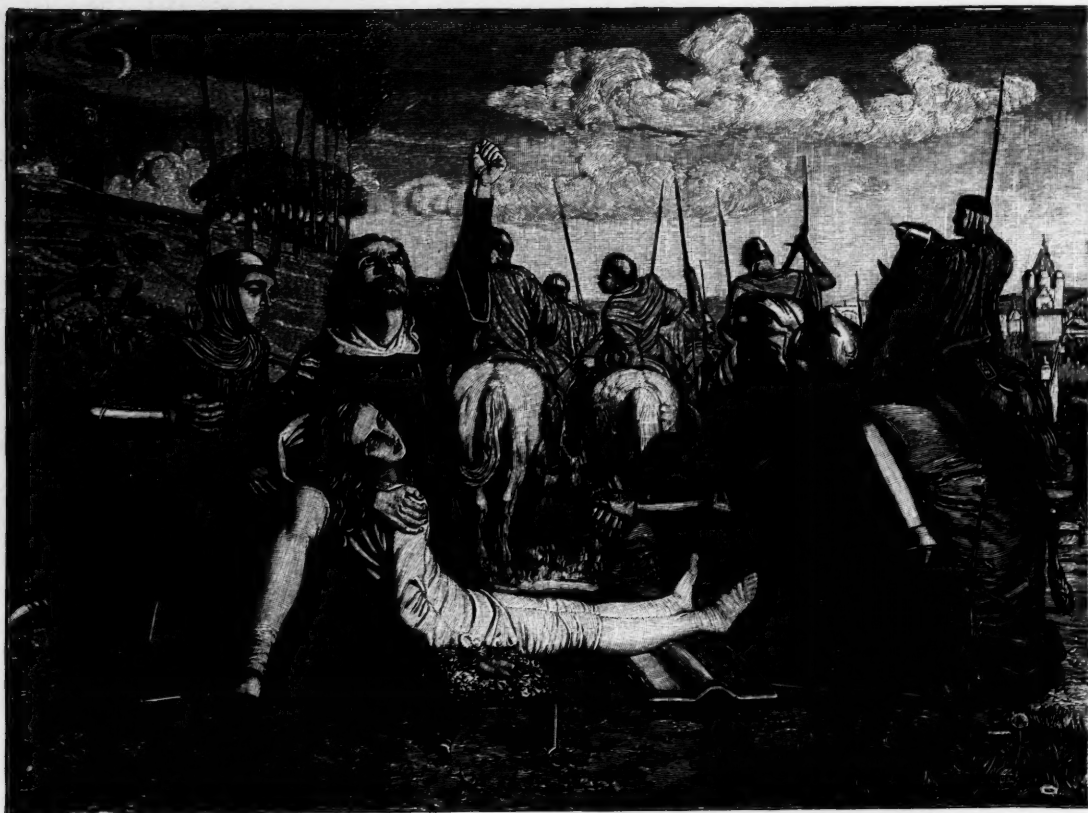


JOHN RUSKIN (1870).

(From the Etching by M. Georges Pilotelle. By Permission of Mme. Nostéda.)

Mrs. Joan Ruskin Severn—Mr. Ruskin's cousin and adopted daughter—tells me the following pretty anecdote concerning this head:—"When the 1857 portrait was done by dear, courteous Mr. Richmond, some friends thought it flattered Mr. Ruskin; but Mr. Richmond said, 'No; it is only the truth, lovingly told.'"





RIENZI VOWING VENGEANCE.

(From the Picture by W. Holman Hunt. Engraved by C. Carter).

## THE PROPER MODE AND STUDY OF DRAWING.—I.

ADDRESSED TO STUDENTS.

By W. HOLMAN HUNT.

IT was with unqualified satisfaction that I received the assurance that I might be of use in furthering the objects of the Drawing Society, for these recommend themselves to my judgment as much to be desired. I had not conceived as a practical project the extended system of drawing which it is the aim of that Society to effect; but some twenty years since, in a very distant manner, I assisted the efforts of an artist, who was appointed at one of our largest public schools, to make drawing something more than the mere trifling accomplishment it had been heretofore, and I rejoiced to see how soon his serious efforts in this direction were appreciated by many of the boys; and, notwithstanding the encountering of constant opposition, the progress some of the pupils made in the course of a few years (although they had had only one

hour a week allowed for this new crotchet, as it was deemed) was far beyond my expectations. The hopes raised by this honest ambition of a single individual were unhappily destroyed by his early death. And now I think the large public schools are less well taught in drawing than the Board Schools are, if I may judge by work I saw on a visit I made to some of the latter in my neighbourhood about three years since. The excuse at public schools is that drawing is an extra branch of education, and that its importance cannot be compared to that of the established lessons in the academic routine. I think I am in agreement with the readers of this Magazine in declaring that this view is wrong *in toto*. I feel that the system in vogue unwisely ignores the value of rudimentary signs most easily understood by the young, and that

the longer the mastery of these is neglected the greater must be the loss in facility of acquiring new knowledge. It would only be thoroughly consistent to discard the alphabet in literary tuition, and teach words fully formed, such as dog, cat, horse, &c., declaring that to teach the individual elements of further words would be an irrelevant interruption to serious study.

When I read the lecture of the Honorary Director and Secretary of the Drawing Society at the Society of Arts, delivered in May of 1888, and I examine the "Syllabus for Schools or Special Drawing Classes," I feel inclined to determine that the practical wisdom proper to the subject has been exhausted, so complete are the means recommended and employed, to carry conviction to the minds of the unprejudiced public, of the cardinal value of drawing as a means of education—one which may, with the alphabet and with the numerals, help children to all the symbols essential for instruction. Drawing is, in fact, the primal symbol of all; for the alphabet—after all its mutations, dictated by the needs of the peoples who

have handed it on—still bears intelligible pictures of the objects which originated the sounds intended, or suggested the meaning to be conveyed. Without

making this paper a dissertation on this special study for scholars, I may perhaps safely cite as an illustration of my meaning, for the benefit of the younger readers of this paper, that the letter S represents a serpent, whose hissing gives the sound; that the letter U is said to be a picture of a bull's horn, the bellowing of this animal being the vowel-note which we have to imitate—(that the A is said to be the picture of a bull's head is not antagonistic to either of these speculations, for the vowels in Oriental languages are but different forms of one sound, originally not at all noted, even by points); the O is an exception to this rule, if it be true that primarily it was a picture of the eye with the dot in the centre to indicate the pupil. The Roman numerals are

simply representations of the fingers. Altogether it is an interesting study, which may be well worth further pursuit; but I only here want to point out that by a gradual and perhaps unthought-of



A STUDY FOR "RIENZI."  
(By W. Holman Hunt.)

change we have displaced the habit of observation and imitation engendered in making contour lines (which we know, by geologic remains, was natural to prehistoric man), and that in doing so we have deprived ourselves of a very powerful means of training up an orderly mind in the young, which is as needful in the course as in the end of education. The Drawing Society, in attempting a reformation, has grasped the wise rule to have no half measures. My earlier hope was that by inculcating in the minds of the youths destined to be our governing classes a practical love of drawing, the change might gradually be recognised as desirable for those less expensively educated. Now the purpose is to make the alteration a general one—a national one. In the end it should be universal; but we will stop our ambition—for the present, at least—with our own countrymen in England and elsewhere. We will not speak of it, in its elementary stage, as the “art of drawing;” our business is primarily here with the practice in the form of a science; and I think it well to make this distinction, because our purpose is not to add to the already very much overcrowded ranks of the professions of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Were this not clearly laid down I should certainly conclude that I am the wrong person to take the post of adviser; for I have too many evils brought to my eyes, arising out of the encouragement given to the young (who draw with more or less accuracy), to leave courses where their other abilities would be of the greatest use for one in which there is no proof whatever that the qualities essential to an artist are possessed. A mere prosaic workman in art is a miserable creature indeed—not a bit the less so if he succeed in perverting the taste of patrons enough to become highly successful in a business sense. In teaching grammar we do not assume that all successful pupils shall become poets; and we shall not any more have it supposed that because we insist upon the advantage, simple and compound, of a study of form, we pretend that thus we are making imaginative designers, which all true artists must be in the branch of work they take in hand. To a certain point, however, the two pursuits are the same; and as an artist never relinquishes his pencil for a grander tool, it is natural that he who has continued the practice of drawing all his days, and watched the effects of different methods of devotion to the pursuit, should be called upon to encourage and direct those who are at the stage which I designate as the scientific stage of drawing.

In the higher branches of the mystery of painting there is too little of what may be called the paternal system of instruction. In old days, you may know, a boy wishing to become a painter was apprenticed to a

master, who taught the pupils all his secrets by diurnal example. In that part of the pursuit which we have to consider, this is only wanted occasionally; and is given by frequent but casual supervision by this Drawing Society. Certainly we must not ignore the insufficiency of the care often suffered by art-pupils reared on what may be called the socialistic system; to illustrate which view, allow me to report an observation which I had the chance of making in my walks abroad. There is an enchanting shop-front in Regent Street, where chickens are exhibited of different ages, which have been hatched by artificial heat, and undoubtedly the result is perfectly marvellous to the eyes of a stranger. As a show it is very attractive, as many may have noticed. Lately passing by, I observed a pitiable stricken child of humanity lying in his little go-cart, which had been halted just at the outskirts of the throng. Wondering at his helplessness, I recognised, by close attention, that he was a few years more than the mere child which I had at first imagined him to be. Soon I saw he had an attendant, evidently his mother, who was stealthily moving his carriage inch by inch, as vacancies occurred, closer to the window, until eventually he was in the front rank, and packed so as to be the least possible in the way. His mother then pulled out a cushion, and so raised his head; but it was easy to perceive that he was still not of sufficient height to overlook the whole plane on which the brood lived their life in public; but with undisturbed mien he waited until the mother stooped down and pulled forth a small hand-glass. Raising this to just height in his off-hand, he then surveyed the whole scene reversed. It was growing towards evening, and the little chicks were seeking additional warmth in the inner glazed recesses; they huddled together against the panes, which within formed the cavity for the heated air. Doubtless the temperature was made sufficient to foster them; but it was clear that the fluffy little infants had a want unsatisfied, for, just as they were formed in a group, one of them would suddenly make a dart under the body of the other, who—no bigger than his fellow—was with the shock entirely overturned. When again packed close together the same disturbance occurred. Their instinct was not only making them seek warmth, but the protective love and shelter also of the old hen. Well, my young draughtsmen, it seems to me that the difference between academic tuition and parental direction is just that between what the little chickens received, and that which the young crippled child had bestowed upon him by his mother. For a student of scientific drawing the parental care may be largely at least replaced by general overlooking; for painters, however, it is most desirable. As to



my novitiateship, I was trained, as all artists now are, on this heated air process. In the course of my life I have grown to understand the wants suffered by that system, and my desire is to help to supply those that may be communicated, without constant intercommunication, while you are still young enough to be on the look out against habits which might retard your progress.

In one point, perhaps in others, I shall be repeating what is already enforced upon your consideration, but this iteration may be taken as a further proof of the importance of the precept. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his first lecture, speaks of the need of using memory to reproduce work done from an original form; this cannot be said to the young too plainly. I read the lectures with much interest when I was thirteen, but although at a later stage I did, in an unsystematic manner, act on the rule, I had forgotten that it was laid down by the great practical theorist. Perhaps it is said by him too casually for the beginner to note the injunction, or I should have done better; so I venture to remind you that the object of drawing is not only to imitate; it is to learn thoroughly—to make the object your own. Draughtsmen who cannot draw from memory cannot do so from imagination, and the hope in drawing is that by its means you shall be able to realise an idea in your mind, and enable others to do so more perfectly. To draw only from the fact before you is but the initial step in limning. There are men in the world, some who are large proprietors and who really possess nothing. They have not done yet what nurses wait to see babies do—take notice. Some men have not begun to take notice when at old age they are called out of the world. These are poor indeed, for they could not identify any possessions. They could scarcely even tell you the difference between a farthing and a sovereign. They take stock of everything only in cyphering. Certainly, some learn by other means; but the value of drawing is that you learn to note features that had escaped your attention at a cursory glance, and you have these in tangible form ever after stored away in your mind.

Coming to practical matters as a preliminary question to all others, I will suggest the inquiry whether you are quite sure about the manner of holding your pencil. In this your masters will check you; but it appears desirable to give the matter the fullest consideration at the outset, because later it is very difficult, if not impracticable, to eradicate a bad habit. Many excellent artists, indeed, differ in their practice from what I consider the best form. The pupil may, in writing, commence with a defective mode of holding his pen; and then he goes on to the end of his life making the best of it under the circumstances; and he may write very well, but

still his original carelessness costs him some perfection. The object in both arts is to have such command of your point that it will not only make a vertical, an oblique, or a horizontal line, but that it shall make curves of all kinds, and move from one form to the other without a feeling of constraint in the framing of these lines at the turning-points. Now if you take your style in your fingers, as a strict writing master directs, with both of the two foremost digits upon the shaft, you will, in making a scroll, discover that just where the forefinger loses the control of the pen the middle fellow takes up the work. This is exactly as it should be in all small drawing; whereas, if you acquire the practice of taking your marker in the forefinger only, or with the second finger beyond the shaft underneath, you will see that you will not make so perfect a line at the curves; for you will there have to call in the action of the wrist needlessly, and even the arm, and there must then be some constraint in curving the line, moreover, your one finger will get so bent at the joints that even your straighter lines will be heavily marked. Whatever the necessity for keeping your elbow close to your side for writing on the slope may be, it is no part of my plan to do this in drawing; for such work you may curve your arm so that the points of the fingers holding the pen may be nearer to you than the palm of the hand; by doing which, in making certain forms, you find the advantage of seeing your line better as it comes from the point. Among the drawings I possess is one in pen by Raphael. I mention this little sheet, because it has the Urbinate's signature put there—by chance perhaps (or it may be that this had spoilt the surface for other purpose, and so the painter took it up for his sketching). The writing would be recognised by all as remarkably beautiful, and this, if not the drawing, would prove that Raphael held his pen for each task with both of the two fingers. The concluding suggestion to all who may feel the importance of this view is, as to the manner of correcting the defect when once it has been acquired. One simple expedient may be the wearing of a glove with the forefinger and the second sewn together; this would in a short time, without doubt, correct the bad habit, if it is agreed that such it is. I repeat that I speak here of small desk, and not of easel, drawing, which of course calls upon the arm for exertion.

The next point you will not fail to have forced upon your attention in these days of blundering French influence is whether good drawing should have any outline at all. The raisers of this difficulty will tell you very speciously that there is no outline at all in Nature, that every object melts insensibly into another, that all forms are to be defined by

differences of tone—of *quantities*, to use the cant word; but all this is quite unworthy your attention, except as an absurd example of the dodges by which very defective draughtsmen make ignorant amateurs believe that their faults are not faults at all, but really merits. There can be no doubt that every object extends itself to a certain shape, which prehistoric man, when drawing upon the flat surface of a horn, represented with an outline, and which the greatest artists of modern ages also define with firm line. It is perfectly true that, when dealing with complicated light and shade, these shapes in parts have to be fused into one another; but just as the animal form cannot be drawn correctly by one ignorant of the hidden anatomy, this fusing can only be done justly by students who have *first* been thoroughly trained to draw the perfect forms of these objects; and for this, mark you! the objects must be set in a full light, in which the exact boundaries will be clearly defined. So, pray, do not ever be induced to appear accomplished by making your outlines indefinite. The New School, as it is called in France, have no novelty in their principle, except in dragging out of its very conditional and subsidiary position a law which should have attention only when all others have been duly observed, and using it as a perfectly new revelation. In such a capacity it is calculated to do the greatest mischief, as is shown by the tone of many profound newspaper critics when descanting upon the merits of works which, not poor and miserable simply, but having other kindred debasing faults, added to the initial one of want of knowledge of form, are nothing less than antagonistic to the pure spirit of refinement in all its kinds and degrees, and are thus utterly destructive to pure taste. The scribbling by a child may look like the hasty writing of a master of thought to one ignorant of the alphabet. Never-

theless, the ignorant only are deceived; the true reader looks for information in any scrawl, and he is not satisfied by the assurance that the idle penman flourished off his meaningless scratches and blots with the *abandon* of an expert clerk.



A STUDY FOR "RIENZI."

(By W. Holman Hunt.)

To one other matter I would briefly ask you to give attention. It is—to check the habit, where there is this tendency, to repeat the touch in drawing a line, with no interval of scrutiny to check the first mark. You will see that this develops a feeble and petty series of little scratches, making up a line as beads form a necklace. It is not intended that you should not at first lightly sketch in your proportion and forms before marking in the final lines. The sketch by Raphael, to which I referred, is an excellent example of a firm drawing. The expression of the figure was here a mat-

ter of no concern, and so there is scarcely trace of a preparation for the final lines, which are evidently made solely to demonstrate how perfectly and gracefully he had learnt the lesson set by the great master of the time, Michael Angelo.

There is a rule which all draughtsmen ought to know, and which I have never seen printed, or laid down in public. It is that in the animal creation there are no true concave lines, that all the forms are convex, and that those depressions which appear like concave forms are strictly made by the meeting of two neighbouring rounded forms.\* The endeavour to find exceptions will not be so successful as may be imagined. In the eye, to wit, it may be claimed that either the lower or the upper lid must be confessed to be concave, but the true consideration of the case proves the correctness of the rule also here, for the point at which to place your mind is the

\* This, in point of fact, was set forth by Mr. Henry Moore, a pupil of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., in a privately printed treatise a few years ago, entitled "The Laws of Form."—EDITOR.

centre of the circle itself, and from this both the upper and lower lines are convex. Once properly accepted, too, by the pupil, he will be enabled to see that such *apparently* exceptional curves (those in the exquisite piece of design, the human ear, for example, although composed of forms which in their general bearing reflect one another, and so suggest concave shapes on one or the other side) are built up of several members with margins swelling inwardly, so that the whole form has an appearance of strength and variety, the elegance of the design being retained without nauseating the mind, as otherwise would be the case. The law is observable, but with much longer connecting lines, in the world of vegetation, and in forms affected by internal force.

Be on your guard, next, let me beg you, against the vanity of supposing that Brobdingnagian proportions and scales are a sign of grandness of style. Many students encourage a habit of drawing everything larger than the original. When they copy from the flat, their outline far exceeds in measurement the pattern set; and when they draw from the human face on the full scale, their portraits are very like the sons of Anakim. This is wrong; it mis-trains the eye; and the object is to train the eye to correct appreciation of size, as well as form. In a complicated drawing, this tendency to cheap grandeur is very damaging, for it leaves the intermediate spaces between the conspicuous objects crowded out of all repose and dignity, if it do not also sacrifice essential truth.

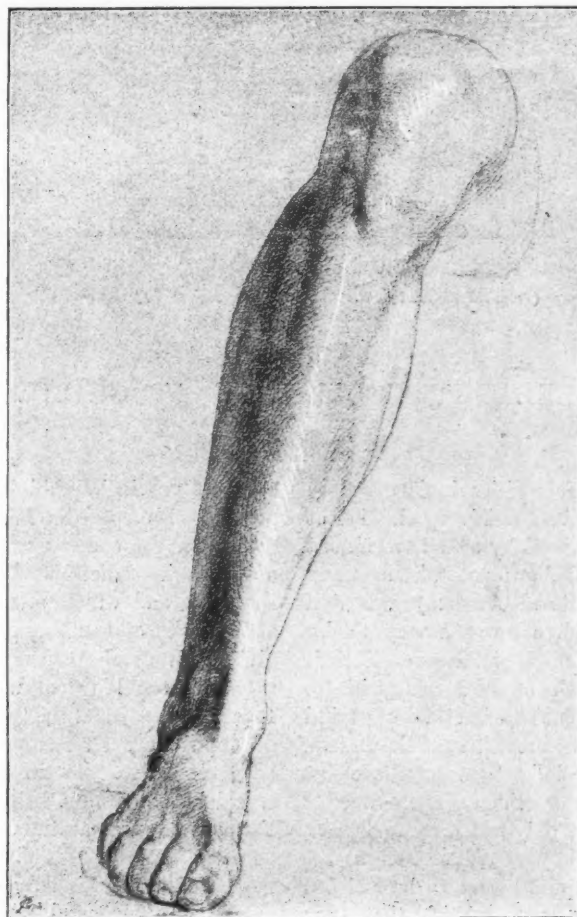
I have intended thus far to make remarks that may be of essential service in scientific drawing, although they are—in

part, at least—derived from practice in art drawing, and bear this stamp:—Whatever your profession may become, the power to draw should be a great gain; and I congratulate you on being born in an age in which attention has been called to this advantage. Some scientific leaders have not waited this occasion to make themselves good draughtsmen. I remember at King's College lectures on anatomy, by Professor Partridge, in my youth, how with the greatest clearness and facility he drew for the instruction of his class; and Sir James Paget has assured me how paramount is the ability to draw anatomical forms, in a surgeon, whether demonstrator or student. There is surely no pursuit in which training in drawing will not be an effective preparation, if not a lasting help, to success. When all men are taught to draw, there will not be the danger of the

accomplishment misleading them from other callings to which circumstances and their original bent lead—a danger which has certainly been suffered from of late years.

Having made these general practical suggestions spurred to them by the test of how I should have valued them myself when a boy, I will leave you for your true guidance to the direction of your supervisors. I have been asked to furnish some of my own early drawings for the inspection of my readers. The studies here reproduced were executed at twenty for a picture of Rienzi exhibited in '49, and are included in the very carelessly-preserved collection of my own work, which, however, fails to go back early enough, even in the first

how far the infant was father to the man in me.



A STUDY FOR "RIENZI."

(By W. Holman Hunt.)





A HIGHLAND STREAM.

(From the Picture by Peter Graham, R.A. Engraved by C. Carter.)

## MR. BROCKLEBANK'S COLLECTION AT CHILDWALL HALL.

By E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN.

THERE are probably few cities in England so rich in picture collections as Liverpool. For at least a hundred years its wealthy men have almost invariably made it their hobby to patronise art; and even before, when the Royal Academy was still unthought of, and English art was a very tender sapling, peripatetic vendors of pictures found their account in visiting the banks of the Mersey with (to use the words of one of them) "collections of capital paintings, done by the greatest masters of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch schools." Some of the oldest private collections still show evidence of the success of such traders, and it is only necessary to inspect that most interesting gallery of old masters at the Royal Institution in Colquitt Street to be satisfied that it was by no means all rubbish that they exchanged for the guineas of the merchants and slave-traders. Perhaps the flourishing potteries of Liverpool had something to do with the development of an art taste among the citizens long before any other provincial town showed similar symptoms.

The first provincial exhibition of works of art took place in Liverpool in 1774, in connection with a society for the encouragement of art, the foundation of which immediately followed that of the Royal Academy, and which, after several transformations and periods of collapse, gave rise to the still surviving Liverpool Academy—the oldest art corporation in the kingdom with the exception of the Royal Academy and the "Old Society."

Could the art treasures of Liverpool and district be gathered together in one collection, the result would be astonishing. Even such a partial aggregation as there was at the Grand Loan Exhibition in the Walker Art Gallery in 1886 served to surprise most visitors. It is only on such occasions that a member of the general public has any opportunity of estimating the wealth of good things, which, for the most part, remain hidden in private collections; and even then the estimate must be an imperfect one. A prominent contributor to the exhibition was Mr. Ralph Brocklebank, J.P., of Childwall Hall, who lent

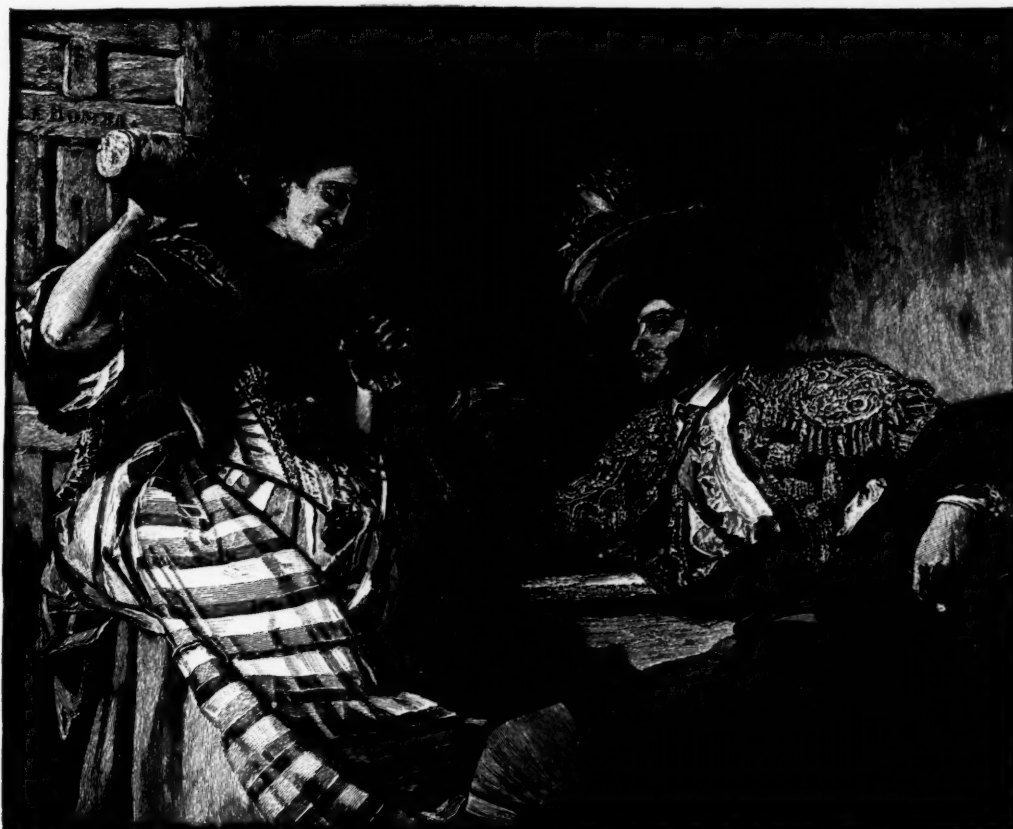
twenty-one paintings; but even this considerable number of works but partially represented the value of his collection.

Childwall Hall is pleasantly seated a few miles from Liverpool, close to the famous old Childwall Abbey, and is itself a fine old house situated in a nobly wooded park. Mr. Brocklebank's collection is scattered through the various apartments, none being set apart especially as a picture-gallery. The finest of the oil-paintings hang in the spacious dining-room, and many of the cabinet pictures in oil and water colour are arranged in the library.

The collection is notably rich in Turners of the choicest quality. Perhaps the most striking of these is the large upright "Marriage of the Adriatic," an imaginative and gorgeous representation of the Grand Canal, crowded with innumerable figures appropriate to the great annual Venetian festival. Not less remarkable is another work of his later period, the "Ehrenbreitstein," the great Rhine fortress with the tomb of General Marceau in the foreground, a marvel of rich colour and assured brush-work. The picture, which has been engraved

by John Pye, was bought at the Bicknell sale in 1863, Mr. Bicknell having acquired it from the artist after its exhibition in 1838 at the Royal Academy. In strongest contrast to these two works is the tender and delicious "Summer Hill" (the residence in Kent of Sir Julian Goldsmid), a serene pastoral scene painted in the low, cool tones of the painter's middle period. Yet another mood finds expression in "The Beacon-light, the Needles, Isle of Wight." Here the wild fury of the storm-vexed sea on a rocky coast is grandly realised. On the pale cliff, high above the whirling waves, there flames out in the gathering darkness the beacon's warning to mariners—a form of sea-signal, now superseded by lighthouses, which Mr. Brocklebank well remembers in common use on various parts of the coast. Another phase of the great painter's style—that which is most puzzling to the Philistine—is illustrated by his "Avalanche," a fantastic yet vivid study of an instantaneous effect. At the other extreme of the painter's range of style is the dark and sombre "Creighton Castle."

Among a number of choice drawings which



LA BOMBA: A SPANISH WINE-HOUSE.

(From the Picture by John Phillip, R.A. Engraved by C. Carter.)

adequately represent Turner's water-colour work, the finest as well as the most extrinsically interesting are the eight views of scenes described in Sir Walter Scott's works, which were painted for the great novelist, and hung for many years in his drawing-room at Abbotsford. They are in the same quaint oaken frame or case which Sir Walter had specially made for them from timber grown on the Abbotsford

in its lighting, and with a suspicion (but no more) of theatricalism in its arrangement and sentiment, the picture is yet a powerful and moving one. It has been very well engraved by T. L. Atkinson. A picture of a fresh, comely, and innocent lass is "Peggy," a single figure at a stile. Here also the light is the light of the studio, but the girl is delightful. The Thomas Faed of to-day is seen in



OLD ROMAN BRIDGE, AVIGNON.

(From the Picture by Clarkson Stanfield.)

estate. It would be difficult to find more superb examples of the painter, who would seem to have strained every faculty to produce work worthy of acceptance by the great author he admired so fervently. The collection of drawings includes some splendid Copley Fieldings, an exquisite "Lancaster" by Birket Foster, a very important Barret, and good examples by Cox, Prout, Pyne, W. J. Coleman, Frère, and others.

Mr. Brocklebank was an early admirer of the brothers Faed, and numerous works by them find a place in his collection. Thomas Faed's first style is seen at its best in "The First Break in the Family," a vigorously expressed and most dramatic scene in the Highlands. The eldest son is going away out into the world, and, as he disappears in the distance, the whole family stands beside the humble cottage, watching his progress. Somewhat artificial

"In Time of War," which illustrates a passage in the tuneful song, "Logan Water," which Robert Burns, king of "conveyancers," founded on his recollections of Thomas Mayne's almost equally charming "Logan Braes":—

"But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes."

The soldier's wife sits by the embers, full of sad thoughts, while her two babes sleep in bed. Curled up beside them lies a little red kitten, and a mongrel terrier sits sleeping beside his disconsolate mistress. It is an inimitably truthful piece of animal painting. The incident is completely and harmoniously expressed. Mr. Brocklebank, who acquired the picture direct from the artist, has some amusing reminiscences about it, especially regarding the red kitten.





THE WOLF'S DEN.

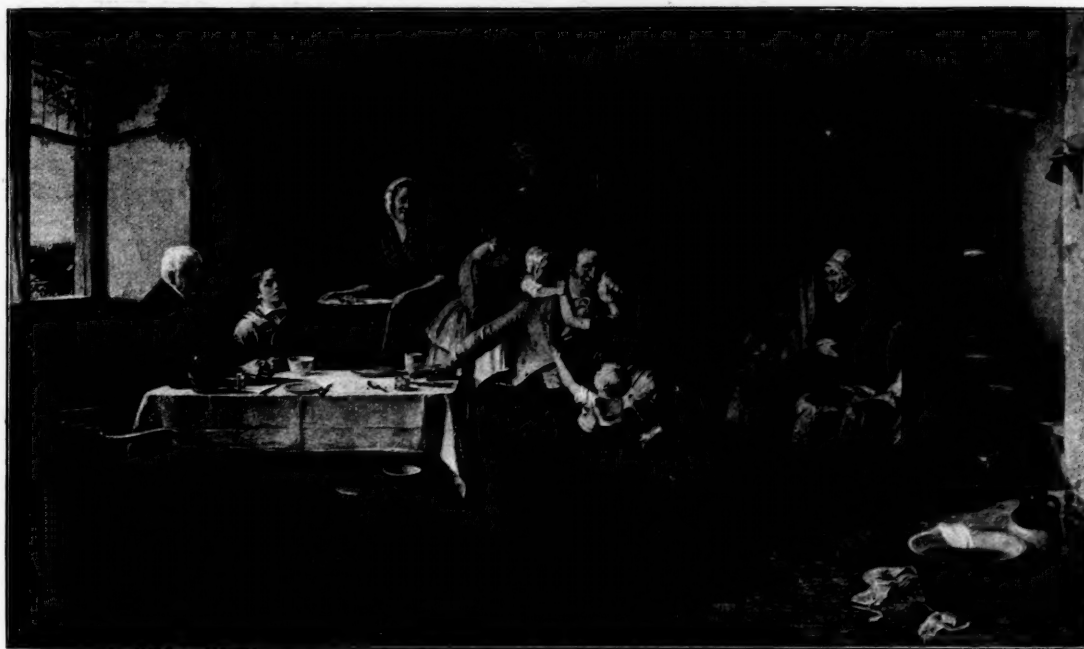
(From the Picture by Sir Everett Millais, Bart., R.A. Engraved by P. Naumann.)



A kitten of that colour and no other was required to give a needed note of colour, but the painter searched in vain for a model. Red cats of all ages are scarce, and at last Mr. Faed was fain to abandon the quest, and evolve the indispensable quadruped from his inner consciousness.

Among several works by John Faed, R.S.A., is an interesting realisation of "Goldsmith in his Study." Sir Joshua Reynolds entering at the door finds the

is "The Wolf's Den" (painted in 1863, the year of "St. Agnes' Eve" and "My First Sermon"), which has the special interest due to its containing portraits of his children. It is forcibly painted in the solid and careful yet brilliant manner followed by the painter at that period of his career. The odd juxtaposition of large spaces of scarlet and crimson is a characteristic peculiarity of colouring. (See p. 89.) One of the most attractive subject pictures in the



THE EVENING MEAL.

(By Thomas Webster, R.A.)

poet "who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor poll" busily at work in the midst of characteristic disorder. A crisp little cabinet, "Old Mortality," is another picture by this artist, and his "Queen Margaret declining to give up the Keys of Edinburgh Castle," one of his earliest pictures, is a capable work in the historical vein. The greatest of Scotch *genre* painters, Sir David Wilkie, is represented by that exquisite little work, "The Letter of Introduction" (painted in 1813), which is in perfect preservation. Its tender, cool tones are delightful, and in quality it rivals the finest Dutch work.

Sterne's inimitable scene where the wily Widow Wadman studies fortification in a sentry-box, under the tuition of Uncle Toby, is piquantly illustrated in Mr. Frith's treatment of it. Her roguish coquetry and his hopeless unconsciousness are shown to the life, as will be seen in our illustration on p. 92.

The only example of Sir Everett Millais, R.A.,

collection is "La Bomba," by John Phillip, R.A.; it is an ordinary wine-house incident, but it has furnished the painter with occasion to put forth his best powers as a draughtsman and colourist. (See p. 87.) There are one or two other pictures by Phillip, including "A Gleaner," which is of high merit; and he also was the painter of some foreground figures in J. B. Pyne's noble "Heidelberg," which would be more assuredly a masterpiece if it were not rather reminiscent of Turner.

John Linnell's "Wood-cutters" is a splendid example of his grandiloquent and impressive treatment of woodland and pastoral scenery. Truer in tone, though less striking in composition, is the painter's "Gravel Pits," which is remarkable for its departure from his usual mannerisms; and the "Dusty Road" is another valuable example of his style. The single picture by Creswick—a "Barnard Castle" by evening light—is an adequate illustration

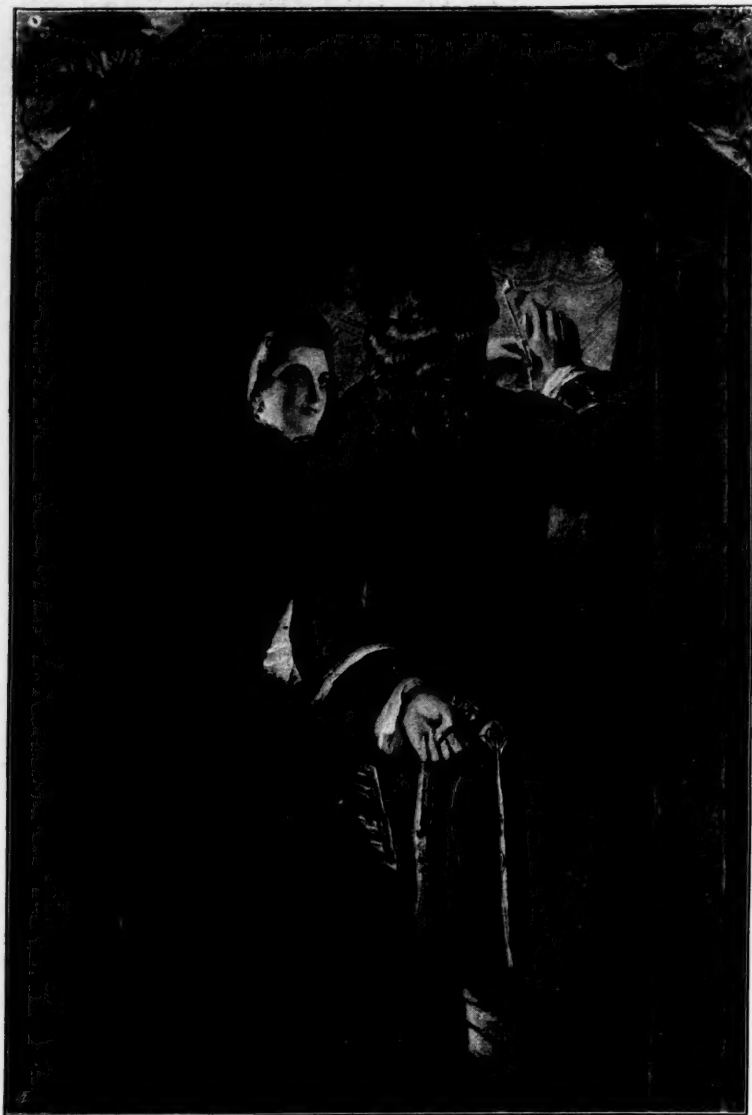


of his powers. There are several canvases by Clarkson Stanfield, whose "Old Roman Bridge at Avignon," painted in 1848, is the subject of one of our illustrations. (See p. 88.) Composition and colour are alike

unusually large and important example of the English Hobbema; the impressive "Baalbee," by David Roberts, R.A.; and "A Highland Stream," by Peter Graham, R.A. (see p. 86), are other landscape subjects of especial interest.

There is an excellent example of Thomas Webster, R.A., variously known as "Cottage Life" and "The Evening Meal." (See p. 91.) A "Scene in Brittany," by F. Goodall, R.A., is one of those rustic *genre* scenes which that versatile artist at one time affected. "Lovers," by the same artist, is simple and charming. "Integrity" is an example of W. Mulready's work, equal in quality to anything by the artist. This picture, formerly in the Northbrook collection, was at the Manchester 1887 Jubilee Exhibition, along with "La Bomba," "Baalbee," and "The Children in the Wood," one of the choicest works of the late Robert Gavin, R.S.A. Mr. Brocklebank also has a graceful "Phoebe Mayflower" by this artist.

An enumeration of all the art-treasures of Childwall Hall would exceed the capacity of a single article. Enough has been said to convey some idea of the character of the collection and of the care and taste with which it has been formed, and it will suffice, therefore, to leave a number of pictures undescribed. That they are for the most part worthily associated with the works that have been dealt with will be evident from the fact that they include "The Bird Trap,"

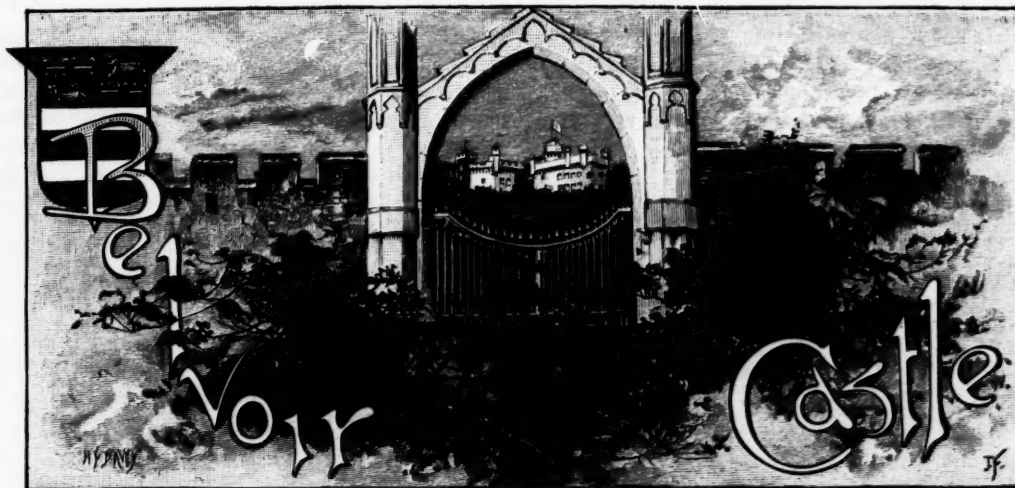


UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN.

(From the Picture by W. P. Frith, R.A.)

excellent, and it is one of the best examples of his treatment of still water. His genius for marine painting is seen to great advantage on "Rough Weather—Entrance to Dorpt." "Little Ventnor" (1845) is a charming coast scene by W. Collins, R.A. A romantic pastoral scene by Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A.; two Patrick Nasmyths, one of them particularly choice and tender in colour, and the other an

by Müller; W. C. T. Dobson's impressive illustration of the theme, "He that putteth his hand to the plough," &c.; "At the Fountain," by Poole; "The Arming of the Bayard," an early figure subject by Hook; Landseer's vigorous oil-sketch "The Whisky-Still;" a "Desdemona and Othello," by Pickersgill; and a cabinet-painting of a sheep by Rosa Bonheur, a veritable gem.



(Drawn by J. Finnemore. Engraved by H. F. Dacey.)

## BELVOIR CASTLE AND ITS HISTORY.

By F. STEPHENSON.

**I**N Macaulay's spirit-stirring fragment upon "The Armada," he described how when that formidable sea-host approached our shores, the crests of flame leaped from hill to hill,

"From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,"  
and sped northwards from the Thames,

"Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,  
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;  
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

The "lordly terraces" of Belvoir rise above one another, and appear to have been scarped out of a lofty knoll which is the last of a range, and they overlook the famous vale taking its name from the castle whose ancient title aptly describes the situation and chief charm of the site. Except Durham Cathedral, no building in England, not even Windsor Castle, is more nobly placed. Far larger and loftier than Mount St. Michael, it gives "broad verge to distant lands," including an ocean of verdure and foliage much wider than that revealed by the fortalice of the Guardian Saint which stands in the middle of the sea. On a clear day you can, from the terraces of Belvoir, distinguish the towers of Lincoln Minster, thirty miles off, while in another direction a nearly equal space spreads out before you.

A site so eligible for a fortress seemed marked out by nature for that use, and, doubtless, some one of the warring tribes, who long before the Conquest

held this border land, occupied it. However this may have been, it is certain that the earliest record of a building there indicates a castle erected by Robert de Todei,\* the Conqueror's Standard Bearer, who was so well rewarded for his aid in the partition of England that he died possessed of eighty manors, some of which he devoted to the erection and endowment of Belvoir Priory, a house for four monks, which in 1077 he built at the foot of the hill where Belvoir still stands. There is no doubt the castle thus founded was an important edifice, but I think it may be safely said that, above ground at least, no stone of it now lies upon another. It appears that of this fortress—as it existed in the time of William de Albini IV., Robert de Todei's descendant in the fifth degree, otherwise called William of Belvoir, who died in 1247—there is a representation on a seal appended to a charter confirming his ancestor's gifts of lands to the priory, and that this gives an embattled elevation of three tiers, the upper two of which have on their faces Norman arches and pilaster-like buttresses. The whole is surrounded by an embattled outer wall, enclosing the bailey or court of the fortress. The builder died in 1088, and was buried in the chapter-house of his own priory, and there his relics lay in peace for many a day. At last, at the Dissolution, the monks of Belvoir, whose wealth had increased hugely since their founder's time, were sent adrift.

\* Not to be confounded with Ralph de Toeni, Standard Bearer of Normandy, who was at the Battle of Hastings.

Their buildings became ruins, and a part was used as a stable. This portion must have been the chapter-house because, as we learn from Stukeley, some labourers who were digging there on the 6th of December, 1726, unearthed the stone lid of a cist, which was evidently of the eleventh century, with the inscription, "*Robert de Todenai le Fondeur.*" The lid removed, some bones were revealed which were

the priory. He died in 1236. William IV., whose seal is above mentioned, succeeded his father, and, dying c. 1247, was buried at Belvoir. He was the last of the male line. Isabel, his daughter and heiress, married Robert, Lord de Roos, a great man in his time, who took part



THE GUARD-ROOM AND GRAND STAIRCASE.\*  
(Drawn by J. Finemore. Engraved by F. Prieat.)

doubtless those of the builder of the original castle. Within this compass, like his bones in the stone chest, lies the history of the founder of Belvoir. At the dissolution of the monasteries a portion of the estates which he had given to the priory was returned to his descendant, Thomas, Lord de Roos, first Earl of Rutland, who died in 1543.

To "*le Fondeur*" succeeded William de Albini Brito, who added to the priory's endowments and, probably, to the structure of the fortress. Adhering to the party of the Empress Maud, he was dispossessed of Belvoir by King Stephen, who put the place in the charge of Ranulf de Gernons, Earl of Chester. Reinstated, this lord died in 1155, and was succeeded by William de Albini II., who, dying in 1168, was followed by William III., one of the signers of Magna Charta, 1215, a vigorous opponent of King John and a further benefactor of

with the Barons against Henry III., was heavily mulcted by the victorious party, but later, in 1267, obtained leave to add an embattled wall to his castle at Belvoir. This wall was doubtless in place of, or in addition to, that represented on the seal of his wife's father. The Lord Robert died in 1285. He was, in progress of time, followed by William, who (1292) contended for the Scottish crown.

Several generations later we meet a second Thomas, who, taking part with Henry VI. against Edward IV., was deprived of Belvoir, which was given in charge of William, Lord Hastings. Attacked by the owner's friends, this place suffered greatly, as thus related by Leland in his "*Itinerary*":—"Where-upon the Lord Hastings cam thither another tyme with a strong poure and upon a raging wylle spoild the castlle, defaced the rofes, and taking the leades of them, wherewith they war coverid. Then felle all

\* The balustrade is omitted from the left-hand arch in the drawing, in order to show the interior of guard-room.

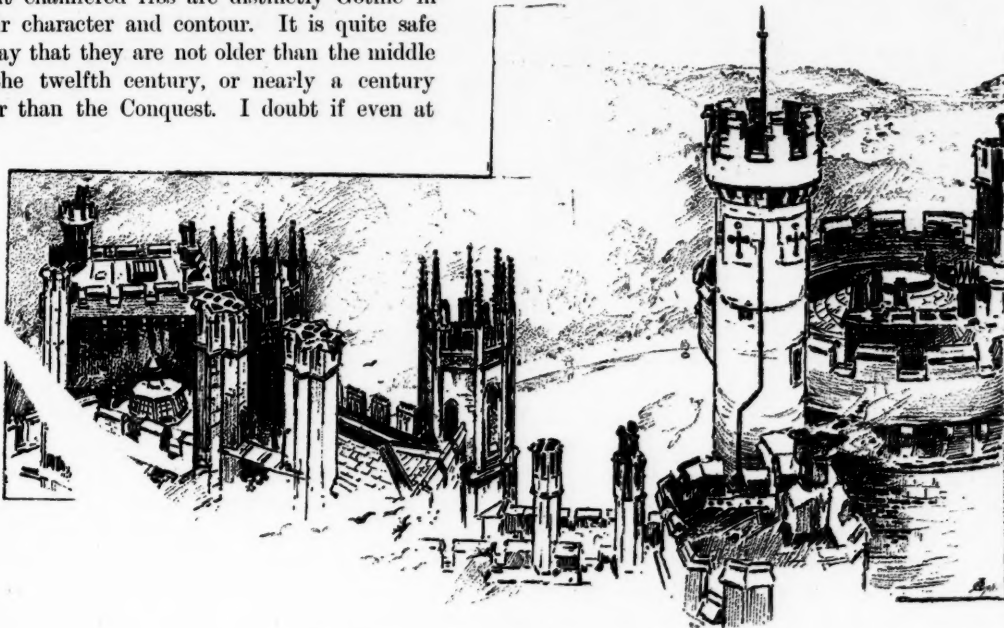


the castle to ruine; and the tymbre of the rofes onkeverid rotted away; and the soille betwene the waulles at the laste grue ful of elders; and no habitation was there tyl that of late days the Eyrle of Rutland hath made it fairer than ever it was." The Hastings family left Belvoir in this state twenty years. In 1483 Edmund, eldest son of the Lord Thomas who died in 1464, recovered the castle and estate. Eleanor, his sister and co-heir, married Sir Robert Manners of Etal, Northumberland, and, from that time forward, Belvoir has been vested in their descendants. George Manners, the eldest son of this pair, succeeded his father c. 1485, and died in 1513. It was Thomas, the next lord, who was created Earl of Rutland in the 17th of Henry VIII., and, as above stated, rebuilt Belvoir. He died in 1543, and his son completed the work in 1553, and died in 1587.

It is supposed that the only fragment of Robert de Todenai's original castle at Belvoir which now remains above ground, and is not a portion of the foundations of the existing superstructure, is a very fine vaulted chamber forming the basement of the Staunton Tower, a conspicuous element in the chief engraving before the reader. (See p. 97.) The architecture of this room not being Romanesque is decisive evidence against the popular tradition. Its eight chamfered ribs are distinctly Gothic in their character and contour. It is quite safe to say that they are not older than the middle of the twelfth century, or nearly a century later than the Conquest. I doubt if even at

architecture, much less in the basement of a fortress remote from the capital. The keystone from which the ribs radiate is, of course, original; but, as it bears a crowned "M" of Late Gothic form, it has evidently been thus decorated long after it was placed in the eye of the vault, which, so far from being of a round-arched or Romanesque type, is slightly but distinctly pointed. The initial "M" may be of the sixteenth century, if not older, and seems to belong to the family of Manners. To the Gothic period and mediæval owners of the castle we probably owe the singularly complicated ground-plan of the basement, which, supposing he found admittance at all, seems to have been constructed as a means of defence by exposing an invader to attacks of the garrison, who could retreat from point to point, and often have him at an advantage.

Wealthy owners of castles often undertook extensive buildings and rebuildings, leaving little of the works of their forefathers; but few have deliberately assented to the destruction of their ancestral seats. This seems to have been the case at Belvoir. We have seen how Earl Thomas and his son restored the ravaged structure. It nevertheless soon underwent greater trials than before. This was while in the hands of John, eighth Earl of Rutland, a distin-



VIEW FROM FLAG-STAFF TOWER, BELVOIR CASTLE.

(Drawn by J. Finemore.)

this date a work, the construction of which was of so advanced a character as this, a roof with concentric ribs, had been introduced even in church

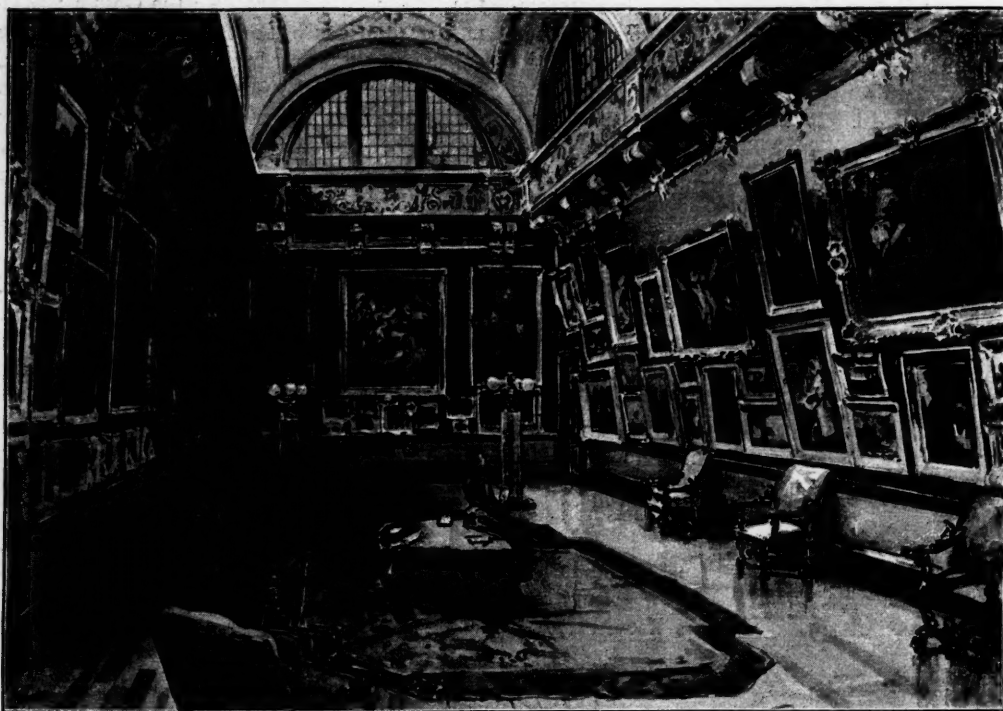
guished leader of the Parliamentary party in opposition to King Charles. This circumstance exposed him to the attacks of the Royalists, and, therefore,

we read in the "Perfect Diurnal" of February, 1642, that "the malignants of Nottingham have taken Belvoir Castle, being the Earl of Rutland's."

They made it a stronghold against its owner, ravaged the country, and from their disgusted antagonists earned for themselves the name of "Bever cormorants." In due time they were, after four months, forced to leave, marching to Lichfield with

own overdue rents. How much was really destroyed it would be difficult to say, probably it was desired simply to disable Belvoir as a fortress. Nevertheless, much damage must have been inflicted, for we read in Fuller's "Worthies: Leicestershire," in reference to the old saying—

"If Bevoir have a cap,†  
You, churles of the Vale, look to that



THE PICTURE GALLERY, BELVOIR.

(Drawn by J. Finemore.)

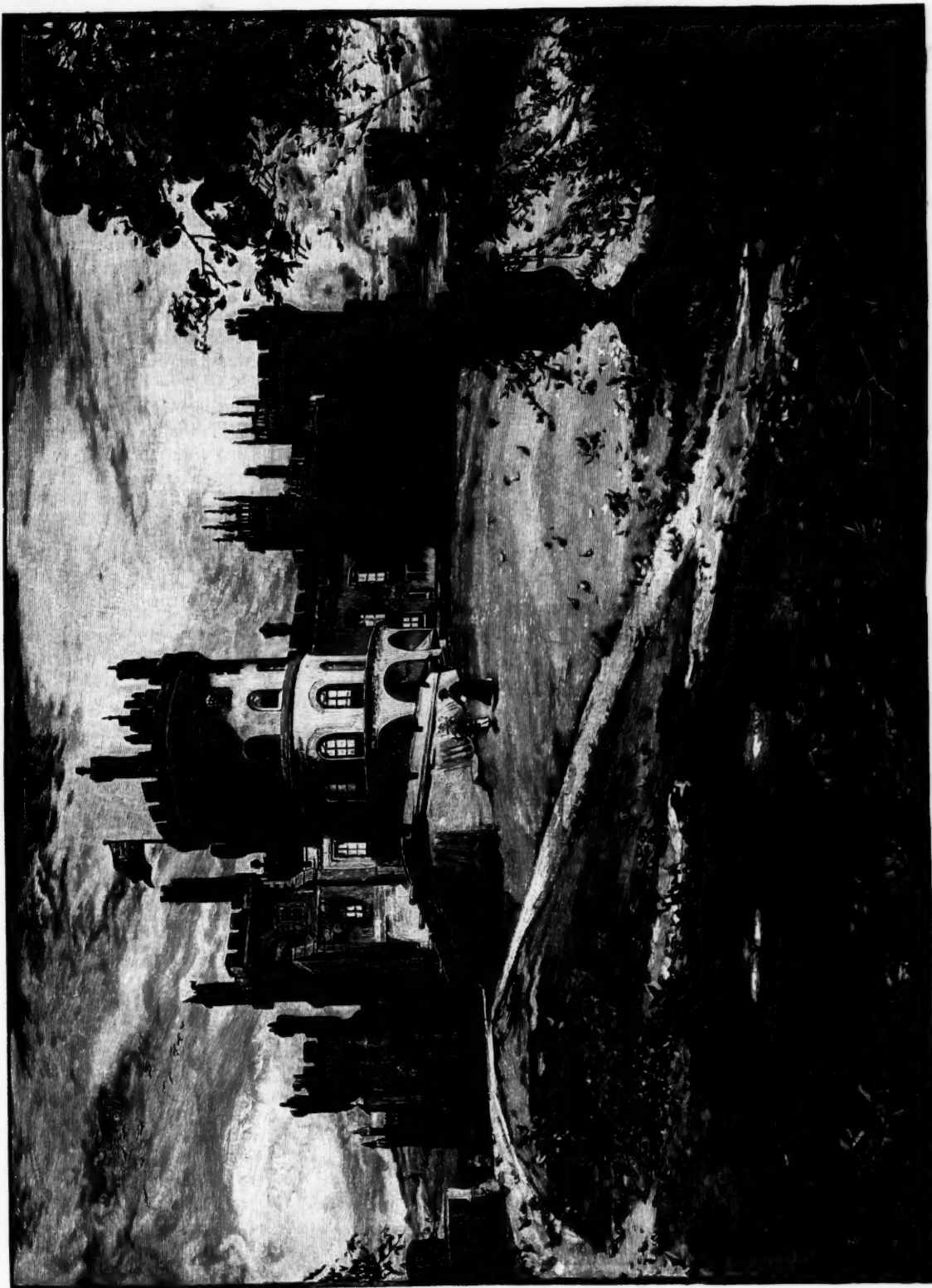
music and flying colours, and thus admitted the earl to his own again. Its daring capture, obstinate defence, and the honourable terms granted to the intruding garrison, mark emphatically the importance of Belvoir in the eyes of both parties. The earl was very much in earnest all along, and seems to have had few scruples in carrying out his views. He consented to the demolition of the village at the foot of the hill, and the outworks and stables of the castle itself.\* Nay, when Charles had been executed, and there was no need to keep a garrison in Belvoir, he (May, 1649) absolutely consented to the demolition of his ancestral house, and, as "compensation" for his loss, seems to have accepted not more than £1,500, part of which magnificent sum was taken out of his

\* We learn incidentally from the history of this matter that, instead of a winding road, there was for access to the castle "threescore and six degrees, or steps of stone."

because it prognosticated rain; "but, alas!" added Fuller, "though the company be there still, the head or the crown therefore I am sure is not there (I mean Belvoir Castle itself), being lately demolished in our civil wars, though I hear some part thereof is rebuilding. I wish the workmen good success, though I suspect the second edition (to use a scholar's metaphor) of the castle will not be so full and fair as the former." This passage gives a notion of the greatness of the Belvoir which was "slighted," as the phrase was, by the Parliament. It likewise indicates that the Earl of Rutland was then (1662) busily rebuilding his house. He continued the work until, it was said, 1668, and, chiefly at the instance of his countess, expended £200,000 upon it, adding noble gardens, plantations, and other ornaments.

Such were the fortunes of a great house, which,

† Of mist.



BELVOIR CASTLE, FROM THE FRONT.  
(Drawn by J. Finemore. Engraved by C. Carter.)



its forerunner having been ruined in the Wars of the Roses, was largely rebuilt by the first Earl of these pages, so that further description of it is unnecessary. He spent enormous sums, and continued the work from 1801 till October 26, 1816, when, owing, it is thought, to the carelessness of the carpenters employed in finishing the north-west front, a fire consumed that portion and the north-east front, and was only stayed by bricking up a doorway. On this occasion about a hundred and twelve pictures, including nineteen by Reynolds, were destroyed. In the March following the duke recommenced his work. The architect was Sir John Thornton, a clergyman, whose ideas of Gothic design agreed with those of his day, and are recognisable in the woodcuts now before us. In due time the castle was finished, and, being admirably constructed and duly cared for, is likely to be the



THE LIBRARY, BELVOIR.

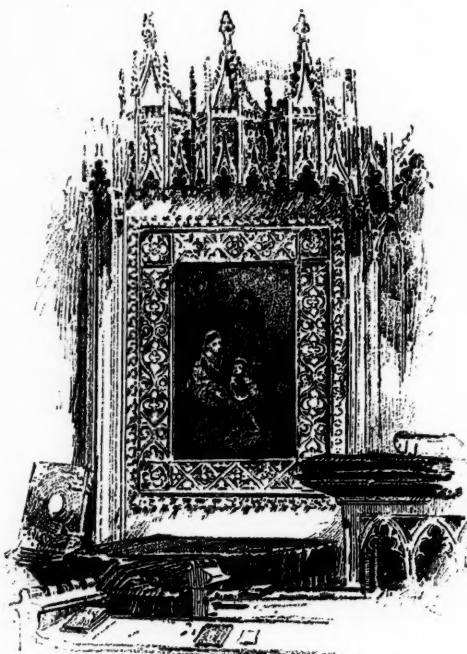
(Drawn by J. Finnemore.)

Rutland. Demolished in its turn during the Civil War, that Belvoir gave place largely to another, the work of the eighth earl.\*

This later work was, no doubt, that which is represented in certain pictures now hanging in the corridor at Belvoir, and showing a large, square barrack-like edifice, with straight sides, a level roof-line, and square-headed windows all alike, a house so bald and plain as to account for the desire of one of its possessors to build a new one, the *quasi* Gothicism of which is, as the reader sees in the cuts before us, absolutely antithetical to that which the owner removed, and which was more like the existing mansion of the Duke of Northumberland at Sion than anything known to me.

It was John, ninth Earl of Rutland, upon whom, in the second year of her reign, Queen Anne conferred the Marquisate of Granby and the ducal title which now distinguishes the owner of Belvoir. The eldest son of the third duke was the famous Marquis of Granby, whose portrait, founded on a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, still hangs as the sign of many a tavern in England. John Henry, fifth duke, son of the latter, pulled down the last-mentioned Castle

\* The present Duchess of Rutland, in her most valuable account of Haddon Hall, *vide the Quarterly Review*, January, 1890, tells us that a model of Earl John's building is in the Guard Chamber at Belvoir.



IN THE CHAPEL, BELVOIR.

(Drawn by J. Finnemore.)

home of the great house of Mannors for many a generation to come.

## THE ILLUSTRATING OF BOOKS. FROM THE HUMOROUS ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

By HARRY FURNISS.

**J**UST as every mouthful of food (according to Mr. Gladstone) should be bitten thirty times before it is swallowed, so most stories require reading over a certain number of times before the artist can digest the contents sufficiently for illustration, particularly if the author has not troubled to consider his creation from the artist's standpoint as well as his own. Were authors always to do so, I should have little to write about; but as it is, I must frankly state as my honest opinion that authors, although they write for illustrated magazines and papers, do not often consider the illustrator at all; and that is why there is always a difficulty in avoiding the commonplace. In operative work surely the librettist and composer must work hand in hand. Should not the author and the artist do likewise?

Undoubtedly there are some writers who take great trouble to see their subject from the artistic standpoint. One sensational writer with whom I am acquainted will make a complete model in cardboard of his "Haunted Grange," so as to avoid absurdities in the working out of the tale. The "Bloodstained Tower" is therefore always in its place; and the "Assassin's Door" and "Ghost's Window" do not change places to the bewilderment of the keen-witted reader. Many writers, on the other hand, show an extraordinary carelessness—or, shall I say, agility? "Hilarity Hall," or "Stucco Castle," is supposed to be a firm erection capable of withstanding storm or, if necessary, siege; whereas the artist too often detects the author turning it inside out and upside down to suit his convenience, like the mechanical quick-change scenes in our modern realistic dramas.

It may seem strange, but I have never found over-conscientiousness in seeking to secure "local colour" meet with the slightest reward. Two

instances, among many similar experiences which have fallen to my lot, will serve to show my ground for making this observation. The authors' names, of course, I suppress; they are both leading novelists of to-day, and as both are as genial as they are eminent, I feel sure they will forgive me should this "meet their eye" and they recognise the circumstances.

In the first case, before commencing the illustration of the story in question, I lunched with the author to "talk it over."

He told me the exact spot where the story was laid—a village a good many miles from London. The next day, provided with exact information, my wife and I went by train to the station nearest to the village in question, and then, taking a "trap," went on a voyage of discovery. First, however, we endeavoured to gain some useful directions from the proprietor of the hotel where we lunched, but, to our surprise, he knew of no such village. The driver

of our "conveyance" was equally unlearned concerning the object of our search.

"Strange," said I, "how these country people ignore all the beauties and graceful associations that are around them—they don't even know of the existence of this idyllic village."

Nothing daunted, I undertook to pilot the party to the place, and after a lovely drive we reached the spot where the village ought to be. Here I saw a kind of model hotel, and, I think, a shanty of some description; the rest was an ordinary English landscape. I hardened my heart, and patiently sketched the building, which, of course, was not there at the period the story referred to, and some details of the place where a village only existed in the author's imagination. When next I saw my tormentor, I was consoled with the assurance that there certainly must have been a village there some centuries ago!



THE OLDEST INHABITANT POINTS OUT THE JETTY.  
(Drawn by Harry Furniss.)

My second instance occurred very soon after. I think it was the very next story I illustrated. I "talked it over" with the author, and started for the South Coast.

My notes were:—"Jetty—lovers meet—ancient church—old houses." But the "jetty" was the object of the visit. Again I was forced to bow down before my author's wonderful powers of imagination.



THE AUTHOR'S DINERS, BEFORE DINNER.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

tion, for once more, in company with my wife, with a hireling to carry my sketching stool and materials, I walked a great distance in search of the jetty. Vain, vain! not a ghost of a jetty was to be seen. The menial could not enlighten us. At last we unearthed the "oldest inhabitant," who took us back to where a few sticks in the water alone marked where it stood "a many years ago." I tried to develop some of the powers of Professor Owen, when he constructs an animal from the smallest bone, and succeeded in "evolving" a jetty from the green remains of four wooden posts.

The author's characters also undergo extraordinary changes, to the utter confusion of the conscientious illustrator.

I recall a case in point.

Scene.—A dinner at a country house.

I note—Will takes Maude in to dinner, and is seated between Maude and Mrs. McMedler.

Note—Maude in previous chapter is described as having beautiful auburn hair, and Will—fresh from Australia—is "bearded" and "bronzed."

Note the important fact that Rachel (Maude's maid) admired the sombre dinner dress of her mistress.

Note—Lady Makeup, last to enter the room with the Bishop, sails up the dining-hall, and her massive form acts as a universal fire-screen.

I read on. The author, evidently imagining he is dining also, proceeds to mix the facts a little.

Therefore, note, later on.—Maude "raised her beautiful eyes and gazed steadfastly across the table at Will, looking already a bride in her white robes, set off by her raven locks."

Note—Will "stroked his smooth chin," and "his face was paler than ever." Although her ladyship was far from the fire, "her thin face burned."

The clerical mind also detected the flirtation, and, "being next the entrance, taking a hint from her ladyship, the Vicar rose and opened the door, and the ladies retired."

Now what is the unfortunate artist to do?

First he notes Maude and Will, her ladyship and the Bishop, entering the room.

And then they leave, Maude transformed; Will shaved; her ladyship improved; and the Bishop lowered to a Vicar!

Then we have the obstinate author who refuses to alter his text when glaring mistakes of the kind are pointed out.

There is a popular novel now in circulation, written by one of our best authors and illustrated by one of our best artists. I will suppress names, but state the case for illustration.

The story is semi-historical, laid about a hundred years ago. The artist observed that the author gave



THE SAME, AFTER DINNER.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

one of his chief characters a beard, although beards were never worn then. The author would not alter text, and the artist declined to draw absurdities; so with much ingenuity he invariably hid the lower portion of the face whenever he had to draw the bearded character.



I do not copy his figures for obvious reasons, but here I endeavour to show "how it was done."

The illustrator's difficulties by no means end when the author is satisfied. Many authors give you every facility and hamper you with no impossibilities; but then steps in the editor, especially if he be the editor of a "goody" magazine. Novels will be novels, and love and lovers will find their

some chaperon in the distance; the subject and treatment is hardly suitable otherwise to our young readers."

Sometimes a publisher steps in and arranges everything, regardless of all the author and artist may cherish.

Years ago a well-known but not very prosperous publisher sent for me, and spoke as follows:—



THE BEARD DIFFICULTY AND HOW IT WAS SURMOUNTED.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss.)

way even into the immaculate pages of our monthly elevators. I once found it so, and certainly I thought that here was plain sailing. A tender interview at the garden gate. She "sighed and looked down as Charles Thorndike took her hand"—unavoidable and not unacceptable subject. Lovers are all commonplace young men with large eyes, long legs, and small moustaches (villains' moustaches grow apace); moreover lovers, I believe, generally take care to avoid observation; but no! it appears that "our subscribers" have a stern code which may not be lightly infringed. A letter from the editor rebukes my worldly ways:—

"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly give Charles Thorndike a beard, and show an aunt or uncle or

"Now, Mr. F., what I want is to knock the B.P. with Christmas. The story is all blood and murder, but don't mind that, you must supply the antidote; put in the holly and mistletoe, plenty of snow and plum-pudding (the story was a seaside one in summer-time). I like John Tenniel's work, give us a bit of him, with a dash of Du Maurier, and a sprinkling of Leech here and there; but none of your Rembrandt effects! they are too dark, and don't print up well. Never mind what the author says; he hasn't made it Christmas, so you must!"

It is equally difficult to comply with an editorial request such as this: "The story I send you is as dull as ditch-water; do please read it over and illustrate it with lively pictures." I read it once and

make a dash at it; were I to read it over thirty times, the effect upon me is such that I am convinced I should draw skeletons like Traddles, or something equally miserable.

Artists who work for the Press have no time to wait for inspiration — indeed, I think "waiting for inspiration" is merely an excuse for idleness; but there are circumstances under which it is very difficult to be funny to order. We are all familiar with the story of the clown who makes you laugh through his tears, whilst his thoughts wander from the property sausages to his dying wife at home; but so long as the merry peals of laughter run through the house and the paint lasts on his cheeks, he gets through his work. How different it is for the poor comic artist in his studio! No music, no excitement (sometimes no sausages), no rounds of applause. And even should he feel lively and in the best of spirits for work, with a good funny subject to illus-

model to understand the humour of it and the pose that is required, the old fellow's expression changes — his laughing face is too doleful to contemplate, as he begins to relate his family troubles, the sufferings of his "old woman," and the latest complaints his "little 'uns" are attacked with.

An actor seldom creates a part; he merely carries out the character created by the author. Nor does the illustrator create the character he illustrates; he, like the actor, portrays the style of man the author indicates in a professional way. If this were not so, actors would be their own dramatists, and artists their own authors. Except for this comparison I will not go further into the dramatic part of the question; but, artistically, Hogarth is an exception to this rule, and, in our own time, John Leech. Leech did

not require an author's aid; he saw an incident, and, like the greater man I have named, created his characters and delineated them in such a way that they told



PUBLISHERS' LOVERS.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss.)



THE HUMOROUS MODEL'S FAILING.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss.)

trate, and a humorous-looking model to sit for it, he may be thoroughly upset by the latter; for just as he gets well set to work and has worked up his

their story, and amused and delighted you before you read the letterpress. Stage directions were not required, and the middleman, the author, dispensed with.

Leech has created characters that are as distinct as any of Dickens'. For instance, Mr. Briggs will live for ever, and the test of such a character-creating genius is that foreigners, who cannot read English, understand and enjoy the pictures.



THE AUTHOR'S IDEAL "FUNNY FELLOW," ACCORDING TO THE PHOTOGRAPH.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss.)

Sometimes an author writes as follows:—

"Whippercorn must be a funny fellow—not the comic man we have served up in the so-called comic papers, but a creation. Now I have in my mind's eye an old college friend of mine, who is my model for Whippercorn. I have not seen him for years, but I have asked a relative of his for his photograph. Here it is. He is certainly altered. What a funny dog he was, to be sure!"

The exacting author is another phenomenon. I know one, a remarkably clever writer, whose conscientiousness—I might say fidgetiness—takes the form of leaving little to the artist's imagination, and lengthy epistles about

every detail are sent with his rough notes. I trust sincerely that should he come across this article and recognise himself, he will take my remarks in good part—as I have done his.

For instance, I receive his sketch of his ideal heroine, as shown in the next column. I read in the MS. she is to be the most beautiful creature imaginable. I realise this from the MS. But my horror when I see the lady's picture is like Henry VIII's when he saw Lady Anne of Cleves, after forming his idea of that lady through Holbein's picture; only the incident is reversed. I mildly point out that my idea of his heroine, gathered from his description in writing, hardly coincides with his sketch in pencil. Quite so, but he is anxious the character of his heroine "should not be stereotyped." Little fear of that, think I, if I follow his sketch. I soon receive my author's recipe for constructing the ideal heroine. I am not to take *one* model for the lady—I am to take *several*; for all know no face is perfect. I am therefore to go to Hastings and see a certain Miss Matilda

Smith, in a pastrycook's shop, for the eyes. I am to visit Hastings and eat buns and cakes, gazing the while into the beauteous eyes of Miss Smith. Then at Dublin there is a Miss O'Grady, "with oh, such a perfect nose! Could I run over there and make a sketch of it?" A letter of introduction is enclosed, and, as a precaution, I am enjoined that I "must not mind her squint." But I *do* mind, and I am sure the blemish would sadly mar my proper judgment of the lovely feature, for gazing on which those eyes have lost their rectitude. For the ears, a journey to Scarboro', to see Miss Robinson, the Vicar's daughter, is recommended. No, she may listen, think I, to the "sad sea waves," or to her father's sermons, but never to any flattery from me. The mouth I shall find in Manchester—not an English mouth, but a sweet Spaniard's, Señora Nicolomino, the daughter of a merchant there. So already I sniff the cigarette held so lovingly in those perfect lips; but I am to draw an English heroine of fifteen innocent summers—how those curling wreaths of pearly smoke would disenchant my mind of the spell of youth and innocence! For the hair I must go to Brighton; for the figure to a number of different places. My author had mapped out a complete tour for me. I am irresistibly reminded of that story which I have often retold in lecturing, of the artist who was determined to paint a perfectly correct figure, strictly in accordance with the orthodox rules of art. As he painted a portion he covered it up, and so went on until the figure was complete; when it was finished he tore off the covering; the result was hideous! He went mad! I feel sure that fate would have been mine had I attempted to carry out my author's instructions.

My readers may think this tale is an invention; I assure them it is literally true, as is all that I have written here. I cannot pretend to the skill in writing fiction (or otherwise) of those whom my remarks may touch. The only merit this narration can claim is that it is a true chronicle of some incidents occurring in my own experience.



AN AUTHOR'S "ROUGH SKETCH" FOR HIS IDEAL HEROINE.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss.)





"UNTO THIS LAST" (WHITBY).

(From the Oil Painting by Alfred Hunt. By Permission of J. Eccles, Esq.)

## ALFRED HUNT.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

ALFRED HUNT appeals to a large public by the dainty prettiness, and sometimes by the romantic wildness, of his themes. He appeals to the artistic world by the refinement of his methods and by the extent and the diversity of his aims. A painter in oil and in water-colour for fully five-and-thirty years, he may be held, I take it, to have expressed by this time something more than his tendencies—to have produced no small proportion of the work by which hereafter he must claim his niche in the student's memory.

While it is true that by the Academy ampler recognition might long since have been bestowed upon his labour in oil, it is obvious also that in the art of water-colour Mr. Hunt has found, speaking broadly, the happiest of his methods of expression. He is not so much of the succession of Richard Wilson and of Gainsborough, of Crome and Constable, of Linnell and Creswick. He is rather of the succession of Turner and De Wint, of David Cox and of Cotman. The mention of the names of

these leaders of landscape, in the different mediums—and with one or two exceptions, I have taken the greatest names only, though I have not taken all of these, and have taken them exclusively from among Englishmen who are dead—is of itself enough to expose the folly and the pretentiousness of representing one medium, the medium of oil, as greater than another, the medium of water-colour, and of inviting for the practitioners of the one method a degree of consideration not extended to practitioners of the other. Certainly for the achievement of certain ends—for most of the purposes, for instance, of the figure painter—oil and the canvas or panel are more finely fitted than water-colour and Whatman paper; and in so far as it is some part of Art's business to be careful to employ the means which shall best produce the end, honour is bestowed not unwisely on those who, in journeying to the right place, have chosen the right road. But, in the main, the oil painter's placid assumption of a superior dignity is the result of a too grossly material view

of the real ends of Art. The dignity is in the man and not in his colour-tubes. In the charm of his individuality resides alone his inalienable claim. And, in the art of landscape, even Wilson's distinction, Gainsborough's grace, Crome's sturdy power, as oil-painting can show them, are in some sense matched in water-colour by the attractiveness of the personality which infuses itself into every drawing of David Cox's—which abides, though quietly enough, in the very soberest and sedatest of the work of Cotman and of De Wint—and which shines through the untiring labours of Turner, from the first faint grey-blue sketch in which the student of architecture set down the lines of some English abbey, planted among the hills, to the last firework of topaz and sapphire which was Zug perhaps, or Zürich, or perhaps was Venice.

But—after this not unneeded *apologia* for the art of water-colour—to come back to Mr. Hunt. In those biographical dictionaries of contemporaries which exist to solace curiosity, it is stated, to the surprise of such of us as are aware of Alfred Hunt's still insatiable appetite for labour—that he was born in 1830. One guesses age badly; and, moreover,

Time, which dulls the bourgeois, only sharpens the artistic spirit. Liverpool was Mr. Hunt's birthplace. His father was Andrew Hunt, a painter. Thus it may be imagined that he had little difficulty in the choice of his profession; that if he desired to be a painter, there was, at all events, no opposition to meet from the non-artistic person. But it seems that Alfred Hunt's own choice was not clear very early. He must have started with a passion for Knowledge quite as marked as any passion for Beauty. He was of the type of man to whom it is possible to be a scholar in literary things—quite as easy, perhaps, to him as to be a disciple of Beauty, or a scholar in the things of the world. Anyhow, he stuck to his books. He got an earlier portion of his education at Liverpool College. Howson and Conybeare were together the heads of that establishment. They both of them took a real interest in Alfred Hunt. And the boy got an exhibition of forty pounds a year in this school; and then a scholarship at Corpus Christi. While working very hard at Greek and Latin classics, his vacations were occupied diligently in sketching. His sympathies were wide. Nay, more, they were divided



DURHAM.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by Alfred Hunt. By Permission of J. W. Barnes, Esq.)

very distinctly between Art and Literature; for he took the Newdigate Prize for English verse in 1851. "Nineveh" was the subject. Layard's discoveries were then very recent; and it cannot have been long afterwards that it seemed good to a luxurious painter who was a subtle and a reflective poet to deliver himself of what was at once a meditation and a lesson—"The Burden of Nineveh." Mr. Rossetti's verse the world retains. Shall I be churlish enough to say that I have never had the curiosity—or never the leisure—to inquire whether the world does wrongly in not retaining Mr. Hunt's?

The young man took his degree in 1852, with a second class in classics, and it was a mere accident, Mr. Hunt has told me—gravely and, as I trust, thankfully reflecting on the perils he has escaped—it was a mere accident that his existence did not become academic. He tried for a mastership, which he did not obtain; and he did obtain in 1853 a Fellowship in his college. Then so undecided was he between two professions—he had been selling, it should be mentioned, little works of his to Wyatt, the Oxford printseller—that during Howson's illness and absence young Hunt would go and teach. The Dons wanted him to take Holy Orders. But, after having exhibited something at the Academy in 1854, he was fortunate enough to get a small oil picture, which Mr. Wyatt had been minded to send there, placed upon the line in 1856. And it was praised by Mr. Ruskin. And that turned the scale.

But the advocate of Pre-Raphaelite workmanship was not likely to be held in high favour by the Academicians of the time. Their ideals were fixed; their methods settled; nor has the passage of years proved that they were always obstinately wrong. In 1857 two pictures and a drawing by Hunt were exhibited at the Royal Academy; and these were badly hung, and Ruskin fell foul of such treatment in his "Notes." Worse things followed. In 1858 an elaborate picture called "The Track of an Old-world Glacier" was altogether refused by the Academy. Mr. Hunt, however, labouring at a period at which no Sir Coutts offered hospitality to the homeless, no Comyns Carr assumed a shield and buckler in the service of archaic or romantic Design, went on stomaching affronts, doubtless forgetting injuries; went on sending his pictures to the Academy shows. Sometimes was he accepted. Pretty often was he still refused. But in 1862 he was elected an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society, and two years later he became a full Member. Thus was formed and confirmed that association of his life to which he has been most constant. He had then become a married man, and a ratepayer, in the city of Durham. At Durham he was first spotted for income tax by a gentleman who sang in the cathedral,

and whose voice, when lifted up in song, was never afterwards perhaps—since we are but humanity after all—was never afterwards perhaps quite so welcome. In 1866 Mr. Hunt said good-bye—as far as actual residence was concerned—to the little city of which so many refined visions have been presented since in his art. Coming to London, he established himself at once in the house at Kensington which has ever since been his home. And since then—as of course for some few years before it—there has been steady painting; work in oil only lately yielding such a dominant place to work in water-colour; the two for many years proceeding together, and Mr. Hunt holding that never has a water-colour man failed to be either narrowed or injured by being a water-colour painter alone.

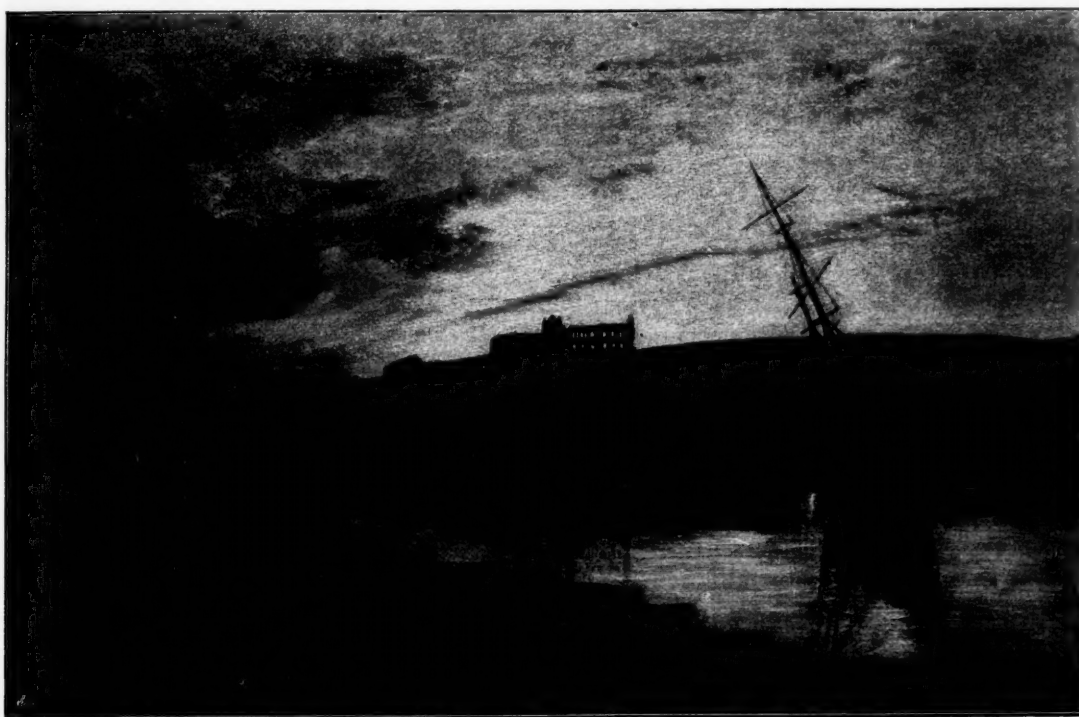
Alfred Hunt is one of comparatively few painters who do not approach only as from a distance, and quite unsympathetically, the art of writing. But this is not to be wondered at; for he has valuable thought—not violent opinions—and thought demands to be expressed in a real writer's finished phrase. In two places he has said his say very fully on matters that lie at the root of his own practice. An article, a few years since, in the *Nineteenth Century*, was substantially on the impossibility of representing Light without compromise; and, still more lately, to a luxurious but extinct publication of Messrs. Boussod and Valadon Mr. Hunt contributed an essay on Turner which took the form of discussing, somewhat elaborately, that great master's endeavours to unite light with colour. To read between the lines what Alfred Hunt himself has aimed at, and how he has sought in his own way to extend the provinces of Art, it is only necessary to make one's self acquainted with these writings. Hunt is Turner's disciple; but he is not one of those disciples who would stop where the master stopped. He believes in the possibility of a greater union of Nature's range of colour with composition and an orderly observance of the conventions of Art. Turner and David Cox, he would assure us, gave up the mid-day—and, for the matter of that, the mid-year—while he himself (as, for example, in the picture called "Summer Redundant") has at all events grappled with both. "Turner"—I can imagine him saying to us—"represented light-green by yellow. I have at all events tried to paint light-green. And this not so much for its mere imitation—since the expressions of Art are always arbitrary, and not strictly imitative—but that Art may give us, if that may be, a new set of delights in Nature—delights which have escaped great men like Turner and David Cox. Light again is not to be represented; but for it, an equivalent expression must be found. And, further, if in the drawing of a



landscape I am careful to distinguish, say, the limestone of the North from the slate of Wales, that is not because accuracy has value for its own sake, except to the geologist, but because unless you try to be correct, you can't express your love of the object."

One of the most honourable characteristics of the art of Mr. Hunt is, I take it, its variety—its un-

radiance of the spring-time in some sparkling foreign country. Mr. Hamerton, in his *Landscape*, says of this last-named drawing, that ever since he first saw it it has remained in his memory, alone with a few Turners, as an epitome of Switzerland. He adds, with charm and truth, "Here you have in a single view almost everything that is most characteristic



THE "CRAZY JANE" (WHITBY).

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by Alfred Hunt. By Permission of Humphrey Roberts, Esq.)

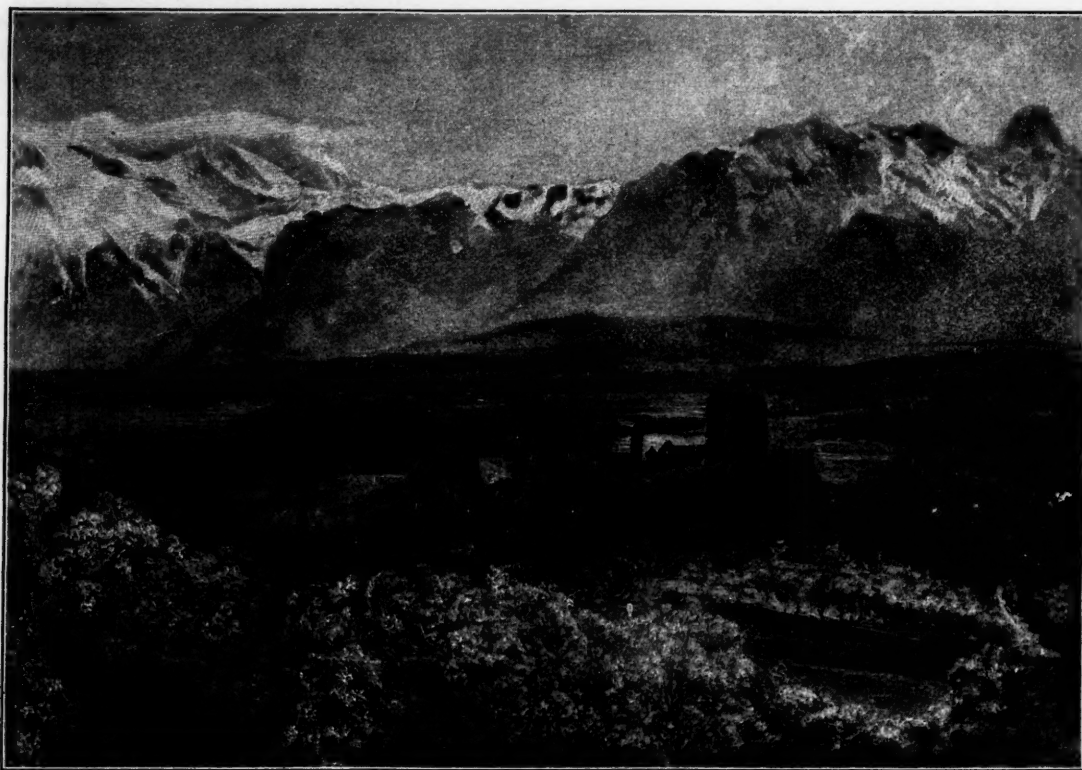
tiring range of experiment. The research, not of sensational novelty, but of real originality and freshness, has in his case been substituted for the sure and contented reliance on a trick of the craft once learnt and since continuously practised. And so it is that the painter who has given us the "Summer Redundant" of which I have already spoken, and the sunshine study of "Ben Eagh by Loch Maree"—at Professor Oliver's—and the best piece of sunshine in oil that he ever painted—the "Summer Days for Me," a picture at Newcastle—has given us also the large dark "Naples" of Mr. Humphrey Roberts; the gloom of "Loch Torridon"; Whitby churchyard, with the memories of all its grey and clustered tombstones ("Unto this Last"); Durham, in the silver of the morning, and the evening rose-colour; and, as in what I shall allow myself to call the exquisite "Thun," with its foreground of cherry blossoms and background of peaked mountains, the

of that wonderful country; the quiet little town with its roofed towers and neighbouring orchards, the broad plain and lake, and the huge barrier of mountains beyond, with their high Arctic world of snow."

A follower of Turner, of course after all in his quest of delicate atmospheric effects, Mr. Hunt has no doubt voluntarily foregone the force, the breadth, and the simplicity which are incompatible with the rendering of these. Artists like Girtin—in the brief manhood which he knew—like Cotman, in his earlier and on the whole his greater time, like De Wint, like John Cozens, are classics in the perfection with which they delivered their limited message. To them belongs a unity, a harmony, and a repose, which make no appeal but to the finer taste; which tempt, never for a moment, by mere prettiness or by the suggestion of associations of sentiment; which ally their work in its inestimable dignity, with the artistic expression of Claude and Poussin, and our

own Richard Wilson; which ensure for it the abiding charm that resides in style. Of such a charm, much of Mr. Hunt's art is unavoidably deprived. Subtlety, refinement, intricacy, are among the qualities he prizes, and among the qualities he gets. How is he to help possessing also the defects of his virtues! Among the living members of his own Society, his sympathies, we should not be wrong in guessing, are

her own fashion may have laboured to be simple—like the masters of terseness in the art of writing, she must have taken time to be brief. But whether her method be slow or whether it be short, she has at least no appearance of complexity, while Mr. Hunt is ever intricate. In Sir John Gilbert Mr. Hunt would no doubt be inclined to recognise an honourable and distinguished practitioner of the



THUN.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by Alfred Hunt. By Permission of Professor Oliver.)

rather with Mr. Boyce, Mr. Goodwin, and Mr. Hale—one at least of these artists is in some degree his disciple—than with Sir John Gilbert, to whose latest years little else perhaps than the sense of style remains; than with Miss Clara Montalba, who betrays her sex by the presence of charm, and not by the absence of force. The art of the veteran and the art of the lady have really something in common, but the art of neither has anything in common with the art of Mr. Hunt.

Thus by contrast also, as well as positively, we may mark, though it be only with roughness, Alfred Hunt's position. For him, I take it, Miss Clara Montalba's work is all of it "a sketch." She utters with decisiveness her one note; she is delivered summarily of her perfect lyric. She, too, in

landscape whose greatest virtues are in abstraction and selection; one who has learnt from his elders in the past centuries how to choose, and what to put together. After all it is by a noble convention—due as much perhaps to Titian as to Salvator Rosa, as much perhaps to Poussin as to any smaller man—that the trees of Sir John Gilbert writhe altogether, if they writhe at all, in the sombre valley, and that the mountains range themselves in a distance intermittently azure. For artists of this older fashion, the ordered and limited effort, and the assured success. For Mr. Hunt at all events, with whatever of halting and uncertainty, the wider aim, the fuller scope, the foot planted, not once nor twice, on the freshly reached territory; again the hastening onward towards unattained loveliness—the anxious renewal of effort.



"WE THEREFORE COMMIT HIS BODY TO THE DEEP."

(From the Picture by P. Brangwyn. Exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists.)

## CURRENT ART.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.



AMONG the thousand miscellaneous pieces of great merit, of little merit, or of no merit at all, which fill the three chief Autumn or early Winter Galleries—in Pall Mall East, in Piccadilly, and in Suffolk Street—I shall not pretend to discern any particular "tendency" making either for "righteousness" or unrighteousness in Art. I shall confine myself to seeing in them, or in the few of them which it is possible to notice, so many different manifestations of so many different individualities, and on that account interesting. I shall not even register with any anxious care at what particular point upon Fortune's wheel this or that important artistic company at this moment stands. Each one among them is now up, now down, a little. The position is held but temporarily. Only it is

fair to note in the case of the "British Artists," that "this Royal Society," as Mr. Whistler, in the simplicity of his loyal pride, delighted to call it, has not, as it was once feared it would do, succumbed to the shock of his secession. The state of the "British Artists," when Mr. Whistler and his friends marched out, resembled that of the armies of France after the capitulation of Sedan and the abandonment of Metz. Mr. Wyke Bayliss's first adherents were men of good will, but of a somewhat dubious capacity. Then came the drilling, and a familiarity with battle. And now the forces of Mr. Bayliss are possessed no longer, so to say, by a merely impotent patriotism. "This Royal Society" shows, again, a respectable front.

And as it is at these galleries in Suffolk Street that the changes, which are inevitable everywhere happen to be most noteworthy, let us begin with some brief mention of a few of the things which assert for the "British Artists" a renewed vitality.



Really first among them in importance I place Mr. Brangwyn's sea-funeral, "We therefore commit his body to the deep." Mr. Brangwyn—beginning perhaps with forcible little visions of smoky steam-tugs in dirty weather making manfully for the port—has developed into one of the most important and original of living painters of the Marine. His grey schemes of Anglo-French colour interpret successfully enough the deck scenes to which he now most frequently addresses himself. A greater range of hue, a far more opulent palette, would be wanted if he saw the sea in its variety, from the infinite agate of the waters off Whitby to the opal and amethyst of the Sussex coast and the sapphires of Cornwall. But these—in their mystery or their splendour—he leaves to others: to Mr. Edwin Hayes, Mr. Henry Moore, and Mr. Hook. And, retaining his neutral tints—concentrating himself wholly upon themes which it is possible for them to interpret—he seeks, in such scenes, story and dramatic effect to which the pure or noble colourist may perchance be indifferent. And this winter, at the "British Artists," he shows us that he has conceived with dignity, yet with homely truth, the aspect of things upon an unimportant merchant vessel when a rough and shy, but, one is sure, humane skipper is called upon to read the noble words which bespeak, for our dear brother here departed, a resurrection even from the changeful seas—the "vast and wandering grave" of "In Memoriam."

The "Sunset Breeze" of Mr. Nelson Dawson is, in some respects, not less impressive than the dramatic canvas of Mr. Brangwyn. The drama here is Nature's own, and the incidents some fresh play of wind, or sky, or water. Then there is Mr. Watts's secure and serene record of a poet over whom generations have passed, and who has gained in depth and in solemnity by mature meditations and infinite experience. That, of course, is Lord Tennyson—the greatest intellectual and spiritual force that is left in England, since Newman and Browning are no more. Among work of less importance than Mr. Watts's—but still interesting and individual—let us name Mr. Wyke Bayliss's skilful and suggestive water-colour of the interior of Orvieto; Mr. Dudley Hardy's sleep-abandoned or sleep-embraced figure, lying white and dreamful in a shadowed room; and Mr. Nisbet's various studies of upland and open landscape, which are apt to have something of the unity and simplicity of the elder masters, with a directness of transcript which they did not seek. And now—though things to the right hand and to the left might not be unworthy of notice—let us, abruptly enough, say good-bye to Suffolk Street.

At the Institute of Painters in Oil, where Mr.

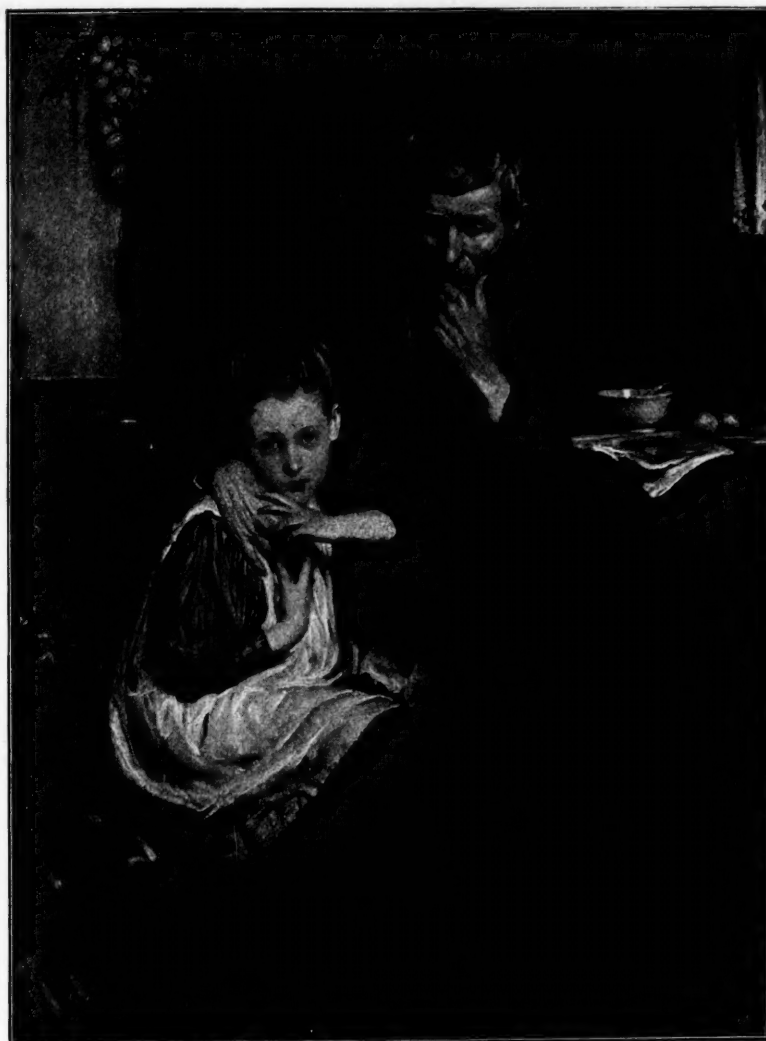
Thomas Collier is unrepresented, there are admirable landscapes by Mr. Wimperis, Mr. Earle, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Orrock, Mr. Waterlow, Mr. Alfred East, and I know not how many besides. But these men are much as they have been before. A younger man, Mr. Claud Hayes, makes a stride—is no longer obviously a learner in a particular method; while his father paints in different fashions, but with unabated vigour, driving craft, and the low shore, and the voluminous sea. Half of landscape, half of architecture, are Mr. Fulleylove's visions of Ely. They have an architect's knowledge of draughtsmanship, a landscape-painter's knowledge of composition, and a true colourist's appreciation of exquisite and silvery light. Tiny works like these—conceived in the happiest of moods, executed with the freest and the deftest hand—do not only charm us in themselves; they attach us to the homely England—they portray "a little land, sirs, which has no room for swelling into vastness."

Among memorable figure pictures, those of Mr. Haynes-Williams and Mr. Arthur Hacker—the one of them of refined comedy, and the other of an obvious yet not unacceptable pathos—are confessedly more important than the dainty little rusticities which alone Sir James Linton this year vouchsafes. It is fitting that the picture which relies for its success on the presentation of refined comedy and delicate sentiment, should be put back into a period of admittedly picturesque costume. It was in 1820, presumably, that there occurred between certain lovers that very unembarrassing silence which Mr. Haynes-Williams has recorded. Mr. Arthur Hacker deals, as he frequently does, with what a long-established courtesy invites us still to call "the working classes." Mr. Weguelin, who, in his classical compositions, is sometimes unwarrantably assumed to be a mere imitation of Mr. Alma-Tadema, paints for the Institute, in wholly unconventional methods, a portrait group of two sisters. Mr. Weguelin is a flesh painter, but his flesh painting is equalled at the Institute this winter by a head and shoulders in profile, wrought by Mr. Kennington. A reddish blonde—Scottish rather than Venetian, and therefore liable, though not certain to be a little thin and harsh in colour. How prettily the dainty head is poised on the slender neck! The artist was guided here by some refinement of perception. The Institute holds many more things which the visitor will see with interest. I have named but a tithe, but must pass on to what is affectionately called the "Old" Water Colour Society.

And in Pall Mall East, Sir John Gilbert asserts again—and for the hundredth time—his possession, whatever may be his deficiencies, of the charm of Style. His "Study for a Larger Picture" will

attract no one by its title. Examined into, it will be found to be a work of dignified imagination, owing something no doubt to the bracing and refining influence of the elder masters. Sir John Gilbert is

will never hesitate to listen. The "first breath of autumn"—which has turned the creeper blazing red already—stirs in the water-meadows, by a stream in the South, and is watched by one whom our grand-



HIS DAUGHTER'S BAIRN.

(From the Picture by Arthur Hacker. Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.)

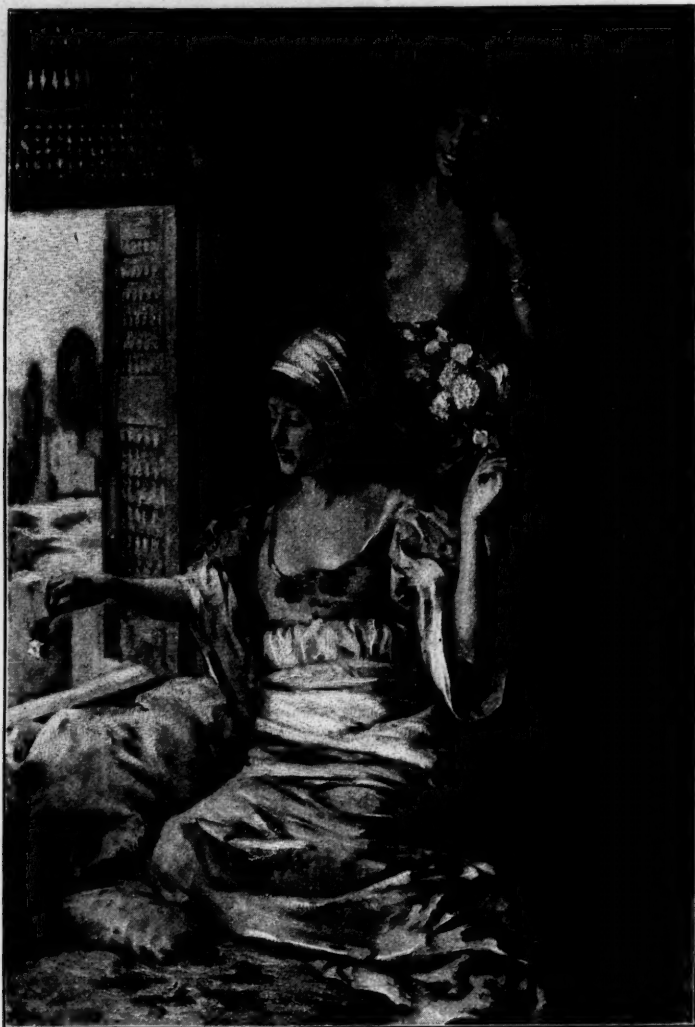
occasionally artificial, but he is never petty. He is often loose and inexact, but he is never meretricious or vulgar. But far more popular than anything which this interesting veteran is now likely to do, may be Mr. Tom Lloyd's "The First Breath of Autumn." Mr. Tom Lloyd has got the public ear; and as he plays his harmonious variations upon an air which now George Mason, now Frederick Walker, has furnished, the public that inclines to tasteful ornament—sets beauty and suavity far above force—

fathers would have described as a "Pensive Fair," as she stands by the steps of an old-world garden. The relation that this agreeable if artificial drawing bears to those that are inspired by the passion of Nature under lofty skies or on remote and noble moorland, is just the relation which very accomplished *vers de société* bear to the lyric that springs from the heart.

Mr. Alfred Hunt and Mr. Albert Goodwin may be coupled together as painters who—in an age that

throws much that is valuable scornfully aside—have some tender regard for the older traditions, along with some reasonable disposition towards modern experiment. They are not contented with that

the poetry and the subtlety of his "Robin Hood's Bay" and "Hastings." As it is, I must let them pass, that I may the more promptly do homage to the weird poetry of Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Ponte



LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

(From the Picture by J. Clark. Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.)

which has been achieved; yet they are too refined, too learned, too steadily balanced, to imagine, like their uninstructed brethren, that an artistic conservatism is unalloyed folly. In Art, as much as in a company of College Fellows, they know that it is true that we are "none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us." If I had not even so lately as last month asked the readers of this Magazine to bear with me while I held forth on Alfred Hunt, I should very likely insist upon saying something about

Vecchio," to the suggestive passion of his sky in his "After-glow on the Mediterranean"—a "solemn admonishing sky," to quote a phrase which, to the utterly unimaginative, seems only far-fetched and obscure; and, finally, to the deliberate and delightful intricacy and fulness of theme which, along with the old refinement of feeling as of execution, are perhaps the chief characteristics of Mr. Goodwin's "Maidstone." Mr. Goodwin does not appeal at all, I am given to understand, to the prosaic, to the





"NOW BLOOMS THE LILY BY THE BANK."

(From the Picture by Ernest Parton. Exhibited in the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. Engraved by Jannard.)

merely accomplished craftsman. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear"—it is for him only that a poet like Mr. Goodwin can be justified in lifting up his voice. Work of the exquisiteness of Mr. Goodwin's best is not done for the vast public, nor for the enterprising dealer. It is wrought, I take it,

Henshall, in his presentation of certain sensuous beauties, has at least the virtue of luxury, which is never out of fashion.

Every theme that can be tackled in water-colour is almost certain to be tackled by some one or other who has place upon the walls of Pall Mall



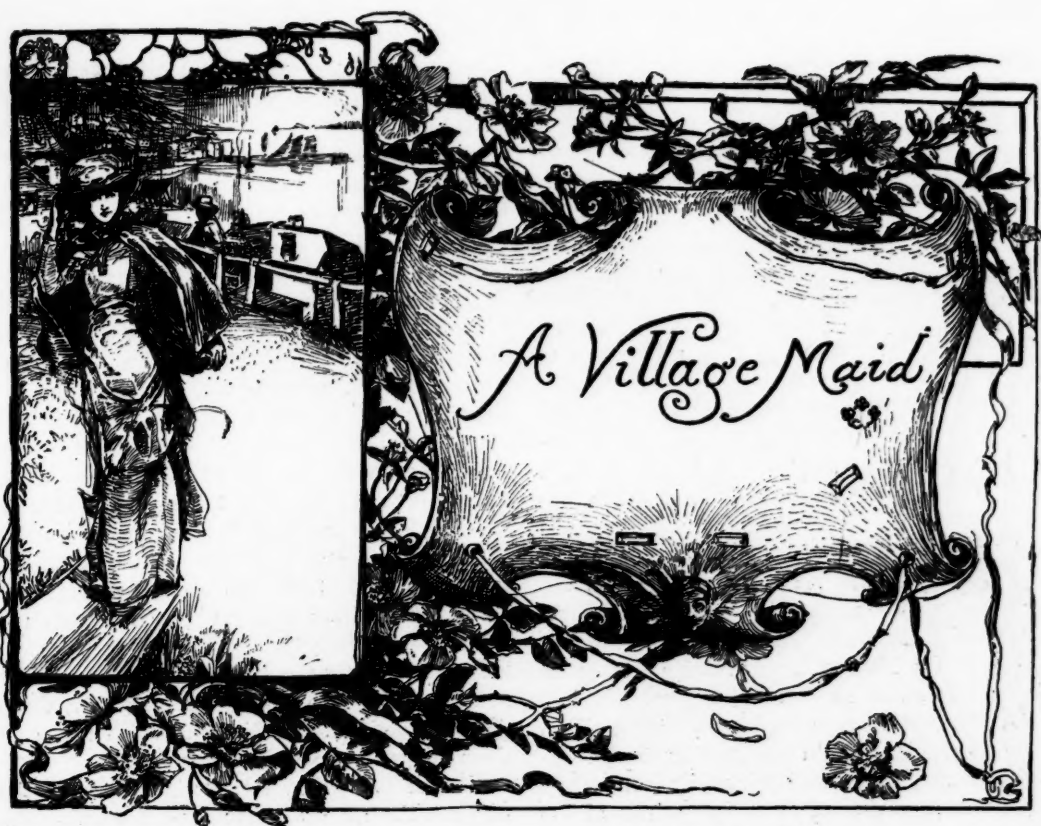
A PRIVATE TRIAL.

(From the Picture by W. Frank Calderon. Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.)

like the blithest of Mozart's music—"for himself and three friends."

Mr. Carl Haag sends a vision of Jerusalem—not so much a vision: a faithful record, rather—dating from thirty years ago. The Oriental themes of Mr. Charles Robertson are more immediately attractive, and his work is brilliant, though without the solidity of the elder artist. Mr. Henshall paints "A Gipsy Queen," swarthy, black-haired, and gay with necklace of coral and turquoise; and, again, in "Ebony and Pearl" he sets forth the charms of a brunette of character, and of a lady of whom, considering her tameness, even Edmond About must have hesitated to describe as "*doublement femme, puis qu'elle était blonde*." The realism of one exhibitor, with his modern interior, is dull and vexatious. That of Mr.

East. Here is Mr. Beavis, with his richly coloured cattle; Mr. Birket Foster, with his dainty cottages; Mr. Brewtnall, with his dainty humanity, blonde or brunette; Miss Montalba, with her pink and orange and lemon-greens of a sun-smitten Venice. Here is Mr. George Fripp—a veteran like Sir John Gilbert—with his most careful renderings of rock-structure; Mr. Collingwood, enterprisingly among the Alps or establishing himself in uneventful comfort outside a Wimbledon villa; Mr. Andrews enduring shipwreck, so to say, with the men of several generations ago; Mr. Hale at Falmouth; and Mr. Eyre Walker in a valley of the Wharfe which, fifty years since, gave, by its serene and masculine beauty, the most abiding lessons and first memories to the greatest of English masters.



*Fond glances follow where she goes,  
 Wooed of the wandering breeze,  
 The sun that 'neath her bonnet glows  
 Is lured by what it sees  
 To write upon her blushing cheek  
 The words of love it fain would speak*

*A cloudless gleam of summer light,  
 A breath of ocean wind,  
 She brings a dimness to the sight  
 And leaves a smile behind  
 Who sees her pass will turn and bless  
 The God that gave such loveliness.  
 Arthur Salmon.*





## THE PROPER MODE AND STUDY OF DRAWING.

ADDRESSED TO STUDENTS.—II.

By W. HOLMAN HUNT.

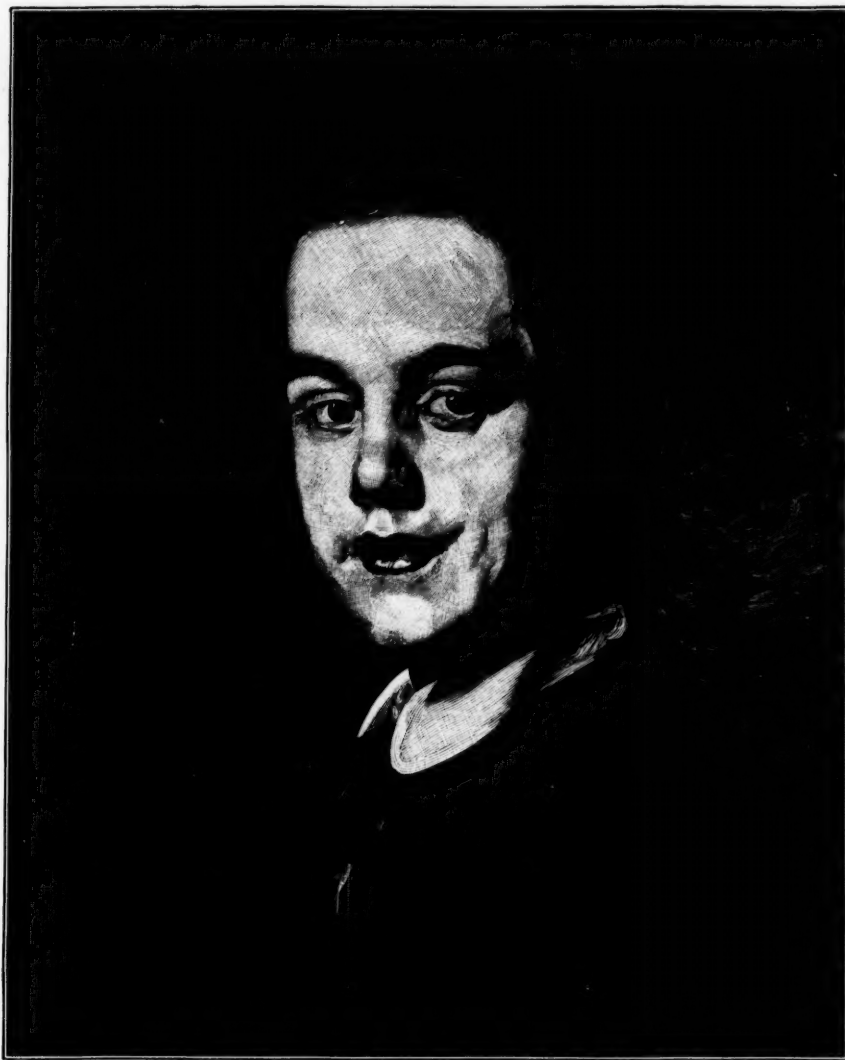
**F**OR the purposes of my address, delivered to the Drawing Society, I was fortunate to secure for the inspection of my audience some exceedingly delicate infantile examples of a man born with an extraordinarily rare genius, one which, in my view, was only brought to blossom too soon, so that the full strength which was the possessor's birthright was never reached. They were the drawings of Sir Thomas Lawrence, made when he was under five, and were generously lent for the occasion by his nephew, the Rev. Dr. Bloxam. In the memoir of this distinguished portrait-painter, by Williams, is an engraving of an early portrait of the artist, done at about the age of ten, and another plate from a picture by his own hand at the age of twenty, both of which exhibit his singular beauty, and a confiding charm which in the eyes of the beholder will not fail to enhance the interest of his early productions. Perhaps his singularly handsome presence made him yield to the distractions of the fashionable world too continually, and the flatteries of ephemeral taste without just reserve; and he acquired some of its ambitions too readily, for, very justly, it has been said that he did not retain the great unaffectedness of style of his predecessor in portraiture, Sir Joshua. Yet there are works of his, the children of Sir Robert Peel, for instance, the portrait of the Princess Charlotte, and of other children and ladies, while that of Benjamin West in the National Gallery, with many that I saw in 1866 in the collection of English worthies (notwithstanding defects), will re-establish his claim to great respect when the revulsion of feeling—natural to the excess of worship of his lifetime—has passed away. He was a keen lover of Art, and of his brother-artists—his poorer ones particularly—at all times. Towards the end of his life, for the first time he went to Italy, to paint the Pope's portrait. This is now at Windsor. No one can pass this remarkable work slightly. I refer to it here because I remember he wrote from Rome to some close friend that he longed to get his work

done, and, notwithstanding the artistic riches and interests of the realm of great artists where he was, to get back to England and his friends. He gives no reason for this change of purpose; but it is scarcely possible to escape the conclusion that in the face of works by men who had lived for Art, and Art alone, he suffered reproach, which was then useless, because it was too late to set himself the high rule which, followed by them, had led to the perennial enrichment, in sweet thought and beauty, not of Italy alone, but of the whole civilised world. He yet must have felt acquitted of condemnation on two grounds—one being that his family claims early in his life had made the discarding of work—unremunerative as to money—a duty; the other, that to paint and design for a nation that cared for none of these things was altogether in vain.

I wish to be very distinct in addressing those who are the friends of students of drawing upon "the proper mode and study of art," in saying that I would on no account be confounded with those gentlemen who think that by a yearly increase in the number of aspirants to the profession of painting the advance of Art is very much secured. I think quite the contrary. The students who take to Art because the facilities for joining the ranks are increased will never be looked at with much hope by those who have investigated the question seriously; while those of the young who, by the capricious decrees of Nature, are artists by birth, would not fail to take the fullest advantage of the opportunities that are offered them for instruction in their art, without the inducements of rewards in the shape of gold and silver medals, such as, in the case of scientific drawing, it seems to me reasonable to confer. For in the latter study such recognition does not pretend to be a declaration of inventive genius in the recipient, but simply what is equivalent to the power of spelling, or the correct knowledge of the multiplication table. While if you honour mere manipulative obedience in the art-student—which is yet a merit in its way—you launch the young artist with a character for eminent ability not yet earned, and in not a small number of cases not possessed in any degree, and the exemplary but dull prizeman all his lifetime stands in the way of those who are appointed by really divine right to do the works of beauty in their generation. If you want to try the

truth of what I say, you may consult the list of prizemen from the foundation of the Royal Academy until the present year; and although you will come upon some brilliant exceptions, you will find that an enormous proportion of the medallists never did

stricken in nearly every case, that no youth came into it, except with a call which would listen to no expostulation. And therefore Academy students of past generations very generally were devotees to their pursuit, and it was the fairly reasonable assumption



W. HOLMAN HUNT (1845).

(From the Portrait by Himself. Engraved by Jonnard.)

anything more to justify the early eminence they obtained. And yet you may be sure that the honours thus early won did deceive both themselves and the world of patrons, and they made the battle harder for their betters. This case is nothing to what has been created since, but what might be called an inevitable example of the imperfection of all human system; for, roughly speaking, until lately the profession was such an unpopular one, and so poverty-

that if one of these gained correctness of hand and eye in imitation of facts more or less before him, there was good hope that he might exhibit the latent inventive faculty in full time. But of late everything is changed. The profession has become a very fashionable one, and, as I saw in a newspaper correspondence a few years since, it is thought to be a "light and easy profession," and one in which "success is sure." Perhaps the letter in which I

read this was intended to be ironical, but it is evident that it has been acted upon in grim earnest, for from every country town youths have come up to London, having been encouraged to do so by the glowing words of chairmen presiding at meetings for the establishment of schools, treating of the enormous spread of art-taste, and further by thoughtless articles in journals to the same purpose. What is the effect of all this, we will ask? It is that poor and rich alike who had no real passion for Art have become artists. The unhappy youth whose father can afford to supply him liberally with money goes into the school and dawdles away a few years, learning all the Art-cant of the day, and drawing about as much as a young millionaire attends to his father's business; and in a couple of years he takes a handsome studio, furnishes it elegantly with properties of all sorts, and begins a picture, about which he has a great many committees of friends over breakfast, lunch, and afternoon teas, until he finds himself very much done up with severe study, and he goes to Paris or Rome. A long history his might be, but the end would still show that this is not the way to be an artist. The poor boy, too, comes to London; he finds himself amid hundreds in the same race. I think him very lucky if he escapes the temptation to go to Paris, which it is the fashion to laud as the best school. In any case, he soon is told that a painter should have no purpose in his design—that, in fact, he should have no design at all; that ideality of any kind is an abominable pretension in an artist; that delectableness in a work of art—in either form, colour, or surface—is a great mark of feebleness; that true painting should merely be occupied in taking the portrait of some fact, the uglier and more brutal the better—a dust-heap, a slaughter-house, a dead man teeming with blood; and that these should be painted, with the crude paint as it comes out of the tube, in square patches, and with as little definition as possible, the more lumpy and hummucky in texture the better. Some prefer the whole of these merits together; others make a selection. In any case, these principles are convenient ones; they need no exercise of the inventive faculties, and, if they be attained, the work is sure to be pronounced masterly, even in an English tyro, and in a man from the Continent all the journals alive find the result miraculous. Go round the exhibitions, and see what an enormous proportion of such soulless productions you have, all introduced to the attention of Art-lovers, with the strongest partiality expressed by the directors of taste. It is nothing less than the discarding of the living spirit of the craft, which up to this day has ever been religiously hallowed in England. Walk up Bond Street and St. James's Street, and count the number of exhibitions of

Continental works there are, many of these being of the grossest character. Visit our cathedrals and public sites, and see how many statues and public monuments have been given to foreign sculptors to execute, and then decide whether the system so much extolled is working well for our native art—which, let me declare, has from the days of Hogarth been incomparably above that of any other country of modern epoch. The superiority is proved in many individual artists differently, although the effort has often been in the face of such discouragement and indifference, that the wonder might well be how the men lived; and many, indeed, were martyrs to their devotion.

It will be said that the patronage of foreigners is a proof of their superiority. In this day the matter has become a very, very serious one, and it behoves someone to speak out. While there were a few only who came to glean on poor English soil—although then we saw no sign that France, Germany, Holland, or Italy were disposed to reciprocate our hospitality—it might have been ungenerous to protest; but the legions that come every year now, put English art altogether in peril, and it would be cowardly in an elder to leave young England to be done further injustice to. When John Wilson was starving, Vernet, the sea-port painter, was patronised by the English aristocracy, with the infatuation that he was a much superior man. Forty years ago Ary Scheffer was worshipped here as an equal to the greatest; and William Dyce had to give up art, for want of appreciation and patronage, for several years, and became a mere clerk. Who wastes a thought on the French painters of namby-pamby sentiment now? Thirty years ago you had Baron Marochetti here, and no one of the great world would listen to the plea that there were any Englishmen alive who could be the equal to the maker of Victory with a Parisian corset on—a figure which perhaps still peers over the Duke of Wellington's garden at Apsley House—or to the Cœur de Lion, where horse and rider are curvetting and posturing like a theatrical character sold in prints at that period for boys to tinsel; and yet it turned out that Armstead, who later did the east and south side of the podium of the Albert Memorial, was wasting his life as a goldsmith's designer, and had to do his great work afterwards at less price than would have paid a mason. There was Stevens also, who later did the Wellington Monument, and died in the doing of it, with less than ten shillings in his pocket as his only fortune, and who then was working for furnishing purposes. And others—ininitely Marochetti's superiors—were also kept aside for him. You all have in your memory the preposterous laudation given by the Press to Doré's vulgar and ignorantly-executed paintings, and you may see how his flimsy



fancies have been thus spread broadcast to vitiate the submissive English mind. Doré's early book illustrations, although poorly drawn, were works of genius. His large pictures were empty theatricalities. The unreasonable praise was given when Rossetti and other native painters were not noticed at all. No! it is nothing but the ignorant fashion of the most foolish critics, and must cease if English art is to continue.

A true poet and thinker of our day has defined perfect Art as Love. The reminiscence of a paraphrase in sacred teaching is undoubtedly no oversight. It was Art that overruled Creation, and that made the sons of God sing together for joy when Chaos was destroyed; and all human artists have worked on this example from the beginning until now.

The painter's art is the power of presenting to the spectators an image of an idea disentangled from confusing surroundings, and then developed into beauty; not by falsifying the facts, which may appear very imperfect in the example chanced upon, but by study of their typical and essential elements, and putting these together in true relation and harmony, that so other minds shall feel the exaltation which the thought gave to the worker, and that it may be capable of infecting these minds in turn with the desire to extend Heaven's harmonious workings among men. In other words, selections of the highest of existent elements with judicious training and redistribution. This is Art, and this is Love.

But Great Love has a base double, and whatever name you gloss it with it is—Hate. The lust of degrading holy things and immortal hopes to the passing desire, to selfish moments and fruitlessness. The ingenuity that devotes itself to such ends is not Art, any more than devil-worship is religion—than Caliban is the high priest of divine philosophy. The influence from abroad is doing what it can to introduce such travesty of Art into England, and, indeed, it is already here. But let us hope it may yet be prevented from taking root, and that such a knowledge of the fundamental principles of Art may be spread now that the coming generation may laugh to scorn those who tell us that ignorance and carelessness in the artist are, in fact, not such, but marks of masterliness; and that a painting is a wonderful achievement when, in fact, it is a coarse and unlovely daub. A critic will then perhaps be required to show his own drawing, and this may not strike his readers dumb with submission. Enabled thus to value the technical claims of a work justly, the public will no longer be docile in accepting as refined and elevating works of Art, those treating of facts too revolting to be mentioned in common language; such as there have been increasingly of late.

Believe me that Art is a pure and healthy inspiration. It may treat of boisterous humour, of buffoonery if you will, and of all the lighter moods of life, as well as of the graver experiences and thoughts; it must sometimes record terrible facts such as the world has to repent of for ever; it must at times break through the rules of modish propriety; but it must treat every fact with pure love, towards the making for righteousness, and it must ever remain undefiled.

For an artist to work with this end he must, in this day, care but little for the applause of fashion. He must look far beyond this. When he hears that such a master is in universal esteem, that he is the favourite of Fortune, the report must not tempt the youth to turn out of his path to become a follower. "Try the spirits" for the future judgment must be his maxim; and yet let him not be narrow, but see that, as far as in him lies, he may make himself strong as the Devil himself, and then he can better war with insidious evil. The test by which to judge a student is not so much in what he succeeds in bringing to perfection, as that he works without ceasing—not in business hours only, but in every hour of the day that his body gives him of strength. While equipping himself he will, from love alone, give up all other pursuits. When armed with expressive observation, he may at intervals go forth and search the world for new truths. This is then not idleness. I have known several undoubted geniuses in my course, but I never knew anyone become such who contented himself without incessant application to his Art, never one who left his pencil all alone at a certain hour, and became merely a man of leisure in the evening. When a student does this, do not trouble yourself further about his future genius. Work does not make genius, but latent genius compels continual effort. Art is, indeed, a very jealous mistress, and a severe one, and will endow him with no gifts unless he make it certain that he pursues her with undying passion, and a devotion that cannot be disheartened.

Little remains to be said by me, but as an illustration of the powerful impression produced on the mind of infants, I may instance a scrap-book which to the stranger's eye can be of but little interest; but fifty-eight or more years since I can aver that within its simple covers were all the enchantments the mind was capable of receiving. I will avow further at once that it was prepared by my father for the delectation of his children, and that on Sunday evenings, after some chapter in the Testament had been read, this book or rather scrap-book was brought out, then with the parent in the middle all the little family thronged round, everyone eager for the best place, and page after page was turned over, not without

great reluctance in the company to part with each fading vision of beauty, and perhaps still more hard to have come to an end was the running commentary made by my father upon the different pictures, upon the characters represented, and upon the artists, where these were known, who had been the authors of the original works. The whole continent of Europe was illustrated, and the then recent history of the civilised world was pictured, with its great military heroes, their triumphs, their glories, and their reverses, and the case of him who had been the wonder and the terror of my father's boyhood, his

fall. The scenes of the works of imagination of the same age, and the faces of their authors, the lineaments of kings who wore crowns, were thus first made familiar to us. And all anointed ones, who had never worn "that hollow crown that rounds the mortal temples of a king," were made to become known to us as our dearest friends. I can safely say that thus I learned more in a few hours than in many months of schooling, and that all better feelings of sympathy for the miserable, and admiration for the noble, were first awakened in me by these fascinating picture-histories.

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### "HUNGER HATH NO EARS."

PAINTED BY LUDWIG KNAUS. ETCHED BY A. GILBERT.

THE humorous but in no way caricatural *genre* study, "Hunger hath no Ears," of which M. A. Gilbert presents in our frontispiece so able an etched paraphrase, is a characteristic example from the brush of Herr Ludwig Knaus, whom Germany counts among her chiefest artistic glories, and places, along with Adolf Menzel and Franz von Lenbach, first in her hierarchy of painters. Here, as in other examples yet more important and more characteristic of the master's standpoint, it is seen that he is a realist of keen and searching gaze. But he appears also as one more inclined to seize upon the humorous, the pathetic, the universally attractive incidents which are as rays of sunlight in the general greyness that enshrouds modern humanity, than to work out from observed facts broad and simple generalisations, showing that humanity in its relations to nature—like Jean-François Millet and his followers—or to lash its foibles and cynically smile at its meannesses—like his own gifted compatriot Herr Menzel. Though Herr Knaus cannot boast the extraordinary expressiveness and sovereign authority which mark the art of the last-named master, he is in his own way a consummate executant, of admirable correctness and skill in drawing and design, but according to our modern notions, timid and unimpressive as a colourist; and somewhat failing, through lack of unity and strength of tone, to produce that immediate and comprehensive pictorial effect without which success has now become so difficult of attainment.

Our master has built up his great reputation chiefly as a painter of *genre* subjects chosen, with some notable exceptions, within the domains of modern peasant life; though he has also attained high fame in Germany as a portrait-painter. He errs, perhaps—like so many of his brethren in art, both in his own land and among ourselves—by an excessive

display of intellectuality, by an irresistible impulse to play everywhere the psychologist, and to bring to the surface and emphasise in the simple scenes which he depicts that element of human as distinguished from theatrical comedy, which is what most attracts him in life. His humour is, however, never forced, but always naturally developed from simple types and situations truthfully reproduced; and he manages, while by no means shunning the dark over-shadowed aspects of life, to import into all he produces a characteristic vein of optimism, due to a temperament so rare among the genuine artistic personalities of the present time as to be just now well-nigh unique.

Of late years Herr Knaus's productions have been less frequently seen in public than his admirers could have desired; indeed, they must now be chiefly sought for in the picture-galleries and exhibitions of Berlin. The artist, whose group of works had been among the chief successes of the memorable German display in Paris in 1878, contributed nothing to the recent Exhibition of 1889, and remained also unrepresented in the preceding international display of art at Munich in 1888.

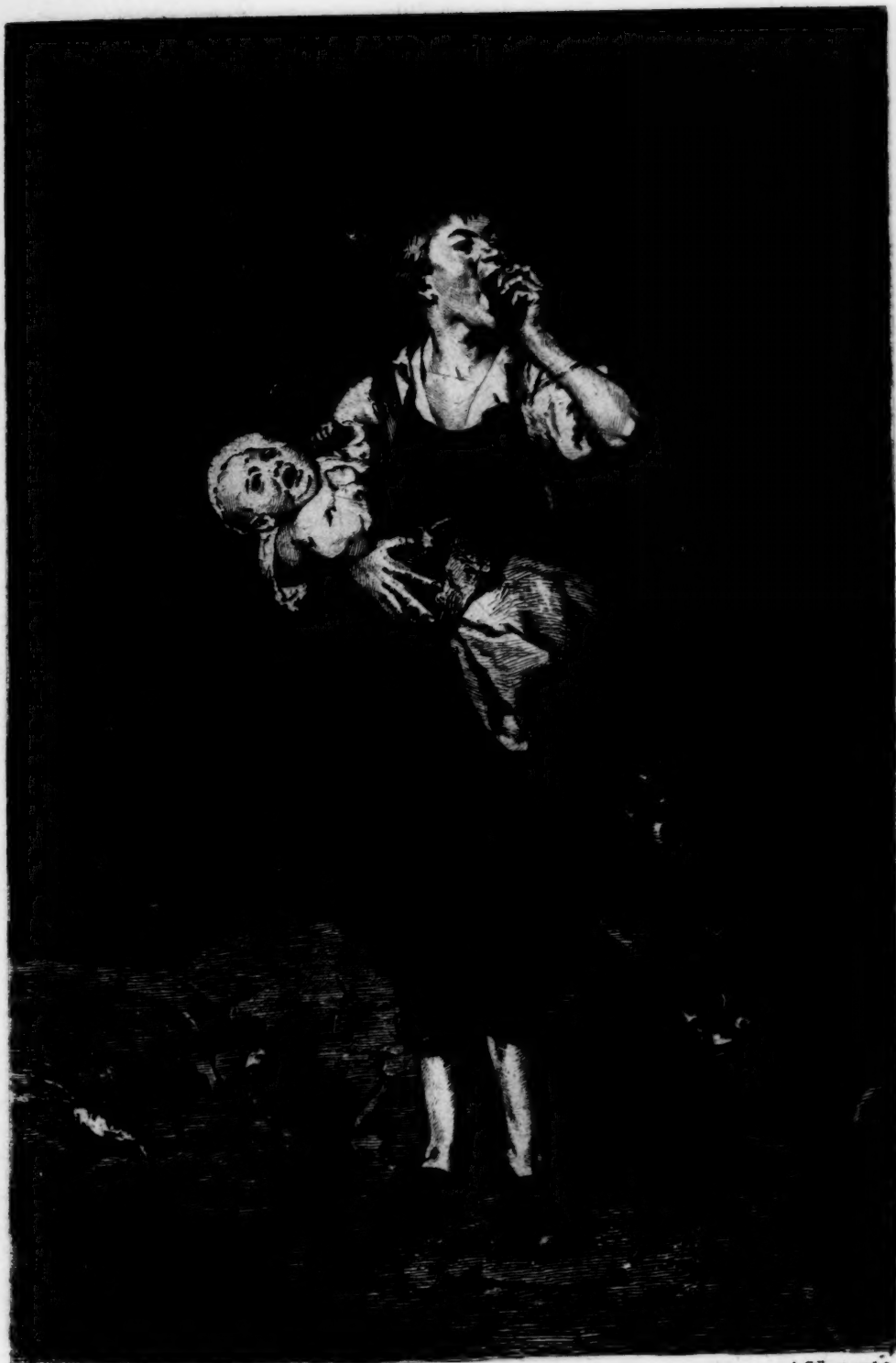
One of the most popular works of his more recent period, "The Repose in Egypt"—painted in 1876, and now in a private collection in the United States—shows the Holy Family served by angels in its flight. It is treated with characteristic tenderness and in a modern and *genre*-like style, which yet appears, if contrasted with the later and more uncompromising realism of Fritz von Uhde, idealistic in tendency.

There has been recently issued by Herr Julius Lohmeyer an album containing fine reproductions of some of Herr Knaus's most characteristic charcoal studies of peasant types.









Ludwig Knaus, paint.

A. Gilbert, sculpt.

HUNGER HATH NO EARS.

Magazine of Art.

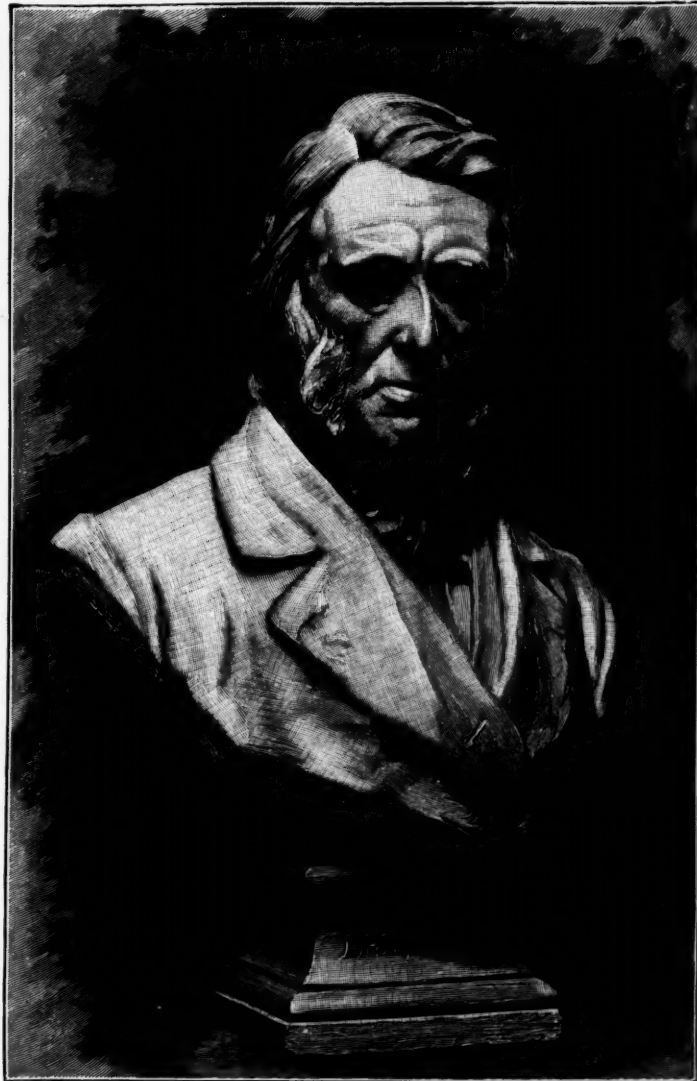




## THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN RUSKIN.—(CONCLUDED.)

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

A FEW years after Mr. George Richmond painted his large water-colour head of Professor Ruskin, Rossetti produced his portrait of his friend. It the young enthusiast in an attitude in which the artist often placed his sitters—nearly full-face and looking down. It is life-size, vignette in form, and



JOHN RUSKIN (1880).

(From the Bust by the late Sir Edgar Boehm, Bart., R.A. Engraved by Jonnard.)

is a crayon drawing, not unlike those he executed of other members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is simply executed in coloured chalks, of which the prevailing tint is red, and represents

belonged to the late Mr. Pocock, of Brighton—he who was best known for his collection of works by George Cruikshank.

Another decade elapsed before any portrait other

than photographic was produced that I know of. Mr. Ruskin's little water-colour portrait of himself, which is at Herne Hill, was doubtless painted before this; but, in deference to the wishes of the owners, I do no more than here set on record its existence. In 1875, or thereabouts, a clever modeller, by name Mr. Charles Ashmore, of Ashton, a suburb near Birmingham, produced a plaster medallion that is an excellent likeness of Ruskin's features; but it fails to impart any vivacity to the face or to give any of the expression of intellectuality such as is never absent from it. This work, which probably took a photograph for its basis, is in the possession of Mr. Downing, of Birmingham.

The following year—that which saw his re-election to the Slade Professorship in the University of Oxford, his features were cleverly caught by M. Georges Pilotelle, who chanced upon the Professor as he stood before one of the pictures in the National Gallery. The "lightning artist" made a faithful sketch of the thoughtful face, and, re-drawing it in dry-point upon copper, he introduced it into the series of portraits of notabilities he was then producing for Mme. Noséda, of the Strand. By their joint permission it appears on page 79 of the present volume. It is not uninteresting to compare this head with that in the Millais picture painted two-and-twenty years before, and to see how little time has worked upon the face and on the hirsute scalp. Here he is, as we of the younger generation knew him, his sky-blue satin stock wound round his neck and falling in a bow in the low-cut, double-breasted waistcoat, and matching the deep azure of his clear and fearless eyes. There is more indecision than might be expected about the lips, but that, I take it, is rather the fault of the etcher's needle than of the Professor's mouth.

To the same period, or nearly so, belong two other portraits: the first, a miniature by Mr. Andrews, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877, and which, being based upon a previously-produced likeness, need find no place here; and the second, a water-colour drawing by Mr. Arthur Severn. This interesting little picture, painted in full-length, will in due course be placed before the public, together with the chalk drawing by Millais, and I therefore respect the wishes of the painter in reserving any description of it.

The late Sir J. Edgar Boehm, R.A., modelled a bust of Ruskin for the Ruskin School in the University Galleries in 1880, and there it is now placed, a marble bust upon a pedestal in the centre of the large room. (See p. 121.) This portrait I can hardly consider a sympathetic one. Not that the artist was not in sympathy with his sitter—as the reader may judge by the words of the artist, who, writing to me on the

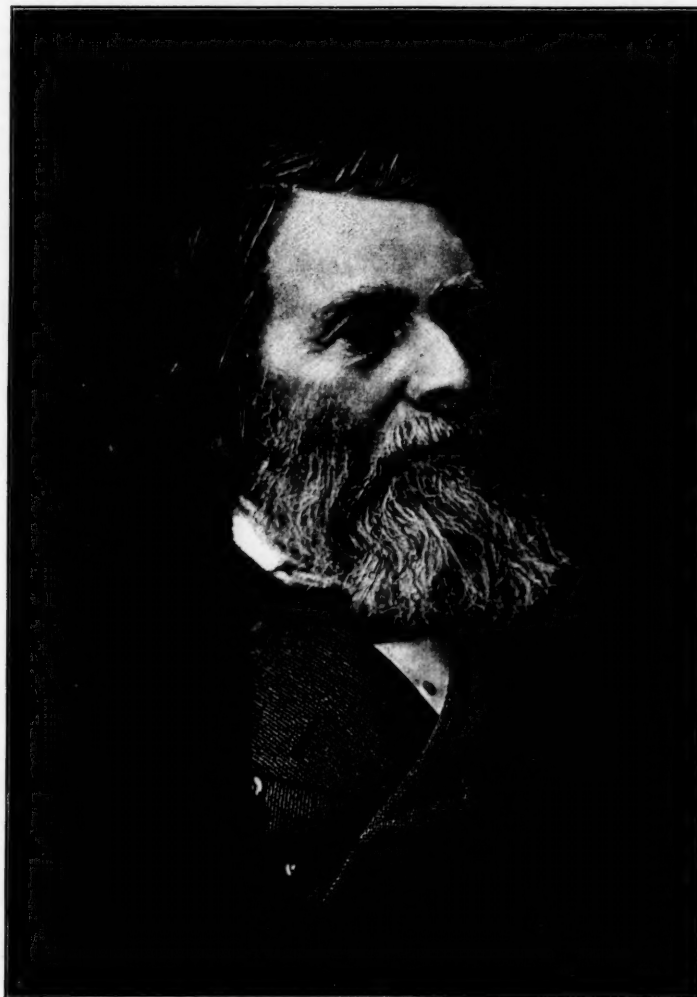
subject of the work, said, "I never saw any face on which the character and the inside of the man was so clearly written. He can never have *tried* to dissimulate." How true this is will be felt by all Mr. Ruskin's acquaintance. Not only could he never have tried to dissimulate, but that man must be hardened indeed who would try to dissimulate in his magnetic presence, for so fearlessly truthful is his look that the quiet gaze from the bright blue eyes must be strangely disarming. What appears unsatisfactory about Sir Edgar's bust is a certain hardness of expression about the mouth—an absence of those qualities which rarely fail to endear him at once to whomever enters into conversation with him. It is the scholar and the thinker rather than the man that Sir Edgar shows us.

We now come to the large life-size portrait by Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A. In this likeness, it seems to me, the artist has sought to place upon the face of his predecessor in the Slade Chair all the kindliness which Sir Edgar Boehm omitted, all the cheery gentleness and old-world sweetness of disposition that distinguish him. The Boehm bust shows us something of a misanthrope; the Herkomer portrait places before us the philanthropist, quiet, kindly, and self-possessed. The brow is perhaps a little too broad, and the projection of the eyebrows hardly enough insisted upon; but the character of the nose and the quaint, expressive mouth are perfectly rendered. This portrait is nominally a water-colour; but, speaking from recollection, I believe that that medium, strongly aided by body-colour, is reinforced with a pulpy substance, and resembles in method of execution the artist's well-known picture of "Grandfather's Pet." It was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881, and was etched by the painter in the same year—the plate being published for him by the Fine Art Society. If I may wander for a moment from the subject more particularly in hand, I would draw attention to Mr. Biscombe Gardner's brilliant reproduction of Mr. Herkomer's portrait (p. 125), for I venture to think it one of the very finest specimens of latter-day wood-engraving that has ever appeared in the pages of this Magazine.

Passing over as unauthentic and unofficial the portraits by Mr. Emptmeyer and Miss Webling, both exhibited at the Academy in 1888, I arrive at the bust of Mr. Conrad Dressler, executed by him in 1884, and exhibited at the New Gallery in 1889. This head, apart from its inherent merits as a work of art, is of special interest and value, as being the only one (so far as I know) which represents Mr. Ruskin with a beard, as he has been known to his friends for the last ten years. (See p. 124.) As a likeness, I must admit that the engraving hardly does justice to Mr. Dressler's work—the characteristic stoop, erect

though bent, and the falling cheeks, the hooked nose, the open, sensitive nostrils, the pendent base of the septum, and the bony brows, are not as well reproduced in the engraving as they should be—the fault manifestly lying with the lighting of it in the photograph from which the block was cut. Speaking to

of each other. ‘I thought you so ugly,’ she told me afterwards. She didn’t quite mean that,” the writer hastens to add; “but only, her mother having talked so much of my ‘greatness’ to her, she had expected me to be something like Garibaldi, or the Elgin Theseus, and was extremely disappointed.”



JOHN RUSKIN (AUG. 9TH, 1882).

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

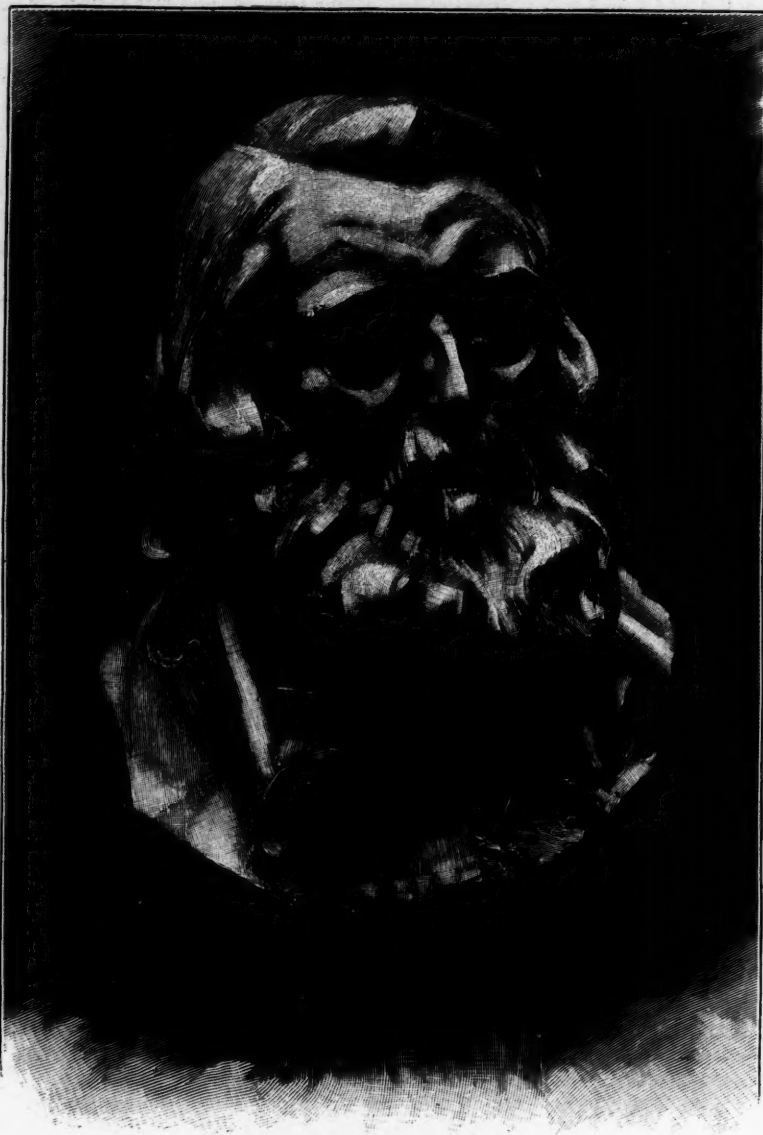
me of this same bust, Mr. Ruskin once said—with a strong touch of pathos, yet with a look of irresistible humour, “Ah! it makes me look far crazier than ever I’ve been!” In point of fact, Mr. Ruskin is, as I began by saying, very tender as regards his personal appearance. Readers of “*Præterita*” will remember the delightful story of “Little Rosie,” when in 1858 Mr. Ruskin paid a visit to her mother:—“Rosie says never a word, but we continue to take stock

Some time ago I went to Coniston on a mission to “pump” him, by arrangement. He was perfectly content to be pumped, and even went so far, now and again, as kindly to take a turn at the handle himself. We were talking about his portraits, when he took occasion to tell me, in a sweeping sort of way, that he was dissatisfied with all that had been done of him, and the truer and the more candid they were the less he cared for them. “I like to



be flattered, both by pen and pencil, so it is done prettily and in good taste," he said with a candid smile, not at all ashamed of the little confession. It is therefore in no sense discreditable to Mr. Dressler

old butler, made a little platform for the Professor to sit upon, and from this position he would watch me at my work for a couple of hours, sometimes talking the whole of the time. . . . My deepest recollection of Professor Ruskin is as he stood one evening after dinner (during which the conversation had been



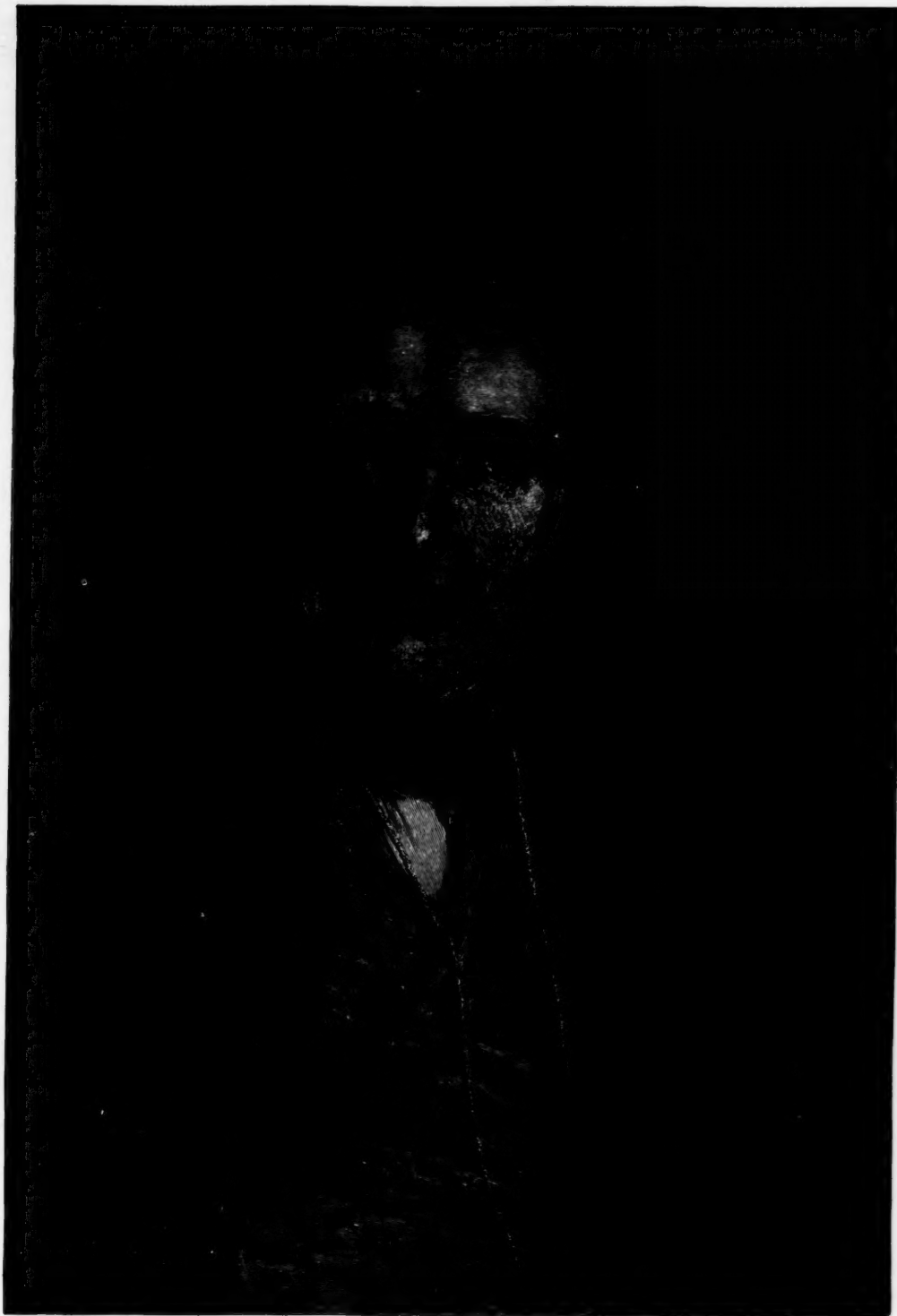
JOHN RUSKIN (1884).

(From the Bust by Conrad Dressler. Engraved by Jonnard.)

if he has not given just that touch of flattery of which the Professor admitted his fondness.

"I cannot tell how many sittings we had," wrote the artist, in a letter in which he described with glowing enthusiasm the fascination of his visit to the Professor in the spring of 1884. "They took place in the coach-house, a very convenient place for my purpose; and I had as many as I wanted, some long and some short, as the humour served. I had, with the help of the

about his life and work, and had been more animated and touching than usual) at the open window overhanging the lake. The sun had gone down, and he wistfully looked over towards the Old Man of Coniston, behind which the sky was still aglow. He seemed to be mentally reviewing his life's work. His head was held up, although his body was slightly stooping, his right hand behind his back, and his left held on to the casement for support. I was deeply impressed with the expression of mystery in his face, and determined to endeavour to



JOHN RUSKIN (1881).

*(From the Portrait by Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A. Engraved by W. Biscombe Gardner.)*





reproduce it in my bust. I have failed in my ideal; but that is what I tried."

With that picture I may close this paper. The sun has indeed gone down at length behind the Grand Old Man of Coniston; while the sky is still all aglow with the fire of his words and the gold of his beneficent acts. His portrait, his true portrait, does not exist—it

could not exist—not until the artist's hand can write in paint or mould in clay the ever-varying, never-ending expression and the thousand moods, changeable but always honest, uncertain in temper but always good and kind and tender and righteous, that go to make up the face so lovingly known to his friends as that of John Ruskin.



## THE USE OF METAL IN BOUND BOOKS.

By S. T. PRIDEAUX.



**B**EFORE the multiplication of books by printing, their covers had more to do with the goldsmith's art than with that of the binder, whose labours were comparatively restricted. In those days his functions were merely to fasten together the leaves of the books and place them between two boards, which were then decorated by the workers in precious metals. If skins were used, he covered the boards in leather or parchment; after which they passed into other hands for the fixing of metal clasps and hooks to keep the boards shut, and in most cases nails were also inserted, the round and projecting heads of which preserved the flat surface of the binding.

The high price of manuscripts throughout the Middle Ages, due to the scarcity of parchment, and the time and labour necessary for transcription, explains the luxury of ornament that decorated their outsides. The thick wooden boards—the weight of which was necessary to keep the parchment flat—were enriched with ivories, precious stones, engraved gems, plaques of gold and silver both engraved and filigreed, and the finest enamels. As the books were not often transported from place to

place, indeed but little moved, the weight of their covers was not a matter of importance, and these were sometimes made to contain relics of the saints. To all such work the name Byzantine has been applied, probably from the fact that Byzantine art flourished and predominated over that of other countries from the fifth to the twelfth centuries. It has no meaning thus employed as a geographical expression, but is a general term applied to bindings composed of these arts of the gold and silversmith, of the enameller and ivory-carver, executed in the first thirteen centuries of the Christian era, and influenced in spirit by the art of the lower empire.

Of these bindings those enriched with sculptured ivory diptychs on the sides are perhaps the earliest. These were already in use in the time of the Romans, the name being derived from *δίπτυχα*, the two wings or boards of the pugillaria. These pugillaria, or table-books, consisted of from two to eight leaves of ivory, wood, or metal, wax-covered to take the impression of the stylus. Their preservation naturally suggested a cover, which was made of ebony or box-wood connected by two or more hinges. The pugillaria were more for private memoranda. The diptychs were larger, and contained public acts of consuls or magistrates inscribed on their wax-covered leaves.

The curious in this matter can consult a learned work of Gori on this subject, published at Florence in 1759, and entitled "*Thesaurus Veterum diptychorum*

*Con-sularium et Ecclesiasticorum*," a work in three folio volumes, describing these diptychs and their embellishment with sculptured ivories, plates of silver and gold riveted to the wood and finished in delicate workmanship. In the early days of the Church there were carved illustrations of Scriptural subjects, generally in compartments con-

place, enamelled covers apparently originating when gems became rare.

Throughout all ancient historical records mention is made of this second class of bindings, wrought by command for the wealthy to dedicate to the Church, or by the monks themselves as cases worthy of the devotional works which they enclosed, and often placed in homage on the high altar itself. The number that has come down to our times is very small, nor is it surprising that they should not have escaped the plunder that took place during the different vicissitudes of the Church.

Those extant are scattered over various museums and libraries of Europe, and it is unfortunately very rare to find any previous to the twelfth century on the manuscripts for which they were originally designed. Torn from what they once covered on account of their worth, they have either been recaptured and applied to others of later date; or the book itself ceasing to be of value, they have been removed and kept as works of art on account of their beauty or historic interest. From time to time those so preserved have been facsimiled in such books as Labarte's "*Histoire des Arts Industriels*," Lacroix's "*Moyen Âge et la Renaissance*," and Libri's "*Monuments inédits*." M. Libri, it is well known, possessed a larger number of these valuable covers than almost any other collector, and in his book they are reproduced according to their original size and in their original colours.

This form of costly protection to the not less costly MSS. had itself in turn to be protected, and thus these books were often enclosed in boxes which were themselves sometimes the work of the goldsmith, or else in outer covers of *chevrotin*, a thin leather,

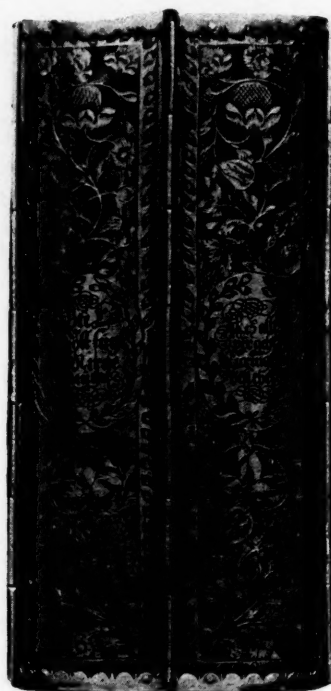


GILT METAL BINDING, PIERCED AND ENGRAVED (GERMAN, 1666).

(British Museum.)

taining the Saviour and the Apostles, and, indeed, carved especially in harmony with the contents of the manuscript, but occasionally the plaques used were relics of pagan days, and then their subjects were naïvely interpreted in a Christian sense to suit the use made of them. Such a one, for example, is the famous "*Messe des Fous*," with a musical notation of the twelfth century, now in the library at Sens. The ceremonies that accompanied this *office de la Circoncision*, and which were tolerated for a considerable time, were often of a most grotesque and unsuitable kind—hence its name. The ivories of this manuscript represent the triumph of Bacchus, and date probably as far back as the fourth century. It is well reproduced, together with other ivories, in Labarte's book, Labarte making almost a specialty of depicting this form of book-cover as Libri did of the enamelled ones.

Of the three classes into which these very early bindings most naturally fall, ivories, goldsmith's work proper, and enamels, the gold and silver work—pierced, chased, or engraved, and often ornamented besides with precious stones—occupies the middle



HINGED BACK OF FIG. 1.

(British Museum.)

or *sendal*, a rough silk. These coverings were termed in later times *chemises*, and sometimes *chemises à queue*, when there was a margin of stuff which, when reading, folded up on to the page and so allowed a hold on the parchment without the risk of soiling it with the fingers. These *chemises* appear in inventories and catalogues of libraries of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They are very rarely met with, but one of red *sendal* may be seen in the Louvre enveloping a Book of Hours of St. Louis,

to which it was presented by Sir Thomas Hoby, of Bisham in the county of Berks, and is altogether very interesting, though the workmanship is more curious than beautiful. A contemporary duplicate copy of the inside was made for use by the same hand.

The third class of costly bindings of the Middle Ages are the Limoges enamelled covers—a style often employed alone, or else in conjunction with gold and precious stones. These are more fitly studied as enamels than as bindings. They are divided



SILVER BINDING, ORNAMENTED WITH A NIELLO BORDER, SURROUNDING OPEN SILVER TRACERY (GERMAN).

(British Museum.)

and a later modification of red velvet preserves a large folio in the MSS. Department of the British Museum—the original book of indentures made between King Henry VII. and John Islippe, Abbot of Westminster, for the foundation of the King's Chantry, dated the 16th of July in the nineteenth year of his reign (1500). The boards of this book are covered in red damask cut at the top in a wave pattern. The velvet cover lined with damask is loose on the silk-covered boards, except for an attachment here and there where the bosses and clasps of silver-gilt enamelled are affixed to them. It is cut much larger than the book at the head and tail, and is also brought round over the fore-edge, the clasps lying on the side. Attached by silken cords are five impressions of the King's Great Seal, each contained in a silver box adorned with the royal badges. This book is in the Harleian collection,

into two classes: the kind known as partitioned or *champlevé*, which is the oldest and dates back to the twelfth century, or perhaps even to the early times of Byzantine art; and the painted enamels, which did not commence before the second half of the fifteenth century. It is the older style to which M. Libri devotes eleven plates with not unnatural pride, as they are of extreme rarity. The Cluny Museum possesses two splendid plaques which once adorned a book: one of them represents the Adoration of the Magi, the other, Etienne de Muret, founder of the Order of Grandmont, talking with St. Nicolas, and the inscription fixes the date, “+ Nicolas Ert parla à mone Teve de Muret.”

Milan Cathedral has a still older and finer specimen in a book-cover presented, it is said, by the Archbishop Aribert to this church in 1020. It is



described in "Les Arts au Moyen Âge," by Du Sommerard.

As the monasteries were the depositories of the arts and sciences until the invention of printing, so there were monks whose special avocation it was to bind the manuscripts which others of their fraternity had written and embellished. Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," gives an interesting account of the scarcity of books at this period, and of the details concerning their maintenance. It was part of the sacrist's duty to bind and clasp the books used in the service of the church, and for this purpose a room called the Scriptorium was set apart in every great abbey where those worked who transcribed, as well as those who bound and ornamented. The same writer tells us how some of the classics were written and bound in the English monasteries, and mentions one Henry, a Benedictine monk, of Hyde Abbey near Winchester, who in the year 1178 transcribed Terence, Boetius, Suetonius, and Claudius, which he bound in one volume, and formed the brazen bosses of the covers, with his own hand.

Ecclesiastical histories show that estates were often granted for the support of the Scriptorium, and that special grants were not unfrequently made for purposes connected with the actual binding of books. Thus Charlemagne, about 790, gave an unlimited right of hunting to the monks of Sithin for making their gloves and girdles of the skins of deer, and covers for their books. Nigel gave the monks of Ely two churches in 1160 "*ad libros faciendos*;" and the constitutions of the several monasteries enjoined care in the binder's craft, as well as in the preservation of the libraries. Monks alone, like princes, had the right of practising many arts; they could be writers, illuminators, binders, and goldsmiths, instead of their functions being limited to the performance of one single craft, or even part of a craft, as was statutory in the trade guilds outside the Church and the Throne. So it

came about that up to the discovery of printing, the multiplication of books and their decoration remained entirely in the hands of monasteries, and until the middle of the fourteenth century religious art prevailed over any form of secular art.

The monk Théophile, of whom nothing personal is known, wrote about the middle of the eleventh century a treatise of the utmost importance on the arts of painting or calligraphy, glass-staining, and goldsmith's work. This work, entitled "*Diversarum artium schedula*," gives technical descriptions of so complete a kind that the arts described could be practised from them, and as Théophile himself was both a painter of manuscripts and a worker in glass, gold, and enamel, it is probable that it was destined for monks, and that convents always included one or more monks able to repair or make the necessary goldsmith's work for ecclesiastical purposes. Thus it was, no doubt, that the skill applied to the jewelled covers or boxes for their missals was of such a high order, for those capable of fashioning cups and vessels of sacramental plate would find it no impossible task to beat out the plates of



SILVER-GILT ORNAMENT (PROBABLY DUTCH, ABOUT 1670).

(South Kensington Museum.)

gold or silver for the adornment of their devotional books.

It was not till the fourteenth century that the secular branch of goldsmith's work had a position apart. Up to that time the making of shrines, reliquaries, and cups was their chief occupation. During the following century they widened their sphere of labour by manufacturing gold and silver plate, and enriching the treasury and even the wardrobes of kings and nobles. With the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries workmanship superseded the weight of the precious metals. The goldsmith of that time had to be sculptor, modeller, smelter, enameller, jewel-mounter, and metal-worker combined, and hence there is more unity about the metal-wrought bindings of that time than there is



about the earlier ones. Indeed, an important point to be observed in connection with the Byzantine covers is, that they have not the unity that belongs to a single work of art. Portions of them made by different artists at different periods, and even in different countries, were incorporated in one cover, or smaller ones were subsequently adapted to larger volumes by resetting them in borders and so enlarging their capabilities. It is, perhaps, partly due to this feature that the term Byzantine has been applied to this mixed work, not wholly so much to express its connection with a particular country or period, but rather to indicate a certain type, the characteristic of which is this admixture of materials often somewhat incongruous and rarely the work of a single hand, and which followed therein the example set by much of the art of Byzantium itself.

It is with the later ornamented covers that we are engaged at present; no one would think of imitating the monks in their costly bindings, fit only to adorn a manuscript not less costly than the precious metals themselves. The time has gone by for this application of the goldsmith's craft, but in the desire to restore binding to the rank of a fine art, I may well trace its history through all phases and see whether there is not something that may be turned to use in each of them. The covers made entirely of metal, pierced, beaten, and engraved, are not perhaps very suitable for revival—at all events, not nearly so much so as the lighter metal ornamentation, which I shall deal with later on. But an occasional use of them can be imagined as being very appropriate, and the examples given here reproduce some of the most attractive as a stimulus to experiment in that direction.

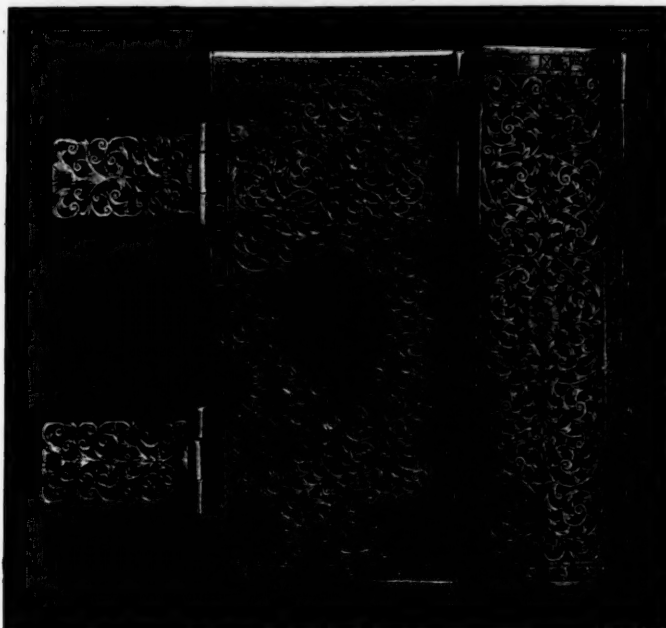
The first is from the British Museum—a German binding of the seventeenth century in gilt metal, pierced and engraved. The back of the cover is treated in the same way, in two longitudinal compartments hinged together to allow of the better opening of the volume, which is somewhat thick. The edges of the leaves are painted and gaufered, the head and tail being protected at the back by a flat metal cap also pierced and chased—forming part of the cover. The whole is a most beautiful example of a metal binding. It contains a "Frauenzimmer Spiegel,"

or series of female characters taken from the Old and the New Testament, by Hieron Ortelius, with forty engravings.

The next is also a German binding of silver, ornamented with a niello border surrounding open silver tracery. It contains "Flosculi historiarum," by Jean de Bussieris, dated 1688, but the cover is older than the book. It is also in the British Museum.

The third is a cover of Arabesque open work in silver-gilt, probably Dutch work about 1670, in the South Kensington Museum. It is a good example of a mode of treating book covers not often resorted to, but very effective, in which the ornamentation is concentrated on the front instead of the back portion of the book; and which is as suitable for flat tooling as for pierced work.

The last illustration is that of a very delicate piece of work containing Göbel's "Jesum liebender Seelen tägliche Himilreis," published at Nuremberg in 1704, and now in the South Kensington Museum. It is in a contemporary binding of oak boards covered with perforated silver-work, and has similar silver clasps. Both the piercing and chasing as well as the design are in the most perfect taste.

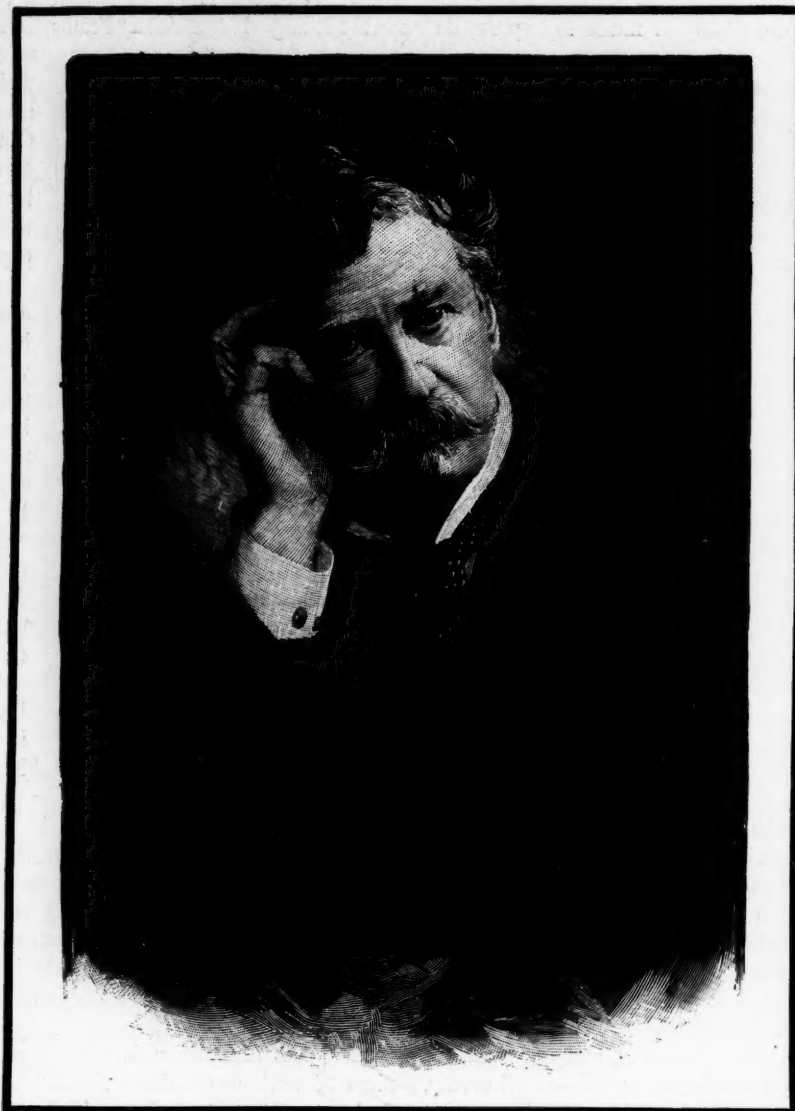


OAK BINDING WITH PERFORATED SILVERWORK (GERMAN, 1704).

(South Kensington Museum.)

THE LATE SIR JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM, BART., R.A.,  
SCULPTOR.

ON the 12th of December, Sir Joseph Edgar Boehm of a vast congregation. He was lowered into his was found in his studio, almost in his death grave by the side of Sir Edwin Landseer, hard by



THE LATE SIR JOSEPH EDGAR BOEHM, BART., R.A.

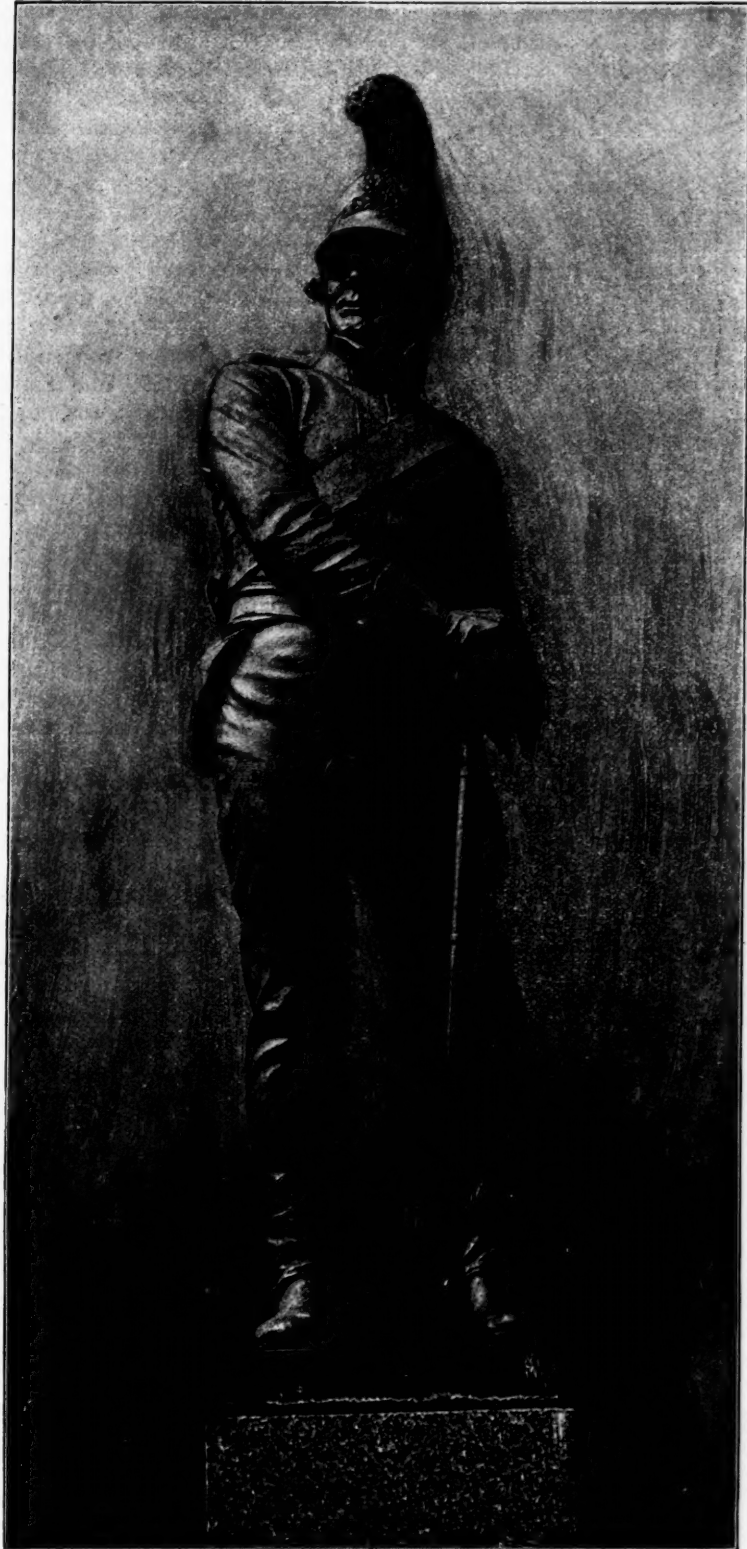
(From a Photograph by Walery. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)

agony and alone, by the Princess Louise, who came to visit her artistic adviser; and on the 20th he was laid to rest in the Cathedral of St. Paul, surrounded by his colleagues, by the representatives of Art, Literature, and Science, and of Royalty, in the presence

where many of the chief of England's greatest artists lie in noble company—Reynolds and Lawrence, West and Fuseli, Barry and Turner. It cannot be pretended that his talent approached the greatest of these; nor did his artistic ability ever disclose a

high order of genius. Refined taste, a sense of style, keenness of observation, and an agreeable amount of realism, combined to form the sum of his talent, though now and again flashes of inspiration caused the beholder to doubt if the work before him did not come from the hand of one who was truly great. Successful beyond any of his fellow-craftsmen from the social and worldly point of view, Sir Edgar Boehm was always, in old-world phraseology, a "respectable" sculptor; at times he was so happy that his work was often taken for the product of real genius. He maintained, in truth, a curious level of excellence, seldom rising above it, and as rarely falling below it; but artistic impulse never led him astray, as it has so many greater than he. In a sense, he was the Longfellow of sculpture, fondly imagining that the true *feu sacré* burned within him; but that which, through his natural limitations, he took to be poetry was usually but matter-of-fact prose skilfully and artistically turned.

Do not let us be misunderstood. We neither deny his talent nor decry his achievements. On the contrary, his work was honest and genuine, and full of the charm of his refined mind and his bright and delightful disposition. But in estimating the value of his life's work, we must be careful not to allow our sympathy with the man to obscure our judgment. It is true that he attempted ideal work as often as his many commissions would allow him leisure, and in some cases—as in his "Herdsman and Bull," exhibited in 1887—



THE ENNISKILLEN DRAGOON OF 1815.

(One of the Statues at the base of the Wellington Monument, Hyde Park Corner. By the late Sir J. E. Boehm, Bart., R.A.)

he showed a high poetic sense as well as considerable artistic learning. But, in truth, that learning was not so profound as that of other sculptors in the land now living, nor did he establish any claim to being considered a truly great artist by attacking a work demanding the highest power. Had he not been hampered by "success," he might at least have made an effort to reach Olympian heights; but the demand made upon him for "gentlemen in bronze and marble" was constant and merciless, and doubtless had no small share in restricting his ambition and crippling his genius. Yet he did not shirk his work. Few sculptors, indeed, have tied themselves so severely to their task. When it is remembered how much of his time was perforce spent in society, the sum of his achievement is surprising. In the twenty-eight consecutive exhibitions to which he contributed, he sent no fewer than a hundred and nine works, and this represents but a portion of his labours. His greatest and most valuable work, and that by which he has laid his adopted country under a debt of deep gratitude to his memory, consists in the line he adopted in his art. He declined to follow the insipid copyists of the ancient Greek, or the impertinent, if skilful, realism of the modern Italian. Nymphs in general, and Hebes in particular, he abhorred, and he set the example of exchanging these schools of sickly-sweet *rifacimenti* and vulgar modernities for a style more truly and obviously in harmony with art and with the dignity of the material in which he worked.

The son of Herr Daniel Boehm, the Director of the Imperial Mint in Vienna, he was born in that city in 1834, under a lucky star. Encouraged in his love of art, he never knew—as many another more gifted has done—the bitterness of poverty or of opposition to his aims and wishes. He studied among his father's fine collection of sculptures, and in due time travelled in Italy in order to perfect his knowledge. From his fifteenth to his eighteenth year he studied in England from the Elgin marbles and other less serious models, but his artistic character was formed in Italy and Paris. He returned to his native town, and in 1856 gained the first Imperial Prize. Six years later—in 1862—he came to London, and forthwith contributed to the Academy exhibitions, which were at that time held in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. It will be interesting to follow Sir Edgar Boehm's principal works seen there—interesting as well for the sake of the sitters as for the testimony the recital affords of his rapid advance in the general estimation.

In 1862 he was represented by a single work, a bust "Portrait of a Gentleman" in terra-cotta—a material at that period little affected in England.

That he immediately made the acquaintance and gained the friendship of many English artists is proved by the fact that three of his six exhibits in the following year were statuettes of John Leech, and of "Mr. Millais" and "Mrs. Millais." In 1864 came the statuette of Thackeray, already engraved in these pages, and a portrait of Sir Charles Newton; in 1865 a marble bust of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe (the terra-cotta of which is in the National Portrait Gallery), a posthumous portrait of Leech, and a portrait of Voltigeur. This last work was the first of a series of equestrian portraits and statuettes, and to the attention he attracted in this line has to some extent been attributed his phenomenal success in certain quarters. In 1866 came a work full of feeling—"Le Mal du Pays," in no slight degree suggested by his own feeling of home-sickness. An ideal group of "Wilhelm and Lenore" next followed, together with an equestrian portrait in bronze of the Countess of Spencer, and a likeness of Colonel Lloyd Lindsay. In 1869 he exhibited portraits of Misses Effie and Mary Millais, of Sir Coutts Lindsay, and of Lord Spencer's Bull. His first commission from Royalty appeared in 1870, when "Selim and Tom," executed for the Prince of Wales, was shown, together with a terra-cotta statuette of the Queen, "exhibited by Royal command." In the following year another commission from the Queen—"General Grey"—was completed; and in 1872 a portrait of Professor Legros, another of the recently deceased Lord Lansdowne, and a statuette of the Prince of Wales on horseback. In 1873 he removed to "The Avenue" in the Fulham Road, where he died, and thence he sent forth his admirable bust of Mr. Whistler. Then came his portrait of the Queen in marble, and of his two artist friends, Mr. Beavis and Mr. Müller. In 1875 he executed a bust of Carlyle. His large and not altogether happy group of "St. George and the Dragon" came next, with portraits of Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Henry Cole of South Kensington, and a marble statue of Princess Maud ("Harrie") of Wales. After his exhibit, in 1877, of portraits of Sir Prescott Hewitt and Mr. Armitage, R.A., Sir Edgar Boehm was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and the next year showed the sketch for his colossal statue of the Prince of Wales for Bombay.

From that time onwards most of his more interesting works will be remembered by the reader, but they may briefly be chronicled thus:—In 1880, equestrian statue of Lord Napier, for Calcutta; Lord John Russell, for the Palace of Westminster; and Sir Frederick Burton. In 1881 (when he was appointed Sculptor-in-Ordinary to the Queen), a terra-cotta bust of Carlyle (since presented to the National Portrait Gallery), and a marble bust of



Mr. Gladstone. In 1882 (when he was elected Member of the Royal Academy), Lord Lawrence (for Waterloo Place, and since superseded by another); Professor Huxley; Carlyle; and John Bright. In 1883, Sir Everett Millais; Archbishop Tait (for the Queen); Lord Sydney; and Lord Derby. In 1884, Lord Wolseley and Mr. Herbert Spencer. In 1885, General Gordon (for the Queen); and the bronze of the "St. George." In 1886, Sir James Paget (for the Royal College of Surgeons). In 1887, Sir Henry Acland; and the "Herdsman and Bull." In 1888, Mr. Wells, R.A.; Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A.; Mr. Anthony Froude; Lord Rosebery; and "Richard Cœur de Lion" (for Blackfriars Bridge). In 1889 (when he was created a Baronet), the figures of a Guardsman and Dragoon, for the distinctly unsuccessful Wellington memorial; Frank Holl, R.A.; and a fountain for the Duke of Bedford; and in 1890, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, and Lord Dufferin. Add to these his Dr. Johnson, and Professor Smith (both in the National Portrait Gallery); his Ruskin, engraved on p. 121 of the present number of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*; his Layard, Iddesleigh, Liszt, Mitford, Darwin, Prince Albert Victor, and Mundella; his Sir Francis Drake, Duke of Kent, Duke of Albany, Prince Imperial, Dean Wellesley, King Leopold, Duchess of Westminster, Princess Alice, Bunyan, Sir John Burgoyne, Tyndale, Beaconsfield, and Dean Stanley—and even then you have but a selection of the statues, busts, and monuments, public and private, of this prolific sculptor. Of the coinage we have not spoken; it is admittedly a failure, but as the artist was not left to carry out his own ideas, the blame cannot in justice be laid at his door.

From what has gone before, the reader may form a fair idea of Sir Edgar Boehm as an artist. It only remains for us to say a word of him as a man. What reservations we may have had to make before can here find no place. Courteous and gentle, warm-hearted and kindly, he was a man of a most generous disposition, ever ready to do a kindly act, and never known to speak harshly of any, whether friend or foe. He was extremely sensitive to criticism, and keenly

alive to the expressions of mortification felt by those sculptors who not unnaturally chafed at the monopoly forced upon him, so to speak, through his official appointment, and other circumstances, by the commissioning classes. This fact was at once his fortune



THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

(From the Photograph by J. Robinson and Sons of the Statue by the late Sir J. E. Boehm, Bart., R.A., recently erected in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.)

and his misfortune. It certainly, to some extent, embittered his life, although he would never speak of it save in moments of confidential gossip. Take him for all in all, he was a good sculptor and a fair artist, and was recognised by all who knew him as an honourable and a kindly gentleman. M. H. S.

## JOHN WARRINGTON WOOD, SCULPTOR.

By T. WILMOT.

JOHN WARRINGTON WOOD cannot be said to belong to the English school of sculpture. Though he received his early training at the School of Art at Warrington, his native place, he developed his style in Rome, where he came under the influence of John Gibson, and, in spite of his qualified admiration of Bernini, his artistic sympathies were with the followers of Canova, the inheritors of the decaying tradition of classical Greece. A marked revival of the art of sculpture took place in England during his lifetime. But he played no part in the movement, and kept aloof in his Roman studio from the storm and stress of his own generation. Living as he did in Italy, he was, perforce, impressed by the consummate style of Donatello, the dignity and grandeur of Michelangelo; but he looked beyond these masters, further into the past, and got his inspiration from the Greeks and their imitators. His art, no less than the art of Canova and Thorwaldsen, lacks vigour and individuality. He was not content to catch the spirit of the antique and then express what he saw in his own terms and by his method; he borrowed his facture too from the ancients, and from them rather than from nature it was that he received his impressions. Phidias was his model, and those who cannot interpret the great convention with freedom run the risk of merely accentuating their inferiority to the old masters without adding a fresh paragraph to the history of art. In considering the achievement of Warrington Wood we must not overlook his limitations, for there can be little doubt that, had his ambitions been more modest, his artistic success would have been less contestable.

He was born, of humble parentage, at Warrington in 1839, and received his early training at the local School of Art. His career as a student was distinguished, and before he was twenty-two he had won more medals than usually fall to the lot of the youthful sculptor. He exhibited his first original work, a study entitled "Spring," in 1862, and from this time his success was assured. A few years later he established himself in Rome, and though he paid frequent visits to his birthplace, Italy was his home until his death. His energy was indefatigable, and the list of his works is a long one. His fame rests upon his ideal statues, but he received many commissions for portraits, and is said to have executed no less than sixty busts. Few have met with more uniform success and good fortune. Once, after an attack of Roman fever, he was threatened with blind-

ness, but happily the disaster was averted, and his sureness of vision was preserved until his death. His first substantial triumph was in 1871. In that year he exhibited a statue of "Eve" at South Kensington, which failed to attract a purchaser. Some citizens of Warrington, however, proud of their fellow-townsmen's achievement, resolved to give him his opportunity, and having collected a thousand pounds, commissioned him to work his will for his own and his town's glory. At the same time, Mr. A. B. Walker bought the "Eve," who was already packed for her return journey to Rome. The next few years were devoted to unrelenting toil. In 1874 Wood completed a statue of "Elisha the Tishbite;" in 1877 his colossal "St. Michael overcoming Satan" was set up at Warrington. The block of marble from which this was chiselled was selected from the quarries by the sculptor himself. It was known as the "Pearl of Carrara," and was of so stupendous a size that fourteen buffaloes with two cream-coloured Campagna oxen at their head were necessary to drag it to the studio. Buffaloes had been banished from Rome by the municipality, and it was only by especial privilege that Warrington Wood was permitted to employ their strength. The scene, therefore, was an unusual one, and many of the sculptor's friends were present to witness it. Mary Howitt and her daughter were interested spectators, and Miss Howitt years after described the event in a letter. "He sent us word of their approach," she wrote, "and with immense interest we watched the swarthy creatures, their great horns separated widely from each other, their black hides bristling with a few stiff hairs, stolidly bearing along the Via Sistina to the Piazza Trinità dei Monti, that stupendous mass of rough-hewn marble, which, while contrasting in colour, was in character as uncouth as themselves."

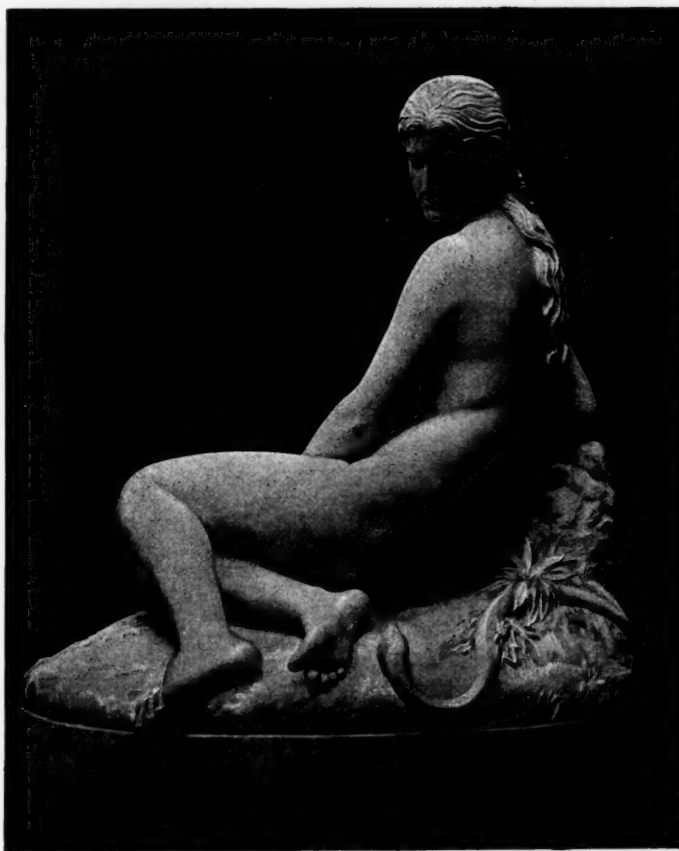
The works by which Warrington Wood has gained the greater share of his public recognition are the statues of Raphael and Michelangelo which stand at the entrance of the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool. The site is appropriate, for Sir Andrew Walker was one of his earliest patrons. Among other examples of his art, which are doubtless familiar to our readers, are "The Sisters of Bethany," "Proserpine" (scared by Pluto while gathering flowers in the Elysian fields), "Samson Killing the Lion," and "Oberon and Titania." In 1876 Wood carved a medallion of the poet Keats, to whose honour in the Protestant cemetery at Rome there

was no other memorial than the stone graven with the words, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." With great generosity the sculptor presented his relief as a free gift, and it was unveiled with much circumstance by Sir Vincent Eyre. Mr. Joseph Severn, who had watched over the poet during his last illness, paid the following tribute to the accuracy of the likeness: "I went this morning," he wrote to Wood, "to see your medallion, and I was enchanted not only to find such an admirable likeness, but also such a fine example of your sculpture in the great taste and skill you have bestowed on it. No doubt it will always do you honour, not only as an example of art, but as your fine tribute to the memory of the poet. I cannot venture to say how much I was affected by the sight of this monument, and how much it goes beyond my warmest expectations."

In 1877 Warrington Wood received the highest honour which can be conferred upon an artist in Rome. He was elected a member of the ancient and famous Guild of St. Luke, an academy which was founded in Rome in 1593, and which was an imitation of the still more ancient guild established in Florence in the fourteenth century. The distinction of membership of this guild has not often been conferred upon British sculptors or painters, and in the case of Warrington Wood it was a recognition that he was worthily handing on the Roman tradition. It was anticipated at the time that the English Royal Academy would follow the lead of the Guild of St. Luke. But he was not a frequent exhibitor at Burlington House, and though some discussion took place as to who should propose and second him at the Academy, other counsels prevailed, and he never received official recognition in London. Nor does the slightest blame attach to the Academicians. Warrington Wood sympathised warmly with the aims of the Italian sculptors of his time, but he can scarcely be said to have been in touch with his English contemporaries.

As has already been stated, Warrington Wood's studio in 1871 was in the Piazza Trinità dei Monti. In 1874 things had so prospered with him that he was able to purchase the Villa Campana, near St.

John Lateran. The villa was built in a severely classical style, and the great sculpture gallery had once held the treasures of the ill-fated Marchese Campana. Miss Howitt, in a letter from which quotation has already been made, tells us some interesting facts in the career of this nobleman.



EVE.

(From the Statue by J. Warrington Wood.)

"The Marchese Giovanni Pietro Campana," she wrote, "passing for one of the richest and most enterprising of the Roman nobility, had many years previously solicited from Pius the Ninth the post of head of the great government pawnbroking establishment, the Monte di Pietà. The Pope granted his request, and all went on most satisfactorily for several years, the Marchese remodelling the establishment, and in so doing manifesting great knowledge of human nature and of business. He was, however, a passionate lover of art, a collector of antiquities, and a speculator in various commercial enterprises, amongst others in the manufacture of artificial marble, tastes and pursuits which proved his temptation and ruin." His treasures were



dispersed, and his villa sold to Warrington Wood, under whose auspices it soon became the favourite resort of the artists and connoisseurs of Rome. For Wood was not only a sculptor; he was a man of extraordinary personal charm, and his circle of friends was wide and distinguished. Few Englishmen went

galleries of the Vatican, and spent much time in comparing opinions and impressions. It was the great charm of the companionship that Wood was always ready to entertain an unexpected opinion or expression of taste.

"Like Chaucer's scholar—

'Gladly would he learn, and gladly teach,'

and never displayed an unworthy shrewdness in picking up knowledge without acknowledgment, while taking as much care to avoid giving any. At Naples I believe that our chief interest was excited at last by the antique bronzes. It was a year or two later that I found myself in the same museum with another companion—my wife—when the *custode*, after eyeing me for some time, at last took courage and came and inquired after the companion who on my former visit had been so animated in his expressions of admiration. An excursion to Pompeii followed, and then the excitement of art and antiquity was put aside for a day devoted to Vesuvius. Resolutely we made our way over slabs of lava, and more resolutely still up the steep laborious cone of loose ashes, without aid from the men who persisted in following us. The mountain was all but quiet, and we descended into the crater, snuffed the sulphureous fume, and admired the colours of the sulphur-encrusted walls of the great cup, and then, after full enjoyment of the landscape, scrambled down the cone and the mountain in double quick time."

One of his oldest friends, Rev. Dr. Macduff of Chislehurst, at the request of Mrs. Wood has briefly set down his reminiscences of the sculptor. The account will give the reader a far clearer view of the man than either the contemplation of his works or the expression of critical opinion could hope to do, and no excuse is needed for printing it in full.

"It was in the early spring of 1871," writes Dr. Macduff, "in one of the old Palazzos on the Corso, at one of those delightful and social art reunions, which many Roman visitors know

so well, that I had the pleasure of my first introduction to Warrington Wood. This deepened into a sacred friendship of fifteen years, only terminated with his death.

"I took in that evening at a glance all he subsequently proved to be. He was in the prime of early manhood, a remarkable presence, a genial countenance, a round hazel eye, soft and kindly, but which in his studio, when watching the progress of one of his clay models or after putting some crucial



THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

(From the Group by J. Warrington Wood.)

to Rome without visiting the most genial and kind-hearted of sculptors. Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Alma-Tadema, the Howitts, and many whose names are familiar to all were among his intimates. The following letter from the distinguished scholar and archaeologist, Mr. W. Watkiss Lloyd, gives us a vivid impression of his charms:—

"It was in 1867 that I had a delightful time at Naples in company with my friend John Warrington Wood. We had been much together in the sculpture



touch, lighted up in flashes of fire I never saw equalled. Many a time have I been the privileged spectator of these working hours with their 'enthusiasm of genius.' Like all great craftsmen, he was always happiest at his work. I remember his first visiting me on the shores of a Scottish lake where rest had been enjoined on him as imperative, and both clay and tools were left behind. But 'the genial current' was irrepressible. The clay procurable in the district was of the most unsatisfactory kind—it mattered not. The best that could be had was sifted, and with extemporised tools and the deft fingers, which were ever his best auxiliaries, 'Elijah the Tishbite' took its first visible form; the great statue which became the toil and triumph of many subsequent months in the Villa Campana. Though not his happiest effort, 'The Little Maid that waited on Naaman's Wife' struggled into life on the same spot and occasion.

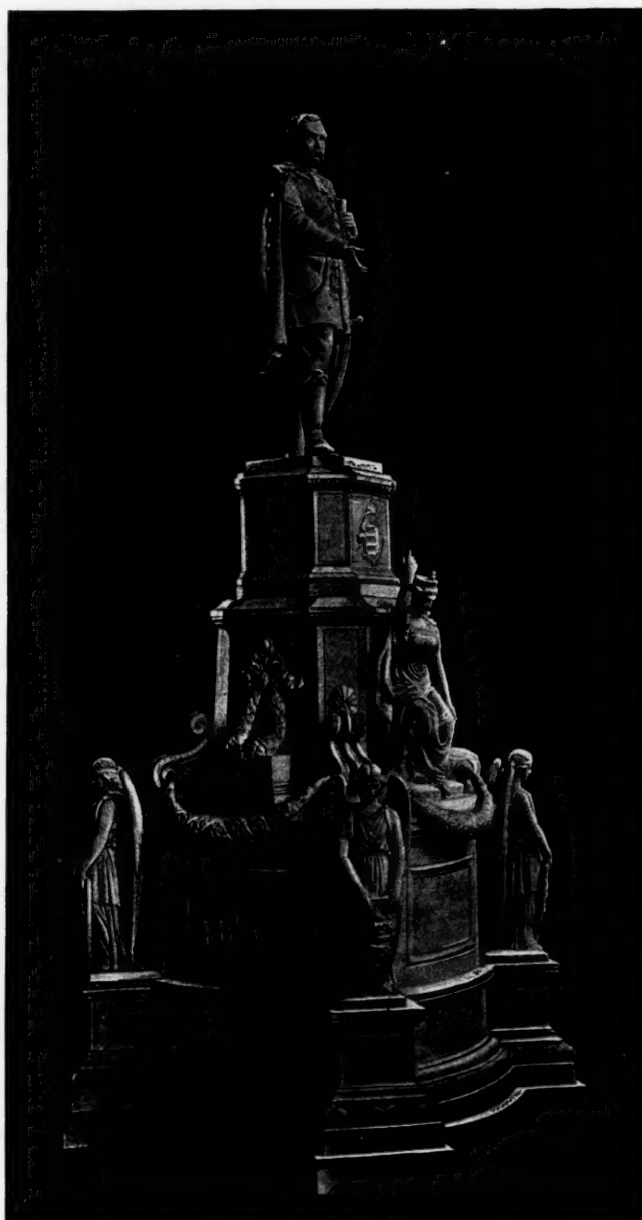
"One thing struck me more than once. He was not so much the born artist as the born sculptor. He was great in form. I would not by any means say he was defective in colour. But the beauty of a highland landscape or the glory of a setting sun were to him little compared to the contour of a human countenance, or the grace of a female hand and arm.

"I have preserved many of his letters. Let me give one at random as a specimen. We had a long and amicable battle on the subject of 'Elijah's Mantle.' The following fragment shows the conscientiousness of his work, though involving my own discomfiture:—

'I shall not fail to bear well in mind all your criticisms, which I value greatly, on my treatment of Elijah, when I come to put him up life-size in Rome. I am equal to any amount of patient labour and study to make the statue a success, though at same time I am certain many of the difficulties you so kindly mention could be far more easily overcome by a painter than a sculptor: the former by careful management of colour, &c., which can be made less obtrusive than must necessarily be in marble, with its trying severity.

'If I rush to the opposite extreme of true classical sculpture, the great danger is to fall into the errors of the Barocco school, which is notably so bad, though founded by a no less sculptor than Bernini, whose extravagant examples, exceedingly

picturesque though they are, lead very many sculptors, with less genius than himself, to copy his grave defects without being able to imitate his excellences. I merely mention this to show the dangerous ground on which I may tread if I push too far

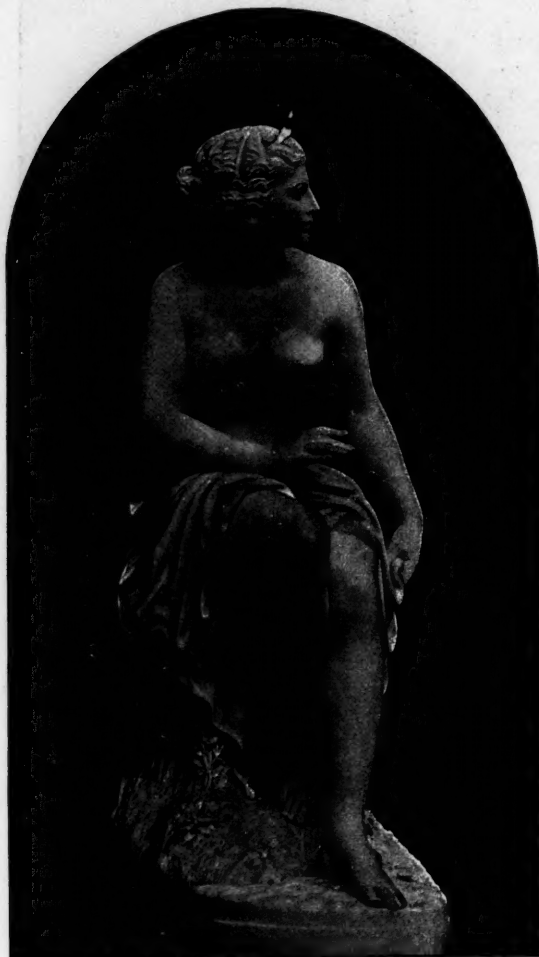


DIAK, THE HUNGARIAN LIBERATOR.

(From the Group by J. Warrington Wood.)

the *realistic*, which is but too easy a thing to do. There are certain laws in sculpture which ought never to be lost sight of; and depend upon it, if the peculiar treatment of a mantle or girdle must be so closely followed, then I cannot help feeling the great Elijah is no subject for my art. I have only arrived at this conclusion after anxious thought in modelling the old Tishbite. I tried these experiments, and the result has been

only to strengthen my feeling in this respect. It would not be a difficult matter to make the mantle more tattered and ragged-looking: but it would be without doubt perilous to make it so as not to detract from the spirit of the figure: and for the drapery to arrest the attention first would be a most serious defect. If I *must* err at all, I would far rather be on the side of Phidias



DIANA.

(From the Statue by J. Warrington Wood.)

than Bernini; but what I am striving hard to do is to arrive at the happy medium so far as it is in my power.

\* \* \* \* \*

'I know you will rejoice to hear of the success I had in Rome last year. All my works were sold, and I had nothing left in my studio, even in the early part of the season. Providence thus enabled me, at the right moment, to purchase for my home the beautiful Villa Campana. I am told now I have the most lovely place for a studio in Europe. And this I can quite believe. Dr. Campana was a man of remarkable ability and taste, and constructed it specially as a gallery for sculpture and other works of art.'

"As to the charm of his friendship I dare not trust myself to speak. He seemed to carry sunshine

all the day long. His conversation was full of sparkle, with a sort of chronic determination to enjoy every one and everything. The man was, as is often the case with the truly great, greater than his works.

"To one sister art he was devotedly, nay passionately attached. His organ was an ever favourite resort in the villa; nor can I forget the day when that organ, before being transplanted to its Roman home, was temporarily erected in a drawing-room in London. He was proud of its amply-tested power, for Gounod was himself on the occasion the player of his own masterpieces.

"I cannot attempt in so limited a space to trace his future career. Broken health (possibly the penalty of too indefatigable labour) came at last, farther chequered by those disappointments inevitable to true workers, who think more of their art than of themselves. The last time we met I spent some hours with him in London when engaged on his Wallace statue. His hand had by no means lost its cunning, but his physical powers were sorely impaired. He was no longer the agile friend who in the glory of manhood had been wont to make little of long summer rambles on Ben Lomond and Ben Venue. I saw too evidently our dreams of visiting together Horace's Villa, near Tivoli, were never to be realised.

"I received with profound emotion the tidings of his death. Rome and Warrington were that day rarely sympathetic in their sorrow. His Roman workmen, who adored him, wept like children. We all felt that one the world could ill spare had prematurely left us. His widow, who survives, abundantly shared the æsthetic tastes of him she mourns. In more senses than one she and her deceased mother were true fellow-helpers.

"One of Lord Tennyson's last lines is inscribed on his tombstone in Warrington cemetery:—

'His faith and work were bells of one accord.'

Warrington Wood died suddenly as the year 1886 was hastening to its close. His last commission was a statue of the Queen, and of this he had just completed the clay model. His career was fortunate and unforeseen. He began life as a skilled artisan, and his talent for sculpture was revealed by an accident. A bank was being built at Warrington, and a workman defaulting, Wood took his place and executed a design in stone which at once attracted notice. But nature had endowed him with the rare gift of winning and keeping friends, and both in his own country and at Rome he enjoyed an extraordinary popularity. He will be remembered no less for his personal charm and his ready intelligence than for his skill and taste as a sculptor.



BOUQUETS AND THEIR ARRANGEMENT.

## "JAPANESE POTTERY."\*

By ERNEST HART.



AMATERASU-O-MI-KAMI (THE SUN GODDESS).

IT would not be easy to overrate, and it is indeed difficult to express, the influence of the Japanese potters, ceramic artists, and decorators upon the style, substance, form, and artistic adornment of our European faience and porcelain. That influence has lasted for two hundred years, and is as potent and more widely extended now than it was even when it inspired the first efforts of the founders of the factories of Dresden, Chantilly, Worcester, Chelsea, Derby, and, to some extent, of Sèvres. The first inspirations of Dresden were drawn almost wholly from Japan, and, to a less extent, from China. Even the flower-sprays of Dresden are copies of, and deductions from, the products of the private kiln of the Prince of Hirado. The favourite Dresden decoration with red and blue flower-sprays, and red and gold chrysanthemums on a pure, hard, white base, which are the most abundant and beautiful of the early ware, are slavish and clever copies of the work of Kakiyemon. So also the Dresden figurines and statuettes are the direct offspring of those of Kakiyemon and Kenzan. I possess—and indeed it is not difficult even now to pick up—Japanese originals and Dresden copies, which are only distinguished by the more perfectly homogeneous paste and harder enamel of the

Japanese work, and slightly characteristic shades of distinction in the drawing and pigments, which only a trained eye would notice. The Dresden Museum contains some good specimens of these Japanese wares, but it is mainly rich in the bastard wares—that huge series of jars, vases, and dishes overloaded with purple and red and gold decoration (made by special Japanese tradesmen for the Dutch monopolists, to suit European bad taste), which was poured into Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centu-



TAKATSUKASA-NI-TAKA (FALCONERS).

\* "Japanese Pottery." By James L. Bowes. With many Coloured and other Illustrations. (Liverpool: Edward Howell.)

ries. It was highly valued then as being priced for the rich and relatively rare; and, oddly enough, it



retains still a purely fictitious value as "old Japan," and sells for great prices, although often in no way superior to the common modern Imari of the drapers' shops, and having nothing to recommend it artistically or historically. This was the Dresden artists had the good taste *not* to imitate; but it formed the staple reproduction at the "Old Worcester" and "Old Derby" factories, where its coarse drawing and gaudy colours were easily reproduced by the ordinary artisan. It had, however, at least the merit of rich polychromatic effect; and in an age and in countries where pottery was rarely artistic, and porcelain was only beginning to exist, it had attractions easily understood.

It is not from these, however, that the historic art of pottery in Japan should be estimated. The artists of Dresden, of Chantilly, and of Sèvres had occasional opportunities of seeing the marvellous freehand drawings of flowers, plants, and landscapes

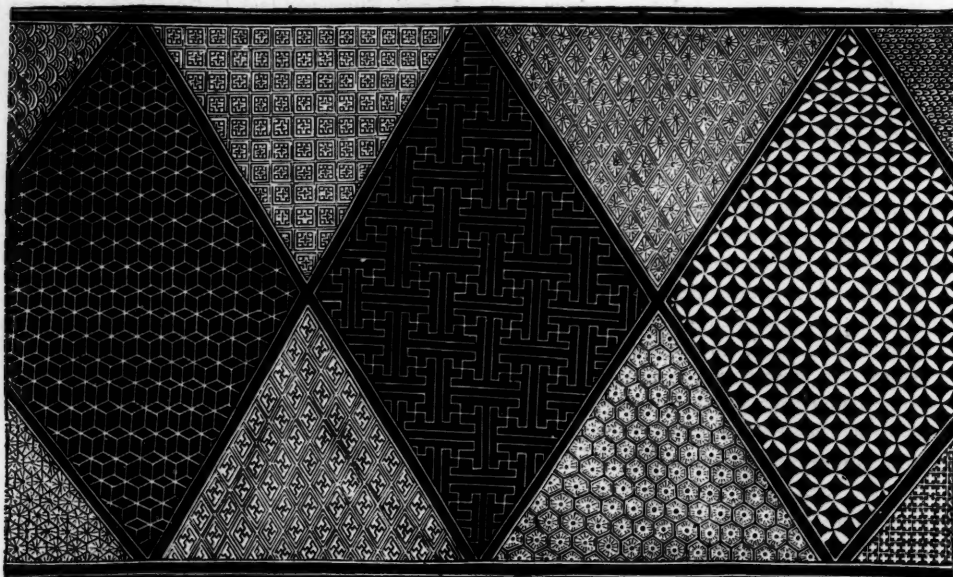
the bowls, and plates of Kakiyemon; the raised flowers of the factory of Hirado. They drew from them an inspiration which has been permanent in its influence on all our ornaments and even on our utensils, so that the diapers, fan, flower, and stork decorations, the balanced but unsymmetrical panels and sketches which are now familiar to us on every penny cup and saucer, as on modern Worcester and Staffordshire masterpieces, are in truth for the most part purely

Japanese, although so familiar that their Eastern source and inspiration have been forgotten and overlooked.

To give here an outline of the history of an art which in Japan was a passion, and sometimes almost a religion, would be impossible within these limits. It has a literature most voluminous, a history stretching back into mythical times, and ramifications which it were tedious and often useless to



A TEA-CLUB.



PLAQUE OF PORCELAIN, DECORATED IN BLUE, WITH ELEVEN DIFFERENT DIAPER PATTERNS.  
(HIZEN: ARITA WARES.)

(of which some idea may be derived from the illustrations we have borrowed from Mr. Bowes' book), and especially those of Kenzan, the creator of a style of decoration of pottery which has now pervaded and conquered the whole world; the figurines,

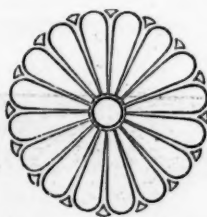
follow. The potter was as much a favourite of the Japanese prince as the painter and sculptor of the Italian dukes and regents. The daimios had their private kilns, and their favourite presents were choice tea-jars, flower-vases, charcoal-burners, toilet



pieces in rare and original designs. The accomplished potter took a similar position to the painter and the poet. The Japanese did not recognise the existence of a making of art by hanging pictures on a wall. For them, art lay in the fashioning of everything which the gentleman used, or wore or looked upon in his dwelling—his pottery, his brocades, his despatch-boxes, his medicine-box, his tea-bowl, his saké-cup, his writing-case, his sword and sword-furniture. These are all now objects of collection. To occupy himself with the design and decoration of these was the work of the artist, however "great;" and it was not thought that there was any degradation in the work of a Benvenuto Cellini compared with that of a Michelangelo. Ritsuo alternately carved statuettes as temple deities (Nio) or as portraits, decorated lacquer writing-boxes in faience, and created dainty pottery perfume-jars and toilet-boxes. He was one of the first gentlemen of his day, and remains now one of the glories of Japanese art.



IMPERIAL CREST: THE KIRI.



IMPERIAL CREST: THE KIKU.

the most salient element of Japanese pottery, it is enough to look at the gorgeous chromo-lithographic plates of what purports to be "Old Satsuma" to dis-

cover, from the only too faithful pictorial transcripts, that hardly one of the pieces depicted in his book at so much cost as Old Satsuma, in substance and decoration have real claim to that title. The collection of seals, signatures, &c., is a great accumulation of many marks—good, bad, and in-

different—and in it are to be found the signatures of great artists, the marks of modern shop-goods, inscriptions such as "good luck" and "long life;" but they are unfortunately mixed up together in a way which would be certain to puzzle anyone who studied the subject for a serious purpose. That work so costly and so pretentious should have been so misleading has been a grave obstacle to the progress of a study relatively new (for the treasures of Japanese art pottery have only been within our reach for the last twenty years). Its influence has been seen in the confusion into which amateurs and dealers fell, the poverty and chaos of



IYEEYASU (LAWGIVER AND FOUNDER OF THE TOKUGAWA DYNASTY OF SHOGUNS).

To the intricacies and labyrinths of this fascinating school of art—so little known to us in its history and classification, although so deeply influencing our surroundings—Mr. Bowes undertakes for the second time to furnish a guide. To take

our museum collections, and the general disposition in this country to regard Japanese pottery as a question of *brie-à-brac* rather than art-study. Happily Messrs. Franks, Gonse, Bing, Morse, and Brinckley came to our rescue, and with the aid of Mr. Hayashi

I was able to throw some light upon the subject in my lectures at the Society of Arts. Now Mr. Bowes has come to feel the necessity of substituting something more trustworthy. But this apart, the present book must be commended as being founded in the main upon accurate information, and being in many

To sum up, Mr. Bowes has greatly improved his knowledge of Japanese pottery, though he cannot be said to have written about it in an attractive manner. He is by nature apparently a great collector rather than an historian or a critic; or so he has chosen to show himself. This book is on the



THE TAKARA-BUNE (SHIP OF GOOD FORTUNE).

respects more full than any of its predecessors. But it is somewhat dry as a compilation, and is wanting in a sense of proportion. Of the characteristic beauties of the work of the great epoch-making potters, of life-like presentation of their effects and products, there is hardly a trace. Its many illustrations in chromo-lithography reproductions, and in monochrome, help the imagination not a little as to glaze, paste, or colour effects. It must be said that a very large part of the bulk of this portly tome is made up of some hundreds of pages of a catalogue of the author's collections of pottery and porcelain of a very comprehensive and miscellaneous character.

whole accurate in its details; but still it may do harm from the habit of cataloguing with all the honours of large print and thick paper, and in the pomp and glory of an *édition de luxe*, a great number of objects which are avowedly only the ordinary shop-ware of commerce, and treating them as if they were worthy to form part of a collection, or to take their place in the gallery of historic art. This habit is, and has been, a source of real mischief, and is probably at the bottom of the miserable state of the Japanese collections of all our museums—except the British Museum, where the good taste, the learning, and the liberality of Mr. Franks have relieved the nation from that serious reproach.

## IN MEMORIAM: CHARLES S. KEENE.

1823—1891.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

NOT since the close of the year 1864, when the world was startled by the news that John Leech was no more, has the gaiety of the nation been also lost George Cruikshank and Randolph Caldecott; but while the former never drew for *Punch*, and had moreover outlived his reputation and, to some extent,



THE LATE CHARLES KEENE.

(From the Portrait by G. Reid, R.S.A., in the Kepplestone Collection. Engraved by C. Carter.)

so sadly eclipsed as by the loss of Charles Keene, his great collaborator, successor, and friend. Although since May, 1889, the pages of *Punch* have been deprived of the skilful drawings of the greatest and truest humorous impressionist that ever lived in England, the loss is none the less great to his countrymen, and irreparable to the journal he has so long and so brilliantly served. True, since 1864 we have

his power of pencil, the latter, from his first appearance in that journal in 1872, down to his last in the Almanac of 1883, was never but a fitful contributor, who died while still regarded as a graphic humourist of the highest promise, rather than one in the full glory of completed achievement.

The son of a solicitor in Furnival's Inn, Charles Samuel Keene was born at Hornsey in 1823, and

was educated at Ipswich; from which fact he always spoke of Suffolk as his native county. After working for a time in his father's office he was apprenticed to Messrs. Whymper, the wood-engravers, and thus entered the profession of art by the portal through which so many eminent artists have gained it both before and since. For his employers he acted also as a designer, and after working for some of the illustrated periodicals of the day, he sent a drawing to *Punch* office from the garret which he occupied above a milk-shop over the way. That drawing procured him the connection which has lasted so long and so splendidly, and although Leech was at first opposed to his entry, the value of the man and his work soon made itself felt and appreciated. His first signed drawing in those pages, under date 3rd of June, 1854, is an initial U (consisting of a brigand holding up the Russian Eagle by one leg), Mr. Tenniel having at that time been working on the paper for about four years. From that day to the time of his retirement Keene missed contributing to scarce a single number of *Punch*, and during that period he made six thousand designs for it at the very lowest computation. Moreover, the successive deaths of Leech and C. H. Bennett threw more work and increasing responsibility upon him, and on a dozen occasions he designed political and social cartoons, either supplementary to, or in the stead of, those of Tenniel, when "the chief" was incapacitated through ill-health.

It is doubtful if the public will ever realise how great an artist Keene was; but his transcendent merit has for a long time been the wonder and admiration of his brother-craftsmen. The stream of his genius has continued to flow for six-and-thirty years in the most amazing manner. His drawings were in the highest form of impressionism, reproducing every phase of fleeting expression and suddenly-arrested action, with a certainty and accuracy which are absolutely unsurpassable. His power of composition, of breadth of handling, chiaroscuro, and suggestion of colour and form, was perfect within the range of his medium. He was as careful, too, in his "comic cuts" as the most conscientious of painters, and would often journey into the country for a background of, say, a turnip-field, or in search of any other detail or local colour.

In one direction alone did he fail—in the portrayal of beauty, elegance, and "respectability." A pretty woman never lurked about the point of his pencil, as she does so delightfully about those of his principal collaborators on *Punch*. His gentlemen are snobs; his aristocracy and his clerks are cast in the same vulgar mould, and his brides are forbidding—models of virtue, perhaps, but lacking every outward feminine charm. These shortcomings, of course, are to a certain extent to be accounted for by his own

nature. Living in the strictest economy and temperance, he hated anything like ostentation; he detested society and the whole fabric of fashion, and held the world of Burke and Debreton in abhorrence. Like Leech and Dickens, he had given his heart to the middle and lower-middle classes, and among them he found his models and his best motifs.

Although in his earlier days he contributed excellent work to *The Illustrated London News*, and drew as well for *Once a Week*, it is by his *Punch* work that his name will live. To that journal, whose pages contain so many works of artistic genius, the blow is a great one.

Not that a gap is likely to be felt at its celebrated weekly dinner in the sense that it was felt when others fell off, for Keene had ceased to attend it latterly. If we may venture to compare him with his colleagues we are bound to admit that he was technically the best black-and-white artist the paper has had—though John Leech was the typical *Punch* artist, and Tenniel THE cartoonist—both of them much better *Punch* artists than Keene, in the way that their figures of Punch and Toby had the flavour of the real Punch and Toby we have been educated to know and love; whereas Keene's *Punch* was of his own creation, and, unlike him, ungenial. He was an inspired artist—a humourist, but a *Punch* artist by accident. He was a Bohemian of the good old type, and an artist of the first water; but he was not a satirist. His name will live as a superb artist, pure and simple—the greatest master of line in black-and-white that will live for many years to come.

Nor must Keene's great merits as a creator be forgotten. Many of his *dramatis personæ* were doubtless old-fashioned, but who can deny the truth to life of the Kirk Elder, of the slavey, the policeman, the fussy City man, the diner out, the waiter, the cabman, the lodging-house keeper, the hen-pecked husband, the Scot, the Gillie, the Irishman, the schoolboy, and the Mrs. Brown of Arthur Sketchley's prosaic muse? His wealth of fancy and his power of resolving it into well-ordered design invested these puppets of his with a vividness which is often startling. With greater force and subtlety, though with less refinement and grace, than Leech, he has recorded the character of the middle and lower classes of our day with such intensity of truth, that we derive our delight in his work even more from the faithfulness of the representation than from the fun of the joke and the comic rendering of the subject. And now he is gone—he on whom France recently sought to confer the highest honour at her disposal; he at whose bidding even the Goddess of serious Art herself was pleased to don the motley and the cap and shake the jingling bells.



## THE MODERN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE,

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE "GRANDS PRIX" AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, RUSSIA, ITALY, AND SPAIN.

By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

MODERN Austro-Hungarian art showed itself at its climax at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, where its showy, superficial splendour and sensuous character constituted a curious commentary on the mushroom growth of luxury at Vienna and Buda-Pesth. Never having had any very solid or durable foundation, or possessing real national characteristics spontaneously generated from national life, and deprived, too, of its brilliant if empty leader, Hans Makart—whose swan-song, a "*Walkyrie avec un héros mourant*," was, however, in the Austrian section—the school has very naturally declined. It appeared, indeed, on the recent occasion shorn of much of its outward brilliancy, but not otherwise materially changed in direction.

M. Munkacsy, by his semi-naturalistic tendencies, his modern interpretation of landscape, and his dissimilar technique, stood out in 1878 from the main Austro-Hungarian group. For his well-known "*Milton*" and two other works he then received the *Médaille d'Honneur*, and, as I have already on a former occasion pointed out, he is one of the three artists who have renewed their triumph in 1889. More and more during the last ten years the popular painter has identified himself with Paris and with Parisian artistic life, maintaining, however, in the face of the radical change in general tone and in technical execution there, his own peculiar bituminous mode of execution. He has, however, developed—or rather shall I say enlarged?—himself from an admirable painter of modern *genre* and realism, with an infusion of the drama, into an explorer in the regions of sacred art—borne onward, if we may judge from results, rather by the ambition to import his realistic methods into these, and to impress by audacious novelty on a large scale, than himself otherwise profoundly moved or yielding to inward impulse. I may here state my profound conviction that this conscious and deliberate development or metamorphosis of the painter's talent has caused him to misdirect his great abilities, and to attempt on a vast scale subjects of tremendous import, such as neither his talent nor his technical methods—effective as these are for certain purposes—can compass. The two enormous canvases which won for M. Munkacsy his latest distinction at the hands of the jury—the "*Christ Before Pilate*"

and the "*Crucifixion*"—have both been shown with such elaborate *réclame*, not in Paris and London only, but in most of the cities of the old and new world, that it appears unnecessary to submit them on the present occasion to any elaborate analysis.

In these days I should scarcely venture to reproach M. Munkacsy with lack of true religious feeling, were it not that the vast extent of his ambitious experiments renders its total absence the more striking. He has chosen, however, to treat his great subjects from the lower—that is to say, the merely dramatic and semi-realistic—point of view; and even from this point of view he fails. In the "*Christ Before Pilate*," which is by far the finer and the more successful of the two works in question, and which we may therefore most fairly take as the typical example, there are many admirable single studies, sufficiently dramatic if taken by themselves. The white-robed figure of Christ is striking in virtue of a certain menacing strength of aspect becoming rather to the militant demagogue or to the sectarian than to the Son of Man in the moment of His sorrow and sacrifice. But there thrills through the scene as here enacted no true dramatic bond of unity; each individual lives, gesticulates, and acts for himself, having no real but only a superficial connection with his fellows; with the result that we receive an impression less profound than would be communicated by the tiny predella of a Quattrocento Italian picture, or by a mediæval carving in wood or ivory, in even the second-rate examples of which the essence of the subject is reached as it were intuitively and without groping or fumbling. Much of the local colouring—especially in the blue, violet, and plum-coloured robes of some accessory personages—is of peculiar richness, and the touch broad and fat, yet failing to produce the effect of real solidity. The tonality is as a whole sombre, and at the same time agreeable through the subtle combination of the various tertiary hues, which are the base of the harmony; but all the same it lacks the real Rembrandtesque solemnity and suggestiveness.

In dealing with Russia the preponderating influence of France in the international jury made itself more distinctly felt than in any other instance. Evidently the one great Power which unreservedly,

if unofficially, extended to France the hand of fraternal friendship must not go without its share of the highest rewards of the exhibition, even though it should appear indispensable to exhibit a very large measure of indulgence, and to look through rose-coloured spectacles in selecting recipients for the laurel crowns to be given for sculpture and painting.

naturalism at once almost brutal and strangely sympathetic, in its searching yet loving study of peculiarly national and a trifle unsavoury peasant types. This vivid representation of a kind of popular fête on a small scale in Poland, with its groups of small farmers and peasants, enjoying, each in his way, the charms of idleness and sensual indulgence,

savours of Tolstoi and the Russian romance-writers of his great humanitarian school, rather than of Zola, or those who have exemplified his theories in art. It is as audaciously realistic as the work of the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century, but with a realism more serious and fuller of *arrière-pensée*. But, unfortunately, this interesting study is in no sense a picture; it is heavy and spiritless in touch, monotonous in the sombreness of its tone, and null in pictorial impression. Its beauties, which are those of observation rather than those of pictorial art proper, can only be appreciated on a close examination of the canvas bit by bit. Almost as clever in observation and a little better as a picture is "Les Connaisseurs," which represents a group of Russian (or it may be again Polish) gentlefolk of the lower order examining and appraising horses of heavy build. Even here, however, the silhouettes stand out black and opaque against the sky, and the execution is generally heavy. However, this work ought hardly to have been in the Decennial section of the show at all, seeing that it was dated in huge letters, "1875"—that is to say, three years before the last Universal Exhibition. Altogether, M. Chelmonski's merits, undoubted as they are in the peculiar style indicated, would, under ordinary circumstances, have been amply rewarded by a gold or even a silver medal.

The recipient of the highest honours in sculpture, M. Pierre Tourguéneff, is a pupil of that distinguished realist, M. Frémiet. He may, without unfairness, be described

as to all intents and purposes a good second-rate French sculptor, and one who is least successful where he departs most from the accepted models of his adopted country in art. His "Pasteur de la Steppe"—a young shepherd clad in skins and mounted on a noble but over-well groomed animal



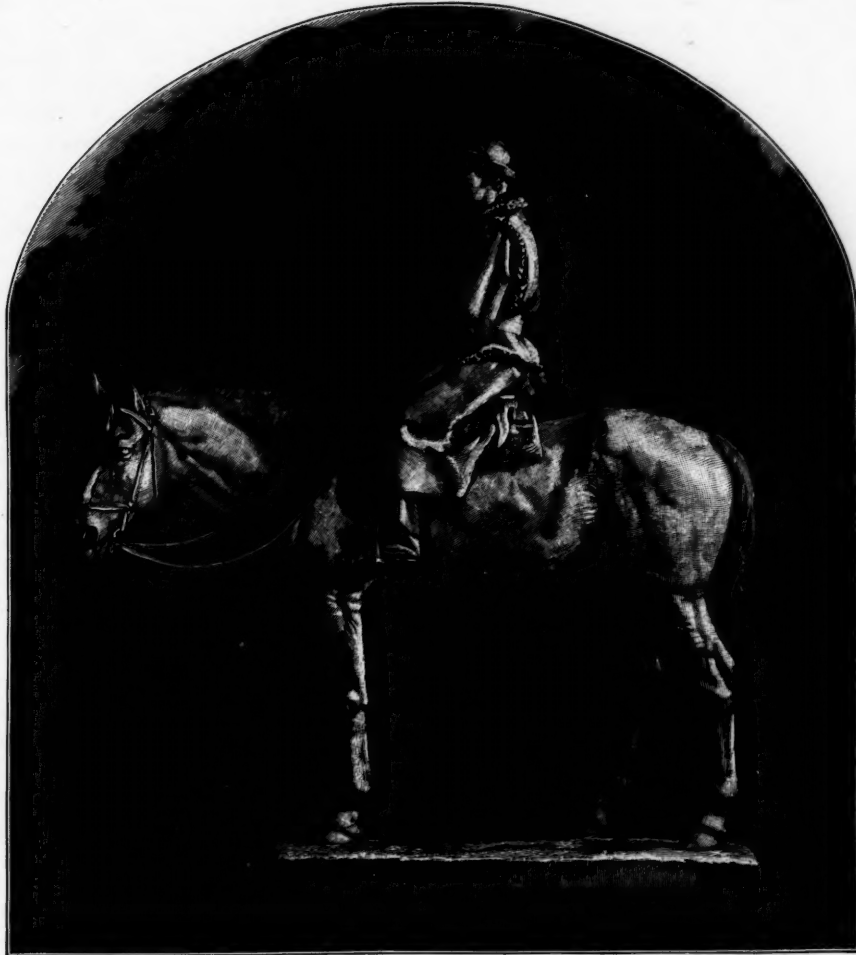
MIHALY MUNKACSY.

(By Himself.)

The *Grand Prix* in painting, M. Joseph Chelmonski, though he resides in Paris, shows in his technique and peculiar treatment of national subjects the trace of influences other than French, and especially that of the German painter of Cossack subjects, Josef Brandt. He displayed in his principal contribution to the exhibition, "Un Dimanche en Pologne," an astonishing power of observation, and a

standing in complete repose—displays much skill in the modelling of both man and beast, with a sufficient infusion of the national flavour in the type of the young rider; but it bears an altogether uncomfortable resemblance to M. Frémiet's equestrian

sensuous type; in fact, a kind of "Cabanel's Venus" in sculpture. It would not have been difficult to point to a dozen or more works of the kind in the French section, none of them less skilfully modelled and executed, and not a few of a far higher order.



PASTOR OF THE STEPPE.

(By Pierre Tourguéneff. Engraved by Jonnard.)

statue of a youthful mounted soldier called "Porte-falot," exhibited on the late occasion outside one of the special pavilions of the Hôtel de Ville. The attitude is not identical in both performances—the horseman riding in military fashion in the work of the master, and in more unconventional style in that of the pupil—but the resemblance is too great to be altogether due to accident, although M. Tourguéneff may not himself be conscious of its closeness. The most important of his remaining contributions, a marble nudity called "Une Fille d'Eve," is a thoroughly French performance of sufficiently

Where, by the way, was, on the occasion of the late great competition, the chief glory of Russian sculpture—M. Antokolski, whose famous "Christ Before the People" won the *Médaille d'Honneur* at the preceding exhibition? His "Mephisteles," which appeared within the last ten years at the Salon, and is now one of the ornaments of the Hermitage, is a conception which in its intellectual strength and convincing power of realisation, vindicates for its author the right to stand in the very first rank among modern sculptors. It is a work of genius which in its peculiar style would have had few if



any rivals at the exhibition; and in it an original invention stands forth fully realised with the aid of masterly yet never unobtrusive execution.

The strained relations existing between France and Italy rendered it *prima facie* unlikely that the representatives of the former country would go out of their way to discover supreme talent—where it was at any rate not visible to the casual observer—



BOLDINI.

(By Himself, after a Bust by Rodin.)

in the artistic manifestations of the latter. Yet if we consider how scanty, how unequal and heterogeneous, were the contributions of Italy to the galleries of the Champ de Mars, how marked was the indifference evidenced by the absence of her most highly praised painters, Morelli and Michetti, we must own that she received an ungrudging and indeed excessive measure of recognition for what she did vouchsafe to bring forward as distinctive of modern Italian art. What an ironical comment on that art is contained in the circumstance that an artistic tribunal seeking to reward merit, and seeking to adopt an optimistic point of view, could find no painter worthier of the highest honour than a Boldini! I do not mean for a moment to deny the singular technical dexterity and the ultra-modern spirit of this clever artist.

Sufficiently mediocre and superficial as an oil painter, he is exceedingly remarkable as a pastelliste, using as he does this peculiar material with perfect freedom and with much inventiveness of treatment. But it is difficult to imagine an art more unaspiring in intention and—to speak out frankly—more essentially vulgar than his. These sinuous, white-robed, and black-gloved ladies, who are made to appear, what probably they are not, stars of the ballet and the half-world in semi-incognito, have certainly in the hands of Signor Boldini a measure of life and individuality of their own; but still more clearly do they speak to us of the artistic individuality of their author! Much worthier is the pastel portrait of the great composer Verdi—a vigorous, rough-and-ready presentment of what is most obvious in the mere outside of a great personality. It is drawn with a breadth and frankness suitable to the subject—*sabr *, as the French critics would phrase it, somewhat after the fashion of one of Chardin's pastel portraits of himself in the Louvre. By far the most interesting of the younger Italian painters proved to be Signor Giovanni Segantini, of Milan, whose genuine and serious, if as yet not completely mature, efforts were justly rewarded with a gold medal. His style, originally based on that of Jean-Fran ois Millet, has now been developed into originality by means of a close and ardent study of nature. His pastorals and rustic scenes, taken from the valleys of the high Alps, if they reveal certain mannerisms of would-be impressionistic touch and colour foreign to his earlier method, have a biting truth of conception and rendering which more than counterbalances a corresponding realistic harshness both in the standpoint and in the pictorial realisation.

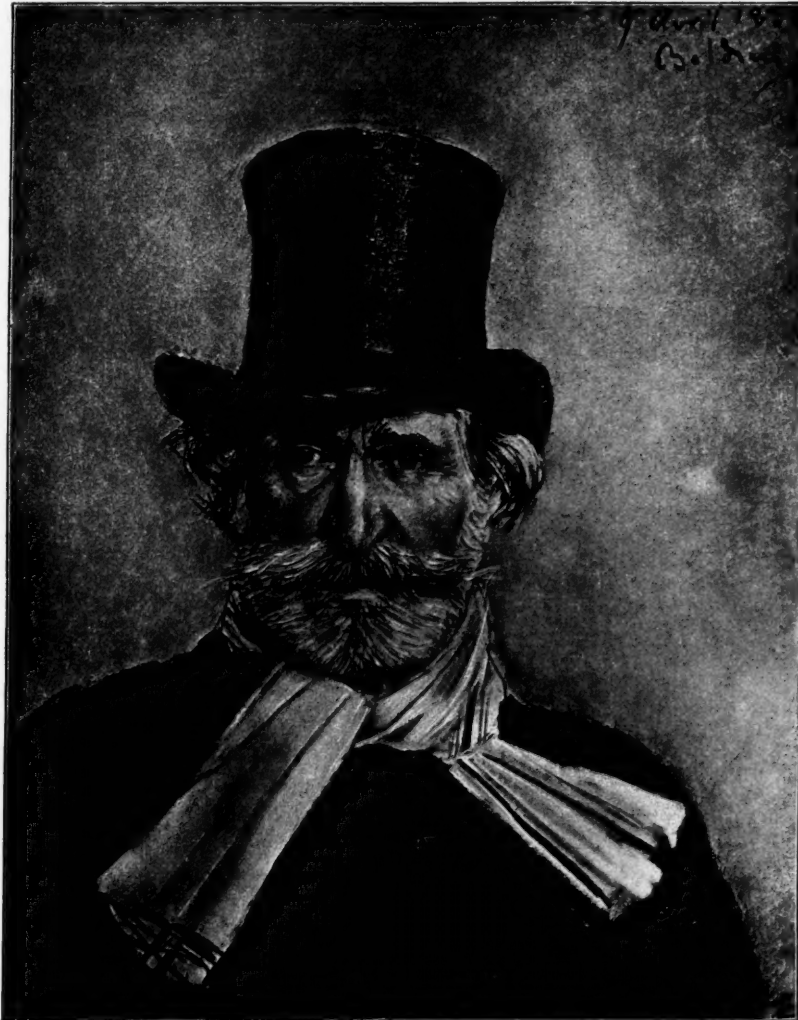
No less than three Italian sculptors, Signori Butti, Ferrari, and Gemito, obtained the high distinction of the *Grand Prix* only accorded to one Italian painter. Signor Butti, of Milan, exhibited but one work, "*Le Mineur*;" but this one, in my opinion—badly placed as it was, outside the main galleries of the Decennial section—fully justified the judgment of the jury. It is a figure of a young miner, naked to the waist, and seated in an attitude of repose, his barrow and pickaxe beside him. Like the "*Puddeur*" of the Belgian sculptor, M. Meunier—to which reference has been made in a previous article—this is a work which may be said to have been generated by the commanding influence of Jean-Fran ois Millet. It is thoroughly naturalistic in motive, but almost classical in style—not from any mere imitation of classical models, but from a sculptural breadth of manner, and a happy generalisation of form akin to that which distinguished Greek art. Few things in the vast collection of sculpture which filled the exhibition were finer in their way than the nude torso of the young



miner, so smooth and supple in its strength, so satisfying in the learned simplicity of its modelling.

The Roman sculptor Signor Ettore Ferrari is an artist of altogether different type. He is remarkable,

than to see the one or the other only. The "Giordano Bruno" is draped in monkish garb, and the "Ovid" in the orthodox classical garments of a Roman citizen; but both appear as grand and slightly con-



SIGNOR VERDI.

(From the Pastel by Boldini.)

above all, as the successful designer of monumental effigies destined to be placed in the open spaces of cities; and of these two of the most important, the "Giordano Bruno" recently, to the great scandal and annoyance of the clerical party, erected at Rome, and the earlier "Ovidio," represented the sculptor at the Champ de Mars. They were wisely placed in altogether different sections of the building, seeing that to behold at one and the same time both works was to conceive a less high opinion of the artist's power

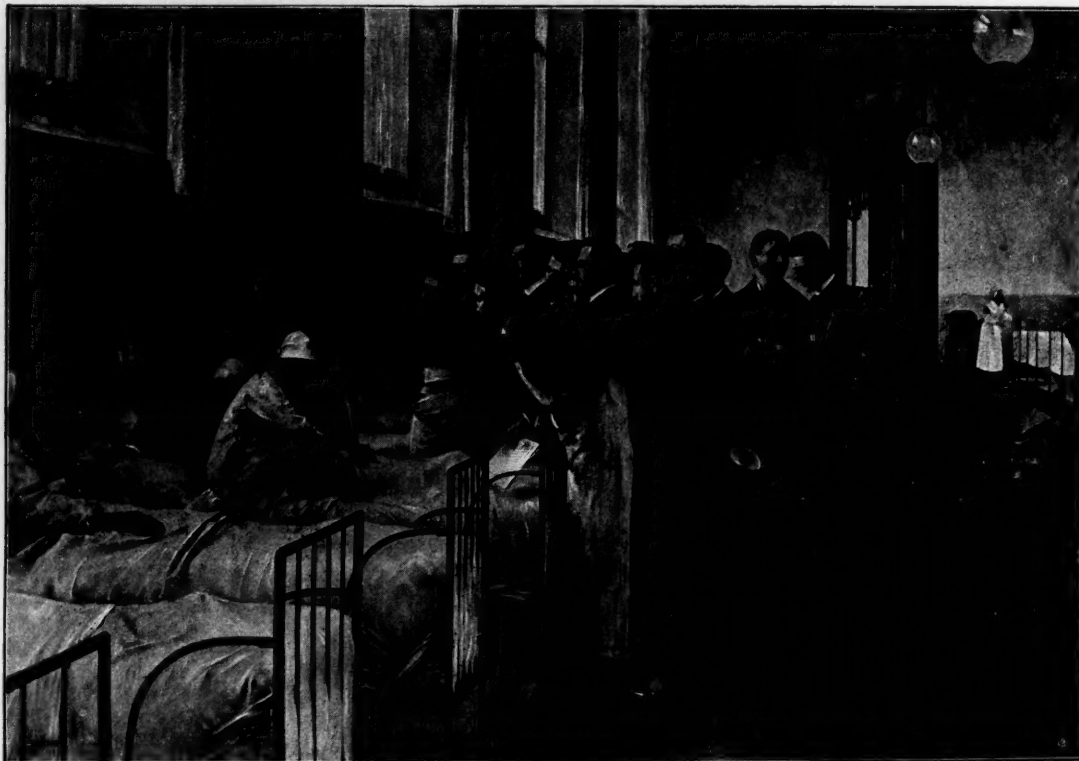
ventional monumental figures, the head being in each instance bowed and the eyes bent on the ground in deep thought. Signori Ferrari is by the breadth and comparative simplicity of his style very distinguishable from the rank and file of the Italian school, who appear still wrapped up in the senseless and aimless frivolities of execution which have long been, and as much as ever are, its reproach.

The third laureate, Signor Gemito, enjoys the all-powerful protection of M. Meissonier, whose especial

*protégé* he has long been. Several years ago there was an amusing exchange of courtesies between the elder and the younger artist—Signor Gemito portraying in a clever statuette the leonine head and diminutive form of the master who has conferred upon himself (after the fashion of usurpers in general) the dignity of Pontifex Maximus of French

Especially in the treatment of the hair—one of the touchstones of the true sculptor—we are hardly allowed to lose sight of the clay. I cannot help thinking that, under the circumstances, a silver medal would have amply rewarded Signor Gemito's efforts.

The most modern phases of the art of Spain might have been better studied at the Munich



A HOSPITAL WARD—GOING ROUND.

(From the Painting by Luis Jimenez.)

art; and M. Meissonier painting a small full-length of the young Italian sculptor with this same statuette in his hand (or by his side?). Had the latter not enjoyed the advantage of strong outside support from the supreme and despotic authority just mentioned, it is difficult to understand why his bronze "*Le Pêcheur à la Ligne*," and the clever but by no means first-rate male bust in the same material which more worthily represented him, should have been deemed worthy of a *Grand Prix*. The bust in question shows a general appreciation of the fine and living style of M. Paul Dubois in such kindred works as the bust of Paul Baudry; but real individuality is hardly reached in the present instance, while the modelling is superficially clever rather than solid or suggestive of the inner structure.

Exhibition of 1888 than at the great Parisian display, though many works which had made their appearance in the Bavarian capital were again shown on the more recent occasion. The Fortuny-Madrado school, though a few of its most expert practitioners still maintain themselves, may be said to be practically defunct, and in its stead have arisen a band of neo-romanticists, who strive, not wholly without success, to galvanise into a new life the old romantic and historical subjects, and who depict them in a style the technique of which naturally shows considerable traces of that manner which it has lately superseded. The chief representative of this group, Señor Moreno Carbonero, whose "*Conversion du duc de Gandia*" is in its way a remarkable performance, remained entirely without recognition, as did

for more obvious reasons the better known Señor Pradilla. Taken in conjunction with the curious fact that the names of the Polish painter, M. Jan Matejko, and of the Bohemian painter, M. Václav Brožík, are also sought for in vain in the official list of recompenses, although the former (a *Médaille d'Honneur* at the Exhibition of 1878) exhibited a huge "Kosciusko," and the latter the very dramatic "Défenestration de Prague"—the state of things thus disclosed would appear to point to a dead-set by the late international Areopagus against the re-introduction of that phase of historical and pseudo-romantic art which had its main pillars in Paul Delaroche and the Belgian Louis Gallait. Such a *parti pris* would be infinitely objectionable, however scanty might be the admiration felt by this generation for even the best and most thoroughly complete examples of such art.

Not from this group, but from that of the modern French naturalists of the newest type, did the jury select the only Spanish painter, whom they deemed worthy of a *Grand Prix*—Señor Luis Jimenez, of Seville. His sole contribution to the Spanish section was "Une Salle d'Hôpital—la Visite," a work which, if only because it was from the Spanish standpoint an exotic, wanting the true national flavour, ought not fairly to have been entitled to the distinction which it received. It is one of those huge clinical studies

which of late years have become so fashionable at the Salon, and of which the exhibition contained far more interesting and distinctive specimens from the brush of M. Gervex—the chief practitioner of this medico-naturalistic style—and some others. Such merits as M. Jimenez' huge canvas possesses—and these lie chiefly in the fashionable grey treatment of light and atmosphere, and in *modernité* of general tone—it shares with a whole series of French productions, which have, very naturally, not been selected for the high honour accorded in somewhat eccentric fashion to the Spanish artist.

Unquestionable genius—and that of a thorough national type—was, on the other hand, displayed by the draughtsman and illustrator Daniel Vierge Urrabieta, better known as "Vierge," in a whole series of pen-and-ink and other drawings and designs, originally prepared for French and Spanish publications. He in these appears as the true and worthy successor of Goya, with more of the humourist and the romanticist in his composition, and less of the satirical flagellator of vice, than went to make up the complex individuality of his great predecessor, but with the same element of natural ferocity underlying his humour which gives a lurid element of attraction and also a certain repulsiveness to the genial fantasies of Spain's last great master.

## STUDIES IN ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

### THE RISE OF THE COMIC PAPER.

By DAVID ANDERSON.



ANY works, of a more or less fragmentary character, have been compiled and written, from time to time, on the history of the newspaper press in the United Kingdom. But, so far as I know, no attempt has hitherto been made to trace—in anything like detail—the rise of the Comic Illustrated Paper, a comparatively modern development of those fugitive caricatures, as old as our native art itself. The art-workmen, lay and ecclesiastical, who carved the gargoyles and bench-ends of our grand cathedrals were the direct forerunners of the Hogarths, the Sayers, the Gill-

rays, the Rowlandsons, and the Cruikshanks—men who have made the fame of the English School of Caricature world-wide.

I take it that the regular comic press, as an established institution, had its rise about the time of the Great Reform Bill. Indeed, we find that *Figaro in London*, *Punchinello*, *Punch in London*, *The Schoolmaster at Home*, *The Devil in London*, and *Dibdin's Penny Trumpet*, all date from the year 1832. *The Whig Dresser* first saw the light in 1833; the *Fly* came out in 1837, as did, likewise, *The Penny Satirist*. All these professedly comic periodicals were ephemeral, and all preceded the first issue of *Punch*, which did not see the light until the year 1841.

*The Schoolmaster at Home* was essentially Liberal in politics, and though somewhat heavy and lumbering in style—as we understand work of that kind—was not altogether unamusing. Thus, the licensed



Jester of the hour, alluding to the rottenest of rotten boroughs, parodies a famous nursery rhyme, and inquires :—

“Who killed old Sarum?”  
 ‘I,’ said Lord Grey,  
 ‘With my schedule A,  
 I killed old Sarum.’”

Liberals, or rather what we should call Radicals, were not, however, suffered to have “all the best fun to themselves.” *The Whig Dresser* appeared as a Tory organ. “We do not see,” say the promoters of that print, “why the Whigs should have all the best fun to themselves.” But whether the Tories were unable to steal the turn for satire of their rivals, or from what other cause, unexplained, and now for ever inexplicable, it is a fact that *The Whig Dresser*, as a weekly publication, ceased to exist after its twelfth number, and became a monthly magazine.

At first the original *Figaro in London* was not regularly illustrated. It took for its motto the famous lines :—

“Satire should, like a polished razor keen,  
 Wound with a touch that’s scarcely felt or seen.”

And its rough woodcut heading represents the exterior of a barber’s shop, with a likeness in the window of a “lively barber.” That is not intended,” says the legend, “for Sir Edward Sugden.” In the said window there is, moreover, a placard, with the somewhat lame jest, “Whigs dressed here.” *Figaro in London* consisted of four pages only, and dealt in political epigrams, social skits, and dramatic criticisms.

*Punch in London*, in its introduction, gives a supposititious autobiography of Mr. Punch, and declares that it will lay its stick relentlessly about; and, further, quoting the words of Ben Jonson, that it “will spare nobody.” It is full of gibes at Edward Irving, Thomas Carlyle’s rival in love—the famous preacher—and recommends him for a peerage. “He would, of course,” avers this first of the Punch family in London, “address the woollack in an unknown tongue, and thereby bother the reporters. This would be an indirect triumph over the press.” Nor is Mr. Punch above the cheap vulgarity of parodying “The Book of Common Prayer” in ridicule of the twenty bishops who were against the Reform Bill. *Punch in London* was a poor thing—scurrilous, and otherwise unworthy to be remembered.

*The Devil in London* purports to contain extracts from the diary of its imaginary author, together with all kinds of “devilries” and comments on contemporary matters from a Satanic point of view. It consists of four pages, and is illustrated by rough woodcuts of the “Devil’s Register.” Here we find

a parody, “The House of Reform that Jack built.” Indeed, the wits of the second quarter of the nineteenth century were very much given to parody. In its “Political Zoological Gardens” the great Duke of Wellington may be seen in the form of a “proboscis monkey;” Lord Eldon as the gouty-toed sloth; Lord Ellenborough as the tame or Asiatic elephant; and the Royal Family as a group of crowned canaries. When not otherwise engaged, the *Devil in London* screamed for O’Connell and the Reform Bill, and abused the bishops at large. Puns and feeble jests passed for wit with some of the dull gentry of the early comic press.

*Dibdin’s Penny Trumpet*, its editor announces, “is to be blown weekly (not weakly) throughout the British Empire.” Besides some mean and meaningless twaddle, its pages contain many serious and comic songs from the famous pen of Thomas Dibdin.

*Punchinello*—another of the 1832 ephemera—was of the usual four pages in size, and was illustrated by George Cruikshank. Its butts were principally Robert Montgomery, the afore-mentioned Edward Irving the preacher, and the present Poet Laureate. For example :—

“A mermaid she sat on a dolphin’s back,  
 And cried, ‘When, when, when, how we swim, good lack.’  
 Cried the dolphin, ‘I’m sadly in want of my whack  
 Of Herrings, I wish we could meet with a smack.  
 Oh Jiminy, Piminy, Jim!’”

This *Punchinello* is described by its conductor as “a family gazette of fun, fashion, literature, and the drama;” and by its fellows of the comic press as “a pack of frivolous scribblers.”

In order to show how little value was set on this class of literature, even by contemporary collectors, I may mention that the library of the British Museum does not contain any copy of the *Penny Age*, or of *The Star of Venus*. Of *Punchinello* there are only ten numbers; and of *Punch in London* no more than seventeen.

On the 14th January, 1837, was issued the first number of an eight-page weekly illustrated paper called *The Town*. It was published in the Radical interest, and lived with varying success for the space of nine years. *The Town* was an abusive, libellous print, such as would not be tolerated at the present day. Our Public Prosecutor would assuredly proceed against such a journal under Lord Campbell’s Act. *The Fly*, on the other hand, a four-page paper, price twopence—submitted to the public in the following year—was altogether of a superior stamp. With each number was given away a full-page lithograph, sometimes a portrait, sometimes a fancy sketch—the latter occasionally rising to the dignity of what we are accustomed to call a cartoon. *The Fly* abounds in verbal quips, like those in which



Thomas Hood revelled at a later date, and it is remarkable for some trenchant and acute dramatic criticism.

Between 1838 and 1841 I do not trace any first number of a comic print, but on July 14th of the latter year appeared the first number of *Punch*—far and away the greatest, and, if I may be permitted the expression, not used in any unkindly sense, the most serious comic paper in the world. The first number contains the familiar moral of *Punch*, which says, "Our paper will be interspersed with trifles that have no other object than the moment's approbation, an end that will never interest at the expense of others beyond the evanescent smile of a harmless satire." On the whole, *Punch* has more than fulfilled the promise of its introduction. It has been decent and reputable from that hour to this. One has only to glance through the scandalous pages of some of the ephemeral prints here enumerated to perceive how violent and occasionally indecent was the wit of the pre-*Punch* period, and how coarse the taste of that age. Some interesting chapters, giving a very fair idea of the early history of *Punch*, are from the facile hand of Mr. Joseph Hatton—the result of information, as I understand, confided to him by Mark Lemon, the first able editor of that periodical. It is not my intention, nor is it the purpose of this paper, to traverse that already well-trodden ground. Our greatest comic paper had a very humble origin. Mark Lemon, so I have always understood, kept a public-house, "The Shakespeare's Head," in Wych Street, Strand; and it was among the wits, journalists, and dramatists who frequented the humble parlour of that hostelry that the idea of *Punch* originated; adopted not from *Punchinello*, or *Punch in London*, its predecessors, but from the Paris *Charivari*.

It is a frequent and constant saying that "*Punch* is not so good as it used to be." That, however, is an assumption which cannot be justified by a reference to its early numbers. During the forty-nine years of its existence *Punch* has had four editors—Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, and the present genial and accomplished Mr. Frank C. Burnand. My personal recollection of the career of our most celebrated jester dates from the 9th of October, 1852, when I was duly apprenticed to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, to learn "the art and mystery of drawing and engraving on wood," as practised by them almost entirely in connection with *Punch*. That was very soon after Richard Doyle, then quite a young man, had resigned his position on the paper, giving up his profitable connection with *Punch* in consequence, as we all know, of a drawing by John Leech, reflecting on the Roman Catholic faith, which he professed. The proprietors were very anxious, if possible, to retain the services of

Doyle. I remember that the pieces of boxwood intended to be utilised for drawings for the *Punch* Almanac for 1852 were sent to his house by Lemon, and were duly returned, with the intimation that his resignation was final. Some small cuts from Doyle's pencil appeared in the paper many years later. These trifles were part of the old stock, and did not betoken a reconciliation.

The early numbers of *Punch* show that the cartoons were originally smaller, and in every way coarser and rougher in treatment than those which we are now accustomed to admire from week to week. This was not because the engravers of that period were less skilful in what is called "facsimile" wood engraving than are those of the present day, but for mechanical reasons which may be deemed worthy of explanation, and because they apply equally to all bygone newspaper and magazine illustrations, produced through the medium of wood engraving. A wood engraver, the elder Landells, was, as a matter of fact, the original proprietor of *Punch*, and when the proprietary passed from him into the hands of Bradbury and Evans, another wood engraver, Mr. Joseph Swain, took up the task which Landells relinquished; and from that hour to this Joseph Swain has engraved the *Punch* blocks—an unbroken record of hard work, probably without parallel in the history of the newspaper press, and exceeding by several years that of the veteran Mr. Tenniel himself. I am writing from memory, but I believe Mr. Tenniel first joined the staff in the year 1850. At first he contributed small designs for initial letters, exquisitely drawn with the silver point and instinct with elegance and academic refinement, but soon drew full-page illustrations.

Two draughtsmen, now well-nigh forgotten, at that time drew largely for *Punch*—Newton and Howard. Newton, a man of inferior powers, was somewhat neglected, not to say snubbed, by the rest of the staff, while Howard, an ingenious designer of animals, was especially petted and liked, as well for his genial qualities as for the reason that he was more of a dandy than were the run of Bohemian illustrators and writers of the forties and fifties. Another of the *Punch* draughtsmen—in his way a man of genius but lacking academic training—was C. H. Bennett. He was originally a shoemaker; and though a little while before his early and untimely death he acquired some degree of celebrity and was enabled to live in material comfort, yet, for the most part, his life was passed in indigence and effort. M'Connel, the son of a tailor in the Tottenham Court Road, was another of the lesser *Punch* artists—since forgotten. I have said that the early cartoons in *Punch* were often smaller and rougher than what we are accustomed to. The reason

for that is simple: they were engraved on a solid piece of boxwood, cut from the round of the tree. In consequence, however, of a most ingenious contrivance, whereby a number of pieces of boxwood could be fitted together with brass bolts, and taken apart at will, it became possible for the drawing to be made on one of these amalgamated blocks, and afterwards separated and engraved in distinct pieces by different hands.

Soon after Mr. Tenniel joined the staff some drawings, the work of an unknown but extremely talented young man, were sent in on approval. Leech, particularly, noted one of them, which contained the head of a charmingly beautiful girl, and, to speak frankly, "boycotted" the artist. That drawing, from the pencil of the late Charles Keene, was kept in the office, unused, for a considerable time, but was at length published, and its creator gradually admitted within the charmed circle of those who partook from week to week of the famous *Punch* dinners, sometimes held at a tavern, at other times given in a private room in Whitefriars in a house belonging to the proprietors.

When, as a lad of thirteen, I was apprenticed to the *Punch* office, writers for the press and illustrators hardly aspired to the social position which they now enjoy. *Punch* was edited ostensibly then, as now, at 85, Fleet Street, but the real work was done in a dingy apartment, over the printing office situated at the top of Wine Office Court. Mark Lemon lived in Great Coram Street, in what we should consider extremely moderate style for such a man. Douglas Jerrold was generally in pecuniary difficulties; and I well remember when John Leech took a small house in Clarendon Road, Notting Hill, that the rest of the *Punch* men, who rather enjoyed gin-and-water and long clay pipes, declared that he was taking to "swellodom," and forsaking the old Bohemian life. Thackeray, however, was always a man of refined tastes and habits, mixing in good society, and gradually the example set by the author of "Vanity Fair," and by Leech, first of the blameless English caricaturists, permeated the entire staff. The men were not only colleagues, they were a coterie of private friends who met at least once a week at the *Punch* dinner, where the fun was often fast and furious. Douglas Jerrold fired off his satirical shots, sparing neither friend nor foe. Lemon was jolly, Angus Reach sententious, and Mayhew genial, while both Thomas Hood and John Leech were quiet and retiring in manner.

Shirley Brooks had no little difficulty in establishing a footing on the paper, but when at length he did find a place his industry and force of character, coupled with remarkable wit and powers of expression, soon gained for him a foremost position.

Thackeray, as we know from his letters to Mrs. Brookfield, was not the easiest man in the world to get on with in business—Shirley Brooks, on the other hand, made himself agreeable and almost indispensable. By the death of Jerrold and the secession of Thackeray, Brooks—on the demise of Lemon—became practically the one possible editor; and to the editorial chair he was duly raised. His rule over *Punch* was beneficent. He was witty without malignity, and sarcastic without scurrility.

Of Tom Taylor as editor of *Punch* it is neither so easy nor so agreeable to write. He was an able and a gifted man, but in the character of his mind unsuited to the pages of a comic periodical.

On the death of Tom Taylor Mr. F. C. Burnand, at that time one of the latest recruits to the staff, was raised by general acclaim to the chief post. Mr. Burnand is in many respects an ideal editor—at once a man of letters and a man of business. It is not necessary, in this place, to do more than mention the names of that talented trio, Messrs. Du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, and Harry Furniss. Their work is before the public from week to week; and that public is at once their kindly patron and acute judge.

The unqualified success of *Punch* induced a band of clever young men of that day to start a small monthly comic publication, called *The Man in the Moon*. About forty years ago Angus Reach, afterwards on *Punch*; Shirley Brooks, as I have already pointed out subsequently the editor of that paper; John Oxenford, who lived to be dramatic critic of the *Times*; Charles Lamb Kenny, a brilliant but idle littérateur; Stirling Coyne, who wrote several small pieces for the theatre; Horace Mayhew, one of the Mayhew Brothers; and Edward Draper, an antiquary and a bright and incisive writer still hale and hearty, together with Kenny Meadows, and Hine the water-colour painter, formed the staff of the only comic monthly which to my knowledge ever made a worthy place for itself in England. *The Man in the Moon* was edited by Albert Smith, and the copyright was after a time purchased by the father of the Brothers Brough.

In the regular development of the modern comic weekly paper dating from *Punch*, *Diogenes* comes second on the list. It was published in 1853, under the editorship of Watts Philips, who was also a very clever draughtsman after the manner of Leech. The staff included Robert and William Brough, Hain Friswell, Charles Bennett the designer, Augustus Mayhew, and, if my memory serves, the inimitable George Augustus Sala. *Diogenes* was an exceedingly clever production, but it failed, as I have always heard, from lack of business management.

*The Comic Times*, one of the next in order of precedence, was edited by Mr. Edmund Yates; and

a full account of its rise, progress, and fate will be found in that brilliant writer's pleasant "Reminiscences." *The Comic News* and *Mirth* were both under the direction of H. J. Byron, assisted in the former by Tom Hood, son of the author of the "Song of the Shirt," himself, as all the world knows, a contributor to *Punch*. These two papers came out in 1864. I have a distinct remembrance of contributing to *The Comic News*, and that soon after it died. Another fugitive effort of that decade was called *The British Lion*, edited by Hain Friswell, and illustrated by the late Matt Morgan, who made his reputation as a cartoonist in the *Tomahawk*, a somewhat truculent anti-royalist print, edited by Gilbert A'Becket.

In the year 1865 a speculative shopkeeper named McLean, who sold looking-glasses in Fleet Street, started *Fun*. I may be wrong, but my recollection is that the early numbers were edited by a Mr. Urquhart, with the assistance of a son of the proprietor, and it was not until some time after that Tom Hood first occupied the editorial chair; and he on his death was succeeded by Mr. Henry S. Sampson, the enter-

prising proprietor and editor of the *Referee*. Much brilliant work has appeared in the pages of *Fun*—witness the "Nicholas" papers of the late Geoffrey Prowse; Godfrey Turner's contributions; W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads," and the charming

and elegant poems of the late Henry S. Leigh, author of the "Carols of Cockayne." Indeed, most of the matter which forms the three or four volumes representing the life's labour of this neglected poet appeared anonymously, from week to week, in *Fun*.

Two years later *Judy* started in friendly rivalry of *Punch*. In *Judy* Mr. Charles H. Ross, in the character of "Ally Sloper," first made his bow to the reading world. "Ally Sloper" has become a distinct and established character in modern comic fiction, and is probably in some respects the most original humorous conception of the age.

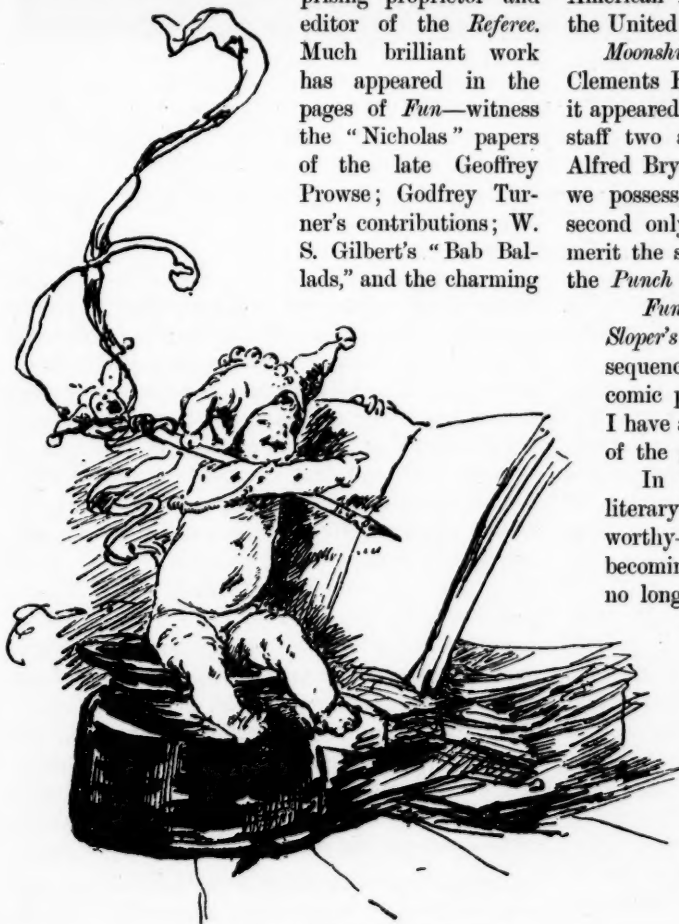
Assuredly it is not necessary to deal at length with the fortunes and misfortunes of a sheaf of comic papers, some of which have passed away while others retain their place among us. I myself had the honour of being one of the registered proprietors of the *Hornet*, at least a quarter of a century ago. Poor *Hornet*! its sting was sometimes of the mildest. It soon passed out of my hands, and for a time represented an imaginary comic element east of Temple Bar. Then it was taken up by an American named Fiske; and on Fiske's return to the United States was edited by Mr. Joseph Hatton.

*Moonshine* has been edited by Mr. Andrew Clements Baker, a clever and brilliant writer, since it appeared eleven years ago. Mr. Baker had on his staff two artists of most exceptional talent—Mr. Alfred Bryan, one of the best portrait-caricaturists we possess, and Mr. John Proctor, a cartoonist second only to Mr. John Tenniel; and who, were merit the sole measure of success, would be among the *Punch* band to-day.

*Funny Folks*, sixteen years of age, and *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday*, are part of that regular sequence and development of the contemporary comic press which, for the sake of convenience, I have assumed to take its rise about the period of the great Reform Bill.

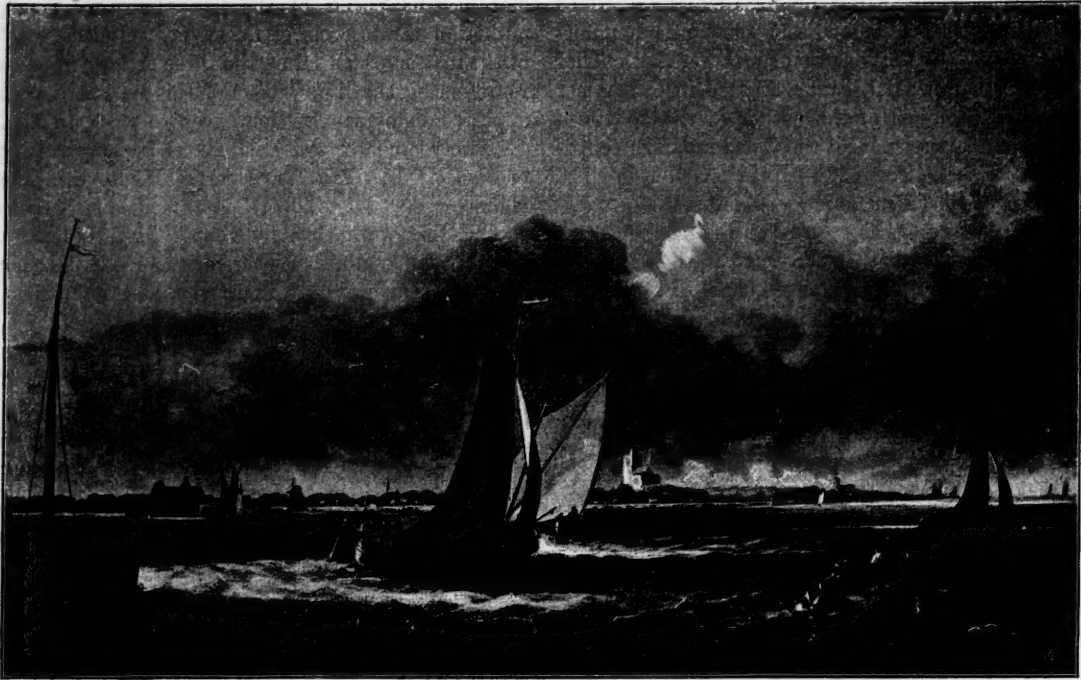
In this half-century of comic journalism, literary and artistic, two facts are most noteworthy—a general absence of ferocity and a becoming sense of propriety. The shaft of wit is no longer envenomed with poison. Indecency

has ceased to be an adjunct of satire. Douglas Jerrold is every whit as trenchant as Swift. Leech is even more humorous than Rowlandson. Yet Jerrold and Leech never penned a sentence or drew a line which might not be advertised from the house-tops. This is a great gain. And it is to the abiding honour of the contemporary comic press that its sarcasm is free from shame, that its laughter does no violence to good manners.



THE GENIUS OF COMIC ILLUSTRATION.





A VIEW ON THE MAAS.

(From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner.)

## LORD ARMSTRONG'S COLLECTION OF MODERN PICTURES.—I.

By E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN.



WITHIN twenty miles of the Scots border, in that Cheviot region which the imagination of the great wizard of the north rendered classic ground, stands Crag-side, the stately and picturesque mansion of the Right Hon. William George, Baron Armstrong. It is built on a fell-side commanding a magnificent prospect of hill scenery. All around it for hundreds of acres stretches a wilderness of beauty which it is difficult to believe has been evoked within the last quarter of a century from a bare, rugged hill-side. The tumbled rocks and boulders have been utilised to give form and variety to plantations of birches, conifers, and other appropriate trees—rhododendrons, azaleas, and many flower- and berry-bearing shrubs—heaths in bewildering variety, and every description of wild plant or moss that has the recommendation of being beautiful. This wonderful garden of natural beauty, lovely throughout the

year with radiant colours and graceful forms, climbs up to the very windows of the mansion. From the gorge below comes the unceasing song of one of the many burns that feed the famous Coquet river; the stream hurries on and down by many picturesque reaches, breaking ever and anon in foaming falls, or sweeping still and dark over amber-coloured pools beloved of the angler, where may be found the "trout called a bull-trout of a much greater length and bigness than any in the southern parts," about which the erudite and sententious Izaak Walton gossiped to his pupil Venator.\* Up the stream to the right you may catch the gleam of two small artificial lakes; while on the left hand, beyond the valley of the Coquet where the quaint old town of Rothbury nestles, the prospect is terminated by the dignified outline of the Simonside hills. Crag-side and its environment have grown gradually during the last twenty-six years: the latter changing slowly from a stern, naked moorland waste into a region of

\* Walton highly esteemed the Coquet, and, tradition says, when he came to fish there he used to lodge at Weldon Bridge, about five miles distant from Crag-side.



beauty under the patient guidance of the noble owner, whose taste and judgment have never failed him in grappling with the Herculean task presented by the forbidding character of the raw material.

The house, one of the most successful works of Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., may be described as belonging to the English baronial domestic style, tempered by an architectural eclecticism which has not disdained to use valuable features of other styles, fitly subduing them to the general effect. Undoubtedly the edifice has the crowning merit of being thoroughly in harmony with its surroundings. Here lives, in the intervals permitted by his multifarious duties, the peer who, though himself a man of peace, has made mighty changes in the art of war. Though he has completed eighty years of life, his active carriage and clear eye contradict any suspicion of age, and his memory carries him back to times anterior to Waterloo; he is as acutely alive to and as much concerned in the life of to-day as any member of the present generation.

Although the acquisition of works of art has been to Lord Armstrong rather a pastime for occasional recreation than a dominant hobby, his collection has been made with the discernment of a man who is himself no mean adept in art, and has practised it as an amateur to good purpose. Pictures and other art-objects pervade the house, but most of the important works of art are in the drawing-room and the long picture-gallery by which it is approached; the choicest water-colours being placed in an annexe to the left of the gallery. All these apartments are lighted from above, which, with the crimson tint of the walls in the two larger, renders them peculiarly suitable for showing pictures to advantage. In the dwelling of so eminent an electrician it goes without saying that electric light is used in all the public apartments, the requisite power being generated by a dynamo worked by water from a lake situated at such a height as to give a fall of 400 feet. This exclusion of deleterious methods of lighting is much to the advantage of pictures. Although there are examples of a few foreign and one or two of the earlier British painters, the collection is essentially representative of our native art during the present century, the younger men, however, being absent; Lord Armstrong having for some time ceased collecting.

No painter is more fully represented than David Cox, whose pictures in oil and water-colour, to the number of twelve or more, exhibit great variety of style and subject. The "Caer Cenen Castle," painted in 1844, is perhaps the finest of them all. The foreground is a rough, tree-shadowed road, on which a horseman and a girl carrying a bundle are meeting a shepherd driving a flock of sheep. The castle rises

on an eminence behind a belt of trees in the middle distance, and beyond, on the right, a blue range of hills closes the view. The tender sky is dappled with grey clouds, and the fresh sunny effect is perfectly expressed. The "Solitude" (1853), which hangs as companion to this picture, is in strong contrast to it. A desolate moorland scene, with two herons as the only occupants, is illuminated by a faint twilight, which but half reveals the gloomy details of massed rocks and dead trees. This romantic composition is strongly felt and broadly painted. Another fine Cox is the "Rain, Wind, and Sunshine"\* (1845), which, as the title indicates, is a representation of nature as seen in changeable, squally weather. Torrents of rain are sweeping over the level middle distance, and beginning to fall in the foreground, where a man and woman are riding on a white horse. She sits on a pillion, and holds up as protection from the elements a green umbrella which, such is the skill with which it is treated, is actually of picturesque value in the composition! The sense of gusty, whirling weather and the varied play of sunlight and gloom are admirably expressed. This picture was formerly in the Levy Collection. Bright and breezy feeling pervades "The Hayfield" (1852), a variation of one of the artist's favourite subjects, with a spontaneous and natural group of frolicsome haymakers in the foreground. The drawing of "Ulverston Sands"† is a notable example of Cox's most carefully elaborated work. It abounds in loving detail, yet is composed with great breadth and dignity of effect. Large numbers of people on foot and horseback are crossing the dangerous sands of Morecambe Bay at low water, while a storm rages on the horizon. The long, caravan-like line of people stretching into the distance is used with masterly effect in enforcing the feeling of a great level expanse. Other examples of this earlier manner are the daintily-touched "Lancaster Castle,"‡ a lovely piece of subdued colour, and "Across the Heath," a delicate little drawing suffused with golden light. Cox's more familiar vein of impetuosity is shown in such examples as the small drawing, "Fishing at Bettws-y-coed," and a powerful treatment in oil of a similar subject.

W. Müller, though not so numerous, is almost as worthily, represented by several choice paintings. "Whitchurch" (1844) is a large and reposeful pastoral landscape treated with dignified simplicity and remarkable for pure, sweet colour. A boy and girl sit by the bank of a stream in the foreground; to the left trees are massed; while on the right a single tree with yellowing foliage displays the grace of its form against the sky. A white church tower

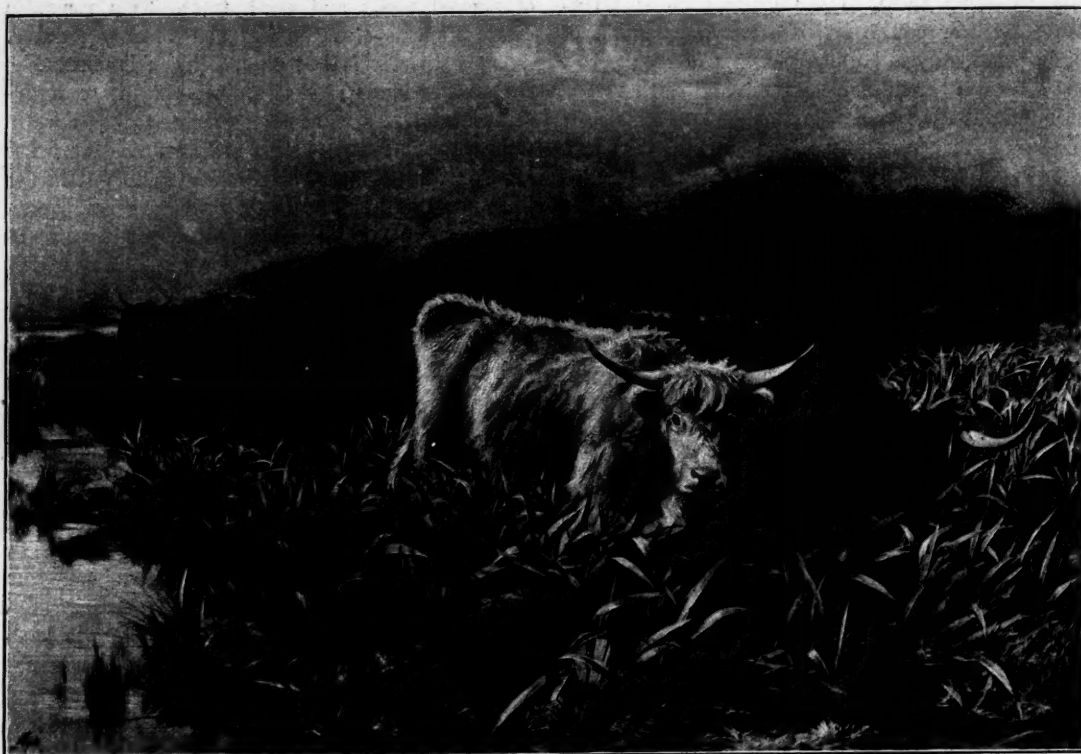
\* Exhibited at the Birmingham (1890) Cox Exhibition.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

and some rural cottages lend themselves to the harmonious quiet of the scene. Very much akin to this in style and sentiment is the smaller "Gillingham Church." "A Street in Cairo," by the same artist, is a rich note of colour, and "The Good Samaritan" is another and even more striking example of his happy wedding of veracity with sumptuous colour in the treatment of Oriental

repeatedly under widely-different effects of light and atmosphere. In this the castle-crowned hill stands out boldly against a sky of pale gold and grey. An incident of bathers in the nearer part of the scene is touched with consummate grace. Among several drawings by Turner, the most exquisite is the "Lucerne," one of those magical fantasias in radiant colour which were inspired by the scenery of Swit-



MOORLAND ROVERS.

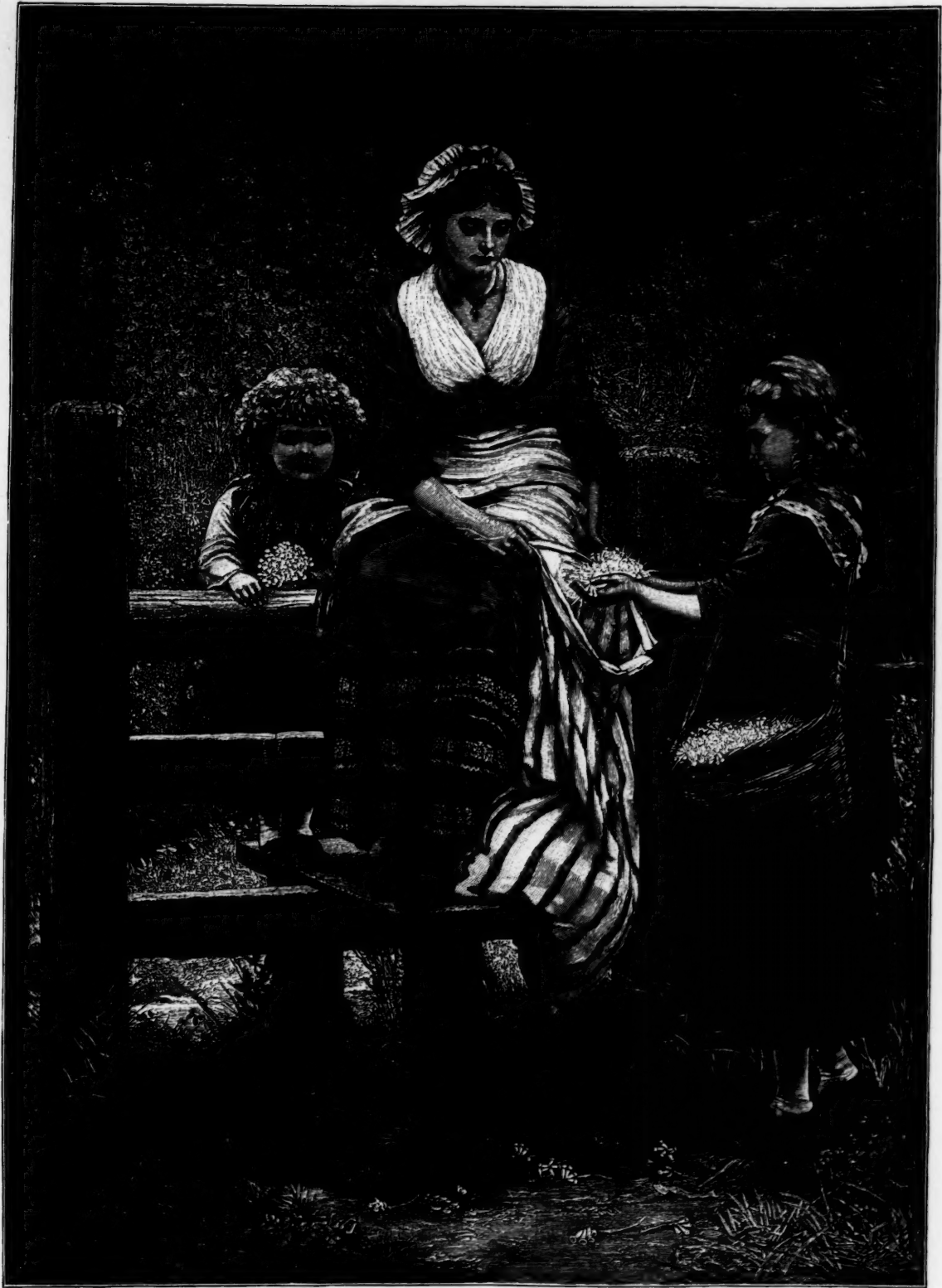
(From the Painting by Peter Graham, R.A.)

themes. The "Interior of a Welsh Cottage" is a delightful, low-toned study.

A "View on the Maas," by J. M. W. Turner (p. 158), illustrates the artist at his best in that careful, restrained, sober method which at one period of development distinguished his work. Beyond a low coast studded with buildings rain is breaking from a bank of clouds, above which the sky is blue and clear. The water in the foreground is alive with craft, the centre of the canvas being occupied by a boat with a brown sail, which is effectively relieved against the cool grey of a cloud. The scheme of colour is silvery and subdued. "Kilgarren Castle" is richer in tone, and attracts also by its bold and effective massing of lights and shadows. The subject was a favourite of the artist's, who treated it

repeatedly under widely-different effects of light and atmosphere. In this the castle-crowned hill stands out boldly against a sky of pale gold and grey. An incident of bathers in the nearer part of the scene is touched with consummate grace. Among several drawings by Turner, the most exquisite is the "Lucerne," one of those magical fantasias in radiant colour which were inspired by the scenery of Swit-

zerland. As delightful, though in a different vein, is the "Kidwelly Castle," remarkable for the wonderful, chequered play of light and shade obtained without the introduction of any distinctly dark passages. As an amateur cattle breeder, Lord Armstrong's penchant is for shorthorns, but in art he likes the more picturesque, shaggy, and ferocious-looking Highland beast as painted by Mr. Peter Graham, of whose style there are two admirable examples. In the "Moorland Rovers" (1876) the centre of the foreground is occupied by a splendid white animal, on which the painter has lavished his power of expression with great success. The wild, uncultivated scene in which the cattle are placed is steeped in wet mist and gloom. In "A Driving Shower" (1875) a drove of cattle is seen in a landscape, as wild but



THE COWSLIP GATHERERS.

(From the Painting by G. D. Leslie, R.A. Engraved by C. Carter.)





rendered more attractive by a charming atmospheric effect. There is a choice little example of the veteran Mr. T. S. Cooper, in which cattle of milder form are seen in more smiling and pastoral scenes. Eugène Verboeckhoven's "The Twins" (1856) is a perfect specimen of the artist's mastery in the natural representation of sheep. (See p. 164.) The gem among the animal pictures, however, is "The Deer Park at Fontainebleau," painted in 1869 by Mme. Rosa Bonheur. Two deer are at their ease in the recesses of a beech forest, where the sunbeams, struggling here and there through the greenery, make a lovely chequered scene of light and shade. The simple theme is treated with such perfect truth and subtlety that it is a little poem in colour. It is an odd accident that in

liberal patron, there are several interesting pictures, notably "The Dead Shepherd" and a "Lamb and Dead Sheep," both of which are very pathetic in treatment. A most startlingly vivid work, by Herr Adolf Schreyer, a Westphalian painter, represents a stampede of horses from a burning enclosure. The fidelity and force with which the terror of the animals is expressed, and the vigorous certainty of the composition, make this a remarkable picture, although it has no great charm of colour.

Near the two pictures by Mr. Peter Graham the visitor's attention is pretty sure to be arrested by Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Cowslip Gatherers," a sweet English pastoral, of which our illustration on p. 161 gives an adequate idea, the picture being one that loses com-



THE BIRD-TRAP.

(From the Painting by Edouard Frère.)

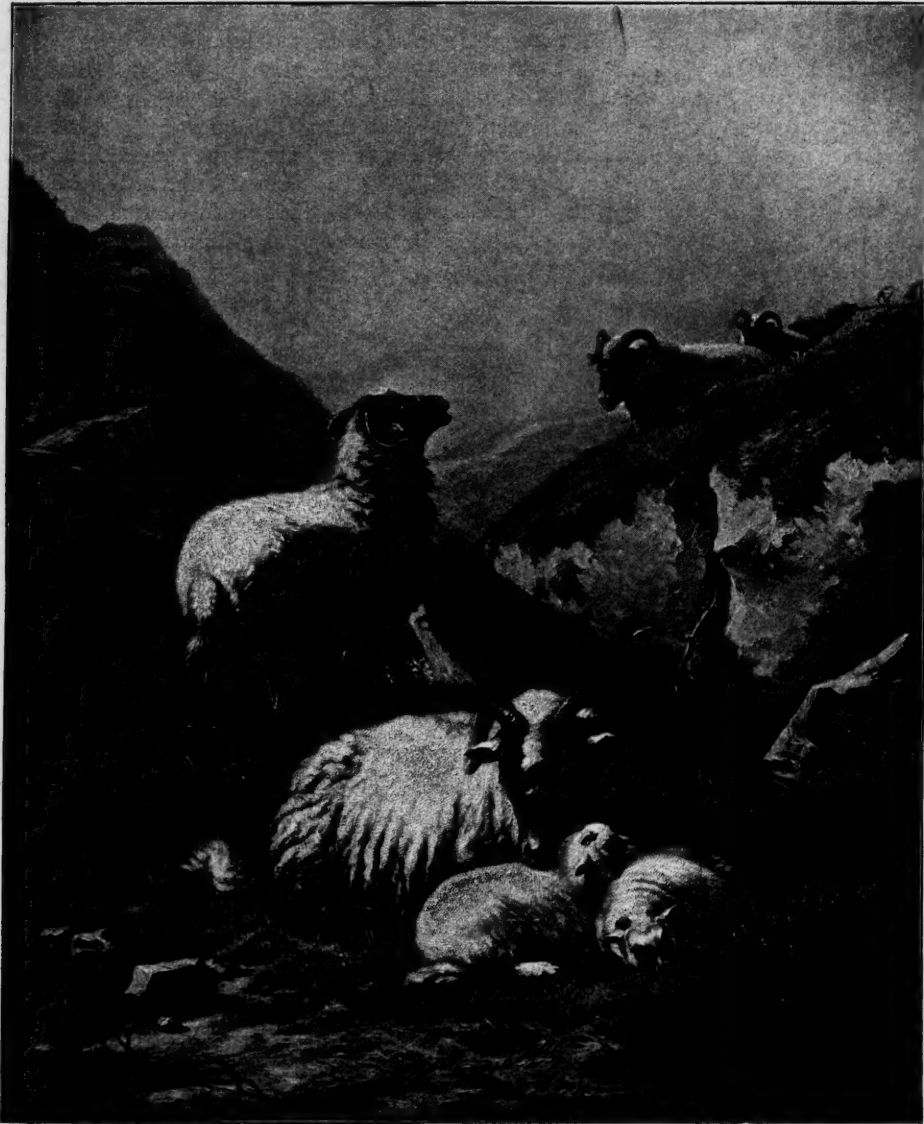
a collection which is well supplied with examples of animal painters, Sir Edwin Landseer should only be represented by two small landscapes of scenes in the Highlands. By J. F. Herring there is a nice little "Squire's Pets," and R. Ansdell's "Bay of Gibraltar" (1876) is a picture of considerable pretension and scarcely less merit, in which there are some admirably-painted goats. By Mr. H. H. Emmerson, a local Landseer, who has found in Lord Armstrong a

paratively little by the elimination of its quiet, agreeable colour. The figure of the girl on the stile is charming, and so is the presentation of the children: the elder one seriously engrossed in her task of gathering flowers for the brewing of home-made wine, and the other as seriously presenting her little contributory handful. The background is full of delicately-studied detail of foliage.

Of English *genre* subjects in the manner of the

last generation there are several pleasant little examples. One is surprised by a laboriously-finished scene in Venice, where, in an oddly-arranged interior, a lady sits by the doorway receiving nervously the

pleasant triviality, and Mr. J. C. Horsley's "Caught Napping" is just what a scene of clandestine love-making treated by that artist might be expected to be. The "Evangeline" of Mr. Tom Faed, R.A., is



THE TWINS.

(From the Painting by Eugène Verboeckhoven.)

greeting of a lover just alighted from his gondola, while near at hand her aged father is asleep over his wine. There is only a well-painted glimpse of the canal\*to suggest that this is an early work of the veteran Mr. J. C. Hook. "God's Messenger," by W. Gale, is a graphic rendering of the hackneyed prisoner and bird motive. A. L. Egg's "Beg, Sir" is a

exceedingly well known, and, although not without evidence of that artist's shortcomings, deservedly so. Mr. F. Goodall's "Water Carrier" is a spirited Oriental figure study, excellent in colour.

Among several of M. Edouard Frère's inimitable little cabinet pictures of child-life, the most interesting is the snow scene, entitled "The Bird-









Heinrich Riffarth, photographure.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

(By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.)

John M. Swan, print.

London: A. C. Hob.





Trap," of which a reproduction is here given. It would be difficult to find a better example of the quiet truth, the result of most exact study of childish character and characteristics, with which he presents his subject. The same artist's "Young Student" represents a young boy who has made a raid on his father's library, and sits on the top of a step-ladder, lost in the imaginative world opened to him by some hidden tome he has discovered on the top shelf. The lightly-tinted drawing, "La Dinette," shows three children, who look on much interested while their child-sister, full of housewifely importance, fries food for the coming meal. In a more sombre key are a little picture by Josef Israels of a girl with a child and toy boat by the margin of the sea, and a choice

"Girl Praying," by Guillemin. A boy writing on a slate is a characteristic drawing by W. Hunt, and among other water-colours particularly worthy of notice are the "Hexham" and "Egg Poachers" of Mr. Birket Foster, D. Roberts's most effective "Banks of the Jordan," and examples of A. B. Willis, S. Prout, J. Martin, and G. Robson. There is no need to describe so well-known a masterpiece as Sir David Wilkie's "Rabbit on the Wall" (1816), one of the best of his minor pictures of rural Scottish life, instinct with the fine colour of his best period, and happily showing none of the too common deterioration due to the use of treacherous pigments or mediums, except in some of the dark shadows of the background, which are slightly cracked.

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"THE PRODIGAL SON."

PAINTED BY J. M. SWAN.

MR. JOHN M. SWAN is one of the few among the band of younger painters who, while eagerly appropriating all that foreign schools in general, and France in particular, can teach them in thoroughness of draughtsmanship, unity of tone, and concentration of subject, have retained their own artistic idiosyncrasy unimpaired, and use the technique perfected by foreign precept and example as the instrument for expressing original conceptions and an emotional view of nature, animate and inanimate.

The "Prodigal Son," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1888, was Mr. Swan's first great popular as well as artistic success—if we except the noble "Lion and Lioness on the March," which long constituted an ornament of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Co.'s galleries in Bond Street. It is still the completest achievement of the artist, with one important exception, and that is the magnificently designed "Lioness Suckling her Cubs," which occupied a place of honour at last year's summer exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery. Over this last-named example the "Prodigal Son" has, however, the advantage of superior beauty of colour and tone—of a kind of variety in unity in the treatment of the favourite grey-blue, dull-green, and buff harmonies, which the later works do not possess in the same degree. For it must be conceded that Mr. Swan's chief, indeed his only serious, fault is a marked affection for a monotonous and too often repeated colour-scheme—the unavoidable limitations of which already constitute a mannerism in themselves.

The "Prodigal Son" shows a reading as poetic and emotional as it is absolutely original of a theme

which has been a favourite with masters of every age and school. The youthful sinner, surrounded by his lean, long-haired swine, is seated in the foreground of a rocky and barren yet not unbeautiful expanse covered with scanty green herbage, among which spring bright crimson poppies, which are as little flames brightening the sober canvas. The plain ends in abruptly rising green hills, the rocky summits of which are just tipped with the light of a tender blue sky, a narrow strip of which overtops them. By an artifice which must be pardoned in virtue of its pathetic effect, almost the entire light of the picture is concentrated on the figure of the naked youth, girt only with sheep-skins, as he sits self-absorbed in mute despair, with face entirely hidden, but with grief and remorse quivering in every fibre of the spare form—of expressive beauty, notwithstanding an angularity such as Donatello gave to his youthful David. In this suggestion of anguish from its mental and emotional aspect, rather than through the medium of bodily suffering and physical squalor, Mr. Swan shows himself truly a modern—in the best sense of the term—and one in whom the wide sympathy with humanity works, as it has in those artists to whom we look for the expression of what is best and most peculiarly of our time in the art of this generation. Very subtle too is the fashion in which the sober and tender harmony of the picture, with its few bright rays of colour, gives as it were a suggestion of hope which is to succeed all this misery.

The purchase of the "Prodigal Son" by the President and Council of the Royal Academy and of the Chantrey Fund is a wise act of discretion which all must applaud.

## FUSELI'S MILTON GALLERY.

By ALFRED BEAVER.



S Fuseli, once a potent influence among us, is now little more than a name to most people, a few words may fitly be devoted to his career. He was born in Zurich in 1741. He came to England early in life, and twice altered his name, originally Fuessli, to render it more euphonious to English ears. Here he was advised by Reynolds to study art, and he accordingly went to Rome, where, for several years, he attracted considerable attention. Returning to England, he proceeded steadily to work on the ambitious lines laid down by Reynolds whenever he discoursed on the "grand style." One of his earlier productions remains his most characteristic, and, as far as the word can be applied to him, the most popular. This was the "Nightmare," painted in 1782—a very powerful realisation of a subject that could only inspire feelings of terror. This picture gives us the keynote of the whole course of his work: he is always *outré*; his action, extreme; his heroes, wrought to a pitch of the highest tension, and actuated by the most violent emotions. Extravagance in action and design marred his best work; otherwise he was a man of power and, in a certain sense, of genius. Wild and violent as were his conceptions, even to bordering on the ridiculous in our modern estimation, he is yet never commonplace; his pictures always leave an impression, if only for their diabolic and unearthly weirdness. In his own day this passed for sublimity and grandeur, and thus we find him prominently engaged in all the remarkable, if mis-directed, enterprises of the time. Academical distinctions, too, fell to his lot. He became Associate in 1788, Academician in 1790, Professor of Painting in 1799, and Keeper in 1804. He was a man of high culture, learned in classic and English literature. He published an edition of Pilkington, as well as an English version of his friend Lavater's "Physiognomy," while his Royal Academy lectures are still esteemed as next in value to those of Sir Joshua. After a life of eighty-four years, not altogether free from cares and disappointments, he died at Putney Hill, the residence of the Countess of Guildford, daughter of the most generous of his patrons, Mr. T. Coutts. A caustic wit and ready tongue, both exercised without regard to his personal interests, had acquired for him an unenviable reputation. "God speed you with the

terrible Fuseli," said young Haydon's friends, when he set out for his studio to display his drawings; but those personally acquainted with him describe him as a man of general impulses, loyal in friendship, and lofty in ambition.

There are but few opportunities in our public collections for estimating his qualities. Our National Gallery, so sadly deficient in the British section, contains but one example of his pencil. All else that we may see of him in London is "Thor Battering the Serpent of Midgard," in the Diploma Gallery, and the "Fire King," recently added to the South Kensington Collection, where are also a fragment or two of "The Dream of Queen Katherine" and a study of King Lear. The two pictures have subjects well suited to the wildness of his fancy, and therefore exhibit him fairly, though neither are amongst his important works; but a more notable picture, "Œdipus and his Daughters," is in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool. Culture has developed with giant strides since Fuseli's day, and we no longer accept his conceptions as fitting representations of the sublime passages of Shakespeare, Milton, and the Bible; but surely a man who knew his art far better than most of his contemporaries, vigorous in draughtsmanship, skilful and fertile, if extravagant, in design, and who, moreover, played a very important part in his own time, is worthy of more complete recognition and representation than at present is accorded to him.

The poet Cowper had for some years meditated an edition of Milton, for which he had compiled ample notes. He was urged to continue it by Johnson the publisher, and Fuseli, whose genius was then supposed to be truly Miltonic, was engaged to paint a series of thirty pictures for engraving. Fuseli started upon his task with enthusiasm, but the venture was not destined to prosper. Cowper's mind became seriously deranged, and Alderman Boydell offered all the opposition in his power to the project, as its successful issue would undoubtedly have seriously affected an edition he was himself publishing. The enterprise was ultimately abandoned altogether.

It was a coincidence that Fuseli had some years previously meditated a series of pictures on this same subject. A letter from him to Mr. Roscoe in 1790 contains a passage which makes this clear. "'There are,' says Mr. West, 'but two ways of working successfully, that is, lastingly, in this country for an artist: the one is, to paint for the king; the other, to meditate a scheme of your own.' The first he has

monopolised; in the second he is not idle: witness the prints from the English History, and the late advertisement of allegorical prints to be published from the designs by Bartolozzi. In the imitation of *so great a man* [the italics are his own], I am determined to lay, hatch, and crack an egg for myself too, if I can. What it shall be I am not ready to tell with certainty, but the sum of it is, a series of pictures for exhibition, such as Boydell's and Macklin's. To obtain this, it will be necessary that I should have it in my power to work without commission or any kind of intermediate gain for at least three years, in which time I am certain of producing at least twenty pictures of different dimensions. The question is, what will enable me to live in the meantime? With less than three hundred a year *certain* I cannot do it. My idea is, to get a set of men (twenty, perhaps—less, if possible, but not more) to subscribe towards it. Suppose twenty pounds each annually, to be repaid either by small pictures or drawings, or the profits of the exhibition, should it succeed, of which there can be no very great doubt."

On the failure of Johnson's undertaking, Fuseli determined to go on with the illustration of Milton in the spirit of the above letter, and six gentlemen—viz., Messrs. Coutts, Lock, Roscoe, G. Steevens, Seward, and Johnson—came forward with a yearly contribution of fifty pounds each until the gallery was established. This generous proceeding enabled the artist to work untrammelled by the cares of earning a livelihood, and left him free to devote his whole mind to his author. The great variety of subjects treated by Milton, varying from the most sublime to the lightest and gayest, relieved the monotony of continually realising, or attempting to realise, the creations of one writer.

The evil fortune which had attended the initiation of the project continued to dog its course even to its close. Before the opening of the exhibition certain depreciatory paragraphs appeared in some of the newspapers of the day, which were currently attributed to certain ill-disposed members of the Royal Academy. The exhibition was opened to the public on the 20th of May, 1799, and consisted of forty pictures of various sizes, the largest being 13 feet by 12 feet, while others were merely sketches. The selection of subjects indicated a highly cultivated mind, and even more so did the choice of the illustrative passages appended to the catalogue. "The Vision of the Lazar House" was generally considered to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the gallery. It was bought by Mr. Coutts, and passed into the possession of the Countess of Guildford. "Satan Calling Up His Legions" was acquired by Lord Rivers,

and afterwards found its way to the collection of the Duke of Wellington. Sir Thomas Lawrence bought three of the pictures, and Fuseli's hand is evident enough in the extraordinary performance which stands on the staircase of the Diploma Gallery. Mr. Watts Russell purchased "The Friar's Lanthorn," an inferior performance, lent to the collection of Old Masters at Burlington House by Lord de Tabley in 1884. Other pictures passed into the collections of Mr. S. Cartwright, Mr. I. Angerstein, Mr. J. Knowles (the painter's biographer), Mr. W. Y. Ottley, the Duchess of St. Albans, Sir Masterman Sykes, Sir F. Burdett, and others, all well known as patrons of British art. "The Vision of Noah" forms the altar-piece of a church at Luton, in Bedfordshire.

When the gallery was opened it was practically boycotted by a large portion of the Press, the editors in some cases even refusing the advertisements admission to their papers, while the painter's friends found greater difficulty still in purchasing the insertion of a few laudatory paragraphs. The state of political feeling, rather than the development of aesthetic culture, probably accounts for this extraordinary treatment. Johnson had been subjected to a vexatious prosecution at the instance of the Government, and Fuseli had been warned by his friends to be heedful in his attentions. But the painter, who certainly possessed a warm heart and generous disposition, threw all such prudence to the winds, and rather paraded his affection for his persecuted friend—a line of conduct for which all must give him credit. But the result of it all was that when the exhibition closed the receipts fell considerably short of expenditure.

A curious paragraph appeared in the contemporary *Oracle*. "'I have often wondered,' said a lady, after visiting the gallery, 'how such a hideous monster as Satan could have tempted Eve; but if he really was as Mr. Fuseli paints him, why, then—that accounts for it!'"

The gallery was re-opened on the 21st of March, 1800, with some additional pictures, but again proved unattractive to the general public. The Royal Academicians, desirous of protesting against the public apathy, organised a banquet in the gallery for the purpose of aiding the painter; but, to use his own phrase, all he got by it was "mouth honour." Thus the Milton Gallery proved an unequivocal failure, and in August, 1800, Fuseli, writing to his friend, Mr. William Lock, says sadly, "The greater part of my exhibition, the rejected family of a silly father, are now rolled up, or packed together against the walls of my study, to be seasoned for dust, the worm, and oblivion."





**O** Poet—Painter—Thou whose throbbing Lyre  
 With Melody is thrilled,  
 Ye know but half how Inspiration's Fire  
 Is quenched and chilled  
 In the dull Stream Development, half mire!  
**O** Painter fully-primed with dreams that fleet,  
 Is thy flat Canvas not a winding-Sheet  
 Placed on a Stretcher for thy Vision's Corse?  
 A Pen but cramps thee, Pegasus, good horse;  
 And five-lined Paper frights the Ethereal Quire.

I've only known, from first to last,  
 A single Painter I could Love;  
 For he had realized the Vast  
 Eternal Truth proclaimed above:  
 In him Conception towered sublime  
 And Inspiration blazed intense.  
 Oh, many, many is the Time  
 He's told me so in Confidence.

I've seen him, with a trembling Light  
 Of Inspiration in his Hair,  
 Before a Canvas purely white  
 Ecstatically sit and glare:  
 He daubed no Stultifying Paint  
 Upon the pure unsullied Sheet;  
 Yet when he rose (a little faint)  
 The noble Picture was Complete!

His Vibrant Soul had breathed the Scene  
 Into the Cloth in perfect wise;  
 No marring Brush had come between  
 To Limit and to Vulgarize:  
 All Subtleties of Line and Curve,  
 Of Tint and Tone, stood fixt and fair,  
 Though Vulgar Minds did not observe  
 That there was any Picture there.

The Critics — pure Perception — stand  
 In speechless Rapture for a time,  
 Then murmuringly sigh "How Grand!"  
 "What perfect Handling!" "Too Sublime!"  
 But no Description can convey  
 What Beauty in his Canvas lurks —  
 I'll show you, when you come my way.  
 A fine Collection of his Works.

James F. Sullivan.



(Poem and Drawing by J. F. Sullivan. Engraved by R. Taylor.)

## THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF MINIATURE ART.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

FROM JEAN PETITOT (1607-1691) TO JOHN STEPHEN LIOTARD (CLOSE OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).

By J. LUMSDEN PROPRIETOR.



HAVE always felt a difficulty in deciding the right moment in point of time for considering portraits in enamel.

The art of painting in fusible colours on a metal base, which were afterwards fixed by the fierce fire of the kiln, is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Whether the cunning artificers of the ancient Nile knew all about it, as they did about most other things, or whether it was first practised about the Christian Era (both theories being upheld by many doughty champions) need not concern us, for our interest in the process does not begin till the year 1630, when the art was first practically applied to the miniature portrait. The old watchmaker at Châteaudun, Jean Toutin, is credited with its first application to this special purpose; but, as in the case of many other so-called inventions, he was probably only one amongst several who saw somewhere about the same time that the process, which for so long had made Limoges a household word in the art-world, could, with very slight modifications, be made to serve for the production of imperishable portraits. The chief modification now introduced was the coating of the entire plate with opaque white enamel, which was burned in before commencing the portrait. Even this was not altogether a novelty. Nearly a century before Jean Court, the great Limoges enameller, had painted the Twelve Apostles for Francis I., now preserved in the cathedral at Chartres, and had laid the white enamel base for the faces before commencing his finished work. I have a finger-ring bearing the portrait of Raleigh, of the probable date of 1580, which is treated in precisely a similar manner—the dress and collar done on the *champlevé* or filling-in manner, the face, however, painted on the white opaque base, precisely as afterwards practised. Again, the greatest enameller who ever lived, Jean Petitot (1607-1691), was a jeweller and enameller of trinkets in Geneva, which he left about 1630, and after some little time spent in Italy, came to England, and showed his enamelled work to the King's jeweller, who saw at once that it was superior to the English productions of the time, and introduced him to the King. We are not told whether portraits in enamel were

amongst the work shown by Petitot, but it seems probable that such was the case; because as soon as the enameller entered Charles's service, Vandyck was requested to instruct him in drawing, and Sir Theodore Mayerne, the King's physician, was to help him, with his knowledge of chemistry, to perfect his palette of fusible colours. If this theory be correct, it seems to confirm the view that other artists, as well as Toutin, were busy with the new idea somewhere about the same time. Of the elder Toutin's work we know nothing. There are two pieces in Vienna signed H. Toutin, but this was a son of the watchmaker, who apparently carried on his father's profession.

The late exhibition was peculiarly rich in the works of Jean Petitot and of his son, generally known as Petitot *fils*. Through the kindness of the Duke of Devonshire, the Committee were able to exhibit the great Chatsworth Petitot, a full-length portrait of Rachael de Rouvigny, Countess of Southampton, copied from Vandyck's picture. It is by far the largest enamel Petitot ever produced, measuring 9½ by 5 inches, signed and dated 1643. It is difficult to speak too highly of this wonderful enamel. The colour is perfect. One seems able to see deep down into the blue of the robe, much in the same way as appears possible with the lovely blue of the very finest Oriental hawthorn jars, whilst the painting of the globe upon which the Countess's left arm rests is quite a *tour de force* of depth and transparency. Curiously enough, amongst the specimens shown by Mr. Wingfield Digby was a replica of the head and shoulders of the Countess on a circular gold plate. Amongst the other signed work of the two Petitots were the Duke of Buckingham, from the Devonshire Collection, signed and dated 1640: this could not have been done from life, as the Duke died in 1634; Petitot *fils* and his wife, shown by the Earl of Dartrey; two large water-colour miniatures of Louis XIV. and his wife, Marie Thérèse, belonging to the Earl of Rosebery; my own portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and one or two others—altogether a goodly number, considering that the writer of the catalogue of the Petitots in the Louvre says he never saw one. Previous to the exhibition I thought it easy to tell a genuine Petitot, but a careful comparison of all the signed specimens shown there has

rather puzzled me, owing to the great variations of their technical qualities. One of the great points I looked to was the treatment of the hair. I once heard an expert remark with regard to the hair in the work of Cooper, "It looks as though it were floated on with cream;" and that same quality I fancied could be seen in Petitot. But take, for instance, the portrait of the Duke of Buckingham. Here the soft and lustrous flesh surface, upon which no mark of a brush usually appears, is stippled all over and almost coarsely done, and the "creamy" hair of head and beard is rendered by lines almost rugged in their directness; though, to be sure, Petitot's glowing palette is apparent throughout the performance. There are many so-called Petitots in various collections which certainly never were painted by him. The subject is very interesting, but would require too much space to discuss thoroughly here. I have given elsewhere the names of several artists who were associated with and immediately followed him in the service of the State, whose business consisted in producing enamels of Louis XIV. and members of his family, for insertion in the "boîtes à portrait," often mounted in the most costly manner, and given as presents to ambassadors and other public characters.

There seems no doubt that Petitot was accompanied on his travels from Geneva by a fellow-workman of the name of Bordier, who also came with him to England. This said Bordier is a very mysterious person. Was there one man who had the double Christian names Pierre Jacques, or were there two artists owning the name Pierre and Jacques respectively? It is impossible to answer the conundrum. Certain it is that the only piece known signed by a Bordier at all is the enamelled jewel presented to General Fairfax by

Parliament after the battle of Naseby. Like all the other fine things of the period, it was at Strawberry Hill, and Walpole called it a watch: but the



THE COUNTESS OF SOUTHAMPTON.

(From the Miniature by Jean Petitot. Engraved by C. Carter.)

fact was that the jewelled sides had long since disappeared, and only the small gold plates bearing enamels remained, and he mistook these for the front and back of a watch. The enamels were at the



Burlington. They are thus described by J. Sprigge, "*Anglia Rediviva*," page 250:—"The work was carried out entirely by Pierre Bordier, and with the diamond sides, not now in existence, cost £700. After the death of Fairfax it was sold to John



SAMUEL BUTLER.

(From the Miniature by David Loggan.)

Thoresby; and in 1764, at the sale of the Thoresby Collection, was bought by Horace Walpole for £10 10s.; at the Strawberry Hill sale it was sold (eleventh day, lot 41) for £21 to John P. Beavan. It now belongs to Lord Hastings. It is signed "P. B. fecit," and there is a representation of the battle on the back of the portrait of Fairfax."

Ever since I first took an interest in these

matters I have searched for these enamels high and low, and it was only after the late exhibition opened that I learned they were in the collection of Lord Hastings, who kindly allowed them to be exhibited. I confess I was much disappointed with the work. Neither in point of colour, execution, or design are they at all worthy of the best enamellers. The plate representing the House of Commons has been badly damaged and not well repaired. This signature gives us the only hint of the existence of P. Bordier, and we hear no more of him. However, towards 1645, when Charles I. was in trouble with his Parliament, and art was for the time in abeyance, Petitot left these shores for France, and Jacques Bordier accompanied him. Soon afterwards Petitot and Bordier married two sisters of the name of Cuper, and from that time to Bordier's death, in 1684, the two artists worked together. The tradition that Bordier occupied himself with doing the hair and backgrounds of Petitot's portraits rests on the authority of George Vertue, whose MSS. Walpole worked out in his "*Anecdotes of Painting*." Whence Vertue drew the information he does not tell us, so it must be accepted for what it is worth. I have already pointed out the variety of treatment shown in the two specimens, Buckingham and the large Devonshire Countess of Southampton, both signed by Petitot. How far the share of the two brothers-in-law in these productions may have gone we have no means of telling.

Whilst lately looking at the collection of "Art Rétrospectif" in the Trocadéro at the Paris Exhibition, I saw an enamel of Louis XIV., and the label beneath it was marked "Bordier." The vitrine in

which it was displayed was too deep to enable me to use a magnifying glass to see if there was a signature, but, if the attribution was correct, it displays a class of painting which otherwise would pass current for a Petitot, but yet differing in technical qualities from the ordinary run of his undoubted work. The surface is as smooth and the colour conceived in the same scheme, but the execution is somewhat foggy, as it were, lacking the decided sharpness of Petitot's enamels. If this really represents Bordier's brush it will account for several enamels I know, three of which are in my own collection, which have always rather puzzled me. Unfortunately, this opinion is to a large extent surmise; I have no direct proof to offer, but we ought to be able to tell the work of a man who evidently was engaged largely through a long series of years.

Before resuming the consideration of the water-colour miniatures I must draw attention to a variety of drawings "in little" much practised in the seventeenth century. I refer to the portraits drawn on vellum with a lead pencil, a material which passed at the time under the name "plumbago." The men who used this method were really engravers, who drew these portraits from life for the purpose of subsequent engraving. John Faber, sen., David Loggan, George White, and his son Robert, all worked in this manner. Thomas Forster has left many signed portraits in the same medium; but



LADY PETERBOROUGH.

(From the Miniature by Lawrence Crosse.)

whether he was an engraver or not is uncertain, as there is no account of him anywhere. The late exhibition contained very many specimens of such work, and the perfection attained in some of them

is almost incredible. I should like to set a modern drawing-master to copy such a work as a portrait of Butler, the author of "Hudibras," in my possession,



COWLEY, THE POET.

(From a Miniature by Christian F. Zincke, after the Painting by Sir Peter Lely.)

by David Loggan, and see what he could make of it.

The eighteenth century commenced badly enough in matters pictorial. It produced giants in literature, but contented itself with pigmies in art. Kneller was the

leading portrait-painter, and a sorry substitute for Vandyck or even Lely; and matters were not improved by his successors, Jervas, Van Loo, and Hudson. There is a pretty story told of Jervas, as showing the estimation in which his powers were held by at least some of his contemporaries. Jervas, who affected to be a freethinker, was one day talking very irreverently of the Bible, and Dr. Arbuthnot maintained to him that he was not only a speculative but a practical believer. Jervas denied it. Arbuthnot said he would prove it. "You strictly observe the second commandment," said the Doctor; "and in your pictures you make not the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." In fact, the literature of this time teems with allusions to the utter bathos which had come over the arts pictorial in the reigns of the earlier Georges, and the branch of painting with which these papers are connected, the portrait-miniature, naturally followed the tendency of art in general.

Holbein produced Hilliard and the Olivers. Vandyck led the way for Cooper and the other giants of the seventeenth century, whilst Kneller produced chaos! However, this chaos was illumined by just one star and no more. No artist has improved his position by the late exhibition as much as Laurence Crosse (died 1724). He was always designated Lewis Crosse, but Mr. Cust, of the British Museum, to whom we are indebted for so much

additional knowledge of the lives of artists, has found out that his Christian name was Laurence, not Lewis. Altogether he was represented by eighteen specimens, all admirable. He was an exceedingly even painter: the same conscientious finish is found in all his performances. Happily, too, he almost always signed L. C., interlaced. His miniatures are somewhat larger than the ordinary run, painted on ivory or vellum; the accessories, whether a lady's dress or a man's armour and lace tie, are as carefully finished as the face. In the treatment of the long wigs, always rather a crucial test of the technical powers of the miniaturist, he need not fear comparison with any of his predecessors. There is really no one else to talk about until we come to the Lens family. Bernard (1680-1740), the third generation of the name, is the best known, and has been very highly praised by Walpole. He may have been a very good drawing-master, and he numbered Royalty amongst his pupils; but as an original performer he was a poor creature by the side of those we have been considering. Of the seven signed specimens in the exhibition, perhaps the best was the portrait of Francis, second Earl of Godolphin, contributed by the Queen. There were, however, two good enamellers at work at this period: Charles



A SON OF JEREMIAH MEYER.

(From the Miniature by Jeremiah Meyer.)

Boit (died 1727) and Christian F. Zincke (1684-1767). Boit was the first in point of time, having

been said to reach this country in 1683. He was a native of Stockholm, and supported himself on his arrival by teaching drawing. Having misconducted himself with one of his lady pupils, he was sent to gaol, and whilst there perfected himself in the art of

enamelling—surely a curious occupation for the interior of a prison! However, on his release he at once took a position as an enameller, and was introduced to the Court of Queen Anne. He got surprising sums for his enamels, as much as £500 being mentioned as having been paid for one. He set about a large enamel of Queen Anne surrounded by her Court. The size of the plate was to be twenty-four by eighteen inches. Boit obtained an

advance of £1000, and erected a special furnace in Mayfair. As no enamel had been made of that size since the days of Limoges, he wasted a large sum in ineffectual attempts to lay a perfect ground. He obtained a further advance of £700, but before much progress had been made the Queen died, and the plate was never finished. His goods were seized for debt, he fled to France, changed his religion, and was well received by the Regent. As the French had known no greater enameller since Petitot, his works were much sought after, but he died suddenly in Paris in 1727.

There were six specimens by him at the Burlington, some of them of rather large size, as, for instance, Case XXIX., No. 2, the second Earl of Godolphin and his wife Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough. His colour is peculiar, and unlike his predecessor Petitot or his successor Zincke. It is somewhat pale and poor by the side of the others. His drawing is fairly good of the single figure; but, like many others, he failed with a group, and had he completed his large plate of Queen Anne and her Court it would, in all likelihood, have been but one instance the more of an artist attempting to exceed his powers. Probably art is none the poorer for his failure to carry out his ambitious scheme. He taught Zincke the art of enamelling, and for many years the latter painted nearly everybody of note. It is somewhat difficult to assign the relative position of Zincke with regard to other enamellers. Walpole, who was rather given to superlatives, describes him thus: "Zincke came to England in 1706, where he studied under Boit, whom at length he not only surpassed, but rivalled

Petitot. I have a head of Cowley by him, after Sir Peter Lely, which is allowed to excel any single work of that charming enameller. The impassioned glow of sentiment, the eyes swimming with truth and tenderness, and the natural fall of the long ringlets that flow round the unbuttoned collar, are rendered with the most exquisite nature, and finished with elaborate care." Happily, this identical enamel was in the gallery—Case XXIX., No. 9—and it fully bears out all the panegyric bestowed upon it by Walpole.

It certainly is as fine as it can be; but Walpole's remark opens a very large question indeed, which applies not only to Zincke, but to all enamellers, not even excluding the great Petitot; and that question is—the difference between an artist and an art-workman. Petitot's Rachel de Rouvigny, Zincke's Cowley, or Henry Bone's Lady Dysart, all in the recent exhibition, is each in its way perfect; but then Vandyck, Lely, and Reynolds furnished the originals, and in these cases the enamellers were merely copyists or art-workmen. When we come to consider the "original" work of these men *ad vivum*, in the old phrase, could as much be said? As to Petitot, it is somewhat difficult to name any original work which can strictly be put down to him. In England, Vandyck, Honthorst, and others supplied the originals; whilst in France he copied the portraits of Philip de Champagne, Pourbus, Mignard, De Troy, and others; and it is really unknown whether Louis XIV. or any members of his family or Court ever sat to him. In the case of Zincke, the evidence is more easily attainable.

His enamels are very plentiful, and he lived so near to Walpole's own time that we may trust his remark that Zincke increased his terms for a portrait from twenty to thirty guineas, in order to limit the number of his sitters. But compare, for instance, the perfect work of Cowley (copied from Lely) with Case XXXIV., No. 98, a portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham and her son, evidently arranged by Zincke from life.

Can any contrast be more complete than the



A LADY.

(From a Miniature by Nathaniel Hone.)



A LADY.

(From a Miniature by Henry Bone.)



grace of the one, and the bad drawing, dreadful composition, and want of taste displayed by the other? Doubtless we must make all allowance for that numbing curse which has attached to all artists, in all time—the fact of becoming fashionable. So long as the artist's name is connected with the performance the public is little apt, and indeed little fitted, to examine the quality, but accepts scamped work and slovenly detail as the evidence of genius.

With Henry Bone the circumstances are somewhat different. He was essentially a copyist, and some of his work is excellent. His Lady Dysart, previously alluded to, is sufficient to fill us with vain regrets that Reynolds was not an enameller. Could he but have wrapped his works in the sealing fusion of the enameller's kiln, what dreams of beauty would have been secured to the world for all time; and we should not be left to sigh over the wrecks of his work, brought about by the sad tricks he played with the chemistry of colours, and the destructive influence of his nostrums, in the shape of the mediums he used.

It was during this reign that the erratic meteor, John Stephen Liotard, flashed into England, taking London by storm with his long beard and Turkish fez. He painted admirable miniatures, and occasionally tried enamel; but pastel was his favourite medium. After painting all sorts of people abroad, from Maria Theresa in Vienna, to the Pashas of Constantinople, he succeeded here so well as to make Reynolds look to his laurels. He paid two visits to this country, leading a wandering life on the Continent during the interval. His works are literally true to Nature, but stiff and wanting in ease and grace. He had no power of idealising, or even refining, any portrait he undertook. Devoid of imagination, he appeared incapable of rendering anything but what he saw before his eyes, and yet he was an artist of great merit. I have seen specimens in which the figure is as rigid as a marble bust, but the flesh tints juicy as a Rosalba, and the jewels technically perfect as a Holbein or a Janet. He died about 1790.

## THE LIFE-WORK OF BARYE.\*



ROGER BALLU'S magnificent, if, by reason of its abnormal size, somewhat unwieldy, monograph on the life and works of Antoine Louis Barye has very opportunely filled a gap in art literature. In treating of this the greatest *animalier* among

French sculptors, and perhaps among the sculptors of all time, he has dealt so fully with the historical as well as the æsthetic side of his subject as to render it probable that his "L'Œuvre de Barye" will for some time to come rank as the definitive authority on the subject. Many French critics of eminence have, before M. Ballu, written—and written with discriminating enthusiasm—on the same subject; among those who have taken Barye as their theme being such well-known authorities as Anatole France, Théophile Gautier, Théophile Silvestre, that eminent Græco-Roman among modern Lutetians the sculptor Eugène Guillaume, and, quite recently, the not less eminent painter Léon Bonnat. The last-mentioned artist, on the occasion of the recent Barye Exhibition at the École des Beaux-Arts, appeared for the first time as an art-critic, and in two articles published in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* praised Barye in language the genuine enthusiasm of which to some extent

atoned for a certain clumsiness of expression and a not infrequent failure to balance or fairly apportion the praise awarded. None of these well-known authorities, however, produced a work *de longue haleine* on the master; and it has thus been reserved for M. Roger Ballu to sum up the scanty details obtainable with regard to his hero's private life, and to deal exhaustively and in chronological order with all the extant works which he brought forth during a lengthened artistic career, extending over a period of upwards of fifty years. He has wisely prefaced his own work with an introduction by M. Eugène Guillaume, who had already, as has been pointed out, figured on more than one occasion as the apostle of Barye, and who, as one of the few practising artists of eminence to whom it has also been given to achieve real distinction in the opposite rôle of critic and æsthetician, speaks with a peculiar authority on a subject well within his own special domain. True, M. Ballu thereby risks a certain amount of repetition, for his conclusions and those of the authority under whose ægis he places himself, although they have been, no doubt, separately arrived at, are in practical agreement on all main points. But then by M. Guillaume's short enunciation of a theme upon which he himself later on plays skilful variations, he convinces his reader—should he not be already convinced—that his enthusiasm has more solid ground than the more or less obligatory

\* "L'Œuvre de Barye." By Roger Ballu. (Maison Quantin: Paris. 1890.)

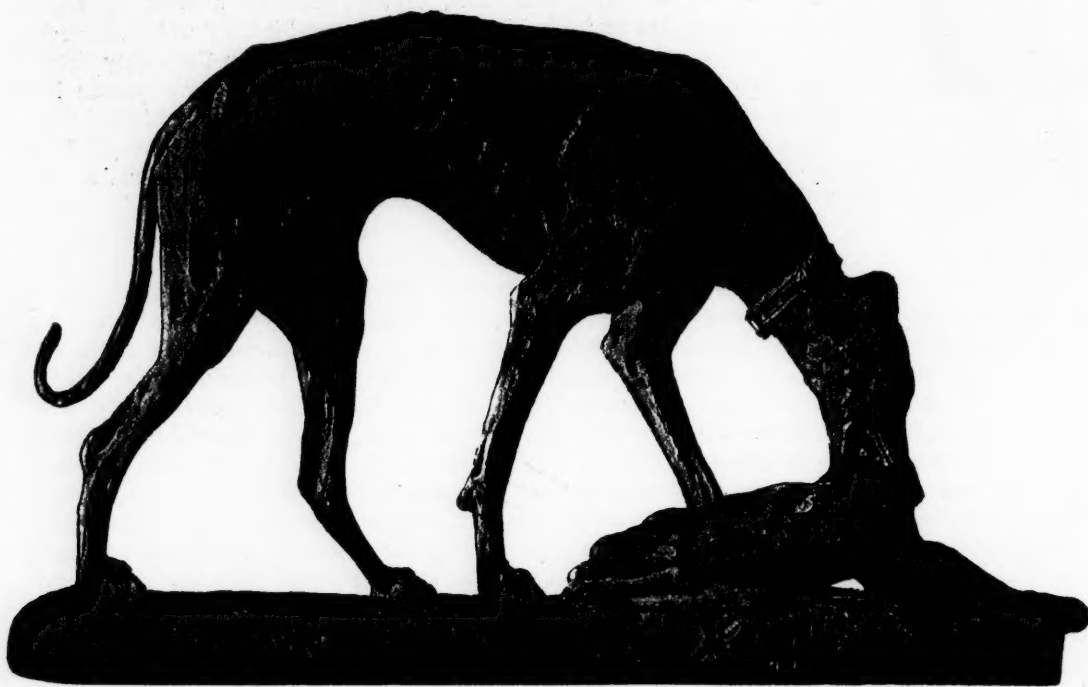


warmth of the biographer, bound to widen as much as possible the limits of the task he has undertaken. He thus backs his view by the weighty and moderately expressed dicta of an authority by no means given to overstate its judgments, or prone to that excited fashion of criticism to which our neighbours apply the untranslatable verb *s'emballer*.

"L'Œuvre de Barye" is illustrated in the most prodigal fashion—first by twenty-four full-size heliogravures *hors texte*, reproducing with much power, if not with invariable delicacy, the great typical performances of the master; next by innumerable vignettes incorporated in the text. To the latter process reproductions it is not possible to accord unstinted praise, seeing that, where they are taken direct from bronze originals, the crude brightness of their lights and the opaque blackness of their shadows imperfectly translate subtleties of form, where form is not only of the essence of the subject, but is the very subject itself.

This is not the place or the opportunity to describe in detail the earlier vicissitudes of Barye's career, or his numerous attempts, never crowned with complete success, to attain the *Prix de Rome*, then, as now, deemed the consecration of the budding painter or sculptor, and the necessary starting-point of a first-class artistic career. Born in 1796, Barye was the contemporary of the chief precursor and of the great leader of the Romantic movement—of Géricault and

Delacroix. The epoch-making "Naufrage de la Méduse" of the former was exhibited in 1819; the not less famous "Massacre de Scio" of the latter, in 1824. Moreover, Barye had at one and the same moment been the pupil of the frigidly correct Bosio for sculpture, and of the more congenial Gros—a precursor still earlier than Géricault of Romanticism—for painting; imbibing, as may be gathered from results, far more of the passionate energy, too soon suppressed, of the latter, than of the frozen conventionality which found appropriate expression in the academic correctness of the former. Nevertheless, Barye can only, in a very modified sense, be deemed to have belonged to the great revolutionary movement in art of his time. He was revolutionary in his resolve to break through the already weakened barriers of a discredited conventionality, and to strive for a new ideal which should be securely based on a searching realism, and should thus operate through a scientific study and collection of individual instances. But in so far as Romanticism sought to infuse into its productions an element of passionate imaginativeness which should illuminate them with a "light that never was on sea or land," Barye, with his quasi-classical sedateness in the presentation of humanity, with his intense energy and rhythmical power in dealing realistically with the animal world, was clearly not a Romanticist. After the young sculptor's repeated attempts to



GREYHOUND AND HARE.

attain the *Prix de Rome*—extending from 1819 to 1823—had been definitively foiled, he yielded to necessity, and placed his talents at the service of a certain Fauconnier, goldsmith to the Duchesse de Berri, under whom, during a period which extended at least to 1831, he worked not only as a modeller and sculptor proper, but as a *ciseleur* or chaser of works in metal. A whole series of groups and subjects, small in dimensions, but already large in style, were then produced anonymously, either for execution in gold-

famous "*Tigre dévorant un Crocodile*," that constituted the turning-point of his career. This work, the bronze original of which is now in the Louvre, shows for the first time the true Barye—the sculptor who, with an innovating spirit which to us, the artistic progeny of his time, seems natural enough, but to his contemporaries appeared singularly audacious, took as a basis from which to elaborate his type, no longer classical models, but Nature herself. If he is here, notwithstanding the vitality and truth



THE WOUNDED BOAR.

(Drawn by E. Loevy, from the Statue by Barye.)

smith's or silversmith's work, or as paper-weights or ornaments. None of these can with any certainty be dated—and, indeed, we owe their identification mainly to the lucky chance that Barye, yielding to the instances of his late employer's heirs, at a later period consented to affix his signature to them. Already at that time all the leisure moments of the artist were devoted to constantly repeated visits to the menagerie at the Jardin des Plantes, where with passionate and untiring devotion to his special branch of art he watched, studied, and drew his beloved beasts when living, as he dissected and anatomised them when dead. Barye's *début* at the Salon had been made in 1827; but it was the Exhibition of 1831, at which he showed a "*St. Sébastien*" and his

of his style, still too much in the trammels of a merely imitative realism, if he does not yet possess the authority which will enable him later to retain and accentuate the typical, while subordinating the merely accidental; nevertheless, he already stands forth as the artist who above all others has known how to bring within the true domain of art the plastic beauty of the beast world in form and action. Warmly attacked, but—a rare event in the career of great innovators in art—from the earliest of his public appearances as warmly defended, the master definitively affirmed his position at the Salon of 1833 by the great "*Lion écrasant un Serpent*," which now adorns the gardens of the Tuileries. If even here the execution was not yet of the broad and monumental

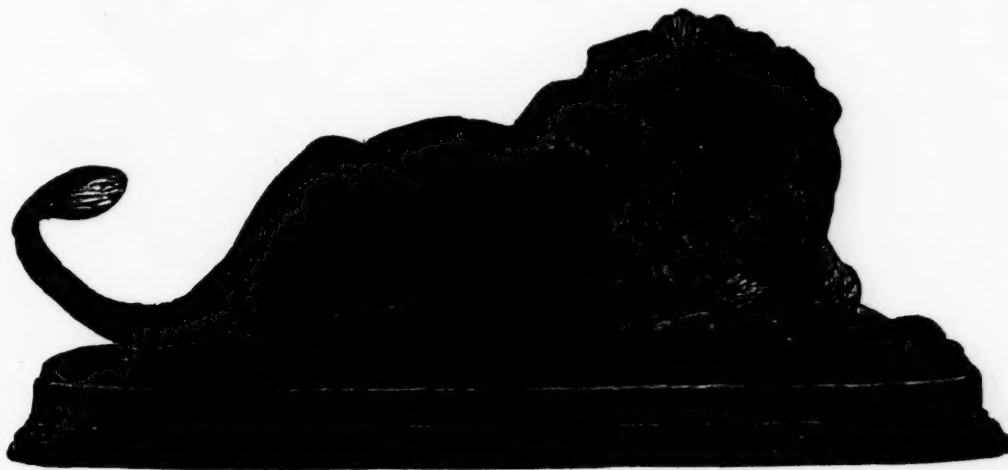
character which Barye afterwards affected, he at any rate created anew, under the guidance of Nature herself, the type of the king of beasts—boldly ignoring the conventionalities which up to his time had, as it were, imposed themselves, whenever the representation of *Felis leo* was in question. Be it remembered that Canova himself, in the famous if much over-rated lions which adorned the tomb of Pius VI. in St. Peter's, and Thorwaldsen, in his great Lion of Lucerne, had anew consecrated and even aggravated these very conventionalities by lending to their guardian beasts a pseudo-human aspect and a subtlety of facial expression altogether at variance with their true type.

A little later in the artist's career he showed, in the famous Lion of the Bastille Column, executed in high-relief (1840), as in the "Lion Assis" which, with a companion or rather a repetition, flanks one of the portals of the Louvre, with what complete success his own true type and re-creation of the lion could be expressed with a generalisation of detail and a monumental grandeur of *ensemble* fitting it to take its place as an element of architectural decoration. It is in the exquisite equestrian statuettes produced at this and later periods—the dramatic "Charles VI. dans la Forêt du Mans," the "Charles VII. Victorieux," so remarkable for its serene beauty of type, the elaborately ornate "Gaston de Foix," the daring "Guerrier tartare arrêtant son cheval"—that Barye showed himself most nearly akin to his brethren of the Romantic school, and proved that he, too, could on occasion call to his aid that peculiar quality of dramatic imagination—as apart from or superadded to dramatic action—which in his greater works is either carefully eschewed or is naturally absent. A yet stronger infusion of this same quality, which so deeply tinged the art of most of his contemporaries, is to be found in the charmingly fanciful if, from a technical point of view, imperfectly balanced group, "Roger et Angélique sur l'Hippogriffe" (from Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso"). This constituted the crowning adornment of a great *surtout de cheminée* executed by our master for the Duc de Montpensier. For a colossal *surtout* ordered by the Duc d'Orléans, but never completely realised in all its parts, Barye composed and caused to be executed in bronze, by the *cire perdue* process, five superb groups of small dimensions illustrating the pursuit of big game. These were respectively called by him "Chasse au Lion," "Chasse au Tigre," "Chasse au Taureau," "Chasse à l'Elan," and "Chasse aux Ours." With these consummate performances is connected a painful episode of the artist's career—one, indeed, among many which France might be glad to see erased from the records of her Salon. The Duc d'Orléans, filled with delight at the triumphant success with which Barye's share in his order had been executed, incited the sculptor to send

his miniature masterpieces to the annual exhibition, then held in the Louvre; and to this the latter with some reluctance consented. Notwithstanding the powerful patronage under which the bronzes were introduced, they were rejected—on the pretence, forsooth, that they belonged to industrial art, and not to art proper! The Citizen King, to whom his son indignantly appealed, replied characteristically, "Que voulez-vous? J'ai créé un jury, je ne peux pas le forcer à accepter des chefs-d'œuvre." The then newly-created jury (none other than the Académie des Beaux Arts itself) was at least magnificently consistent. It had in the year 1836 ostracised Louis Boulanger, Paul Huet, Marilhat, Eugène Delacroix, and Théodore Rousseau; and now in 1837 it excluded Barye. The result was that our master retired within his tent, and until 1850 was seen no more at the Salon. We now come to two of the greatest manifestations of his genius—the groups "Thésée combattant le Minotaure," and "Thésée combattant le Centaure Biénor"—in virtue of which he conquered his place in the first rank, not only in the presentation of the man-beast, with his attributes of bestial strength and bestial fury, but in that of man proper—man the conqueror in right of intellectual rather than purely physical strength. No modern sculptor has approached nearer to the true Greek ideal than has Barye in these inventions, although in dealing with subjects in which the allurements of the Pheidias ideal might easily have proved irresistible, he has succeeded in maintaining his independence and the individuality of his style, while evoking once more, as he here does with a convincing *vraisemblance*, those types of the fabulous man-monster in the invention of which the Greeks especially revelled. This brings us to the consideration of Barye's position in the presentation of the purely human type, and to the somewhat exaggerated claim put in for him by both his biographers, that he stands here on the like exalted pinnacle of achievement as in fashioning the brute world. The master's ideal is, in its chief attribute of a strange impassiveness and almost unvarying serenity, preserved even in the most violent action, more nearly akin to the productions of the ripe archaic style than to those of the golden period of Pericles. In the typical works of the latter time, underlying the reticence of supreme art, is to be distinguished a greater passion and a truer vitality than the modern sculptor has succeeded in infusing into his conception of the godlike serenity of man, dominating by force of will the unbridled strength and passion of the monstrous adversary. It is the comparative lack of this true vitality in his supremely well-fashioned presentments of man that must prevent them from taking equal rank with those unsurpassed masterpieces in which, while accentuating to the utmost in

the beast the living quality, the impression of muscular force and suppleness, the suggestion of impending movement, the master avoids the triviality of a superficially imitative realism, and evolves the type from the individual. The same impassiveness, the same massive splendour of proportion—approaching the ideal of Polycletus rather than that of Lysippus—is to be found in the grand nude figures round which centre the colossal groups executed by the artist for the Daru, Denon, Colbert, and Turgot

This same high-water mark of skill is not again reached by the sculptor, save perhaps in the magnificent pendants, "Lion qui marche" and "Tigre qui marche," which have been popularised by the well-known reproductions of MM. Barbedienne. Lack of space forbids us to discuss here a series of works which, if not exactly unworthy of Barye, will by no means form the corner-stone of his reputation. We refer to the much-decried equestrian bas-relief of Napoleon III., originally made for the entrance to the



LION DEVOURING ITS PREY.

Pavilions in the great quadrangle of the Louvre. These noble examples of decorative sculpture—styled respectively "La Guerre," "La Paix," "La Force défendant le Travail," "L'Ordre punissant les Pervers"—being executed in a stone not easily distinguishable from that of the too florid buildings which they adorn, are absolutely lost in their present position, and can be but imperfectly judged in the fine bronze reductions which have been executed by MM. Barbedienne.

Barye reached the zenith of his achievement as an *animalier* in the famous "Jaguar dévorant un Lièvre," which appeared with the "Thésée combattant le Minotaure" at the Salon of 1850. All his conscious strength as a scientific anatomist, all the results of his enthusiastic and unremitting observation of the living model, are, as it were, here concentrated in a supreme effort. The master's triumph is here beyond the reach of criticism, and it is, moreover, achieved without any sacrifice of spontaneity or of sculptural beauty. In no other instance has the sinuous grace of line, the muscular strength and the ferocity of the feline tribe, been so presented in art. Most eloquent descriptions of the group—which it would be presumptuous to paraphrase—appear in M. Roger Ballu's volume, both from his own pen and from that of the famous artificer in words, M. Edmond de Goncourt.

Carrousel; to the equestrian statue of Napoleon I. *en César* at Ajaccio; and to the more characteristic equestrian portrait, destined for Grenoble, but never carried beyond the plaster stage, in which the *Petit Caporal* appears in his normal military costume. Neither is it possible on this occasion to discuss the artist in his subsidiary rôle of water-colour painter, although he maintains here, within the very narrow limits which he advisedly sets to his practice with the brush, the same passionate energy and the same authority in depicting the animal world, if not the same technical mastery, that marks him elsewhere. M. Ballu tells us that Eugène Delacroix, who had all Barye's passion, but not all his scientific accuracy in portraying the "fierce Hyrcanian tiger," was never tired of admiring some of our master's performances of this class.

It is not possible to omit altogether the discussion of one main point of unquestionable importance in the estimation of Barye's art as a whole. Does there not pervade and colour its most typical and most consummate performances a certain cold cruelty, a certain love of physical ruthlessness and physical terror, which is only too familiar to those who have attentively studied the French art of the century? His biographers, perceiving that the question forces itself necessarily upon those who attempt to deal with



the life-work of the great master, have completely traversed the view that any such characteristic is to be detected in his plastic masterpieces, or underlies the tremendous physical energy which they display.

Undoubtedly Barye is, above all things, a supreme artist, and as such he cannot condescend to unduly elaborate mere details of physical horror; none will be found to deny that his chief aim is to display in all

sistible fascination, tempered with repulsion, which the beholder undergoes in the contemplation of such works.

The genius of Barye, like that of many great French artists of our time, has—to our shame be it repeated—been earlier and more generally recognised in America than in Great Britain. Indeed, as with Jean-François Millet, the appreciation of the energetic Transatlantic collector has taken a somewhat in-



AN ELK SURPRISED BY A LYNX.

these mortal combats of man with beast, of monster with monster, the majesty and beauty of untrammelled strength and suppleness. But how is it possible in all sincerity to maintain that the artist has not also dwelt with a strange complacency on all these hideously fascinating interlacings of python and crocodile, of python and antelope, or on that climax of tragic horror, the terrible "Serpent attaquant un Cavalier Africain," in which a monstrous snake, resistless as fate itself, enwraps in one common death both horse and rider? Is there not something more than the desire for the display of grandly free and varied movement and of intense muscularity in these groups, showing relentlessly the destruction of horse by lion, of deer by panther, of heron by eagle? Let us not pierce too deep to those hidden springs of human nature, where may, perhaps, be found the secret of such an insistence on violence and horror by one of the most gifted artists of our century; as well as that of the irre-

convenient and unpalatable form, seeing that the better half of his portable work, in its finest examples, is at the present moment in the United States. Not Boston this time, but Baltimore, is the resting-place of the greater number of the master's productions. A Mr. Walters, a Mécenas of that city, whose refined taste is well served by great means, has formed in his residence a so-called "Barye Room," which contains an unrivalled series of the great artist's bronzes; and he has, moreover, erected in a public square near that residence reproductions of the great "Lion of the Tuileries," and of those four colossal groups adorning the Pavilions of the Louvre to which we have referred. He has also founded in the museum of Washington a "Corcoran Gallery," consisting entirely of his productions. So far as we are aware, no English museum possesses as yet a single original—or, indeed, a single cast—of any of the great works which in the course of these remarks we have had occasion to describe.

## BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

By J. MURRAY TEMPLETON.

AMONG the younger painters of the Parisian school who are now exercising a considerable influence over the rising generation of young French-

art, are aware how potent is the influence for good or for bad of these leading men; and how in all that refers to technical excellence the hands of the preced-



BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

*(From a Crayon Drawing by Himself.)*

men, and indeed in a less degree over all the cultured nations, three names stand conspicuous, and may be linked—MM. Benjamin-Constant, Cormon, and Dagnan-Bouveret. Not that these actually, or alone, represent the profoundest note in the formation of French taste that is being struck, nor yet include in themselves any single aspect of pictorial expression; but because, belonging by age to about the same decade, and having been educated in the same manner and with similar severity, they all three are now exercising in their own day an almost combined effect upon the minds of those about them. Few people out of Paris, unacquainted with the French traditions in

ing masters are again visible in the expanding powers of their scholars. The secret of French success, such as it is, consists more in this traditional element of education than in aught else—consists in the clear impress that is made of the best of the preceding ages on the forthcoming best, and upon the unselfish bestowal of a lifetime's acquisition of knowledge on those who have had no other claim to it than that of being young striving followers, and fellow-worshippers at the shrine of the Beautiful. Here in England, and in America, we are only awaking to the importance of this element in French skill, an element at all times necessary in the formation of a

great art school. We have been for centuries too engrossed with the utilitarian aspect of things, and have neglected that scholarly superstructure of Loveliness born of a joyous pure delight in living, which in its due place ever completes and rounds the manners and products of a nation and an age.

The French have, in fact, much more clearly retained the old enough idea of a "school of the prophets," with all its grades of initiation. Hence we find that as Gérôme, Cabanel, Jean-Paul Laurens, &c., are passing away, we find their pupils, such as MM. Constant, Cormon, Dagnan-Bouveret, taking their place, and assuming the mantle of their liberality. Each year hundreds of young men, many of them foreigners, pass through their hands, receiving in some degree the impress of French taste—right and wrong.

In dealing through the following pages with one of these three men whom I have thus linked, M. Benjamin-Constant, one is severely handicapped by the inability of black-and-white illustrations to convey to any reader unacquainted with the artist's own work that quality which forms this painter's most remarkable attraction—a marvellous strength and richness of harmonious colour, such colour as perhaps no other living French artist can place in its proper brilliancy on canvas. This is essentially the distinguishing gift which separates him from his countrymen, who, as a rule, do not regard colour as one of the supreme excellences in art, nor succeed in an understanding of its myriad shades of meaning and force. Drawing, *chiaroscuro*, exactitude of presentation, all these are ranked as of more importance by the French, while colour and the poetical or dramatical idea are undervalued. Yet colour is to a picture what the last rays of the sunset are to a landscape, an envelopment of glory and mysterious depth; while the idea, however unconvertible into literary terms, must needs be the very soul or essence of any great picture.

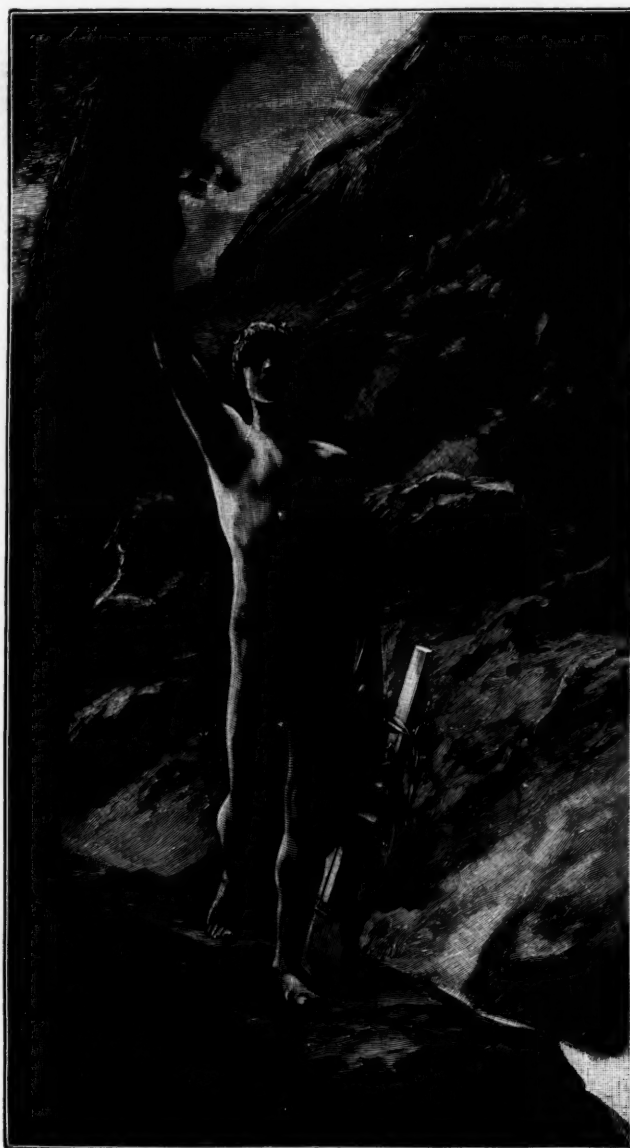
M. Benjamin-Constant is a descendant, by one of the collateral branches, of the family of the celebrated Frenchman of that name, and was born and educated in the south of France. His still strongly-marked southern speech sounds to the ears even of a foreigner very different from the mellifluous language of the capital, betokening through its rather guttural, direct, and energetic accentuation, something also of the man's nature. He obtained as a youth from his native province one of those art-scholarships which have proved so great a boon to the country student; and having first received there an education in letters as well as in art, such as might have covered an Englishman's whole preparatory studies for the profession, he came to Paris and entered the "Beaux-Arts." There he worked yet a period of eight years,

during which time he scarcely attempted to produce any works of art but those demanded of the Academy. To this most thorough training he attributes much of his later success, and that wonderful facility which is so characteristically his. The sketch given on p. 186 of an Arab on an Eastern parapet may have been done in some ten or fifteen minutes, so true and quick is his hand.

But not even after these eight years of labour in the "Beaux-Arts" did he at once achieve renown. This was gained on the exhibition of his picture called "The Wife of the Cherif," or chief, which secured him the well-nigh universal recognition of his fellow-craftsmen, the picked Jury of the Salon, a result which in France, he being then "un peintre médaillé" (second rank), is productive of much practical success. Another *plein-air* Eastern subject was shortly afterwards bought by the State and hung in the Luxembourg. Both of these pictures were the outcome of a long-continued and repeated sojourn in Algiers, where he had been attracted by the gorgeous colouring of the native dress, by the brilliant sunlight, the luminous shadow-effects, and the still, dreamy languor and repose of a truly Oriental people, whatever their real geographical position. Some few there were doubtless who denied to the "Cherifa" any distinctly uplifting poetical and moral force; but the French do not expect this in art, and none could detract from the exceptional technical ability displayed, a technique that revealed, besides his wonderful sense of harmonious colour, a most powerful and yet restrained science of form in brushwork. The subject of "La Femme du Cherif," though partially of the nude, and necessarily affected by the Oriental conception of woman as an ornament and a pastime, was still treated with delicacy. About this time he also painted "Le Soif au Desert," which likewise attracted a good deal of attention. In 1886 he exhibited his "Emperor Justinian," a vast canvas filled with some seven large figures arrayed in the full panoply of Roman state. This was expected to gain for him that honour so dear to every French artist, "the grand medal of the Salon," and for which he had long been steadily painting at least one large picture a year. But failing to do so, he turned, almost in disgust it appeared, to another line of expression in art, which the public scarcely expected, but for which he was not unqualified—an art wherein a noble and lofty sentiment would have occupied its truer proportional place. In that year was painted his "Orpheus," and it seemed to some of his friends and students, as he poured forth his explanation of the subject in voluble and often impassioned French, that this picture was not the result of an ardent artistic "impressionism" alone—"art for art's sake"—but was an emanation of the deeper soul-

sensing of the true artist divinely comprehending the nature of things, so overcoming that danger which awaits every painter who is possessed, like Benjamin-Constant, of an almost exuberant perception

hell itself. So, Benjamin-Constant said, he had poised his Orpheus hesitating one instant on the brink of the abyss ere the rescue of Eurydice. And if treated somewhat largely for a British eye, yet this life-size



ORPHEUS.

(From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant. Engraved by Jonnard.)

of Nature's prodigality in colour and form. As Benjamin-Constant then indicated his subject to me in his studio, the renunciation of Orpheus was of the order which is absolute because it accepts possible failure, and leaves all behind that to the eyes of God and man seems lovely in nature and life, to face for suffering womanhood the darkness and the dread of

figure did then appear what the speaker wished it to be; whether, I cannot now say under his own personal magnetic influence, or aided by all the carefully arranged lights of a beautiful studio. The woodcut appended does not quite render in due opposition the light evening blues above of the sky with their contrast below in the valley of most sombre shadow.



In this same year he painted his "Sonate de la Lune." The original sketch for the picture was of a more mystical order, and based upon the traditionary romance concerning the circumstances of the music's creation. But the artist, being dissatisfied with his composition, and learning, whether true or not, that

His *confrères* had marked the peculiar ability of his "Femme du Cherif," which had too easily satisfied and overmastered them. Their craving was for another such picture as he alone could paint, they thought; some representation of the outward glory of sentient life, and not the far more subtle inward glow of that



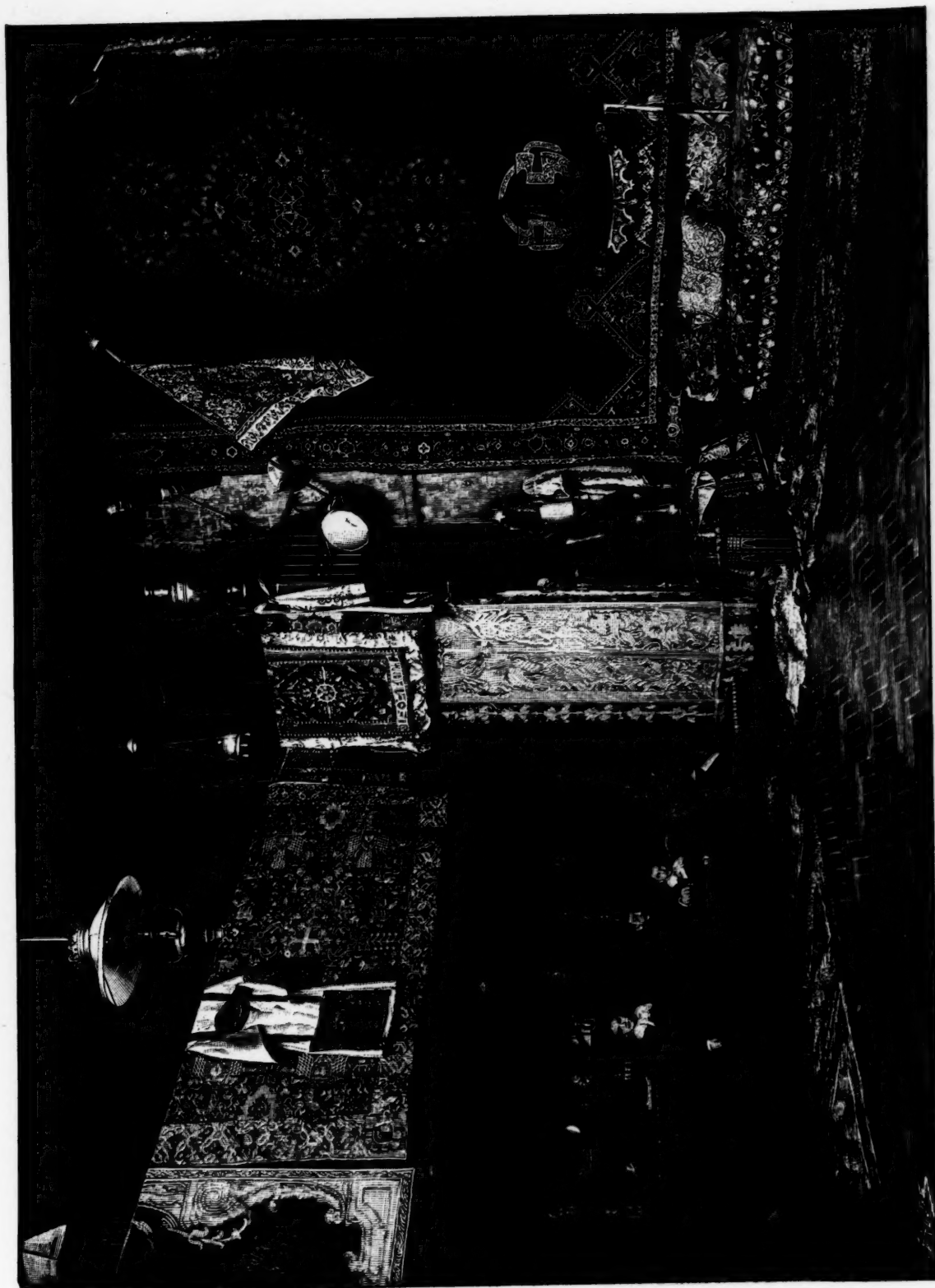
JANISSARY AND EUNUCH.

(From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant.)

this Beethoven Sonata had only accidentally received its distinguishing name after the musician's death, and had not been composed under the supposed conditions—recommenced and considerably altered it. The face of Beethoven was carefully studied from one of the only two existing masks taken after death from the master's face. It had belonged to the Emperor of Austria, and was by him given to a well-known painter, whose son had lent it to Benjamin-Constant. But our painter was not then encouraged to exhibit such a picture or any with such sentiment in the Salon, where something else was expected of him.

living sentiment to which all luxury is subservient and may administer to, but not predominate over.

As Monsieur Benjamin-Constant told the writer himself, the common remark of the members of the jury to him then, and before, was—"Paint us another Cherifa, and we will give you the medal." Hence, almost in spite of himself, this strong painter is again found bending to the yoke that the desire of human honour ever imposes upon the unwary soul, and from a further though minor series of similar poetical subjects on Oriental life passing to his earlier manner. I saw later on in his studio another sketch for a large



BENJAMIN-CONSTANT IN HIS STUDIO.

(Engraved by Ch. Daubé.)

picture, based upon the popular demand and intended to answer it, a dark lithe Algerian or Moorish woman in the rich yet quiet setting of an Alhambresque interior, as luminous, though dark, as are Henner's landscapes and pools around his wood-nymphs. It struck me as a trait of the man that he should have

its fire upon the beholder. Power, passion, contempt, and even a great barbaric dignity were on the face of the Empress, but of "charitie, sweet lowly charitie," of peace and of pity, scarcely one sign. Nor, perhaps, with such a subject and the rigorous realism required in Paris, could it have been other-

wise. Only the regrettable thing is that so much wonderful skill should have gone to the apotheosis of a woman whose name should be remembered only as that of one who carelessly uncrowned herself of her only real dignity, her woman's crown of purity, of gentleness and love. But M. Constant has, it is to be supposed—unless in an occasional portrait—never laid himself out to elevate or even *evolute* (to use materialistic terminology) man's conception of beauty in woman, giving to the race higher types, and thus redeeming it. His women's faces are wild and free rather than tender, are proud rather than calm, and positive rather than sympathetic. The capacity to do otherwise certainly exists in the man, but his environment—that domineering, light, flip-pant, flattering, and often worse tone pervading the average social opinion of men upon women in France—this environment he has never completely surmounted. We, however, who know him, know the sympathetic kindness of Monsieur Constant himself; or who have seen the tender quality of some of his rarely-exhibited Oriental landscapes, sunsets and sunrises around fallen Eastern towers, pictures profoundly touching in their Southern quietudes of lonely desert distance and vastness—



AN ARAB.

(From a Pen-and-Ink Sketch by Benjamin-Constant.)

made three trials of the figure in different positions to find that one which would seem to all spectators simple, modest, and restrained.

In the same Salon as was exhibited the "Orpheus" appeared the "Empress Theodora," a study which gave the painter his full scope in a brilliant scheme of colouring, complex and complementary opposites blending and sustaining one another in an intricate harmony; here and there a jewel literally flashing

none who know these can doubt the latent feeling.

In 1888 Benjamin-Constant, having been given a commission by the Government to paint a series of pictures for the decoration of the halls of the Académie de Paris (*Lettres et Sciences*), appeared in the Salon in a new rôle, occupying one whole side of the West Salon Carré with three immense decorative panels. Each must have been some thirty feet high, and the figures were larger than life. The central

panel gave in admirable portraiture the leading professors of the Sorbonne; and the side-panels were allegorical, representing literature and science. As a whole, while interesting, the series were perhaps weakened by a perceptible mingling of styles, it not being always possible for an artist to change in a day from the mannerism of *genre*-painting to pure decoration. But, as usual, a deep impression was made upon the public of Monsieur Constant's power and ample personal virility.

Of late years he has been more than once in America, busy with portrait-painting, in which department he also holds an honoured place. During one of these absences he was offered Monsieur Boulanger's place in the Julian schools. This he accepted, and it will make him a stronger though less individual force in the land. A professorship at Julian's more than overtops in influence the same post in the national "Beaux-Arts" Academy itself.

This article may then fitly conclude as it began, with a reference to M. Constant as a teacher. Having been a former student in his *atelier*, I may offer with a peculiar gratitude my testimony to his uniform kindness and generosity of spirit—a gratitude shared by hundreds of other British and foreign subjects who have received from him, or from some other like-minded artist in Paris, similar treatment. He at first began with a school of his own, and gave to it, practically without any reward, an immense deal

of his most valuable time. Twice a week, besides receiving on Sunday mornings, he visited his classes, criticising, encouraging, and inspiring the students, dealing with all, Frenchman or foreigner, quite impartially. There was a group of us under his care who retained a keen appreciation of the English understanding of a Botticelli rather than an admiration of French classicism; and the occasional outcome of this in our composition sketches or picture-studies painted away from the *atelier* was a constant source of surprise to him. He was, however, broad-minded enough to advise us to retain our own methods of expression, and sought in consequence to impress us chiefly with the necessity of thoroughness in drawing, but at the same time remained himself puzzled. Of one man's work, now fairly well known and appreciated, whose decorative feeling was markedly mediæval, he could say nothing but "Tiens! que c'est drôle, on dirait absolument un Primitif et très bien étudié." But nevertheless he was perceptibly stirred by the artistic excellence shown, though of a kind so alien to himself. Through this liberal justice he greatly won the allegiance of his British pupils. His accusation was that the English students generally had the fault of their nation in painting, which, according to him, consisted in a mistaken intrusion of "literary" feeling—otherwise a cultured ideal—into their art and pictures. For him, as, after all, for most Frenchmen, the symbolism and the idealism of a Rossetti, a Watts, or a Burne-



THIRST IN THE DESERT.

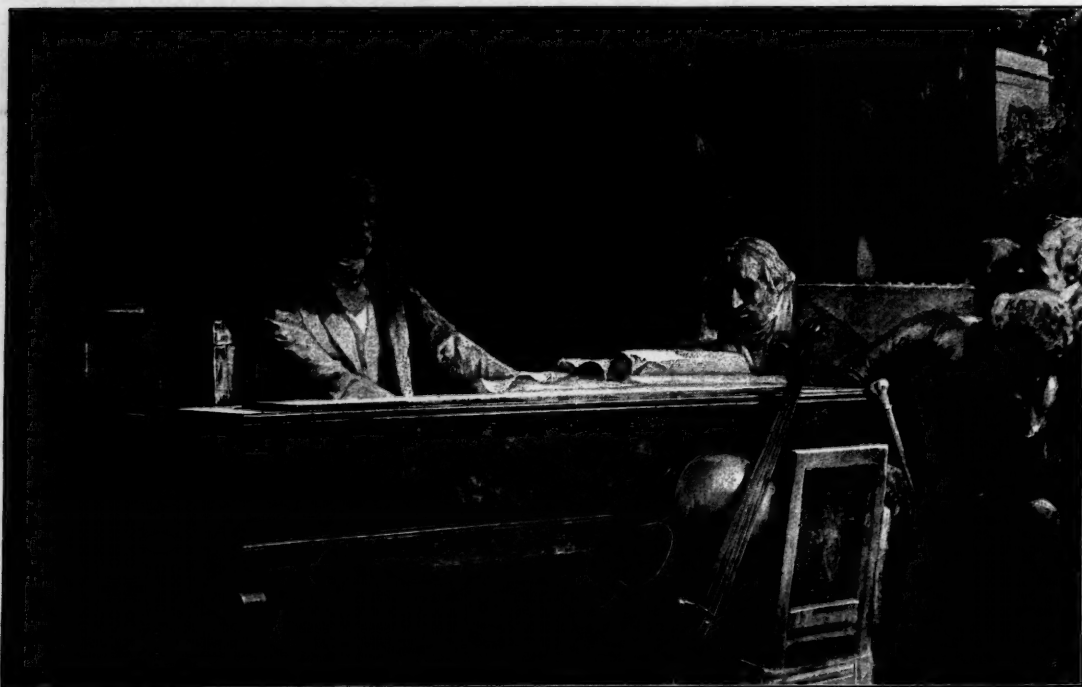
(From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant. Engraved by C. Carter.)



Jones existed not to stimulate but to hinder apprehension.

In the Salon of 1890, after a lapse of several years "The Moonlight Sonata" was at last exhibited;

re-incarnation of a Rembrandt or a Rubens, but not of a spirit fully or permanently cognisant of its immortal relation to the mystery of being and of human growth. The touch of an affec-



"THE MOONLIGHT SONATA."

(From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant.)

as well as a picture entitled "Venus Victrix," a wonder of rich colouring, though subject to the same order of criticism as that already offered.

In all M. Benjamin-Constant's work may be perceived the hand of a master in technique, a

tionate, a generous, a strong, and an ardent nature may ever be felt; but not yet the result of that vision of things solemn and everlasting which embodies the very purpose and meaning of God in Nature.

### On Beethoven Composing "The Moonlight Sonata."

TO THE PICTURE-SKETCH BY BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

*DEEP shadows fall upon the simple room  
That genius fills with heavenly peace  
brought near  
In melody to touch all those who hear—  
Which there intoned will echo till Earth's  
doom.  
'Tis born of midnight dark, from out the womb  
Of pain, the misery of deafness drear;*

*Yet when it sounds dull grief doth disappear  
And gladness dawns displacing worldly gloom.  
For see! how bathed in dream of mystic light  
He sat, the moonbeams on his massive brow  
And front, as inspiration to endow  
His soul that hour with music's rarest might,  
Which trembled urgent from the quaint clavier  
In accents so divinely pure and clear.*

J. MURRAY TEMPLETON.

## THE CRUCIFIXION IN CELTIC ART.

By J. ROMILLY ALLEN, F.S.A. Scot.

**F**EW studies are more interesting than to trace the gradual changes which took place from century to century, in the conventional way of representing any particular scene from Scripture, as Christian art, emerging from the hidden recesses of the catacombs at Rome about the year A.D. 400, spread over the whole of Europe. Although Christianity originated in Palestine, its earliest manifestations in art are to be found in the underground cemeteries outside the walls of Rome, where the sides and roofs of the sepulchral chambers are decorated with paintings of Scripture subjects, executed in the classical style. When the seat of the Roman government was removed to Constantinople, Eastern influence acting on classical art produced the Byzantine style, and a few centuries later, when the northern nations of Europe were absorbed into Christendom, the Byzantine merged into Gothic. Not only does the quality of art vary in different localities and at different times, but the subjects chosen for representation and the way of treating them change with the progress of religious thought. Perhaps this will be best understood by tracing the development of the scene of the crucifixion from its earliest origin, with the special view of showing the modifications it underwent at the hands of the Celtic illuminator and sculptor.

There is no representation of Christ crucified in his human form, either in the catacomb paintings of the first four centuries or in the mosaics of the early Italian churches, until the year A.D. 706, when Pope John VII. introduced the subject into the

mosaic decorations of the chapel dedicated to the Virgin, in the Basilica of St. Peter at Rome. The reason of this appears to have been partly on account of the feeling of repugnance with which so shameful

a mode of death was looked upon by the converts to the new religion, and partly because all early Christian art is symbolical and not historical or pictorial. The changes in the ways of treating the crucifixion may be divided into three stages—(1) the symbolical stage (up to A.D. 600), where the Saviour is shown as the Lamb of God combined, with the cross; (2) the historical stage (A.D. 600 to 1100), where the Saviour is shown in his human form attached to the cross, alive; (3) the devotional stage (after A.D. 1100), where the Saviour is shown in his human form attached to the cross, but dead, the details being intended to cause the mind to dwell upon the sufferings of our Lord.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

(From the Irish MS. Gospel; at St. Gall, Switzerland.)

The transition from the symbolical to the historical stage seems to have taken place in the following manner. Towards the end of the fourth century the Agnus Dei bears the Chi-Rho monogram of Christ upon its forehead, which in the fifth century is replaced by a plain Latin cross; and on the mosaics in the Church of SS. Cosmas and Damian at Rome (A.D. 530), illustrating the fifth chapter of the Apocalypse, the Lamb of God is represented on a throne, as if it were slain, with the cross behind it instead of on the forehead. The famous Vatican cross, which bears an inscription showing that it was given to Rome in the sixth century by Justin II., has a circular medallion in the centre enclosing the Agnus Dei carrying the cross. The substitution of the crucified Saviour

upon the cross for the Agnus Dei took place about the time of the Quinisext Council, held at Constantinople in A.D. 683, which decreed "that the form of him who taketh away the sin of the world, the Lamb Christ our Lord, we set up in human shape on images henceforth, instead of the Lamb, formerly used."

Some curious transitional forms are to be seen upon the holy oil flasks of the sixth century presented by St. Gregory the Great to Theodolinda, Queen of the Lombards, and now preserved in the Treasury of Monza Cathedral. On one the bust of the Saviour, with Sol and Luna, the well-known accessories in the scene of the crucifixion, is placed between the two thieves, who are tied to crosses. On another our Lord has his two arms extended, but without any cross behind them. It is difficult to fix the date of the earliest representation of Christ crucified in his human form, but St. Gregory of Tours mentions a painted crucifix in a church at Narbonne before A.D. 593. Probably the oldest picture of the crucifixion now extant is in the Syriac Evangelium, written by the monk Rabula in A.D. 586, and now preserved in the Medicean Library at Florence. The style of the art is Byzantine, and it must have been from a somewhat similar original that the Irish examples were copied. The chief peculiarity of the manner of treating the subject is that the Saviour is represented before death has taken place with the eyes open, the body and limbs being extended quite straight along the arms of the cross. The body is clothed in a tunic, and four nails are used, one through each hand and one through each foot. At each side of the head above are the conventional classical personifications of the sun and moon, and below are the two soldiers, one piercing our Lord's side with a spear and the other holding a sponge on the end of a reed. The other features in the scene are the two thieves crucified on each side, the Virgin and St. John, three women, and three soldiers playing the ancient game of "mora" instead of casting lots for the garment without a seam. Below the crucifixion is the Resurrection, as on the holy oil flasks at Monza.

The difference between the Byzantine treatment of the crucifixion and that adopted after the twelfth century is that in the latter case the Saviour is represented dead instead of alive with the head inclined, the eyes closed, the body bent, the legs crossed, the feet fixed with a single nail instead of two, and a waist-cloth round the loins in place of the tunic.

Having now traced the development of the crucifixion through its various stages, we will proceed to consider the peculiarities exhibited in the Irish examples found in the early Celtic MSS., on the sculptured crosses, and on ecclesiastical metal-work of the pre-Norman period. The only Irish MS. in England containing a miniature of the crucifixion is the Psalter, possibly of the ninth century, in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge. The drawing of the figures is so extremely rude, that Mr. Ruskin has selected one of the angels for illustration in "The Two Paths" as a specimen of absolutely dead and degraded art, and the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, in his "Art Teaching of the Primitive Church," agrees with him so far as to say that "the work is a painful object of contemplation, as it displays the idiocy of a contemptible person instructed in a decaying style, rather than the roughness of a barbarian workman."

The authors who speak in such disparaging terms of the draughtsmanship of the miniature in question do not seem, however, to understand that the object of the artist was not so much to make an appeal to the senses as to bring the scene before the mind of the beholder by means of a certain stereotyped arrangement

of highly conventionalised figures. The more nearly, in fact, a religious picture approaches the hieroglyphic form, the less chance there is of the mind dwelling on the symbol itself instead of the idea it is intended to convey. Beauty of painting is thus merely an inducement to idolatry. The Celtic artist, moreover, excelled chiefly in ornament, and he probably thought that the spiral curve into which he transformed the human ear or the nostril was actually more beautiful than the portion of the anatomy represented thereby.



THE CRUCIFIXION, FROM A SLAB OF SLATE FROM THE OLD CHAPEL ON THE CALF OF MAN.

(From a Photograph by Mr. George Patterson.)



In classifying the different ways of treating the crucifixion, the chief points to be considered are the details of the central figure, the spectators or actors in the scene, and the accessories. The first example of the Irish type of crucifixion to which I would refer is that from the Psalter of St. John's College, Cambridge. The Saviour is shown before death has taken place as in the Byzantine original upon which it was modelled. The two feet and two hands are each fixed with a separate nail, and the body is swathed in drapery forming knotwork, in place of the tunic. The actors in the scene consist only of the two soldiers, one with the spear and the other with the sponge. The accessories introduced are an angel on each side of the Saviour's head, and a winged creature above it. In the Saxon crucifixions Sol and Luna take the place of the two angels, but I know of no instance where this is the case in Celtic art. There is no mention in any of the Gospels of the presence of angels at the crucifixion, but these are intended to show that the scene was witnessed by those spiritual guardians who supported our Lord in the two most critical moments in his life previously, after the temptation in the wilderness and during the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane.

In the same way personifications of the earth and water often appear amongst the witnesses to the death of our Lord, beautiful examples of which are to be seen on two Carlovingian ivory plaques of the ninth century in the South Kensington Museum (Nos. 250, 1867, and 251, 1867). In the cases just mentioned, Sol and Luna are placed one above the other over the top of the cross, and an angel on each side.

Both on the Byzantine and Carlovingian ivories of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, of which casts may be seen in the Kensington Museum, angels are introduced into the scene of the crucifixion, generally two in number, either holding up one hand with the palm outwards, or flying down with outstretched arms towards the Saviour, or placing a crown upon his head. The winged creature above the Saviour's head, which also is to be seen on the cross of SS. Patrick and Columba at Kells, County Meath, may possibly be intended to represent the Holy Spirit, although usually the First Person of the Trinity, symbolised by the hand of God, is placed in this position.

Besides the Psalter of St. John's College, Cambridge, there are two other Irish MSS. of the Gospels containing miniatures of the crucifixion abroad, one at St. Gall, in Switzerland, and the other at Würzburg, in Bavaria, both belonging to that glorious period of the eighth and ninth centuries when Scotie missionaries carried Christianity and Celtic art with it all over the continent of Europe.

The number of figures and general treatment of the crucifixion in the St. Gall Gospels correspond very nearly with that in the St. John's College Psalter, just described, except that there is no winged creature above the head of the Saviour, and the two angels carry books. The most interesting feature in the picture is a wavy line of red ink proceeding from the wound in our Lord's side, and entering the eye of the soldier with the spear.

The meaning of this is explained by the legend which identifies the soldier using the spear with the centurion who bore witness to the Divinity of our Saviour, and relates that he struck him through inadvertence, being blind, his sight being afterwards miraculously restored by the blood from the wound falling upon his eye. The name of the soldier with the spear is given in the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus as Longinus (derived from the Greek *λόγχη*, a spear), and the name of the soldier with the sponge is traditionally known to have been Stephaton. Upon an ivory plaque of the crucifixion of the tenth century in the Kunst Kammer at Berlin (South Kensington Museum cast No. 31, 1873) both names are inscribed above the heads of the soldiers.

The miniature in the Würzburg Gospels, the date of which is about A.D. 750, presents some remarkable peculiarities. Instead of an angel on each side of the Saviour's head there is a bird, and below the arms of the cross are the two thieves, on smaller crosses, each with a pair of winged creatures flying towards him. At the bottom of the picture is a boat, containing ten figures. The one in the centre is a female standing up, and has a nimbus round the head, being perhaps intended for the Virgin. At the helm is a man steering with a paddle, and the sea below has fish swimming in it. The inscription above our Lord's head is *IHS ΧΠΣ*, there being apparently a confusion in the mind of the artist between the Greek letter *Π*, which is equivalent to the Latin *R*, and *Π*, which is equivalent to the Latin *P*. A similar misuse of Greek letters occurs in the Irish Gospels at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The winged creatures flying towards the two thieves have been explained by Miss Margaret Stokes in the "*Archæologia*" (vol. xliii., p. 141) as birds of good and evil omens, having reference to the penitent and impenitent thieves. Upon the Norman font at Lenton, near Nottingham, the doom of the thieves is graphically shown by the soul of the one going up towards heaven, whilst the other plunges headlong into the mouth of a monster representing the jaws of hell. The meaning of the winged creatures here may possibly be the same. Altogether the treatment of the crucifixion in the Würzburg MS. is quite unique.

Turning now from the miniatures in the MSS. to the pre-Norman sculptured stones, we find there are



a far larger number of examples to choose from. Almost all the high crosses of Ireland, which belong to the tenth century, such as the cross of Muiredach at Monasterboice, and the cross of King Fland at Clonmacnois, have the crucifix on one side and Christ in glory upon the other. The treatment in all cases corresponds with that already described in the Psalter of St.

John's College, Cambridge. One of the most beautiful sculptures of the crucifixion, of the purely Irish type, is upon a slab of slate from the old chapel on the Calf of Man, and now in the possession of Mr. Quayle, of Castletown, in the Isle of Man. The illustration on page 190 is from a photograph taken by Mr. George Patterson, of Ramsey, by whose permission it is here reproduced. The part of the stone with the soldier holding the sponge is unfortunately lost. The chief point to be noticed is the very elaborate way in which the tunic covering the body of our Lord is ornamented. Upon the breast is a circular wreath of knotwork, and at the bottom of the drapery is the three-cornered knot sometimes called

the "triquetra," and supposed to symbolise the Trinity. The rest of the surface is profusely decorated with spirals, cable patterns, and diagonal lines.

I come, lastly, to the representations of the crucifixion in early Celtic metal-work, of which there are three specimens in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin. Two of these are engraved in Prof. I. O. Westwood's "Miniatures of the Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS.," and the third in Stuart's "Sculptured Stones of Scotland." The last of these, which is a beautifully executed piece of *repoussé* work in bronze, is far the finest of the three. It was procured by the late Dr. Petrie at Athlone, and

is supposed by him to have been made at Clonmacnois, by one of the artificers in metal who are mentioned in the "Annals of the Four Masters" as practising their craft at this centre of art and learning. I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. MacEniry, the Curator of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, for a photograph of this interesting

object. The tunic of the Saviour upon the bronze plate from Athlone is ornamented with interlaced work, key patterns and spirals, as was the case with the sculptured slab from the old chapel on the Calf of Man. In all the Irish crucifixions the character of the Celtic artist comes out in his passion for transforming everything into ornament. Thus the ends of the hair, the nose and the ears become spirals, and in the Psalter of St. John's College, Cambridge, the beard is made up of interlaced work.

The tunic covering the body of Christ was looked upon, not as drapery falling in graceful folds, but merely as so much blank space available for the display of the skill of the decorator. In the miniatures of the Irish MSS. the lines in-



THE CRUCIFIXION, FROM A CELTIC BRONZE.

(In the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.)

dicating the folds of the drapery are converted into margins, edged with colour dividing up the whole into strips which are often formed into knots. On the sculptured stones and metal-work all attempt at realism is set aside, and the surface covered with conventional ornament having no relation to the form of the object upon which it is placed.

In conclusion, it is to be hoped that the few brief notes here put together may tempt some of the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART to enter upon a more thorough investigation of this and other subjects which tend to illustrate the history of Christian art in Great Britain.



A STORM IN AUTUMN.

(From the Picture by John Linnell.)

## LORD ARMSTRONG'S COLLECTION OF MODERN PICTURES.—II.

By E. RIMBAULT DIBDIN.

**R**ETURNING to the great masters of landscape we find an embarrassing variety of remarkable work awaiting description. The epoch-making Constable is not strongly in evidence, but his "Dedham" and the earlier "Scene near Highgate" sufficiently illustrate the methods of his different periods. The latter is a very picturesque and attractive composition, with a fine treatment of a storm effect. The antique grace and classical feeling of Richard Wilson make themselves felt in his well-known engraved picture of a scene at Tivoli; and Morland's swift, decisive hand is manifest in a large "Roadside Ale-house," in which various rustic figures are skilfully grouped outside a mean cottage. By the elder Richardson there are several works in oil and water-colour, the former remarkable for the rich, unforced colour in which he excelled. The "Roughtin Brig" is picturesquely com-

posed, and the waterfall is ably painted. Copley Fielding's "Sussex Downs" is a thoroughly characteristic drawing of a wide expanse of country bounded by swelling hills. Mingled rain and sunshine furnish variety of light and shade, and give occasion for the employment of masterly gradation of atmospheric values.

Clarkson Stanfield's scene "On the French Coast" displays that painter's unerring science in painting the sea, and there are characteristic marine pieces by Mr. James Webb and Vandevelde. Of living painters of the sea, the only representative is Mr. J. C. Hook, of whom there are two delightful examples—"Washerwomen, Brittany" (1866), and "The Lobster Pots" (1868). In the former the water, by whose margin the women are kneeling at their work, is exquisitely painted, and the colour-scheme is charming. W. Collins, Old Crome, E. W.

Cooke, Danby, and P. Nasmyth are among other landscapists sufficiently represented.

"A Storm in Autumn," painted in 1856 by the elder Linnell, is a grand and impressive composition. A furious tempest is just about to break over an undulating country laden with the rich spoils of the harvest. One terrific flash of lightning is shooting from the centre of a hideous mass of black cloud which dominates the sky. The scared reapers are hurrying to shelter with an animated reality which expresses most forcibly the moment when the first stinging drops of rain are heralded by the rattle of celestial artillery and sudden, wild, tornado-like gusts of wind. An appropriate companion picture is Mr. Vicat Cole's "Sunset—a Pause in the Storm," which, though away from the painter's manner in some respects, represents a scene in his favourite Surrey. A heathy waste, with a clump of trees in the centre of the canvas, and the distance bounded by the characteristic low hills of the district, is vividly lit up by the blaze of an angry sunset. The horizon is an intense red, and broad rays of flame-coloured light shoot out through the ragged masses of black cloud that hang threateningly in the heavens. Though in a very bold key, the colour-scheme is well controlled, and the picture is one of the artist's most brilliant efforts.

These two fine works worthily flank on either side the most famous landscape in the collection, the "Chill October" of Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., the first and noblest of his great landscapes. It would be superfluous to describe in detail a picture which is known intimately by every British lover of art; those who have not seen the original being familiar with the choice etching of it by M. Brunet-Debaines, or other and minor reproductions. With a broad sobriety of perfectly-felt tone, which is almost suggestive of French influence, there is wedded a perception of exquisite subtlety in colour wholly the painter's own. Lord Armstrong mentions the curious fact that, when some distinguished Chinese travellers visited his collection, this perfect expression of the European sense of poetic landscape was the picture which interested them most. It was secured at the Mendel sale in 1875, five years after it was painted, for £3,255. It was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1871, and has since been seen at the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition, the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1878 (where it gained the *Grand Prix*), the Fine Art Society's Gallery in 1881, the Millais Exhibition of 1886, and the Guildhall Exhibition of 1890.

Another aspect of the painter's genius is amply illustrated by "Jephthah and his Daughter," painted in 1867, and also acquired at the Mendel sale for £3,990. (See Frontispiece.) In a strange nondescript interior,

half-palace, half-pavilion, the triumphant warrior sits, crushed by the terrible doom brought upon him by his hasty vow. On his knee sits his only child, calm and grave, looking before her with the awful intensity of one who sees death already at hand. She is robed in white, semi-transparent drapery, with a jewelled circlet in her fair hair, and an armlet on her arm. Among the attendants, the central figure, a fair woman in a pale-blue robe and holding a scarlet timbrel, is particularly noticeable. In strong contrast to her is the short dark girl in a striped dress and black shawl, whose almost Aztec profile commands notice. Another head beyond these, with a lilac cloth over the hair, shows a lovely profile. On the floor, with its uncouth pavement of small square stones, there lie in the extreme right of the foreground some musical instruments, which suggest the triumphant revelry that has been suddenly silenced. The story is told with the intense force which never failed the painter in his too few works of this sort, and the painting is a masterpiece of complete expression, worthily seconded by the perfectly-ordered treatment of the gorgeous colour-scheme. Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay sat for Jephthah.

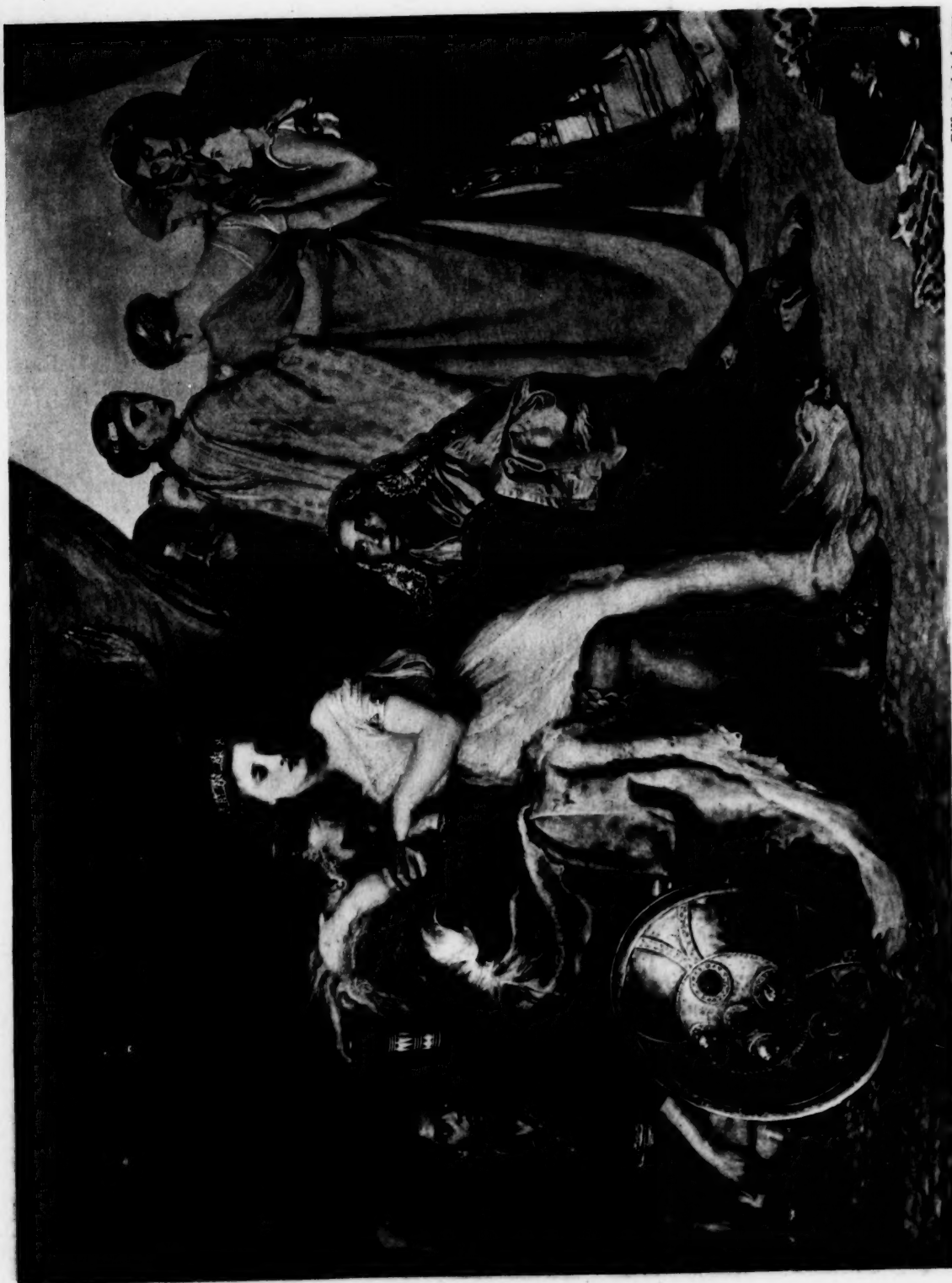
Flanking the "Jephthah" on either side are a "Spanish Flower Seller," by John Phillip, R.A., and Sir Frederick Leighton's "A Noble Lady of Venice." This latter, as will be seen by our illustration on p. 196, is a half-length in profile of a lady in the full maturity of refined and stately beauty, holding and smelling white azaleas in a blue-and-red Chinese vase. The wavy, dark auburn hair is nearly all hidden by a pale lilac-embroidered silk kerchief, which harmonises with the heavily-embroidered robe encrusted with decorations in gold, blue, and pink. Even the surface of the dull old-gold background, embossed with fruits in low relief, carries out the idea of luxuriously-laboured adornment. While instinct with the noble beauty which the President of the Royal Academy seldom fails to attain to in painting such subjects, this canvas displays an unusual firmness and reality in the suggestion of textures. A large "Interior of a Mosque" shows the facility of Sir Frederick's brush in treating a widely-different and for him unusual subject. The Phillip already mentioned is a superbly-painted example of his assured brush-work, and is radiant with rich colour. By this artist there are also a "Donna Pepita," a portrait of a lady of Spanish type; a delightful, laughing, rustic girl, entitled "The Merry Heart;" and an unfinished "Melon Seller," which was on the artist's easel when he died. Two figures—those of the market woman and the lady with a child—are quite finished, and show the painter's hand had lost none of its cunning.

One of the chief pictorial ornaments of the library









Riffarth photograph.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

Sir Everett Millican Bart, RA. pinxt

Magazine of Art.



is a canvas by Mr. Albert Moore, which is quite away from his usual class of subjects, by reason of its representing rapid motion. Six stately maidens of the perfect Greek type so much affected by the painter are running across the scene, behind a line of smooth, straight tree-trunks, engaged in the game of "Follow my Leader." The front one is turning round and faces the spectator. They are all clothed in the delightful diaphanous draperies always employed by Mr. Moore: undergarments of darkish hue, and with green or blue shawls. Some have

where the supreme painter of Italy breathed his last—whether his end was soothed by the gentle ministrations of the fair Margarita, or witnessed by the company of his friends and pupils, as represented by the artist. The motive of the picture is supplied by the legend that in the early morning, when he felt the end near at hand, Raffaele had the window opened that he might once more look at the glory of the sun before his eyes closed for ever. He is represented lying on a bed by a window, through which the clear, luminous sky of early



THE DEAD SHEPHERD.

(From the Painting by H. H. Emmerson.)

red head-dresses, and the hair is tightly coiled in close, heavy plaits. To the right of the picture, at the side farthest from the leader, is a merry boy, in a short green tunic, with legs wholly bare. The scene is in a garden gay with flowers and butterflies, and in the distance, beyond delicately-massed trees and green slopes, is seen the blue sea. There is a pleasant unexpectedness about the sentiment of the picture which has quaintly Botticellian touches in some of the figures. Is the smiling boy emblematic of Cupid, slyly waiting to shoot his fatal bolt among the serene, unconscious, fancy-free maidens?

"The Death of Raffaele," painted in 1866, is probably the most important picture produced by H. O'Neil, and is treated so adequately as to occasion regret that he did not oftener brace himself to large undertakings. The incident is, of course, more or less imaginary, as it is not precisely known how or

dawn over the Pincian Hill is seen. At the head of the bed stand his disconsolate pupils, and at the foot are monks, whose office is suggested by the burning candles and sacramental vessels that stand on a cabinet near them. One is drawing a green curtain which covers the master's last work, "The Transfiguration." In front of the bed sits an ecclesiastical dignitary in red—doubtless one of the painter's great patrons—and a physician, who holds one nerveless hand, as if watching the fluttering pulse. Lying unheeded on the coverlet are a rosary and some scattered violets and primroses.

The composition and colour are dignified and effective, and the sentiment of the scene is conveyed in a temperate but quite adequate manner. It is characteristic of the eccentricity of the painter that when the picture was selected as one of the representative English works to be shown at the



Paris Exposition of 1878, he wrote to the owner objecting to its being sent, solely on the ground that the committee of selection, by which it was chosen, did not, in his opinion, consist wholly of persons competent to judge in questions of art.

Fedele" is a distemper drawing of a young woman of remarkable and noble beauty, playing on an old-fashioned viol, with an antique music book before her, in a library decorated with rich hangings and wall-paintings of saints. Her dress is chiefly white and



A NOBLE LADY OF VENICE.

(From the Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)

Of figure subjects there still remain one or two others which require notice. A powerful crayon drawing of "Gretchen," by Rossetti, dated 1868, shows Goethe's hapless heroine half undressed and lost in wonder over the casket of jewels. Sir Frederick W. Burton's obscurely-named "Cassandra

adorned with blue ribbons, while a single tie of a purplish blue binds her heavy black hair, which, under a laurel crown, falls in one long straight tail behind her. It is a fine example of a painter whose work is unfortunately very rare. It is said that the model was a young lady of remarkable



THE DEATH OF RAFAELLE.

(From the *Painting* by H. O'Neil. Engraved by T. Kien.)



talents and still more remarkable individuality, some of her accomplishments being suggested by the accessories of the picture. Portraiture, pure and simple, has a very minor place in the collection; but mention must be made of a striking portrait of Lord Armstrong by Mr. G. F. Watts, and another by Mrs. Waller, which, if less admirable as a painting, is perhaps the happier of the two as a portrait.

Among the illustrations accompanying this article is a reproduction of "The Dead Shepherd," by H. H. Emmerson, whose work was referred to on page 163.

In reviewing the art-treasures of Cragside, it has not been possible to avoid certain omissions, but on the whole the reader will be able to form a very fair idea of the character and scope of the pictures in the collection. Of the innumerable other art-objects which abound, it would be vain to attempt an account in a reasonable space. Statuary in bronze and marble, *cloisonné* ware, and old blue-and-white Nankin china, all lend a charm to the general effect. There are two very famous "Hawthorn" jars, said to be the only perfect specimens extant. Among the many curiosities of the collection is a table of

finely-grained oak—a greenish black with extreme age—made from a log which was taken from the foundations of Hadrian's Bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle, built in the year CXX., and therefore a portion of a tree which was flourishing at the beginning of the Christian era. There is a lovely cabinet of light wood, elaborately decorated with amorini, flowers, and fruit, by Angelica Kauffman. Two of the most striking features of the interior of the building are the ingle-nooks in the dining and drawing rooms. On the former, which is in the Tudor style, is the excellent sentiment, "East or west, home's best." That in the drawing-room is a magnificent marble and alabaster construction in the highly-decorated Renaissance style, which occupies from floor to roof the greater part of one end of the room. When the eyes are weary of looking at the achievements of art, it is delightful to retreat from them to the terrace, and contemplate with renewed pleasure the wonderful surrounding scene of natural beauty, all the nearer part of it the result of the untiring energy of Lord Armstrong, who may justifiably regard with pride his most important work of art—the paradise he has evoked from a stony wilderness.

## JEAN-LOUIS-ERNEST MEISSONIER (1812-1891).

By WALTER ARMSTRONG.

"**M**EISSONIER est entré dans la gloire," said M. Albert Wolff as long ago as 1884. The occasion was the show of some hundred and fifty of his creations at the Galerie de la Rue de Sèze. Whether the *spirituel* critic of the *Figaro* spoke prematurely or not it is still too soon to decide. And yet seven years have passed since those pictures, almost the master's life-work, were seen, and now Meissonier is dead. If I were told to describe in words what it is that makes a great painter, I should find it difficult to include any tangible gift that the deceased man was without. He was a superb draughtsman, he was a master of composition, so far as that quality will submit to mastery; he understood and could realise expression, and his dramatic power was great; his colour was not disagreeable in his better moments, and his execution has never been excelled in precision, intelligence, and general sufficiency. And yet, with all these virtues, he failed to touch the deeper natures—with all these powers he failed to satisfy the more refined perceptions. The fact is he lacked temperament. He could rise to the notion of a Bonaparte. He could

paint him at a heroic moment, and could—by a sort of consummate stage management—bring out his heroism. But he could not clothe him in that subtle envelope of art which has given a perennial charm to the doings of many a Dutch cook. It is by the intensity of his own interest and by the patient skill with which he contrives to give it voice, that he fascinates his public. Everyone knows the story of how he painted Napoleon's coat for the "Campagne de France, 1814." He borrowed the famous "redingote grise" from the Musée des Souverains. He had a facsimile made of it, a facsimile reproducing every sign of accident and wear. Putting this on, he would sit for hours at a stretch on a wooden horse, marking, in the mirror before him, the fall of the skirt, the curve of the hems, and the play of daylight on the grey. The conception so painfully brought to birth came near to perfect credibility. It had, too, at its service the clearest eye, and the most dexterous, conscientious fingers that even France has produced. If perfect imitation be perfect art, then we should waste time in looking for anything more complete than this "1814," or the "1807," or the little portrait of the Emperor which once belonged to Mr. Ruskin. Unfortunately, or fortunately, according to the way



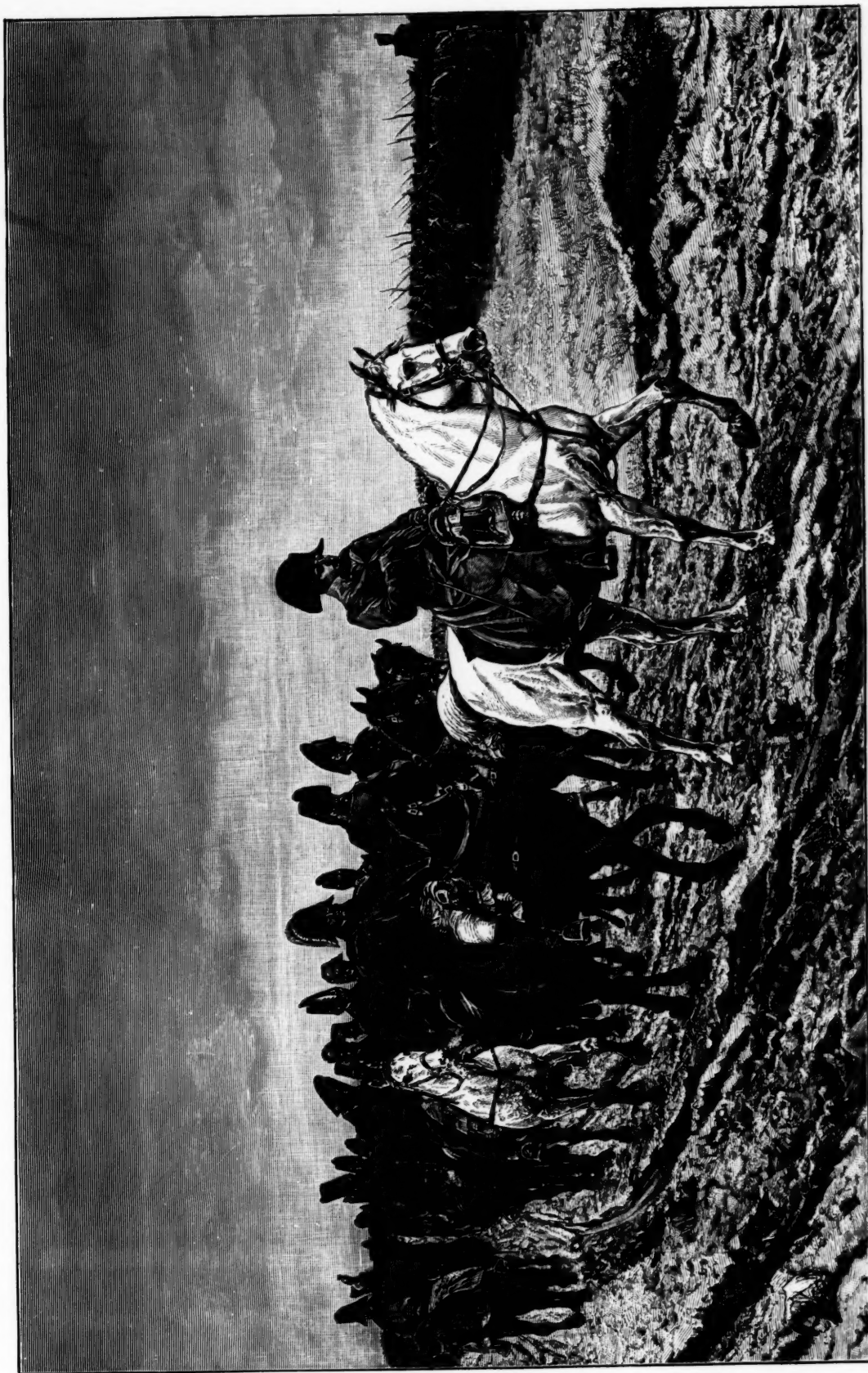


J.-L.-E. MEISSONNIER AT WORK LAST YEAR IN HIS GARDEN AT POISSY.

(Drawn by A. L. Parys.)

you look at it, perfection does not make art any more than it makes a human being. A man may be a man, and yet lack all his limbs and many virtues. A picture may be a work of art, and yet be obnoxious

to all sorts of criticism that no one would fling at a Meissonnier. It is life that makes the man, and it is a spark from life, an informing idea breathing through design, and colour, and *facture*, which makes the



"1814."

(From the Painting by J.-L.-E. Meissonier.)

achievement we call a picture. In Meissonier's work there is little enough of this. His gifts were almost entirely objective. They were those of an observer, a manipulator, a scientist. He was interested rather in the fact itself than in its aesthetic capacities. It was characteristic of him that in his latter years he was fascinated by the doings of instantaneous photography, and perhaps, if he had been younger, he

career was uneventful. There seems to be some uncertainty as to the exact date of his birth, but it was about 1812. His father was a small shopkeeper, who moved from Lyons to Paris when his son was a boy. There is a tradition that the blood in his veins had flowed in those of Juste Aurèle Meissonier, the famous metal-worker. Juste Aurèle was born in Turin in 1695, his name being Gallicised from an



CONFIDENCES.

(From the Painting by J.-L.-E. Meissonier.)

would have given us pictures with men and horses in attitudes that no human eye could seize. As a workman Sir John Millais once said of him, "he was more complete than any Dutchman," and yet for the artist his best things will never have the charm which clings about a Metsu or a Vermeer, or even about the better examples of that comparatively inferior painter who most closely resembled himself—I mean Frans van Mieris the elder.

The facts of Ernest Meissonier's life have been told so often that it is unnecessary to repeat them at any length. Like most successful painters, his

Italian original. If this tradition is well founded, then Ernest Meissonier should have had an Italian strain in his art; and yet it is curiously free from anything of the sort. His masters in the French capital were Jules Potier, a now forgotten *Prix de Rome*, and the great teacher Léon Cogniet. In Cogniet's studio he became friends with Daumier, Daubigny, Steinheil, and with Louis Joseph Trimolet, who advised him to copy the Dutch pictures in the Louvre, and so had a decisive influence on his career. The last of his "teens" and his early manhood were chiefly occupied with book-illustrating, and their



results are now prizes to the amateur. As a painter he made his *début* at the Salon with a little picture now in Hertford House. This was in 1834. His next appearance was in 1836, when he exhibited his first "Partie d'Échecs," and first displayed the peculiar powers to which he owed his fame. Between 1838 and 1853 he exhibited some thirty

is now in the Luxembourg. He had been invited by the Emperor to accompany his staff in the Italian campaign, an invitation renewed in 1870, at the commencement of the war with Germany. This time, however, the French reverses upset the painter's calculation, and he returned, not without difficulty, to Paris. The most important result of



A RECONNOISSANCE.

(From the Painting by J.-L.-E. Meissonier.)

pictures and drawings which have since become classics, and then in 1855, the year of the first "Exposition," he finally established his vogue with "Une Rixe," the picture now at Windsor. The story of its acquisition by the Queen is well known. Prince Albert saw it in the Salon, was captivated, and next day found it, with the Emperor's best wishes, in his room at the Élysée. It is now more widely known than ever, through the etching by Bracquemond. In 1861, and again in 1864, Meissonier exhibited a "Napoleon at Solferino;" the second

his warlike experiences was the cycle of pictures dealing with the campaigns of Napoleon the First. These began with the "1814," a picture which only last year broke a record in the matter of price. It was sold to M. Chauchard, of the Magasins du Louvre, for £32,000—a sum far in excess of anything ever given, either before or since, for the work of a living painter. The second picture of the cycle, "Les Cuirassiers," was destroyed by fire in New York—a repetition of part of it was in the collection of M. Secrétan. The third is the famous "1807,"



or "Friedland," which has lately been again to the fore through the water-colour replica etched by M. Jacquet. The original picture was bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, and is now, I believe, in the Metropolitan Museum of that city. At the time of his death Meissonier was at work on a fourth picture of the series, and had, I am told, brought it virtually to completion. It deals with Marengo, the first of the great Napoleonic victories.

It is often asserted by inaccurate people that Meissonier never painted a woman. Everyone who has taken any interest in him knows that to be untrue. The print-shops in London are enough to prove the contrary, for at least two plates after him in which female figures occur hang at this moment in most of their windows. To many, however, even among those who are familiar with his work, it may be news that one of his finest productions, one of the few pictures in which he touches us by purely artistic qualities, has a woman for its chief actor. This is the little work known as "Le Baiser," or "Le Baiser d'adieu." Painted in the same year as "Une Rixe," it is infinitely more pictorial in conception, more closely knit in design, more agreeable in colour. A young woman has met her lover at the entrance to the wood. They have had their tender passages, and the moment has come to say good-bye. She raises her face, bringing out the beauty of her throat and neck, and his lips seek hers. Every line of both figures is graceful, expressive, and full of reticent *volupté*, and their envelope of colour and atmosphere is such as Meissonier rarely if ever

equalled. "Le Baiser" suggests that Meissonier's neglect of the fairer half of creation sprang less from the heart than the head, and that had he listened more to his feelings and less to his ambition he might have been a more sympathetic artist than he was.

Meissonier was married early in life to the sister of his fellow-student Steinheil, the famous glass-painter. By this lady, who died some two or three years ago, he had a son, Charles, whose reputation as a painter in his father's *genre* is now considerable. Meissonier espoused, *en secondes noces*, a lady who had long been on intimate terms with his family. In his later years he had added other interests to those of his art. At Poissy, near St. Germain, where he had a country house and a second studio, he became the local Mayor, and was never better pleased than when girt with the tricolour scarf and marrying a rustic couple. Two years ago, when the society of French artists split into two camps over the "exempt" question, he led the seceders, and did much to secure the success of the undertaking, which came to be called the "Salon Meissonier." But perhaps the chief event of his life was the exhibition already alluded to in the Rue de Sèze. Held in 1884, it marked the lapse of fifty years from his first appearance at the Salon. That it set the seal on his fame cannot yet be asserted, but at least it showed how abundantly he was endowed with the French gifts of patience, of delight in technique, and of thoroughness in all that has to do with manipulation and form.



SPRING.

(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

THE MODERN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE,  
AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE "GRANDS PRIX" AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.  
GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



ANY causes combined to make of the English Exhibition at the Exposition Universelle an unusual success, and to impart to it, especially in the eyes of Frenchmen and foreigners generally, an exceptional piquancy and attractiveness. Everywhere else the sway of France, though her influence might vary in degree, or might not exercise an unopposed domination, made itself felt. From the artistic triumphs of French artists in the *Centennale*, and the emptier and less satisfying, if technically not less remarkable, displays of the French schools, which covered the walls and filled the huge halls of the *Décennale*, let the student of modern European art pass forth in search of stimulating novelty and contrast. In frozen Scandinavia as in sunny Italy and Spain; in sober Holland and Belgium as in not less sober Germany; in Russia, Austro-Hungary, Roumania, and Greece on the one hand, as in the New World on the other, he would still find France, always France, in some phase or other—either interpenetrating or altogether overwhelming indigenous art.

The noble and pathetic if sad-hued and depressing school of modern Holland practises, indeed, no slavish imitation of French models, but it depends far more at the present time on French example than on that of the great Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. Belgium, again, boasts too many great traditions of her own, and has behind her too many great examples, to succumb altogether to foreign influence. But the successive phases of her art in the nineteenth century have owed much to her great neighbour, and she is more and more being attracted within the sphere of France's influence.

Modern Germany, as we have shown, has, by no means for the first time, succumbed in matters artistic to the magnetic attraction of its hereditary enemy, and, led by Max Liebermann and Fritz von Uhde, has adopted the most advanced principles of *plein air* and *luminarisme*, while developing upon

this basis a sober and serious realistic art of its own. Russia still fluctuates between the influences of Paris and Munich; and Italy contents herself in the main with a futile, if occasionally brilliant, *art de commerce*, practised by painters who owe much in technique both to France herself and to a semi-Gallicised Spain from which sprung Fortuny and his satellite Señor Madrazo; the prosaic frivolity of this art being, however, partly redeemed by such more personal masters as Michetti, Morelli, and, latterly, Segantini. Spanish art, apart from the moribund Italo-Spanish or Ibero-Italian fashion just referred to, appears to flow just now in two distinct and, indeed, diverging streams—the one reflecting the latest phase of that less emotional realism which is for the time being fashionable in France, the other expending its force in a vain, if sincere and strenuous, attempt to revive the romantic school, by depicting scenes from the historic past of the land.

Austro-Hungary preserves in its schools of painting an empty sumptuousness, a stifling atmosphere of *parvenu* splendour, which gives it an unenviable cachet of its own, without, however, entitling it to assert its entire independence of French models belonging to an earlier phase of nineteenth century art. Artistic Scandinavia—whether we take its Danish, its Swedish, its Norwegian, or its Finnish subsection—is in its methods more entirely French than any other group, save perhaps that of the United States. Yet, as has already been pointed out in a preceding section of these remarks, this brilliant modern school—the most optimistic of those which take as their standpoint an uncompromising realism—is saved from slavish subjection by the racy freshness and purity, the austere charm, which it expresses in dealing with its own northern humanity.

The younger generation of English artists show themselves by no means insensible to the fascinations of the technical methods invented by France, and give pretty certain indications that they will more and more in the future succumb to that wave of influence which is for good or for evil overwhelming Europe and America. How, indeed, even though protected by the "silver streak," should they hope to completely escape that motor force in art which

is radiating from France, as have done so many previous revolutions in matters politic, social, and artistic? Nevertheless, it remains to be seen whether this inevitable phase of artistic transition may not be passed through with profit and advantage to our art also; and whether a vivifying shock may not thus be given to a school in which death has mown down one after the other, the more vigorous among the younger leaders, thus limiting the possibilities of a regeneration from within. All will depend on the capacity which our younger artists show for preserving the true national flavour and the sincerity of the national accent, while accepting a metamorphosis and further development of technical methods.

On the whole, however, the dominant tone of the English display at the recent Exposition Universelle was characteristically and sincerely national, with all the merits, and also all the drawbacks, attaching to the national standpoint. This it was which charmed the French connoisseurs and the French public. They were on the one hand proudly conscious, without a doubt, of the universality of the French influence and of the commanding examples to be seen everywhere of the national audacity and the national power of self-development; yet, on the other, they were weary of finding modern Gaul everywhere—whithersoever their footsteps might wander.

It would be idle to contend that England can claim any considerable share in the well-established fame of Mr. Laurenz Alma-Tadema, R.A.—acclimatised and naturalised Englishman though he undoubtedly now is—and, for this reason, a *Grand Prix* conferred upon him, as it was at the exhibition, is hardly in any true sense a tribute to the excellence of English art proper. We English have, and have always had, a quaint fashion, comforting enough to the national pride, of appropriating and placing among our worthies the foreign painters and musicians whom, having attracted to our shores, we persuade to take permanent root among us. Thus we claim a part, and a tolerably large one, in the achievements of a Holbein, a Vandyck, a Lely, a Kneller—even in those of Angelica Kauffman, whom we might surely contentedly surrender to the foreigner—though upon these masters our influence has been merely the inevitably and often unconsciously operating one of *milieu*, and in no sense an artistic influence proper. We cling to Handel as a national glory, though he came to us full-fledged and took little or nothing from English music—mainly because his ultimate self-development was much influenced by English feeling and the English mode of thought in sacred musical art. Such an appropriation is comprehensible and justifiable in

the case of a painter like Professor Herkomer, whose art, while still retaining a Teutonic colouring, has undergone, under the influence of English models, a complete metamorphosis. It is not justifiable in the case of an artist such as Mr. J. McNeill Whistler, whose training has been French, while the distinctive quality of his subtle talent, with its peculiar sensitiveness to visual phenomena of unusual delicacy, is Franco-American, and anything rather than English. Not more justifiable is the appropriation in the case of Mr. Alma-Tadema, whose origin was Dutch, while his early artistic training was Flemish, and his further development has been influenced by those luminaries of French art who in his youthful time stood high in the heavens. During his prolonged residence among us neither has his standpoint varied nor have his technical methods—founded in the first instance on those of the Belgian master Baron Leys—been influenced by English example. Although his field has been almost exclusively that of Egyptian, classical, and barbaric antiquity, he has in the mitigated realism and wealth of splendid detail with which he treats subjects which are, as a rule, not of any great dramatic or any deeply human significance, points of remarkable resemblance to his illustrious ancestors among the Dutch “Small Masters” of the seventeenth century. He has, on the other hand, few or none with the pathetic Franco-Dutch school of modern Holland. The peculiar attraction of the method, and the enduring popularity of the master who practises it, are, without doubt, due to the piquancy of the contrast between the unassuming realism of the main motives selected for interpretation and the splendour of the environment, the elaboration of the deftly restored or brilliantly imagined archaeological *mise-en-scène*, with which they are accompanied. Mr. Alma-Tadema has taken nothing from England but some few types of English humanity, chosen, however, of necessity rather from the point of view of their adaptability to the peculiar wants of the artist than for any genuinely national character. The work which obtained for him the much-coveted honour of the *Grand Prix* was the well-known “Women of Amphisia,” a subject of a higher poetic import, and requiring a wider vision and a broader, nobler style of treatment, than could be brought to bear on the themes appertaining to the category of *genre intime* chiefly affected by the artist. It will be remembered by those who saw the picture at the Royal Academy that its main motive is furnished by the contrast between recumbent groups of Mænads, who, exhausted by the fury of their mad revels in honour of Dionysus, have lain down to sleep in the market-place of Amphisia, and the gathering of matrons and virgins of the city, who, fresh and pure in their white robes, have



come in the grey light of early morning to contemplate and to tend them with sisterly tenderness. It must be owned that the dramatic element of the subject, this same contrast between the reposeful purity, the womanly pity of the Women of Amphissa, and the tormented sleep of exhaustion of the lately maddened votaries of the wine-god, has been greatly missed; for, in truth, it is altogether beyond the scope and the power of conception of the artist. There is nevertheless much to admire both in the conception and the execution of the picture, if we accept Mr. Tadema's calm, unemotional standpoint. Especially the skilful grouping of the prostrate Mænads, clad in white draperies like their wiser sisters; the happy way in which the sinuous lines formed by these contrast and yet harmonise with the perpendicular lines of the standing figures; and, above all, the beautiful pearly greyiness of tone—obtained from the white draperies, the marbles, the fair flesh and blonde tresses of the women—charm the beholder and explain the choice of the international jury.

The vigorous masculine art of Mr. Henry Moore, A.R.A., burst as a surprise upon continental connoisseurs, and deservedly carried all before it. Those who saw for the first time such magnificent marine pictures as the "After Rain, Fine Weather," lent by Mr. Louis Huth, and "The Newhaven Packet," lent by the Corporation of Birmingham, were astonished at the truth and beauty of these heaving blue-green waves, modelled with consummate truth and skill, and instinct with that palpitating ocean life which so few limners of the sea have known how to communicate to their transcripts. It is only a study of Mr. Moore's works year after year that reveals the well-defined limitations of his sincere and noble art, and his want of catholicity even in the class of subjects to which he with scarce an exception adheres. Nevertheless, we think the jury did wisely in preferring his marine poems even to those of the veteran Mr. Hook, R.A., who was on this occasion rewarded with a gold medal. The latter has more variety and more subtlety of technique—though he too has his limitations—and, moreover, his works have a national character which has led a French critic of eminence, M. André Michel, to describe them sympathetically as exhaling "*l'accent d'une prière*." On the other hand, his successful rival has a bolder sweep of brush, a greater breadth and passion of conception, and a more real originality of treatment.

Judging by the number and the degree of the recompenses accorded to English sculptors, the international tribunal of that section by no means remained insensible to the regeneration of the plastic art in England during the last decade. We are here

concerned only with the two artists, Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Mr. Gilbert, A.R.A., to whom were accorded the highest recompenses within the gift of the jury. The brilliant and variously gifted President must—if a guess may be hazarded—have been not a little astonished at being declared by the Paris Areopagus worthy of the *Grand Prix* as a sculptor, while in the department of painting his elaborate, academic "Andromachè" was held to deserve only a gold medal. Something, indeed, may have been thought to be due to the dignity of his position, to his general accomplishments, and his enthusiasm in the furtherance of art. It would be idle to deny that the President's great bronze statue, "The Sluggard," has great merits of conception and much grace of general outline, or that extraordinary pains have been lavished on the modelling of the figure. But these pains, I believe, have been excessive, and result, indeed, in the production of a human form in which each muscle stands forth as in the frame of the over-developed athlete, with the consequence that the whole has the aspect rather of an *écorché* than of a supple and beautiful youth such as the sculptor has sought to represent. This over-development, this over-anxiety to exert academical and anatomical accomplishments, is especially out of place when the aim is, as in the present instance, to display a type rather of voluptuous ease than of heroic enterprise. Not so did Praxiteles shape his "Hermes," and still less his "Faun" or his "Sauroktonos;" not so did Pheidias represent his river-god "Ilissus," or the severe Polykleitos fashion even his athletic "Doryphoros," which aimed at displaying the ideal of manly strength and power.

The interesting art of Mr. Gilbert is realistic, and rather picturesque than truly sculptural in its methods of execution. But it is the realism of fifteenth-century Florence rather than that of to-day that this sculptor affects, and his conceptions are, moreover, coloured with an added shade of romanticism altogether his own. His distinctive manner and standpoint were adequately revealed by his five contributions to the Exposition Universelle, although these included no work of important dimensions; neither the "Enchanted Chair" nor the great seated statue of Queen Victoria, executed for Winchester, being there. The beautiful statuette of "Icarus"—who, it will be remembered, is represented as armed with his artificial wings, and about to launch himself into space—met in Paris with the appreciation which its fanciful conception and elaborately picturesque execution merit; although its striking resemblance to an earlier work—the neo-Florentine statue of the youthful David, by M. Mercié—was made additionally clear by the presence of a marble version of the latter performance in the



great hall of the *Centennale*. Not less characteristic of this leader of the younger British school was the smaller statuette, "Perseus;" while other examples from his hand were the "Sacrifice to Venus," a broadly handled "Head of an Old Man" lent by Mr. Heseltine, and a more subtly modelled "Head of a Girl" contributed by Mr. Luke Fildes. It is to be regretted that one side of Mr. Gilbert's

ing degree, blood also. America is in art France pure and simple—that is, America practising art in Europe; for of the waning school of indigenous artists practising on the other side we know little or nothing—an ignorance which is perhaps not very deeply to be deplored.

American artists are not only the children of French predecessors and contemporaries, but children who slavishly follow in their parents' footsteps, unprotected by any such national characteristics as preserve modern Scandinavian art from being nothing more than a mere off-shoot of the modern Parisian schools. It may be that the heterogeneous elements which go to make up the vast population of the United States are as yet too insufficiently welded together to possess any of those deeper and more strongly marked national characteristics which force their way to the surface in art. What modern American practitioners of art, taken as a whole, do possess is a marvellous imitative and assimilative power, with much daintiness and facile charm of execution in the most recent modes. It is for this reason that they are far ahead of their English compeers in emulating the more superficial, but by no means the deeper or more enduring, charms of the French schools which they take as their models. Thus it is not astonishing that a close and careful examination of the, from a technical point of view, very remarkable American collection shown at the Champ de Mars left behind it a prevailing sense of emptiness and disappointment. The art of the New World appears merely to skim the surface of things, concerning itself chiefly with their outward seeming, and shrinking from penetrating into their depths, or from



JOHN L. SARGENT.

(By Himself.)

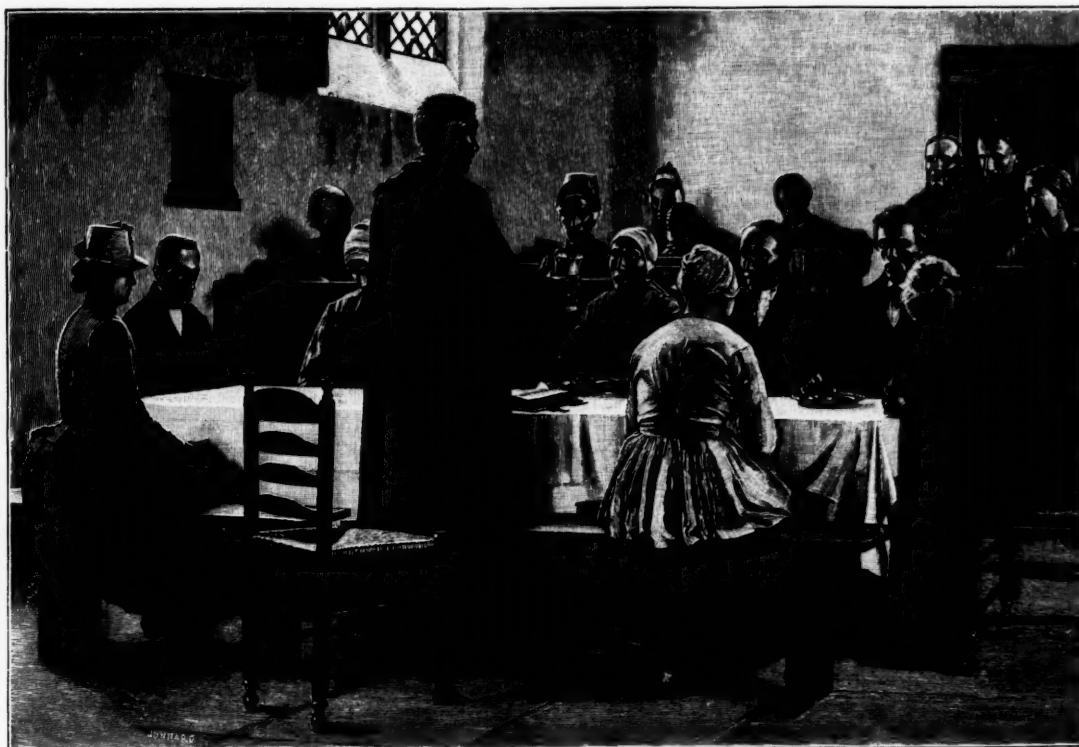
distinctive and brilliant talent—that of the fanciful and original artificer, revelling in the difficulties of ornamental art, and seeking to revive the triumphs in this branch of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—should have remained entirely without illustration in the display of the Champ de Mars.

Though necessity has compelled the bracketing together here of the English and the American schools, it must be owned that they show surprisingly few characteristics in common, considering that the two nations have in common language, literature, and in a considerable though diminish-

ing an original interpretation of nature which should carry the impress of a genuine, as distinguished from a simulated, artistic personality. Our cousins excel in the *métier* called "*faire les Rousseau*," "*faire les Carolus*," "*faire les Gérôme*," &c.; but whatever may be their success in technical matters, they do not, and naturally they cannot, succeed in assimilating the real emotional and artistic standpoint of their antitypes. Their process of self-development is altogether other; and seeing the things which they attempt to reproduce mainly from the outside, they fail to interpret them with

that inner truth which is an essential element of all higher and more enduring art. Perhaps their most distinctive artistic quality is a peculiar subtlety of material vision, such as in its perfection has mainly contributed to produce that rare, and in his own fashion undoubtedly true and exquisite, artist, Mr. J. McNeill Whistler. In this quality, as in a certain

distinction, however, does not adequately represent his real status, for Mr. Sargent was and is pre-eminently a painter for painters—that is, an artist who commands the admiration of his *confrères* even when he fails to secure that of the general public. He was to be judged as a portraitist only on the occasion of the exhibition, and it is as such that there was unhesi-



THE COMMUNION.

(From the Painting by J. G. Melchers. Engraved by Jomard.)

power—derived from continental training—of presenting things synthetically, and with a certain unity of conception, they may be said to excel their English brethren as much as they fall short of them in truth of national characterisation and in genuine sincerity of feeling.

It is only with the strongest qualifications, however, that any of the foregoing remarks can be taken to apply to the most distinguished among the modern painters of Transatlantic origin who exhibited in the American section, Mr. J. S. Sargent. He, however, though of American origin, is by birth a Florentine, and by training absolutely and entirely a Frenchman. A pupil of the famous French portraitist, M. Carolus-Duran, he early settled in Paris, and at once achieved a brilliant artistic as well as popular success—winning in 1881 a second medal at the Salon. This moderate

tatingly awarded to him one of the two *Grands Prix* given in this section. A certain imaginative quality which occasionally crops up in his work, as in the large "Dancing Gitana," the magnificent "Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," and that delicate piece of impressionism, the "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," purchased out of the Chantrey Bequest—a quality, by the way, of which we fancy the artist is just a little ashamed—was not to be detected in the brilliant series of canvases sent to the Champ de Mars. These included the large "Portrait of the Misses Boit," one of the most consummately skilful of Mr. Sargent's performances, although in it the imitation of his favourite model, Velasquez, is patent and avowed; the "Portrait of Mrs. Boit," that of "Mrs. Henry White," the group of the "Misses Vickers," and two other examples. The painter's attitude in the

portrayal of humanity is a peculiar one. He does not care, as a rule, to penetrate into the depths of the mental and emotional individuality, but prefers to give a subtle representation, faithful in its comprehensive truth, of the living, breathing man—or rather woman, for Mr. Sargent affects chiefly the fair sex—with an unsparing accentuation of physical peculiarities, and physical as distinguished from mental personality. He regards human nature not exactly as a misanthropist, but with a cold, unemotional curiosity which seeks satisfaction, and above all amusement, rather in the notation of these same physical peculiarities than in the delineation of the whole human being, with that sympathy and tenderness which has informed the works of some great masters of a past time, as of some great contemporaries. It is the lack of this peculiar quality—to the presence of which we might point in a Watts, a Lenbach, a Bastien-Lepage, an Elie-Delaunay, a Fantin-Latour, among moderns—which may prevent Mr. Sargent from attaining in his special branch a rank even higher than that which he already occupies in virtue of a talent the brilliancy and originality of which constitute a near approach to genius.

It must be frankly owned that the selection of Mr. J. Gari Melchers as the recipient of the only other *Grand Prix* accorded in this section came as a not altogether agreeable surprise, and that a closer appreciation of this painter's style and merits produced no conviction that the high honour attained by him had been beyond question deserved. A pupil of those classicists *par excellence*, Boulanger and M. Jules Lefèvre, but himself in temperament a realist, he had carried off in France only a third medal (1888), but had, at the Munich International Exhibition of the same year, obtained the highest distinction accorded—a first-class medal. In the treatment on an unusually large scale of subjects appertaining to modern sea-coast life, and derived evidently from Holland, Mr. Melchers gives evidence of his sound training in the classical school—his heads being drawn, modelled, and lighted with undeniable truth of observation and accuracy of execution, though with a glassiness of surface and a peculiar immobility which detracts much—especially in these scenes dealing with the spiritual as well as the everyday life of fisherfolk—from the effect of realism

and the life-like quality chiefly sought after. The three most important canvases by which this artist was represented—"The Communion," "The Sermon," and "Pilots"—are treated in absolutely identical fashion, and flooded with the same hard, all-pervading, northern daylight. None of them, to do Mr. Melchers justice, lack a certain element of seriousness and pathos—all too uncommon in American art—such as, taken in conjunction with the painter's name, leads us to suspect a continental (Dutch or Scandinavian) origin.

Still, if it appeared absolutely necessary to give a second *Grand Prix* at all, it might more fittingly have been accorded to Mr. Alexander Harrison for his masterly piece of modern realism, "In Arcadia"—a study of nude women bathing and disporting themselves in a tremulous sunlight which filters through the leafy branches of trees—and for the beautiful "Châteaux en Espagne," showing on the sea-shore a boy, who has been building sand-castles, and now lies on his back, happily dreaming with blue eyes wide-open and gazing upwards at the heavens.

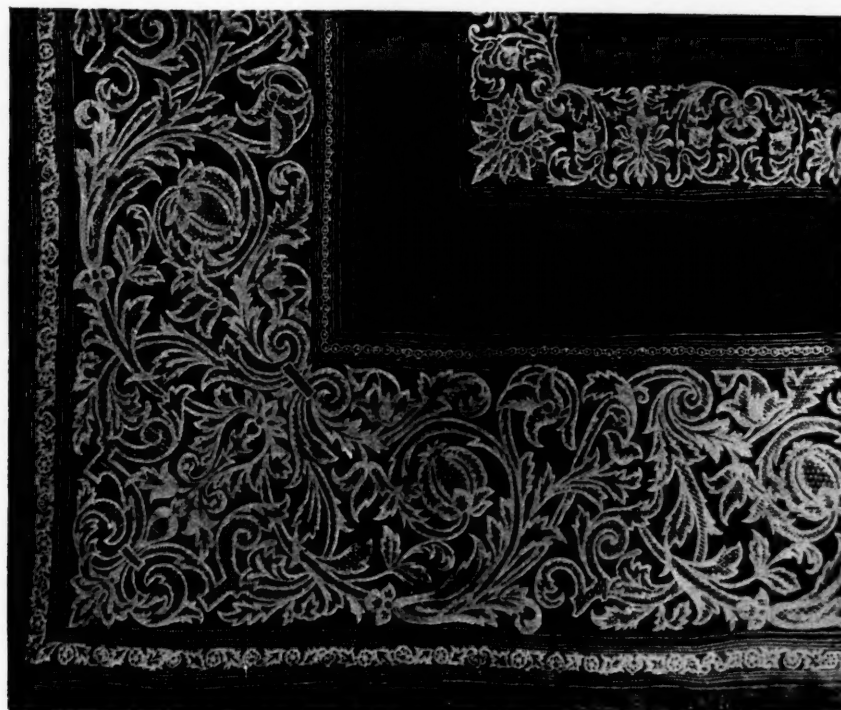
We are not called upon here to appreciate the undeniable merits of Mr. W. T. Dannat, a noted pupil of M. Munkacsy, who, being on the jury, was thus deprived of the honours which would otherwise have fallen to his share. As an executant possessing great sureness and facility of brush, and a certain *brio* in the rendering of the not very distinctive or pictorially attractive subjects chosen for representation, he would command greater admiration, did not a certain coarseness of fibre, not justified by any special conviction of his mission as a realist, mar his most prominent productions, such as "Un Quatuor" and "Une Sacristie en Aragon." Mr. Edwin Abbey's great success in Paris as a draughtsman—marked as it was by his achievement of a gold medal—must commend itself to all Englishmen; for in the large series of drawings there exhibited he revealed once more a wealth of tenderness of peculiarly English quality. If, in addition to this precious attribute, which is rare indeed among his fellow-countrymen, he could command in a fuller degree true dramatic characterisation and that dramatic thrill which serves invisibly but surely to bind together the personages of a scene—qualities which are lacking in his most ambitious compositions—he would in his special branch of art have few if any rivals.

## SOME RECENT IRISH LACES.

By ALAN S. COLE.

THE title "lace" has been used in respect of very various things. In the fifteenth century it was a descriptive term for narrow braids, cords, boot, stay, and sleeve laces; a century later it was used in regard to trimmings, insertions, and borders of open

nated lace. The nineteenth century has seen the development of such machinery, and the open ornamental tissue which it produces is commonly known as Nottingham and Calais lace. There are survivals of the different handicraft processes for making



CORNER OF A CURTAIN, LIMERICK LACE (EMBROIDERY ON NET).

(Made at Mrs. Vere O'Brien's School, Limerick.)

ornamental thread-work done by the needle, or on the pillow with bobbins. Similar open ornamental work was, however, in the nature of embroidery worked upon a foundation of some sort, such as fine linen, from which pieces were cut out and then filled in with little devices of needlework, or, again, as net, upon which different patterns were lightly darned. It would require a considerable amount of space to describe in detail the several sorts of needlework, and of plaited and twisted threadwork, made on cushions with bobbins, all of which have been classified under the comprehensive title of lace. At the end of the eighteenth century, machines were invented to knit a fabric or net, which, from its apparent likeness to embroideries on hand-made nets, was eventually desig-

varieties of lace which were in vogue from the sixteenth century onwards; so that now, when speaking of lace, it has become necessary to specify "hand-made lace" as distinct from "machine-made lace." The enormous quantity of the latter which has been poured forth by factories during the last forty years probably far exceeds all of the former made between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries. And machine-made laces are known to a greater number of people than those acquainted with hand-made laces. Still, machine-made laces have not secured an independent position; their acceptance into popular favour depends upon effects of pattern, similar in general appearance to those of hand-made laces. Nevertheless the texture of these machine-made laces is uniform



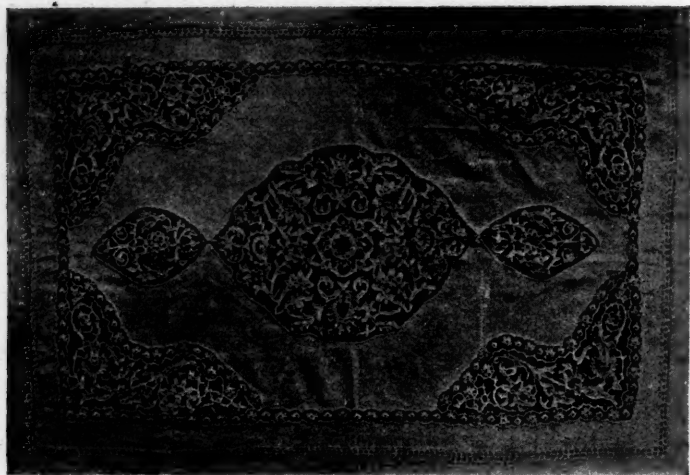
in character, without variations of make which are important features in hand-made laces. Manufacturers of machine laces employ designers, who de-

Convents, I propose to deal briefly with a few specimens of new Irish lace-work, produced within the last three or four years. Irish lace has been chiefly

used for costume, but as laces from early periods have been employed for purposes both of costume and house-linen—curtains, covers, and such-like—it was obviously possible to use Irish lace for kindred purposes. Accordingly the Committee which was formed in 1884 to promote the use of improved patterns in Irish lace-making, offered a certain number of prizes for designs which could be worked for articles of this description.

The first illustration is taken from an experiment made in Limerick lace, wrought by Mrs. Vere O'Brien's school of workers upon a large meshed net. A corner of a curtain is here given. The floriated and leafy scrolls are well indicated in close white work; the spaces in between afforded oppor-

tunities for a display of all sorts of small ornamental devices, the like of which it would be difficult for the machine to reproduce. But as soon as the machine might produce lace of similar patterns even, and so compete with such Limerick lace curtains, the workers by hand could at once provide themselves with a new



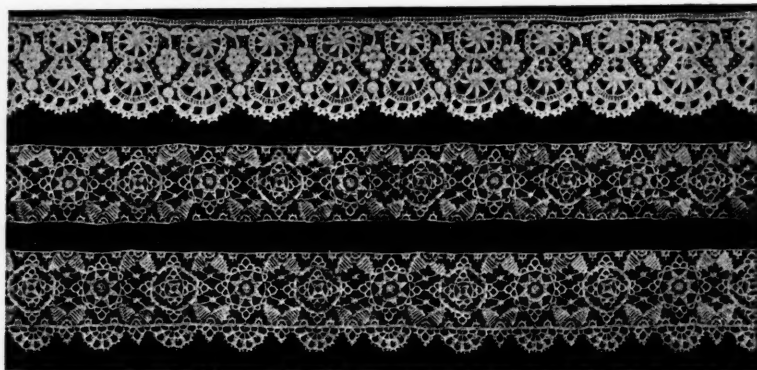
COVER, OR FIRE-SCREEN, IN LINEN AND CROCHET.

(Made for H.M. the Queen, from a Design by Mr. Hayes, of Limerick, by workers at New Ross, Co. Wexford.)

rive their inspiration for patterns very largely from hand-made laces, old and new. Hence hand-made lace as a standard for imitation is of vital importance to machine-made lace. The manufacture of lace by machinery belongs to busy towns; that of needle-point and pillow laces, and of delicate embroideries, to agricultural and fishing districts.

In a previous article (MAGAZINE OF ART, 1888, page 202) I alluded to the valuable guidance which conventual communities can give to lace-making by hand in Ireland. Many of them have formed special classes for the practice of drawing and composing ornament specially suitable for reproduction in lace and embroidery. The notable flat needle-point laces which were reproduced in the article referred to were worked at the Presentation

Convent of Youghal from designs made at the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, and presented to the Pope on the occasion of his Jubilee celebration. They furnished significant testimony to the importance of practice and study in the art of making designs for lace. Without again discussing the gradual development of the drawing classes at Irish



INSERTION AND BORDER.

(Made under the direction of Mr. Holland, of Messrs. Doyers, Cork.)

pattern, and so again take the lead. Indeed, with those hand-made laces which machinery is successful in counterfeiting, the secret of their commanding first favour is very largely one of frequent change of pattern. And frequent change of pattern is important to the lace-maker. In consequence of it her attention and skill are kept on the alert, and freshness

is thereby imparted to her work, with a quality of texture that baffles the attempts of steam-driven mechanical manufacture.

One of the causes for the decline in the Irish crochet-lace industry was that new patterns were not forthcoming for it. At one time there was considerable demand for Irish crochet. A large number of workers applied themselves to it, and got into so mechanical a habit of handicraft that they became, so far as the art was concerned, little better than automatons. So long as they supplied buyers with certain quantities of the same pattern, that was all they had to think of. But the pinch came when the prices paid to them for their labour were lowered

They were adapted by Mr. Michael Holland, of Cork, from sixteenth-century Italian needle-point lace or *reticella*. It is hardly necessary to remark that these cannot be successfully imitated by the machine.

From crochet lace I pass on to cut-linen embroidery. This is a modern version of the historic *point coupé* of France and the *punto tagliato a foliami* of sixteenth-century Italy. The illustration on this page is taken from a sofa-cover—an experimental specimen—for which Her Majesty the Queen was graciously pleased to give an order. The design gained the first prize in its class in 1885, and is by Mr. Michael Hayes. For many years excellent cut cambric lace-work has been made at the Bath and Shirley school



SOFA-COVER OF CUT LINEN EMBROIDERY.

(Made for H.M. the Queen, from a Design by Mr. Hayes, by the Workers at the Bath and Shirley School, Carrickmacross.)

through the market being overstocked with old types of goods, saleable only at reduced prices. Within the last three years or so efforts to counteract this condition have been put forward, especially in the direction of new forms in ornament for, and new applications of, crochet. The industry, therefore, seems to have certainly entered upon a more hopeful career.

Amongst the first experiments with new forms for crochet was one made for Her Majesty the Queen. This was the fire-screen of linen with insertions of crochet figured in the second illustration. The design for this was made by Mr. Michael Hayes, of Limerick. Although there is a want of skill in the accurate rendering of many of the forms, there is enough evidence of the capabilities of Irish crochet-workers to adapt their skill to producing new effects. Greater success is obtained in the series of borders reproduced for the third illustration. The patterns of these are of a simpler character than that of the fire-screen.

of Carrickmacross. It is of two classes—the one termed *guipure*; the other, *appliqué* lace. The *guipure* consists of cutting away the linen between the ornamental details of a pattern, and inserting in its place a number of small bars or ties worked in button-hole embroidery. These bars, as will be seen from the illustration of the sofa-cover, connect the different details of the pattern, and hold them in their respective positions. No specimen of cut-linen work on a large scale similar to the Queen's sofa-cover had been previously made at Carrickmacross. This class of work is open to all sorts of developments, and once known and appreciated, it could become as much of an industry as the Carrickmacross lace-making for flounces and dress-trimmings.

Taking suggestions from some early eighteenth-century patterns for *points d'Argentan* and *d'Alençon*, Miss Emily Anderson, of Cork, produced some effective designs wrought in the Carrickmacross *appliqué* lace. Equally successful was her design



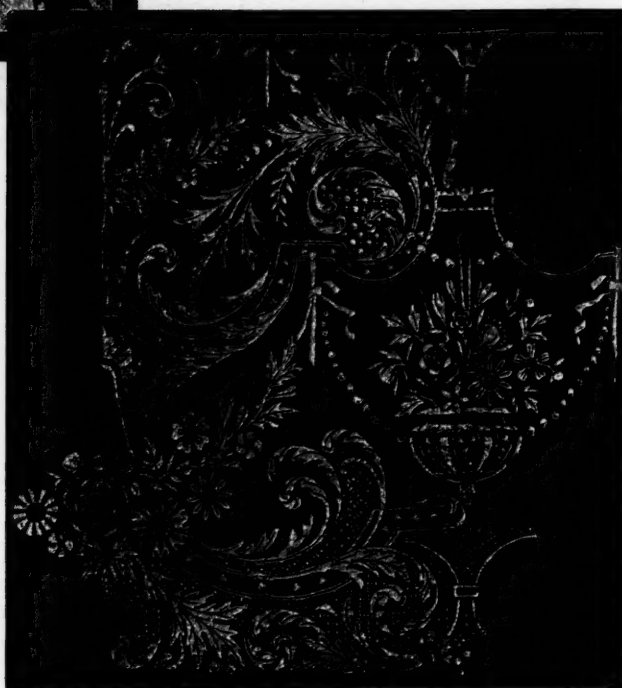
CORNER OF CURTAINS OF NET AND LINEN APPLIQUÉ.

(Made from a Design by Miss Emily Anderson, of Cork, at the Convent of Mercy, Kinsale, for Mr. Alfred Morrison.)

for *appliqué* work curtains, which have been lately made at the Convent of Mercy, Kinsale, and illustrated herewith. The thicker white forms, the floral stems, &c., are of cambric. They are stitched on to a net ground, and here and there fancy stitching is introduced with good effect.

The next illustration shows a portion of a needle-point lace flounce, produced at the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, with a degree of art which recalls that of the palmiest days of the *point de France*. The design for this important piece was made in 1887 by Miss Julyan, of the School of Art, Dublin. The work is of a different character from that of the previous specimens. This lace is slowly built up by means of a countless number of stitches upon a dainty framework of threads sewn over the face of

a pattern drawn in outline upon paper backed with linen. On the left of the engraving of this piece of lace will be seen a portion of this delicate framework of threads stitched on to the face of its linen pattern. The compact white portions, no less than the more gauzy-looking parts, the dainty trellis devices, and the reticulations of hexagons of the finished lace, are all of needle-point stitchery. Here and there are little raised edges, also of needle-point work—difficult, however, to distinguish in the reproduction, because they cast no shadows in the full light thrown upon the face of the work. The raised needle-point lace commonly known as Venetian rose-point was especially remarkable for such reliefs, but much stronger and used more abundantly than in such pieces as the Kenmare piece. The credit for the modified employment of relief effects in lace, as attempted in the Kenmare flounce, belongs to the French of the late seventeenth century. Under the tuition of Venetian instructresses at that time, they made a new departure in lace designing, and manufactured their famous



PORTION OF A NEEDLE-POINT LACE FLOUNCE.

(Designed by Miss Julyan, of the Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin, and worked in Needle-point Lace at the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, Co. Kerry.)



*points de France, de Sedan, d'Argentan, and d'Alençon.* In the middle of the seventeenth century Venice and Flanders made flat needle-point laces, besides the rose or raised point laces. And it is apparently to such ancestors that the nineteenth century flat needle-point laces of Youghal, Kenmare, Killarney, and other Irish places owe their origin. For years Youghal has stood alone in Ireland in this particular make of lace, and in many respects she still holds her supremacy. As a specimen of some of the later work which she has produced, showing *her* progress even, an illustration of a fan-cover in flat needle-point

plete patterns. Intact and good examples of the Italian relief laces are costly and not very common, and many of the fragmentary pieces now to be had have been esteemed as types for guidance; yet they are little better than wrecks of their former selves. The sequence of their flowing scrolls is frequently marred through long usage and unintelligent treatment, and strange muddles of broken scrolls and blossom motives pass current as a type of Italian design or pattern worth imitating. Such patterns imitated in Innishmacsaint lace have enjoyed a certain measure of success. The skill of the Innishmacsaint workers,



FAN OF FLAT NEEDLE-POINT.

(Worked for Mr. Alfred Morrison at the Presentation Convent, Youghal, Co. Cork, from a Design by Miss Julyan.)

lace is given. The design for this was made by Miss Julyan, mistress at the Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin, and the work is rich with many conceits and beauties of needle-point lace-making.

For some years Irish lace-makers at a little village called Innishmacsaint, near Lough Erne, have made needle-point lace, taking for their models the Italian sixteenth and seventeenth-century needle-made laces—those with geometric patterns, flat in texture, and those with elaborate scroll forms interspersed with rich conventional floral devices in relief. The making of this Italo-Irish lace was started amongst the peasant women by the wife of the then rector, the Rev. W. Maclean, and is supervised to the present day by Miss Maclean. Unfortunately many of the usual specimens of Innishmacsaint lace have been made from incom-

however, deserves to be turned to something better, and it is at least satisfactory to know that more care and observation are being brought into influence so that carefully drawn and carefully composed patterns may be provided for the workers. Latterly two patterns adapted by a student (Miss Perry) of the Cork School of Art have been made with considerable success in Innishmacsaint lace. The piece shown on page 216 was made at Innishmacsaint, the design being by Miss Perry, of Cork.

Similar raised lace as well as admirable crochet is made at the opposite corner of Ireland, at the Carmelite Convent, New Ross, near Waterford. Here an art-class for the study of pattern-making has been formed, and new laces and crochets from this centre promise well for the future. The last illustration on page 216 gives part of a pocket-hand-



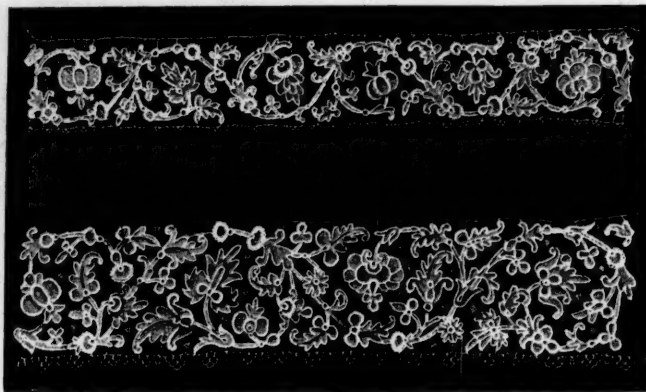
kerchief trimmed with New Ross raised needle-point lace and a small border, both worked from patterns designed by Mr. Murphy, of Waterford.

A great deal has undoubtedly to be done to promote a regular sale for such laces as have been under notice. People are usually in a hurry to possess what they can pay for, especially in respect of costume and its trimmings. They rarely consider the conditions under

which a handicraft like lace-making has to be pursued. Irish lace-making is, however, no new art. It has had to struggle for its existence, and this has been so because its artistic side has not been sufficiently cared for. It has lacked the fostering care, the taste, and intelligence which from time to time

have governed Italian, Flemish, and French lace-making. Nevertheless, as these new efforts of Irish taste and skill show, Irish lace-making possesses distinct capabilities

of development; and on this point no one with an appreciation for the composition of ornament, and its reproduction as a textile open-work tissue, can have any doubt. What has been done within the last few years demonstrates that with a little trouble, an inherited skill in



PART OF A BORDER OF RAISED NEEDLE-POINT.

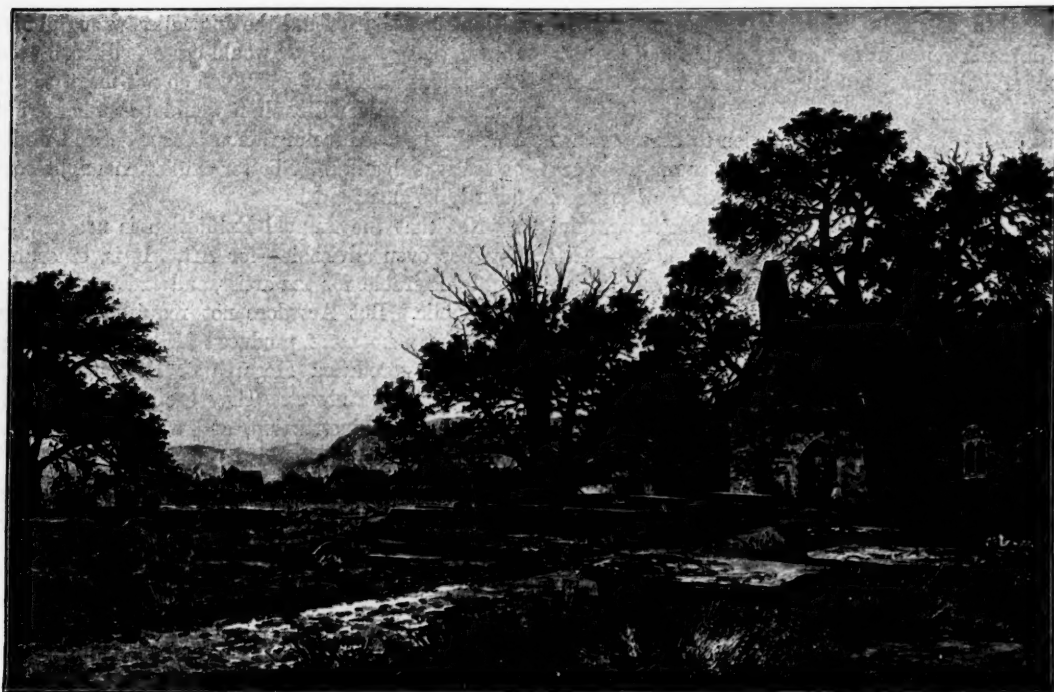
(Made at Innishmacsaint, from a Design by Miss Perry, of Cork.)

needlework can be diverted into a new direction to produce cunning works of art; and a cottage industry of economical importance for the benefit of a struggling agricultural community may be expected to obtain a better footing than has been the case for some years past.



PARTS OF A SMALL BORDER OF, AND OF A HANDKERCHIEF TRIMMED WITH, RAISED LACE.

(Made at the Carmelite Convent, New Ross, from Designs by Mr. Murphy, of Waterford.)



STILL EVENING—THE OLD CHURCHYARD AT BETTWS-Y-COED.

(From the Painting by B. W. Leader, A.R.A.)

## CURRENT ART.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1891.—I.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

**T**HERE can be no doubt that when the doors of the Royal Academy are thrown open it will be found that the Cimmerian darkness which has characterised the late winter will have robbed its exhibition of much of the brilliance it would otherwise have possessed.

An unusual continuance of fogs must ever make itself felt at the May-meetings of Burlington House, for, with all its disadvantages, our City of Dreadful Night is the residence, as it is the birthplace, of the great majority of our painters and sculptors. And in the train of the darkness has been the attendant evil of illness as well as of enforced postponement, so that many an intending exhibitor has been compelled to keep back his more important picture—that which was most truly to have “represented” him at the great Art fair. In this way, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Gow, Mr. Armitage, Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Tuke, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Langley, Mr. Herbert Schmalz, Mr. Blandford Fletcher, Mr. Burton Barber, Mr.

Perugini, and many others, will either not be seen at all, or will be represented by a canvas of inferior aim or inferior dimensions.

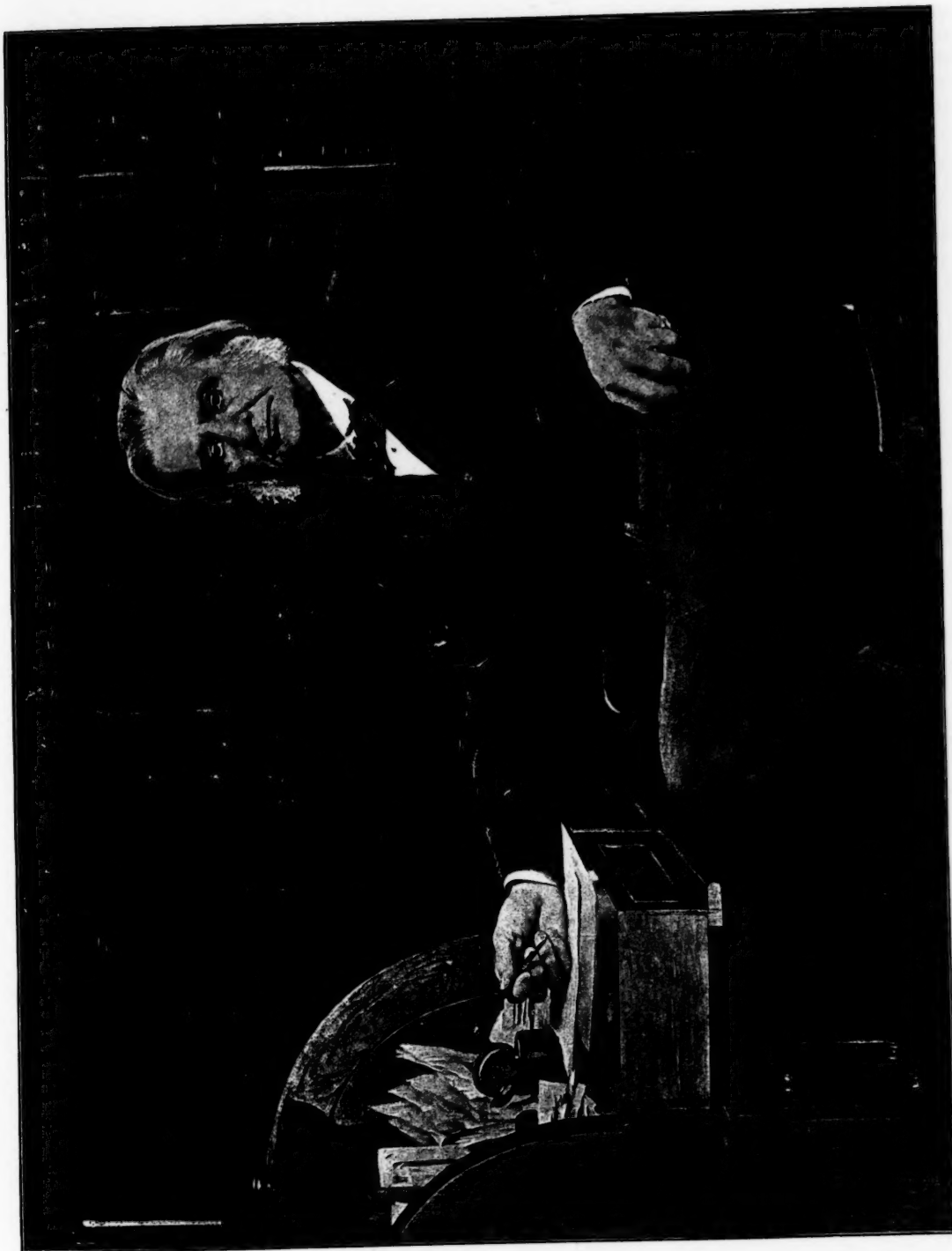
To the weather, therefore, will be attributed such failures or shortcomings of the year's art-harvest as may be detected at Burlington House. But it is not only on the fog that the blame must be laid; much of the fault unquestionably lies at the door of the Academy itself. Another year has passed, and, so far as its exhibitions are concerned, it is, to judge by appearances, no nearer to reform than ever it was. Since the last time the Temple of the Arts was declared open to the paying public, more than one modification has been made in the rules governing the conduct of its schools—the chief result of the great wave of agitation which had swirled about Burlington House two or three years before, and had alarmed many of the opponents of generosity and progress within. These alterations are doubtless excellent in themselves, and, consisting as they do in the reasonable limitation of the age of candidates for admission, and in the common-sense tests

applied to determine the relative competency of the intending probationers, they cannot fail to bear good fruit. They must encourage a more truly artistic aim in the student and train up a generation of artists brought by education to consider that vigour, truth to nature, and grace of composition are of greater importance than high finish of surface, laborious stippling and "stumping," or the careful graduation of shadows. We have seen, too—*ad sit omen!*—the expressed opinion of Parliament weigh with the Council of the Royal Academy and its exhibition-rules concerning the "sending-in" days. This betokens a reasonableness of spirit which makes one hope that the day is not far distant when the one great necessary reform will be accepted by the majority.

I refer, of course, to the limitation to two by the Academy of the number of works each artist may submit to the approval of the Selecting Committee. I am almost ashamed to bring this question once more before the reader, but it is apparently necessary to "make public opinion" before the large minority inside the Academy is permitted to carry its point. Until it does, the great stupid body of incapable painters and unblushing amateurs will continue to swamp the sober and solid efforts of the competent artist by sending in the absurd complement of eight works allowed to them; they will continue to look upon the Academy as a lottery and not as a competitive examination, and will take full advantage of the chances of the game; they will continue to spread over eight works the care, thought, and talent that might be concentrated on two; they will continue to increase by one thousand annually the number of pictures sent for judgment to Burlington House—that pathetic mass of misplaced effort that is to prove a disappointment to themselves, a weariness of the flesh to their judges, and a cruel injustice to the genuine artist whom they succeed in ousting from the proper consideration he merits. A similar state of things—far less serious it is true—has lately prevailed in the Paris Salon, but it was not suffered long to remain. As has recently been notified in these pages, a further restriction, of the sort I advocate, has been ordained, and that, too, without the recommendations of successive Royal Commissions and the fruitless appeals and petitions of the whole body of artists of the country, extending over a period of half a century. Were such a reform carried in England, it is believed, and with good cause, that better work, born of greater economy of power and greater confidence, would be forthcoming; everyone would be certain of a more patient and less hurried verdict from judges who would have about four or five instead of twelve thousand works to examine

within the month; and the anomalies, wrongful and absurd, that yearly occur would cease to disturb "the harmonious Fourth of May." I do not mean to say that the artistic millennium would be at hand, but a vastly improved feeling among the art-world would be cultivated, and a far better exhibition might confidently be anticipated.

Not that the Annual Exhibition is necessary—nay, nor even advisable—for Art. It is, of course, highly desirable for the artist, and indispensable for the public. But Art does not require exhibitions, which have no more produced Millais or Leighton, than they produced Hogarth or Reynolds, Titian, Velasquez, or Tintoret. They are a concession to the public, an instruction, and a delight; and for that reason they should be made as perfect as possible. But it is doubtful if they either encourage the artist or inspire him, save from the point of view of commissions. They rather disturb than assist Sir Frederick Leighton in the composition of his pictures, so well-balanced in their chiaroscuro, so dainty and carefully judged in their colour-schemes, so scholarly, and, I may certainly add, so noble and so subtly graceful in their line. These qualities are as evident in Sir Frederick's splendid "Perseus and Andromeda," and his richer "Return of Persephone" in this year's Academy, as in anything he has produced. Critics—artists as well as writers—may cavil at the sculptural character of his work, at his love of the problems of complex tint rather than of colour, and at the ideal, and, in his subject pictures, the over-smooth, quality of his flesh-painting. But the fact remains that in whatever he produces there is the *style* of the great master—a distinction of mind and of handling, and a purely æsthetic excellence which you may look for in vain in the work of many of greater technical vigour than he, and which will render his work precious to the artist and student long after the prevailing taste of the day and the vagaries of fashion in art are forgotten. His "Perseus and Andromeda" is actually an original rendering of one of the most hackneyed subjects in the range of pictorial art; the equestrian figure of the flying Perseus, fair Andromeda in the very toils of the monster, the insistence on the horror of the scene, so to say, in its most beautiful aspect—this is all original in its treatment, so far as my knowledge goes. And yet it is hardly this rare and valuable quality which constitutes the true merit of this work; it is the oft-repeated beauty of composition which gives it distinction among all the productions of the year. In "The Return of Persephone" the same qualities are apparent; indeed, the lines of the composition are perhaps a little more elementary and appreciable by the non-student. And it should be borne in mind that one of the charms of Sir Frederick Leighton's



PROFESSOR HUXLEY.  
(From the Painting by the Hon. John Collier.)



work is this, that while the purely artistic qualities receive his first attention, the subject or motive is always of interest. Subject, when it is the vehicle for expression in the picture and the display of composition in all its forms, becomes practically as important as colour itself, and it is exactly in the just treatment of subject and in the balancing of it with niceness and exactitude, with the more æsthetic qualities, that the artist's genius invariably and unerringly discloses itself.

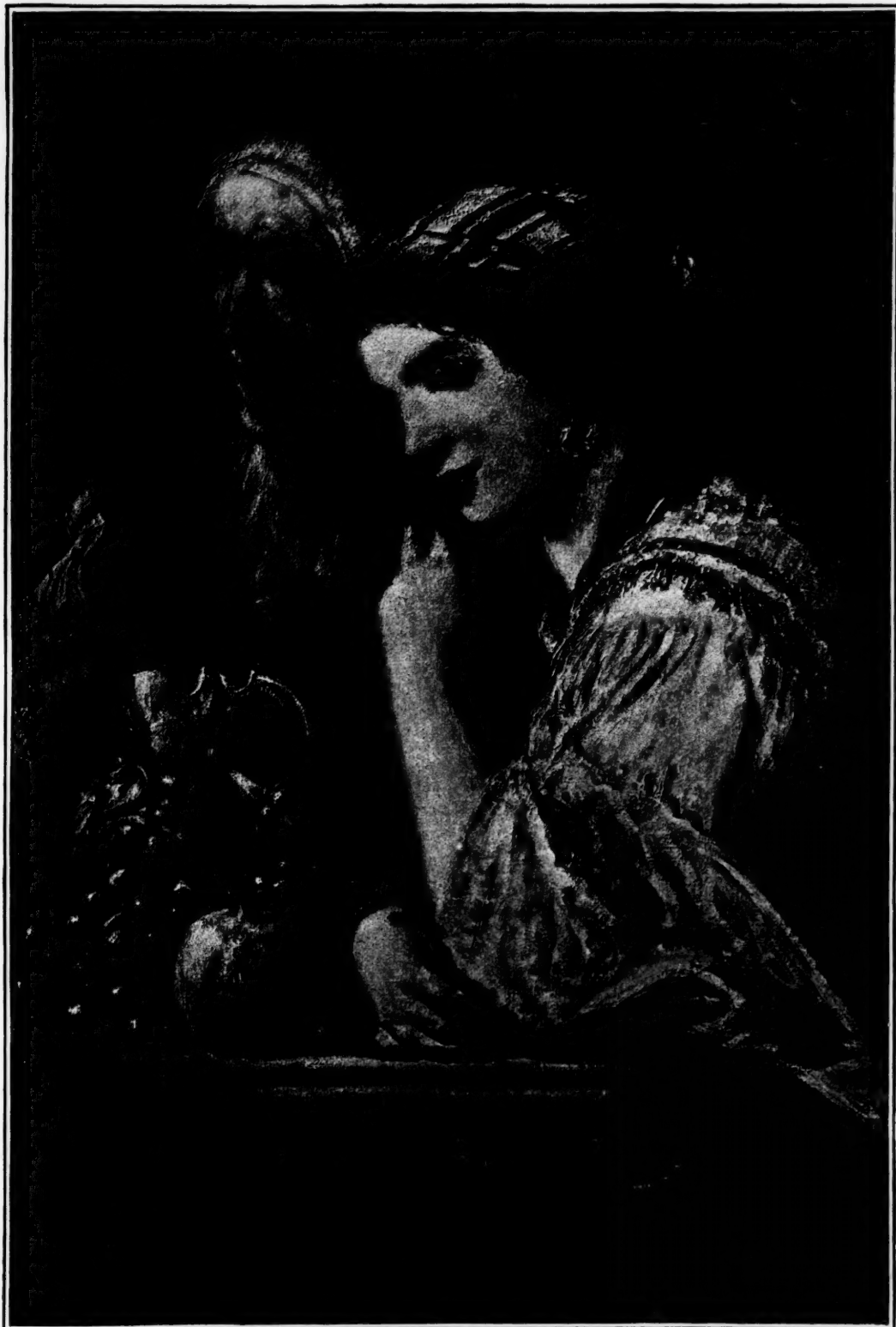
Mr. Watts, like Mr. Burne-Jones, has long since ceased to paint either for exhibition, or "up to exhibition-pitch," and for that reason his pictures never display their true beauties on the walls of the Royal Academy, where the more showy canvases, and, by comparison, the vulgarities, by which they are surrounded, rob them of their subtler qualities. Seen in the studio, Mr. Watts's picture of "Lady Catherine Thynne" declares itself one of his finest female portraits. The silvery and opalescent tones; the apparently studied, almost laboured, character of what is really a rapidly-executed work; the depth and sweetness of expression—these are as remarkable as the grace of pose and the beauty of a face the chief characteristics of which lie in the irregularity of the features.

Sir John Gilbert is still as much a master of design as Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Watts are masters of style. His facility is such that nothing comes amiss to him; his pencil declines to compose badly, or even indifferently, and his invention and resource are inexhaustible. In the many thousands of designs he has made during his long career he has never needfully repeated himself, nor has he ever found himself at fault. The only man in any way to be compared to him was Gustave Doré—more grandiose in his conceptions, no doubt, but less true an artist. Nor has any other man rendered such loyal service to the art of his country as has Sir John, at a time when that service was most needed. Of late, his colour has become somewhat dirty, and it cannot be denied that his "Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper" is less satisfactory than the majority of his works; but his other contribution—"Don Quixote Discourses upon Arms"—displays all the old fire, all the old power and facility of composition. And to think that this veteran, like his prototype Doré, works without models! One wonders what would have been the effect upon his art had he kept himself to the practice of drawing from life.

Although many important works have been kept back from the exhibition, the collection includes several of quite the first rank according to our modern ideas—several, I believe, that will make memorable the Academy of 1891, and are destined

to be pointed to as epoch-making pictures. In a sense, perhaps, this may be said of the "Perseus and Andromeda" already alluded to. But in a greater degree is it the case with Mr. Waterhouse's "Ulysses" and with Mr. Fildes's "The Doctor"—works totally different in aim, yet with a certain greatness in common. In the latter Mr. Fildes has returned to his first love—the distress of the British poor. Yet how much finer is this picture than the "Casuals"! That was rather a study—a noble one, it is true—in monochrome, the subject, rather than any artistic scheme, being manifestly the chief solicitude of the artist. In this Mr. Fildes has triumphantly solved that interesting problem of the contending lights of day and of the lamp, and while a pathetic story is told, the characterisation of the central figure is an admirable piece of artistic psychology. That in such a scene—where parents despair for the life of their little one—the cogitating doctor should be the principal figure is a stroke alike original and dramatic, and the fact that he at once, rather than the other *dramatis personæ*, commands the sympathy of the spectator is a testimony to the success of the artist in the realisation of his conception. The colour is strong and robust, the subtlety of the half-tones being concealed, in a manner, by the full brush wielded by the artist. It is said that the picture was commissioned by Mr. Tate with a view to including it in his gift to the nation in his equipment of the British Gallery. If this is so indeed, the public may soon congratulate itself on possessing the finest work of the painter's hand and one of the most remarkable of his school.

Mr. Waterhouse, A.R.A., has been to Homer for his theme, and has achieved a very startling triumph. His "Ulysses" is a very carnival of colour, mosaiced and balanced with a skill more consummate than even the talented artist was credited with. All will accept with interest, curiosity, and gratitude this powerful realisation of Ulysses—so prudently lashed to the mast of his ship as she is rowed by the stalwart hands of his companions past the Sirens' Isle; but many will resist his conception of the sirens. These creatures, with the bodies and wings of birds and the heads of women, flutter around and alight on the ship; but the men row on, their wax-stopped ears deaf to the music. It is hard to give up our idea of womanly sirens; but Mr. Waterhouse has the support of the evidence of classic vases, while we must not forget that it was the voices and not the figures of the one-time winged nymphs that enchanted the unhappy passers-by. The quality of the painting is probably finer than any Mr. Waterhouse has hitherto given us, and marks a considerable advance upon all his antecedent work.



DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER.

*(From the Painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)*



BERKELEY CASTLE.

(Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by C. Carter.)

## BERKELEY CASTLE.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.



ENTRANCE TO KING EDWARD II.'S ROOM  
IN THE KEEP, BERKELEY CASTLE.

(Drawn by W. Hatherell.)

exciting traditions, which is kept in order and repair. This huge, imposing building, which is some eight centuries old—an enormous age for a castle—“stands where it did” in Gloucestershire, with a fine country spreading out round it, and the River Severn in view. It is a great circular mass of walls, towers, and buttresses, and, with modern additions, would seem capable of defence even now. The towers, which are at intervals, are semicircular in shape;

**B**ERKELEY CASTLE is one of the few remaining “fortress-castles” that are found in the kingdom. No country is better stored with structures of this kind than England; the sojourner or holiday tourist, wherever he may turn his steps, is certain to find some sort of “show castle” with exciting traditions, which is kept in order and repair. This huge, imposing building, which is some eight centuries old—an enormous age for a castle—“stands where it did” in Gloucestershire, with a fine country spreading out round it, and the River Severn in view. It is a great circular mass of walls, towers, and buttresses, and, with modern additions, would seem capable of defence even now. The towers, which are at intervals, are semicircular in shape;

and within, on a raised mound, rises the great keep, the scene of a tragedy and act of lawless violence. Like every well regulated castle, it has its traditions of ghosts and haunted chambers and terraces. It has, of course, its quaint old bowling-green. A convent once stood on the site, into which a wicked Earl Godwin introduced himself by stratagem, bringing back strange tales of the abbess and sisters to King Edward the Confessor. This led to the suppression of the convent and its transfer to the wicked Earl, and some thirty or forty years ago, when storms rose and whistled round the battlements, the country folk professed to hear “strange and hollow sounds” in the air, and the cries of the nuns. By-and-bye came a violent storm, which submerged certain lands belonging to the Earl, and which are now the fatal Godwin Sands.

As all the world knows, it was to Berkeley Castle that the unfortunate King Edward II. was brought in the fourteenth century, and foully murdered under a system of ingeniously contrived torture which is perhaps unique. One of the family, Mr. Grantley Berkeley, states that the room regularly shown to visitors as the scene of atrocity is not the one in which the deed was committed: it is simply a sort of guard-room leading to the keep. He tells us that anyone can see that the “dungeon chamber,” which is overlooked and shut in by the massive

walls of the entire wing of the castle, was of all places the one likely to be selected. The other chamber, which stands at the top of the stair that leads from the court, was too exposed, having

vulgarly supposed that the Lord Berkeley of the day had a hand in this bloody business, but it was shown that he had been ordered away from his castle, and that the task was entrusted to Maltravers



BERKELEY CASTLE, FROM THE BOWLING GREEN.

(Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by C. Carter.)

windows that look down upon the inhabited parts of the castle. Hence those oft-quoted "shrieks of an agonising king" must "through Berkeley's roofs" have rung and excited attention. The dungeon was immediately below the "dungeon chamber." Here we might seem to be reading a passage in Udolfo. It is a terrible *oubliette* to which there is no opening: there is only a highly significant pit in the floor, where, the tradition runs, a dead horse was placed, in the hope that the miasma would destroy the king. It had been better that he had perished in this way.

In this guard-room there used to be a bust which the usual exhibitor pointed out to visitors as the likeness of the ill-fated monarch; but a child of the house, Mr. Grantley Berkeley, assures us that it was merely an image of King Charles II. It is

and Gourney. Another relic, an old oak bedstead, much patched up with faded red cloth embroidered curtains, used also to be shown in the room, no doubt as "the very identical bedstead" used by the king. The owners of the last generation seem, however, to have lost faith in this piece of furniture, for they are said to have disposed of it for "the ridiculous sum" of fifteen shillings.

Few English castles can boast so many interesting associations. It was honoured with a visit of Queen "Bess," whose toilet service is preserved, as well as the bed on which she reposed. The bed of James I. is also shown. Some curious antique furniture, inlaid with ivory, was carried "round the world" by Sir Francis Drake. George IV. when Prince of Wales, with nearly all the royal brethren, were constant visitors, as well as the present Prince



of Wales. It seems to have been a regular "Hôtel des Princes."

In the noble hall are hung up a few tattered

Among the interesting rooms is a chapel which in the fourteenth century received various privileges from the Pope. It is still used for its original purpose.



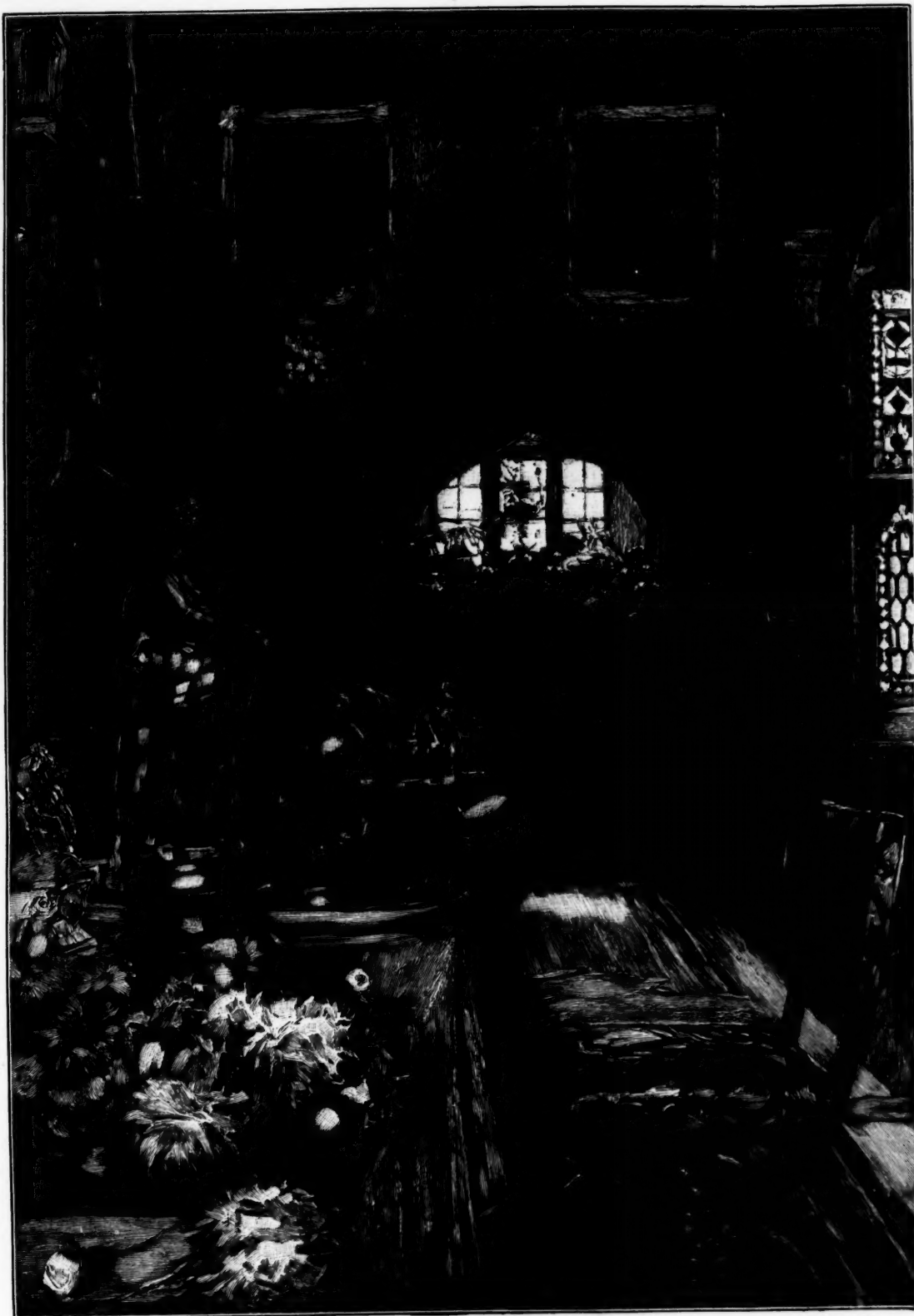
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S FURNITURE, BERKELEY CASTLE.

(Drawn by W. Hatherell.)

flags from the battle-fields of Flodden Field and Culloden; there are fine portraits by Gainsborough and other masters, and a most interesting collection of miniatures of kings and queens and remarkable personages. There are rare old tapestries galore, statues, and modern adornments.

The old hall is remarkable for its many mullioned windows and fine Pointed roof, which is believed to be the same that existed in the days of the Edwards. At one end there is the usual music gallery; there is also the dais where the tables were spread.

The Berkeleys seem always to have been a



THE HALL, BERKELEY CASTLE.

(Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by Jonnard.)

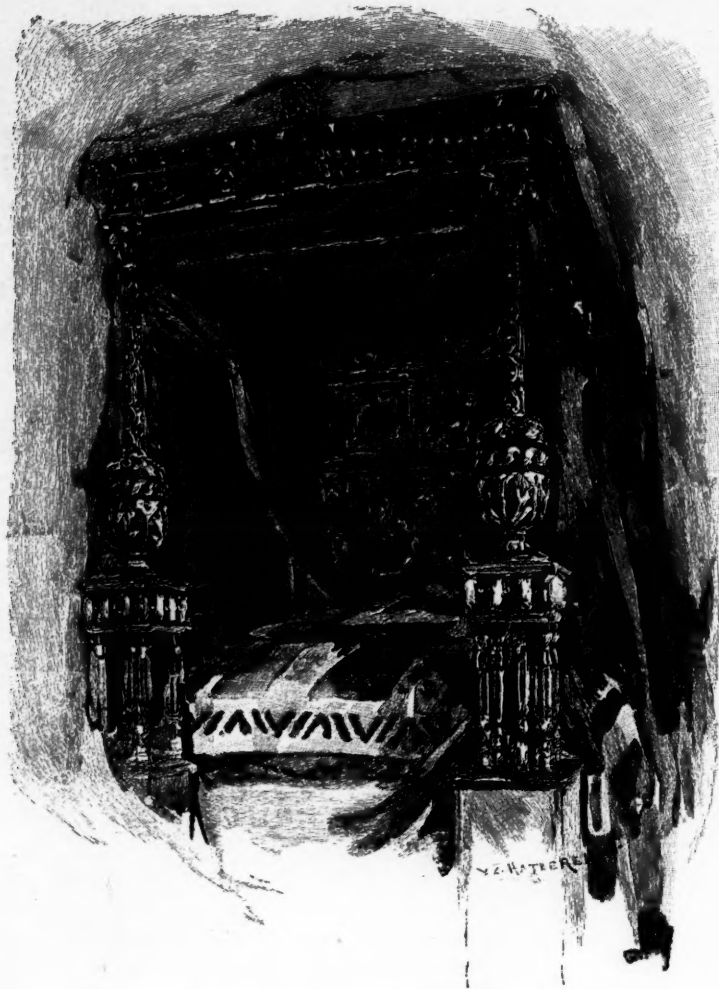
dramatic sort of race—people, as Byron said of one of his friends, “of tumultuous passions.” They always lived in great state, and had great influence in their

business known as the Berkeley Peerage Case, and the extraordinary family dissensions, which Mr. Grantley Berkeley has related in his pleasant

Memoirs with a rare candour. Towards the end of last century the then Earl of Berkeley, who had four illegitimate sons, was induced to marry their mother, after which a fifth son was born, who was of course the heir to the title. The Earl, however, claimed before the Court of Peers that all his sons had been born in wedlock, and that there had been some mistake in the registration. The House of Peers, after a long investigation, of which an account is given in a massive report, and which is entertaining reading enough, refused to acknowledge the claim. Then was seen the curious and unusual spectacle of the lawful heir taking part with his family and supporting the pretensions of his eldest brother: when his father died, he declined to assume the title. This, too, in spite of his being virtually disinherited.

Colonel Berkeley, the eldest son, was a well-known figure in town and country, during the era described by the Gronows and Raikeses, and other lively chroniclers of fashion. In field sports,

theatricals, driving, and general “divarshion,” as our Irish neighbours style it, he was conspicuous. We have heard frequenters of Cheltenham in its old “palmy” days describing the exciting doings with which the gay Colonel kept that now drowsy place alive. He at last, however, determined to “range himself,” as the French put it, and, obtaining a peerage, became Earl Fitzhardinge.



BEDSTEAD IN THE LITTLE STATE ROOM, BERKELEY CASTLE.

(Drawn by W. Hatherell. Engraved by Carter.)

district; and within living memory Colonel Berkeley could return four of his brothers to Parliament. One of the most interesting and celebrated members of the family was the well-known Margravine, whose curiously adventurous life is, in part, set forth in her lively Memoirs. But a full and true account of this strange lady has yet to be written. The most exciting episode in the family was the strange

## THE MYTH OF THE NIGHTINGALE ON GREEK VASE-PAINTINGS.

By MISS J. E. HARRISON.



(Drawn by C. Ricketts.)

Before the reader the Greek form of the myth, and to elucidate two Greek vase-paintings, the only two of genuine Attic style which deal with the legend of the nightingale.

When the spring comes to our northern island, with its fogs and gloom, its sunshine crossed by storm and sleet, we do not wonder much if the outside world is only half glad, if, when the nightingale—late comer as she is—is heard at last, there is a note of sadness in her song, and the twitter of the swallow is half querulous. We do not wonder, because life is to most of us a losing struggle against climate, a struggle too ever-present to seem strange. But when we think of spring-time in Attica we fancy—unless we have been there—days so utterly bright and clear that no unquiet pain could trouble the note of a bird, no cloud of sorrow dim the delicate air. We are taught, too, for the most part, to regard the Greeks as a people who are examples of a serene and godlike rejoicing; but if we examine the myths of the heroines of Athens, Procris, Veithyea, and Philomela, we cannot avoid hearing, especially in this last, an undertone of pain: the pain that sometimes cries aloud in nature. Among the goddesses of the Greeks we must remember they had Demeter the sorrowing mother, Persephone the ravished queen; among their mortals, Niobe, who weeps for ever, and, saddest of all—to come to Attica—the two sisters of the spring, Procne and Philomela, the swallow and the nightingale, whose lives fell out of gear through pain and passion.

In speaking of Philomela, the Greek nightingale, we have, even letting science alone, to set aside a

good many modern associations. We have to forget that the nightingale is the amorous bird who chants for love-sick wooers, the bird whom Love, in his sadness, cannot bear to hear, forget that she is the bird of intolerable longing, who tells out the nameless Weltschmerz of later days, forget even that she is the sacred, ascetic bird who, as a Christian father says, "seeks like a holy monk after God in the desert."

As if by some irony of Fate the nightingale's story—a tale of disorder and passion—falls on our ears from the cold lips of Penelope. All unwilling she tells to the husband she later so tardily owns, how weary the night time is without him, and she can think of no stronger symbol of disquiet than the restless, distraught nightingale. I quote from a well-known prose translation: "But when night comes and sleep takes hold of all, I lie on my couch, and shrewd cares, thick thronging about my inmost heart, disquiet me in my longing. Even as when the daughter of Pandareus, the brown bright nightingale, sings sweet in the thick leafage of the trees, and with many a turn and trill she pours forth her full-voiced music bewailing her child, dear Itylus, whom on a time she slew with the sword unwittingly the son of Zethus the prince, even as her song, my troubled soul sways to and fro." Homer assumes we know the story why the nightingale slew her "dear child," and how it came she did it unwittingly. Happily the learned scholiast in the passage gives us a note on the tale. Aedon (the nightingale), eldest daughter of the King of Miletus, married Zellius of Thebes, and had a child Itylus, but her sister-in-law Niobe was more richly blessed, and had many sons and daughters. Aedon in her mad envy plotted to slay Amaleus, eldest son of Niobe, and climbing to slay him she could see her own son who slept by his side. She prayed to the gods for comfort, and the gods changed her into a nightingale. Here the main point to note is that the nightingale slew her son unwittingly.

This the simple Homeric form of the myth, current centuries before Athens emerged to importance, is the one chosen by the artist who painted the vase reproduced on the next page. The design comes from the centre of a kylix found at Cerochi, and now in the Pinakothek vase collection at Munich. It has suffered severely from restoration, but is sufficiently



complete to show that it is a finely conceived piece of decorative work. In composition it has that strict simplicity that always characterises good Attic work of the fifth century B.C. A boy lies on a bed covered with a tiny cushion which serves as mattress, his head against one of the bolster pillows that are so often figured on vases. He struggles helplessly against his fate, for above him sways a tall powerful woman who plunges a large sword deep in his breast. Hanging up on the walls are a sword and a lyre, the usual furniture

be briefly told that our second vase-painting may be understood.

Pandion, King of Attica, is at war with the King of Thebes. He calls in to his aid Tereus, a Thracian prince, reigning at Daulis, and gives him in guerdon for action won by his help the hand of his daughter Procne in marriage. To Daulis, Tereus takes his bride, and to them is born a son Itylus. After the space of five years Procne longs to see again her sister Philomela, left behind at the father's tomb.

Tereus sets out to fetch the maiden. He is smitten with love for her, and that his crime may be concealed, hides her in a wood and tears out her tongue. She weaves her story in a web and contrives to send it to Procne. Procne, stung to madness by the outrage, rescues her sister, and the two slay Itylus, and they serve him—an echo of the horrid meal of the house of Atreus—to his father at a banquet. Tereus detects the deed, and rushes forth to slay the sisters; by the mercy of the gods all three are changed into birds—Procne into a nightingale, Philomela into a swallow, while Tereus, in the form of a savage hoopoe, pursues them for ever.

Such was the story that Sophocles embodied in his lost drama "Tereus." Of this lost drama fragments enough remain for us to reconstruct its main and to imagine its intensely dramatic motives. The scene was laid at the time of the celebration of a Dionysiac festival, and thus something of the horror of the plot would be softened by orgiastic surroundings.

On the morning of the glad feast the play opens, and with a touching antithesis comes the lament of Procne for her lost home and sister, spoken, probably, as prologue:—

"Now I am nought, abandoned. Oftentimes  
I've noticed how to this we women fall;  
How we are nought. In girlhood and at home  
Our life's the sweetest life men ever knew;  
For careless joy is a glad nurse to all.  
But when we come to youth, gleeful and gay,  
Forth are we thrust, and bought, and sold, and bartered,  
Far from our household gods, from parents far;  
Some to strange husbands, some to homes uncouth;  
Some to barbarian houses, foul with shame.  
Yea, let but one hour yoke us; all these things  
Must needs henceforth be praised and held as fair."

*Soph. Frag. (Symonds).*

No modern thinker has ever touched with more feeling hand the irony of a woman's possible fate: the



AEDONAIA AND ITYS.

(From a Kylix in the Pinakothek Museum, Munich.)

of a Greek room. It shows the strict conventionalism of the vase-painter that he hangs them over the bed of the child, who is far too young to use them. Above the boy's right foot is written ITYS, and near the woman's hand AEDONAL. The letter is missing from her name Aedonaia, the nightingale, and above her head the remains of the name Vanculios, which dates the vase as early fifth century, Vanculios being one of the "love-names" currently inscribed on vases of that period. The story as here depicted is reduced to its simplest elements, the plain fact that the nightingale slew her son Itys; the other child, the intended victim, is not represented; the child is attacked in sleep, and slain unwittingly.

But the story, when we next meet it, is greatly amplified, and nearer to modern tradition. It must

maiden's dream, the harsh awakening. Somewhere here must follow the fragment where the chorus sings the equality of all men at first; the strange diversity of their later lot. Then the robe must have been brought in, and the voice of the web (*ἡ κερκίδος φωνή*) is heard. Possibly here, again, the Dionysiac festival gave natural occasion to the bringing in of a woven peplás. Procne questions the messenger, and bribes him with outspoken contempt for the "gold-loving race" to which her husband belongs. The truth is out, and, profiting by the disorder of the feast, Procne rushes forth in her "rich wrought" robe, disguised as a Bacchant, to free Philomela. She brings her sister back in like disguise, with the ivy shadowing her face—Philomela crushed with shame, Procne burning for revenge. Just at this luckless moment Itys enters, and the boy, with his father's face, drives the mother distraught. The horror of the slaughter and the banquet served was no doubt softened to the Attic mind by some association of Bacchic sacrifice; the cutting off of hands and feet was, we are told, part of the old, superstitious ritual. Tereus cries aloud to his national deity, "Helios, horse-loving," but some god steps in to check his horror-stricken vengeance. The two sisters were, we are sure, conceived of as more sinned against than sinning, and yet the great moralist tragedian would bid his chorus chant the eternal mandate that "men avenge not themselves, but wait the will of the gods." The transformation took place, it seems, actually on the stage.

It was fitting it should be so. The horror of the situation was excessive; wife, sister, husband stand in intolerable relations. Some resolution of a discord so hideous is imperatively demanded by Athenian taste before the drama may close. Accordingly, at the mesmeric touch of the gods all is quiet; there falls on the sinners not so much punishment as a soothing change: in place of three tortured criminals fly forth three softly-feathered birds.

Such is the later version of the myth told with all the pomp and circumstance of tragedy. The vase-painter knows nothing of these splendid accessories; though he tells the same story as the later tragedian, it is after a very simple and condensed fashion. The design on this page comes from the interior of a cylix in the Campana collection of the Louvre. The style is closely akin to that of the potter Hieron, whose

work dates about the middle of the fifth century B.C. Procne holds by the two arms the naked boy Itys. From a careful examination of the eye of Itys in the original, I am inclined to think he is already dead. There is no trace of the drawing of the pupil. The omission of the pupil is the conventional means of indicating a dead or sleeping (*i.e.*, in both cases a closed) eye. The child's body is stark in death. At the same time, but for the omission of the pupil, he might have been supposed to be rigid with fear. He



PROCNE, PHILOMELA, AND ITYS.

(From a Cylix in the Louvre Museum.)

certainly seems to look round at Philomela, and his mother (Procne) seems to drag him away. Philomela has either already sheathed or not yet drawn her sword; she uplifts her speaking hands. We are reminded of Ovid's lines:—

" ——— jurare volenti,  
Testarique deos, per vim sili dedecus illud  
Illatum—*pro roce manus fuit.*"

So much for the moment chosen by the vase-painter. He rather indicates than expresses the crime; his motive is, in the main, decoration. Here, we must own, he has succeeded. The design is one of those so frequent among the finest cylix-paintings, the beauty of which grows the more one looks, and yet the mechanism of which is very simple. Two balanced, swaying figures; two heads, one lifted, one drooping; a spare, nude figure against a background

of ballooning drapery, three schemes of expressive hands. The artist has not learnt yet how to draw a side-face eye or how to foreshorten feet, but he knows—what for his purpose is of far greater importance—how to satisfy the eye with a pleasant scheme of lines.

The curious point about these representations is their entirely human emphasis. To the Greek the human actions were the real thing, the birds only the chance metamorphosis. Of course it is plain enough that the reverse is the real state of the thing, that the story of Procne and Philomela is simply a nature myth founded on somewhat slight observation of the habit of birds. It is not difficult to see how the story grew up. The association of the swallow and the nightingale is natural enough; both are messengers of the spring, both are birds of sorrow. "As a crane and a swallow did I chatter," says Isaiah. "Die Schwalben trauern um den lieben Herrn Gott" is an old German superstition. When first the Greek listened to the sad note of the nightingale, he thought, no doubt with rustic simplicity, that the bird had been robbed of her young, and called her dear nestlings by name. Then, later, when poetry became more self-conscious, more self-projective, it seemed, so bitter was the cry of the bird, that she herself must have sinned, that her fate was her punishment, so they charged her with child murder, at first unconscious, later deliberate. The swallow, too, whose cry was so broken, whose flight so restless, it seemed mourned with her sister for the child they had jointly slain. There, too, nightingale and swallow are pursued in nature by the hoopoe with sharp martial beak, and so came in the figure of fierce King Tereus. Plato joins the three together, and by the lips of the dying Socrates consecrates them for ever as the birds of sorrow.

The Greeks were not accurate observers of nature. They started with a fundamental blunder; they took, as some one—I think Mr. Lang—has said, Philomelus for Philomela, mistook the cry of passion

for the want of lament. We think of Philomela as the nightingale; she was so to the Latin poet, not to the Greek; to the Greek the nightingale was the injured mother, at first Aedon, later Procne. But confusion of sex was not the only blunder that went to make up the myth. Tereus, a late intruder into the myth, who never makes his way into Attic vase-paintings, was, said Sophocles, the hoopoe—a martial bird in full armour. Now it is well known to naturalists that there is nothing martial about the hoopoe except his beak; far from pursuing the swallow, "a passing swallow scares him!" but the hoopoe, says Sophocles, turns into the hawk in the spring, and the hawk *is* martial. Moreover, so said these advanced naturalists, the hawk turns into the cuckoo, and the cuckoo lays in another bird's nest, and *eats the nestlings* of the bird whose place he usurps, a trait which illustrates the character of King Tereus. But one need not be an accurate naturalist to be a good poet or a fine vase-painter.

To the story of Procne and Philomela—sad enough surely in its ancient form—the modern poet has added a touch of supreme pathos. Procne, the fitful swallow, forgets her child; only the faithful nightingale remembers, and she chides her sister in those wonderful passionate lines whose very rhythm is framed on the beat of the swallow's wings:—

"O swallow-sister, O rapid swallow,  
I pray thee sing not a little space.  
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?  
The woven web that was plain to follow  
The small slain body, the flower-like face.  
Can I remember if thou forget?"

And if this be not enough, if our stern judicial minds are not content that the souls of criminals should haunt the woodland as sorrowing birds, surely the severest moralist among us will be satisfied when he learns from Ælian, to go back to the ancients, that the nightingale, for her sin, sleeps never any more, and the swallow but half the night long.





"THE INTERNATIONAL SHAKSPERE."\*

SEVEN years have passed since the first volume of this sumptuous publication first went forth—the most splendid series, it may safely be asserted, that has ever been devoted to the worthy illustration

VIII.,” pictured by Sir James Linton, President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. What the splendours of printing, in black ink and red, the attractions of the finest paper, of Dr. Dow-



"THOU ART THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING LAMP" ("Henry IV., Part I., Act iii., Scene 3).

(Drawn by E. Grützner.)

of the greatest literary genius of all time. That volume was the "Romeo and Juliet," by Mr. Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., which was reviewed in these pages in 1884. There now lie before me the volumes more recently issued—"King Henry IV.," illustrated by Professor Grützner; "As You Like It," by M. Émile Bayard; "Othello," by Mr. Frank Dicksee; the next promised volume being "King Henry

den's agreeable and scholarly essays and annotations, and of Mr. Lewis Day's decorative designs—what all these things can do is done, and the "International Shakspeare," of which four volumes are now published, bids fair to excel in general beauty, as I have said, every illustrated edition that has issued from the press. This is no light statement to which to commit oneself.

\*"King Henry IV.," with twelve illustrations by Professor Eduard Grützner; "As You Like It," with twelve illustrations by Émile Bayard; "Othello," with twelve illustrations by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. Each with an Introduction by Edward Dowden, LL.D. (Cassell & Co., London, Paris and Melbourne. 1888—1891.)

Since 1623, when the "first folio" was put forth, up to 1861—a period of two hundred and thirty-eight years—so far as I am aware, no fewer than two hundred and sixty-three editions of Shakspeare's complete works have been printed and published, to



say nothing of the seven hundred and fifty separate plays, and Heaven knows how many collections of "illustrations" besides. Of this appalling number of reprints, the greater part—and, be it noted, the more scholarly—was unillustrated; nevertheless, a goodly proportion has been embellished by the pencil of the artist. Hardly a figure-painter of note, English or foreign, for the last two hundred years, but has made

an army of artists have since devoted themselves to the illustration of the "Works" throughout, not limiting their attention to a mere selection of scenes. Among these are Singleton, Bunbury, Hayman, Stothard, Fuseli, Thurston, Howard, Harvey, Nicholson, Kenny Meadows, Sir John Gilbert, H. C. Selous, and Gordon Browne, to say nothing of Doré's unpublished blocks, or of the series by Ruhl, by Retzsch, by Pille



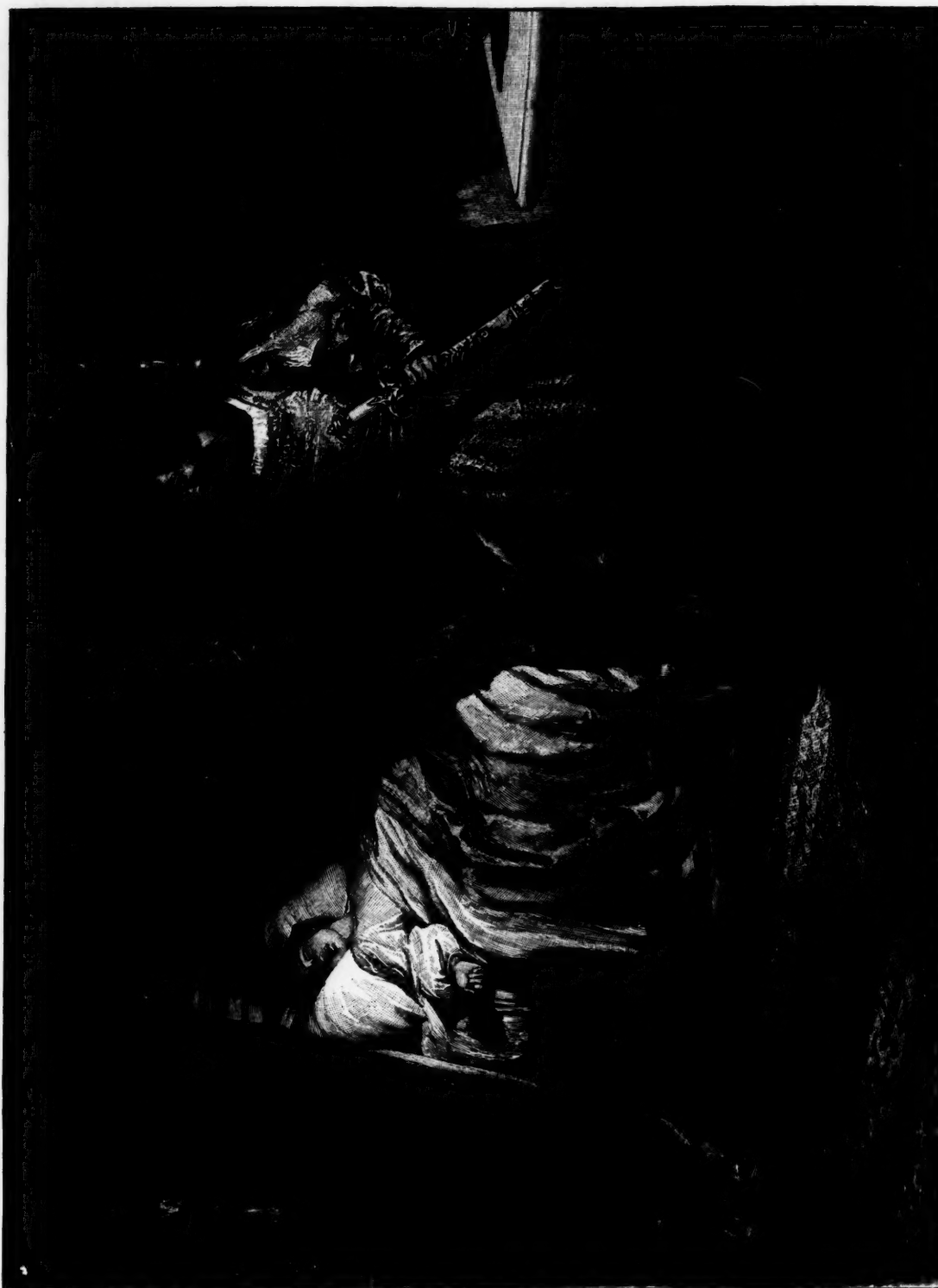
"I PRAY YOU, BEAR WITH ME; I CAN GO NO FURTHER" (*As You Like It*, Act ii., Scene 4).

(Drawn by Émile Bayard. Engraved by L. Rousseau.)

some contribution—now greater, now less—to the illustration or realisation of Shakspearean scenes. To attempt to record all such would be a task far too great and tedious; but it should be observed that many "illustrated editions" of Shakspeare consist in the mere collection and engraving for the most part of a variety of suitable pictures, brought together with little method, and more often than not without taste or judgment. In 1710 Jacob Tonson published the first genuine edition illustrated with plates or cuts—illustrated, that is to say, not haphazard, but on a clear and methodical plan. A little

and other foreign artists who have attempted to bend their talent to the translation into black-and-white of the more dramatic episodes in the Shakspearean drama.

Proceeding on a plan somewhat different, the publishers decided to confide each play to an artist best suited in their opinion by talent, study, and temperament, to illustrate it. Thus the large folio volume of "*Romeo and Juliet*," which Mr Dicksee pictured with so much tenderness and grace—preferring on the whole the delineation of the romantic to the tragic side—has been followed by his "*Othello*."



"Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow." ("Othello," Act V, Scene 2).  
(Drawn by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)

This must be accounted the greater production, for while there is all the tenderness and pathos evident here that were in the former play, there is a virility and a largeness of grasp of subject which the artist has hitherto not shown himself possessed of. Indeed, I believe that in such work as this is Mr. Dicksee's true *métier*; and book-illustration in its highest form demands a strength of genius too seldom found in a painter of pictures, however eminent.

Professor Grützner, the great painter of jovial monkhood, has brought himself to the task of illustrating "King Henry IV." with a skill the more surprising in a foreigner, even though he be a Teuton. His realisation of the face, form, and character of Falstaff is thoroughly English. It can take its place worthily beside those of Sir John Gilbert, Cruikshank, and others, who have admittedly materialised the Fat Knight with conspicuous success, and is practically complete in its representation of the various humours of the Falstaffian figure and philosophy. Herr Grützner's designs are always well composed, and, though somewhat unequal in vigour, are admirable studies, whether considered from the point of view of art or archaeology.

To M. Émile Bayard, one of the most fertile of modern draughtsmen, and, in a sense, the natural suc-

cessor of Gustave Doré, fell the lovely pastoral play of "As You Like It." The one besetting sin of this artist's work, generally speaking, is his affectation, especially in his female figures. To the representation of the comedy of Arden Forest, however, his talent is particularly fitted and his mannerisms all but disappear in face of it. Indeed, save that he persists in regarding Rosalind as something of an *ingénue*, his performance is beyond anything that has come from his pencil. The pictures of Orlando breaking in upon the feast—original, dramatic, and altogether pleasing; of "What shall he have that killed the deer?"; and the character drawings of Sir Oliver Martext, of Audrey, Touchstone, William, and the melancholy Jaques, are in entire harmony with the spirit of the play, and reveal at once the artist's poetic and richly humorous faculties.

So far has the "International Shakspeare" proceeded. Whether those who read these lines will witness the completion of this great edition is another matter. It is to be hoped that it will be pushed forward; but in any case the enterprise will certainly be regarded as the most important effort in the direction of Shakspearean illustration yet made, and one of the most artistic publications of the nineteenth century.

M. H. S.

## THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE PICTURE-GALLERY.

By WALTER SHAW-SPARROW.

THE education of an English lady, when our grandparents were children, was simplicity itself. A neat and very fine handwriting was considered as necessary to her as a prim yet stately bearing; the elementary subjects, which included the dry rules of grammar and the nomenclature of book-geography, were repeated aloud till she knew them by heart; the talent of writing graceful letters was brought before her notice as one to be acquired by patience and a daily sacrifice of paper; and then she was set free from the schoolroom to encourage all manner of homely thoughts in the parlour, while mending or knitting the family socks and stockings.

But things have changed now. The fine old-school handwriting is replaced by a dashing but characteristic scrawl: letters are written at railway speed, and record the news of the hour in as few words as possible; while the elementary subjects have become the foundation for quite a library of learning. In short, the most important revolution which has taken place during the last half-century in the social life of England is surely that intellectual revolution which women have worked for them-

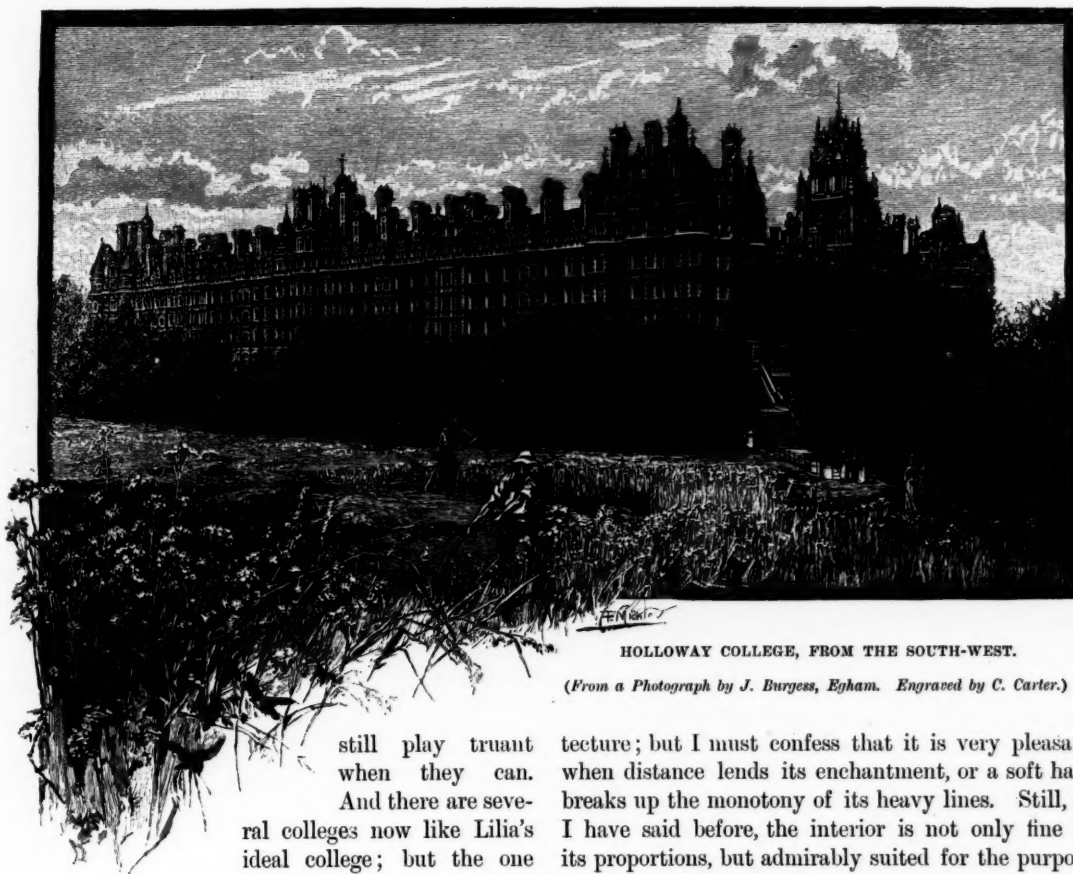
selves, and which has done much to unsettle the long-standing belief about the inferiority of the feminine intellect when compared with that of man. The late successes of lady students in competitive examinations, indeed, very convincingly prove that there is no study too difficult for our sisters to follow, not only with advantage to themselves, but, in many cases, with humiliation to us. And although many fathers shake their heads at the mention of the Higher Education of Women, believing that home feelings will fly from their daughters' minds, when Homer takes possession of their thoughts, it is well for us to know what our sisters can do, and what we must do also if we wish to talk before them. It would seem, indeed, as if a new faculty had been given to womankind. Perhaps, however, as Lilia says in Tennyson's "Princess," this faculty has always existed, but convention beat it down.

"You men have done it; how I hate you all!  
Ah, were I something great! I wish I were  
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,  
That love to keep us children! O, I wish

That I were some great princess, I would build  
Far off from men a college like a man's,  
And I would teach them all that men are taught;  
We are twice as quick."

There is no doubt about the Lilies of the present day being twice as quick as the average lads, who

day of September, 1879, and on Wednesday, 30th of June, 1886, the College was formally declared open by the Queen. The building itself, with the fittings and furnishing, cost upwards of £600,000; and Mr. Holloway, on his death in 1883, added an endowment of £250,000. I shall say very little about the archi-



HOLLOWAY COLLEGE, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

(From a Photograph by J. Burgess, Egham. Engraved by C. Carter.)

still play truant when they can. And there are several colleges now like Lilia's ideal college; but the one farthest off from "University" men is very certainly the Holloway College, and, if Lilia should be sent there, she will find gymnastic as well as Greek exercises to occupy her time, while hockey and tennis will draw her attention from the severe routine of work on fine afternoons. But, even on wet days, there is no fear of any student suffering from a want of exercise, for the building is on so huge a scale that to go to the picture-gallery or to chapel from the class-rooms is an airing in itself. Then the lofty corridors, into which the bedrooms and studies lead, are one-tenth of a mile in length, and the dining-hall is large enough for an athlete to train in. Indeed, I have never seen either so much comfort in so much space, or such neatness and order quite unaccompanied by a fussy parade of regulations.

The first brick of Mr. Thomas Holloway's gift to the gentlewomen of England was laid on the 12th

teature; but I must confess that it is very pleasant when distance lends its enchantment, or a soft haze breaks up the monotony of its heavy lines. Still, as I have said before, the interior is not only fine in its proportions, but admirably suited for the purpose of the case. This, surely, is saying a great deal, and, when time has mellowed the red bricks, the pompous style of the exterior will not be overbearing.

In the picture-gallery, which measures one hundred feet in length and thirty feet in width, are many admirable pictures remarkably well hung. Some of these are quite old friends and in no way changed, while others, sad to say, have literally faded from recollection. Foremost among these comes a picture by Mr. Luke Fildes, "Applicants for Admission at a Casual Ward," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874, and about which a great many enthusiastic notices were then written. The colour has not at all improved by time, while the figures are unfortunately sinking into the canvas. Every painter should take a lesson from its present unsatisfactory state, for it is time, indeed, for Englishmen to study the properties of



the pigments they have to employ. The chemistry of colours is as necessary to their art as a thorough training in the technical branches of drawing, and an hour or so might be profitably employed each day by mixing the colours at home. It is a most interesting hobby, and I have found, after several years' experimenting, that equal proportions of white

Tower," concerning which the painter himself writes as follows: "It is the part of Newgate Prison called the cage, in which prisoners, whilst on trial, are permitted at certain hours and on certain days to see their friends. The prisoners are placed on the inner side, and then their relations or friends are at once brought out. A warder walks between the two



A STATE SECRET.

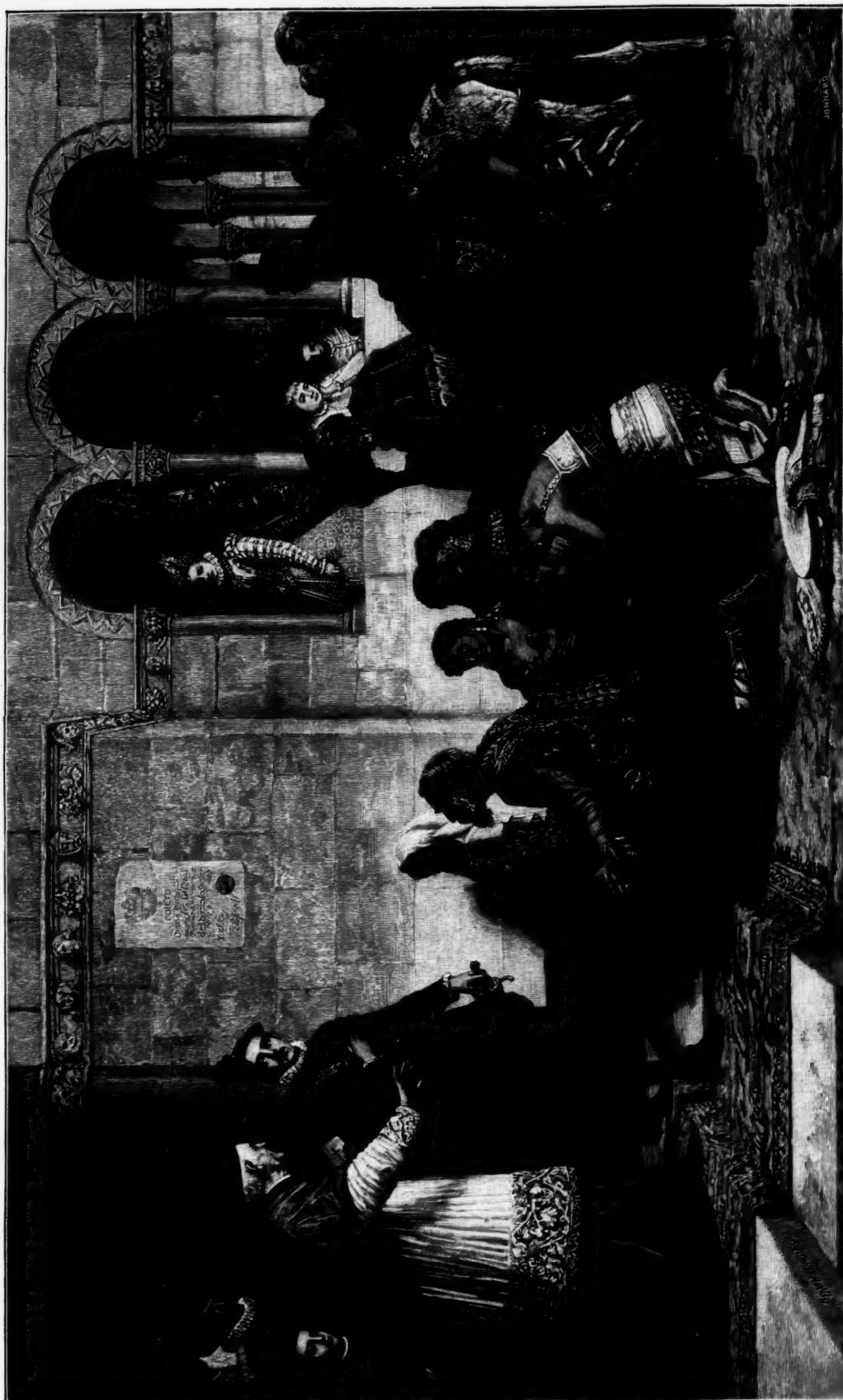
(From the Painting by J. Pettie, R.A.)

vaseline and copal varnish unite to form a medium which entirely does away with the use of oil. All oils turn yellow, and this new vehicle does not.

It is quite a relief to turn from these poor out-casts to the fresh colour and exquisite pathos of Sir John Millais' picture of the "Princes in the Tower." The two princes represented are Edward V. and Richard, sons of Edward IV., and they are supposed to be waiting on a staircase for the coming of a murderer or a rescuer. The very attitudes of the two boys seem to listen, and their expression of "terrified expectation" is neither too exaggerated nor too vague. In a word, the sentiment of the picture is beyond reproach. Frank Holl's "Committed for Trial" hangs near to the "Princes in the

gratings, so that he can hear and see everything that takes place between the friend and prisoner. It is particularly impressive, for scenes of great pathos and agony of mind on both sides take place." The characters are so real in this fine work that one feels there is a story to be told of ruined ambitions, of broken home ties, of devotion scorned and trampled underfoot. There is something quite Shakspearian about the whole of this tragedy.

It is something of a jump from Holl to Constantine Troyon, but there is an excellent example of Troyon's work hard by, the illustration of which on p. 241 tells its own simple story. The sheep recall the charming and pithy criticism which Goethe passed in 1823 upon Roos, a German painter of sheep



THE SUPPLIANTS: EXPULSION OF THE GYPSIES FROM SPAIN.

(From the Painting by Edeia Long, R.A. Engraved by Jomard.)



and cattle. "I am half frightened," said Goethe, "when I look at these beasts. Their state, so limited, dull, and dreaming, excites in me such sympathy, that I feel as if I might become a sheep, and as if the artist must have been one. How could he else enter so into the inmost character of these creatures? for their very souls look through the bodies he

Troyon was twelve years old, and working in the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, the French king awarded a gold medal to Constable for the works he had sent to the Louvre. It is probable that Troyon saw these very works, or some others, and then, having seen nature in a new but truthful light, he turned his own talent out of doors in search of air



DEPARTURE OF THE DILIGENCE, BIARRITZ.

(From the Painting by A. Solomon.)

has drawn. Here you see what great talent can do when it keeps to subjects which are congenial to its nature."

Now, there are two fine sheep and cattle pieces by Mr. Sidney Cooper near to this one by Troyon, and the difference between the natures of the sheep of the one and the natures of the sheep of the other is worthy of special mention. Cooper's sheep are always clean, no matter what dirty weather is brewing overhead, no matter how dusty or dirty the hillside may be. All sheep are pets to him, and he coddles all the vagabond instincts out of them. But we must not forget the training which the two men had in the beginning. When Troyon was a boy John Constable's landscapes were working a much-needed change in the landscape art of France; and in 1825, when

and sunlight. Be this as it may, Troyon's pictures, like those of Courbet, Diaz, Rousseau, and Millet, very plainly show the influence of Constable's grand naturalism and grey harmonious colouring. Cooper, on the other hand, actually painted his way to Brussels in 1827, when art had neither name nor local habitation in the city. He there met Verboeckhoven, became Verboeckhoven's pupil, copied Verboeckhoven's style, obtained the secret of Verboeckhoven's colour and varnish, and ever afterwards thought of prettiness and not of nature when painting fat sheep for the market.

We have now come to one of Constable's views on the Stour, and perhaps it is the happiest view extant of his favourite river. The reeds, the wide expanse of sky covered with broken clouds of



warm grey tones, the boats lying under the bank in the gloom of overhanging trees, the rustic bridge suggest a "possible typical incident" which might have happened in the life either of Richelieu or of



LEAVING AT LOW WATER, SCILLY ISLES.

(From the Painting by J. C. Hook, R.A.)

spanning the river and leading to the picturesque cottage on the right, are all put in with quite extraordinary facility. As to the sky—well, modern landscapists should do what Constable did if they wish to paint like Constable: they should make several quick studies every day of cloud effects; then, perhaps, they would dare to bring the horizon line from the tops of their paintings.

Mr. Hook's joyous little work, of which an illustration is given on this page, blends the land and sea. No man can do this better than he, and everyone will note the grace of the fisherwoman and the touch of nature in the inquisitiveness of the child, who turns to the provision-basket while the parents are busy. Here, indeed, we have fine colour combined with the subtlest skill in composition, together with an unobtrusive figure interest which lends a happy human intent to his work.

Mr. John Pettie's "State Secret" does not enter into the category of historical art, as it is hypothetical rather than actual in its subject (p. 236). He tells us himself, in fact, that it is meant to

Mazarin. "Indeed," says Mr. Pettie, "the two mentioned, who had each a 'familiar' in the person of a simple monk, may have suggested the idea to me."

The full-page illustration (p. 237) is taken from perhaps the best painting which Mr. Edwin Long's versatile brush has given us. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1872, and the artist himself has thus described it: "'The Suppliants' was suggested by the writings of Pacheco, Secretary to the Holy Inquisition of Spain in 1624, which are preserved in the archives of Simancas. It is the story of the intended expulsion of the gypsies in the reign of Philip III., a weak monarch, entirely under the influence of the priesthood, and especially of the Cardinal Gonzales. The gypsies in Spain have always been considered a very degraded race; they were at that time excommunicated, and consequently not allowed to enter a church. It is supposed that the edict of expulsion would have been carried out, as in the case of the Jews in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, but for the timely deputation which the

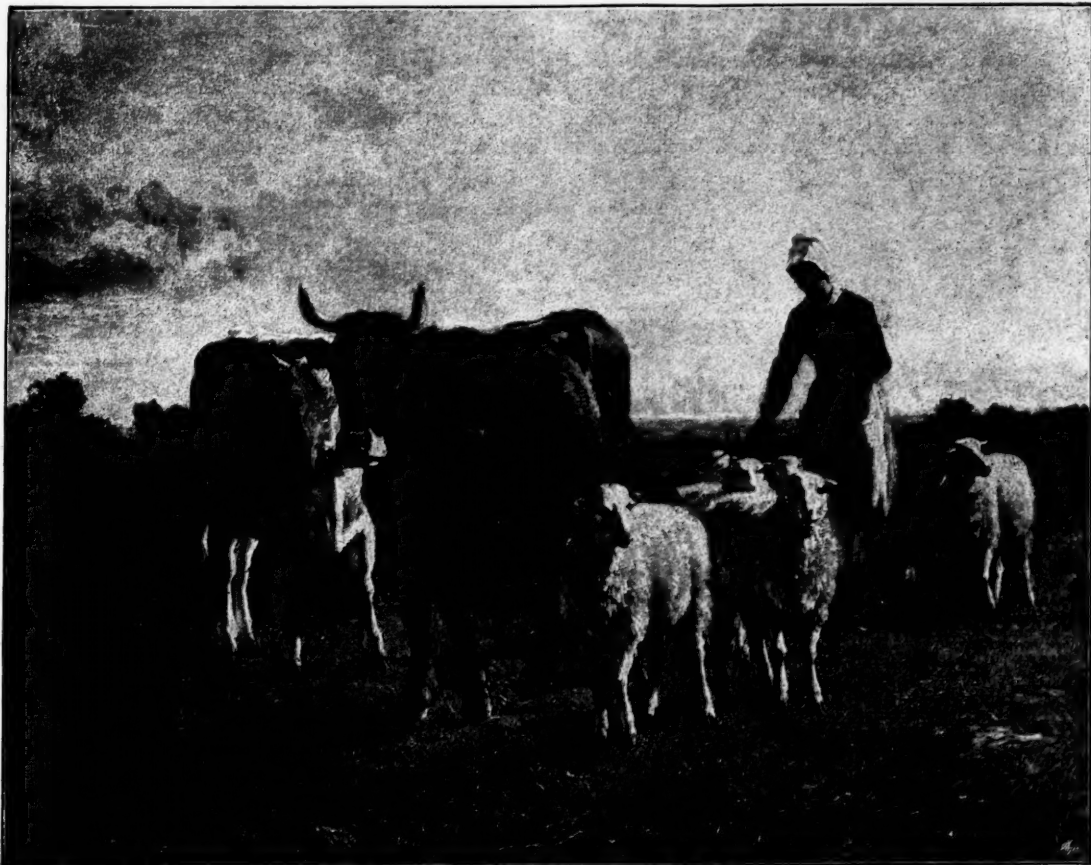
picture attempts to represent, when the king and the cardinal were descending the steps of the Santa Annunciata in Valladolid, and for the compassionate intervention of the young Queen, who may be seen in the corridor above. . . . The historical portraits were studied in the gallery at Madrid, and the gypsies were all painted from the probable descendants of the Suppliants themselves living near Granada in 1871." It was certainly a very difficult episode to bring to canvas, but the difficulty has been overcome, and the composition could not well be bettered.

Abraham Solomon takes us back to the old mail-coach days, and shows us the "Departure of the Diligence, Biarritz" (p. 239); while near at hand hangs Mr. W. P. Frith's "Railway Station," which will vividly remind our great-grandchildren of the fashion and taste of the British Public and its life in 1862. As a costume picture, indeed, it will be as interesting to them as Hogarth's "March of the Guards to Finchley" is to us. For all this, however,

it is a relief to turn from its bewildering scenes and emotions to the gentle sentiment and genial aspect of Mr. Solomon's representation of travellers preparing to set out.

"An Anxious Moment" is a really humorous painting by Mr. Briton Riviere, in which a number of geese passing down a narrow road are startled by an old black hat lying in their path. "This," says Mr. Riviere, "like all the subjects I have painted, was thought of and noted down some years before it was painted." In the meantime, also, he must have kept an inquisitive, foxy eye on the poultry yard, for the consternation of the unhappy white geese, as they crane their necks towards or away from the object of their fear, is not only faithful to nature, but to the natures of the geese represented.

There are still several more excellent pictures to mention, and at no distant date, in a companion notice to this, I hope to say something more about the art-treasures at the Royal Holloway College.



EVENING: DRIVING CATTLE.

(From the Painting by Constantine Troyon.)

## "GLAD SPRING."

PAINTED BY GEORGE WETHERBEE, R.I. ETCHED BY J. DOBIE.



ANY of our readers will remember this picture as one of the most bright and fresh that hung on the walls of the New Gallery last summer. It is impossible, perhaps, to treat such a subject without provoking a comparison with Mason and Walker, not to mention the numerous artists of a younger school who flood our spring exhibitions with lambs and blossoms. But there is a difference in these things, and of late years there have been two well-distinguished classes of pastorals—that which delighted in grass of a metallic green and cattle of a scarcely less metallic red, with starch-blue skies and violet shadows, and others in which nature assumed colours more familiar, or at least more agreeable to English eyes. A difference also was there in the sentiment in which such scenes were treated. One section was marked by an uncompromising realism which regarded any imported grace as a cardinal sin, the other by a leaning towards beauty in form and colour, and to the expression of individual feeling. Such was the natural consequence of the education of a number of clever young artists in

French and Belgian studios who brought home with them a confidence in their technical accomplishment which for a time conquered to a certain degree their national instincts and their personal tastes.

A year or two ago Mr. Wetherbee's work was in a sort of transition state between the two sections, and it would have been hard to prophesy, notwithstanding the evident sincerity and a certain simple charm which marked all he did, in what direction it would ultimately tend. Such a picture as that we engrave is enough to settle the question. The traces of his Belgian training, in so far as it affected the purity of his colour, have disappeared, while the value of its drill in tones and draughtsmanship remains. The charming drawings which are now to be seen on the walls of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours are sufficient confirmation, if any were needed, that Mr. Wetherbee is one of the most poetical of our present pastoral painters, that his love of truth absolute is tempered by a fine artistic instinct, and that he can paint for us the country and its inhabitants with just that compromise between crude fact and over-polished sentiment which is essence of fine art.

C. M.

## HOKUSAI: A STUDY.

IN TWO PARTS: PART ONE.

By S. BING.



THE time when a type of art, hitherto unknown, was suddenly introduced to our old western culture, our attention was at once irresistibly captivated by certain works bearing the stamp of undisputable individuality. They were, in fact, so full of distinction that our first wish was to know them better and the man who had created them, before even examining the art which had given them birth; and this desire to study an isolated chapter of history before looking at its fore-runners was, in the present instance, less illogical than might be supposed. For this man's peculiarity and the predominant character of his genius are that he has no close and exclusive affinity to the art of any nationality. His art is universal, for he made it his business to note, in man and in nature

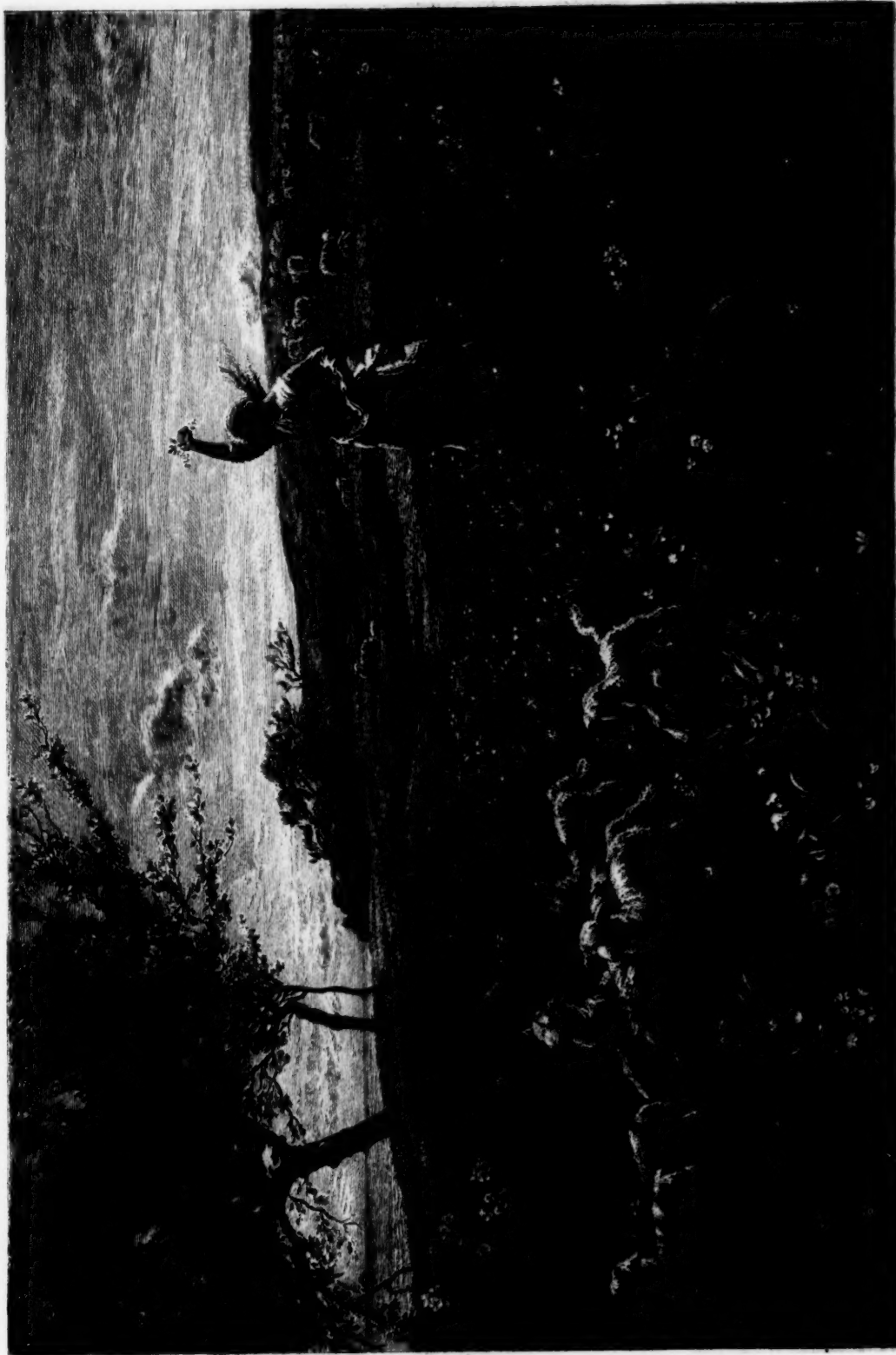
generally, those characteristics which are common to every race, and to nature in every latitude.

It cannot, however, be said that Hokusai's was a spontaneous and entirely self-made genius; if he does not, indeed, reflect the more general aspects of Japanese art, he nevertheless epitomises in the most emphatic manner one phase of that art: that, namely, which was developed in the seventeenth century, under the name of Ukiyô (the painting of life in movement). The old classic art of Japan lived by theoretical standards, and obeyed certain conventional rules. From the earliest times its traditions were aristocratic, the outcome of the pleasing imaginings of a lordly caste with the instinct of contemplativeness. This art existed only on condition of raising everything to an ideal level, involving it in poetic mists which were impenetrable to profaner eyes. This was its career during a long course of ages. And then, one day, popular feeling rebelled against this exclusiveness. That day gave birth to a









George Wetherbee, paint.

Magazine of Art.

# GLAD SPRING.

James Dobbie, sculpt.



new art which the people created in its own image, and for its own delectation.

A precursor to Hokusai had appeared on the scene in the early years of the seventeenth century. His name was Matahei. He was a delightful and elegant artist, unsurpassed in his use of the brush, but at the same time ingenious in devising formulas which were free alike from the affectations of the old *Tosa* school, and from the somewhat monotonous traditions of the *Kanos*. He was the first to dare to paint the scenes around him, and the gay crowds who animated them, as he really saw them. He, however, left no immediate successor. It was not till within the last quarter of the seventeenth century that the founder of the modern school arose in the person of Hishikawa Moronobu. Thenceforth, the impulse received no check; side by side with Moronobu, and after his time, whole groups of eminent artists ranged themselves in numbers under this painter. It is no part of my purpose to enumerate them here. I will only mention the family of Tori-i, who, for nearly a century, represented the theatrical celebrities of their time, and those of Kitao, Utagawa, and Katsukawa.

It is here requisite that I should explain a singular custom which has, in all ages, prevailed in Japan. Artists were not content to sign their works with their family name and forename—equivalent to our Christian name. On adopting the profession, they chose one or more pseudonyms, which they would sometimes change as fancy might dictate. When an artist's success had justified him in setting up as the founder or chief of a school, he would compose a surname, made up of two or three written characters which took his fancy, either by their sound or by their signification; for the ideographic scheme of calligraphy used by the Chinese had found its way into Japan so early as the sixth century. Then the original family name, with another derived from

the adopted name, were handed down from master to pupils, as a sort of badge of the school to which it was the painter's boast to belong. Take, for instance, the Katsukawa clan of artists just mentioned. The name of its founder was Shunsho (Shun = spring, Sho = reflection). His pupils took



(From an Illustrated Romance, signed "Kako," about 1795.)

the names of Shunyé, Shunko Shunchō, and so forth, preserving the first syllable Shun, with the patronymic Katsukawa. Of this class, one of the latest in point of date was Katsukawa Shunro; but he was born to be too great a man to bear, for any length of time, a name which designated him as a mere follower of others. As soon as he felt his wings, he assumed a name of his own—nay, twenty different names, which he used or laid aside as caprice might direct him. Among this variety of names the most distinguished and distinguishing is that of Katsushika Hokusai, to which he remained on



the whole most faithful through the different phases of his career, and with which he has signed his most brilliant masterpieces. The other signatures found on his work at different periods are Tokitaro, Kako, Tetsujiro, Gumbatei, Sori, Tokimasa (some people pronounce Tatsumasa), Kintaisha, I-itsu, Hokusaiishi, Sensei, Saïto, Raïto, Raishin, Rai-i, Genriusai, Kintaisha, Taïto, Taïgaku, and above his signature

points to the quarter of Yedo where the artist is supposed to have been born, in 1760.†

Here a question arises in my mind which I am surprised never to have seen discussed by some more competent authority than I am. The first known dated works by this master are of a time when, by all calculation, he was nearly forty; and an examination of all earlier work signed *Shunro*, whether



(From a *Surimono*—"New Year's Card"—before Colour-Printing was applied. Signed "*Gwa kiojin Hokusai*," about 1800.)

he wrote the words *Gwa kiojin* (the man mad about drawing), which he subsequently changed to *Gwa-kio rojin* (the old man mad about drawing); and in advanced life he further added *Man* or *Manji*, meaning one who had reached the age of 10,000 years.\*

We will call him Hokusai. A translation of this word gives us the House—and by extension the Studio—of the North, while the name Katsushika

\* Some people, and amongst them several Japanese writers, also cite the names I-itshi Taméitshi or Tamékadzu. But these are only vitiated pronunciations of the characters I-itsu.

coloured wood-cuts or little books in black-and-white, has, so far, discovered nothing which does not bear the stamp of an unskilled hand, nothing which does not suggest the stage—necessarily a passing one—of the beginner. What, then, has become of the products of our artist's youth? History is mute as to how he spent this important period of his life. Was it devoted to other pursuits

† His father, according to Mr. F. V. Dickens, was called Nakajima Ise, and held the office in Honjo—a quarter of Yedo—of purveyor of mirrors to the Palace of the Shoguns, an important post, as it would seem.

than that of art? And yet Hokusai himself, in an amusing and often-quoted passage, has taken



(From the *Ogawa*, 1802.)

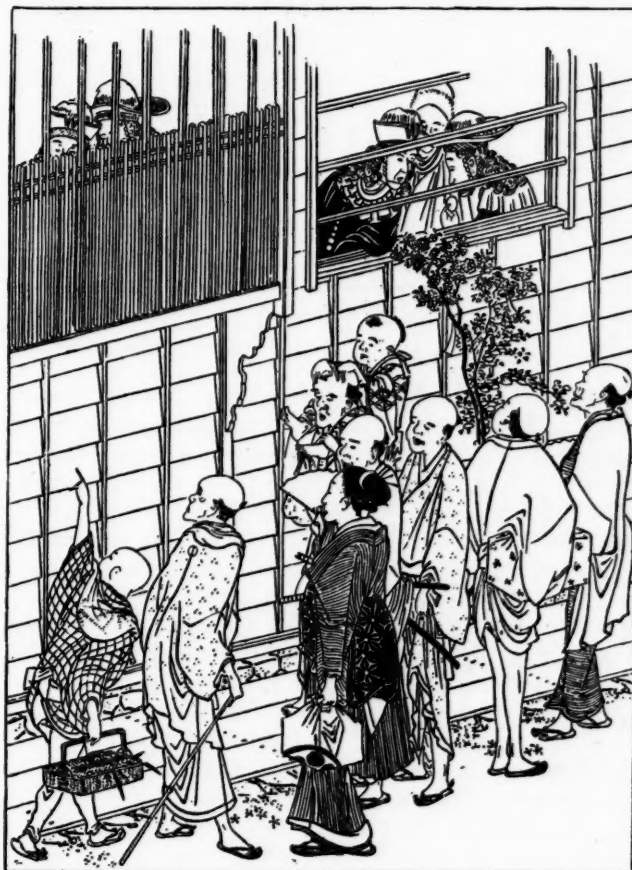
care to tell us that the passion for drawing had possessed him from his earliest years.

"Ever since the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of objects; towards the age of fifty I published a very large number of drawings, but I am dissatisfied with everything which I produced before the age of seventy. It was at the age of seventy-three that I had nearly mastered the real nature and form of birds, fish, plants, &c. Consequently at the age of eighty I shall have made a great deal of progress; at ninety I shall have got to the bottom of things; at a hundred I shall have attained a decidedly higher level which I cannot define; and at the age of a hundred and ten every dot and every line of my brush will be alive. I call on those who may live as long as I to see if I keep my word. Written at the age of seventy-five by me, formerly Hokusai, now Gwakio Rojin."

Now, even if we regard this witty and playful fragment as merely fanciful, and assume that the artist's talent was not so precocious, but developed at a normal age, the problem still is not solved. May we not rather doubt the age ascribed to himself by the humorous and sarcastic old man? For it must be remembered that in the East, men are

proud of advancing age.\* Be this as it may, I can but refer to this obscure point in the hope of some light being thrown on it by other inquirers.

The phase of transition from Shunro to Hokusai is, so to say, missing. One is evolved from the other as suddenly as the butterfly from the chrysalis. The books and prints by Shunro are often no more than a somewhat poor version of the less good work of his time and that immediately preceding. There is no personal note to be detected in them. By a puzzling phenomenon the personality of the artist reveals itself in an undeniable fashion at the very moment when he casts off the name of Shunro. It is exactly from this day forth that his drawing assumes its characteristic notes, which make it easy to recognise at the first glance without hesitation the slightest of his sketches. This event takes place towards the



CURIOSITY EXCITED BY THE ARRIVAL OF EUROPEANS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(From the *Aduma Asobi*—"Walks in Yedo"—1799.)

end of the century in the appearance of some little

\* The most singular diversity of dates for Hokusai's birth are

books illustrated in black-and-white bearing the signatures Kako or Tokitaro. Under the signature Kako there appeared, moreover, a series of eleven coloured plates representing the Chiushingura (story of the forty-seven Ronins). In these various works

saucy glee. The landscape is full of air, the trees are soundly drawn, the figures move with ease and are skilfully grouped. The print already gives earnest of that vigorous execution which subsequently became one of the artist's most marked



CROSSING A STREAM.

(From the *Den Shin Gwakio*, 1813.)

the figures are marked by a flowing of somewhat morbid elegance. The execution still shows signs of timidity, but the figures present a well-determined type, and move with freedom in the midst of landscapes composed with knowledge and taste.

The name of Hokusai appears for the first time in 1797 on a design serving as a frontispiece to an elegant volume signed Hosoi (better known by the name of Yeishi), containing portraits of thirty-six famous poetesses. Here we find Hokusai already placing before his signature the qualification *Gwa kiojin* (the man mad about drawing). The drawing represents a somewhat extensive landscape. In the distance, rising from a hollow in the ground, and cut off below by a narrow belt of mist, we see the walls of a palace from which three personages of rank are proceeding across the country, followed by their porters. Three urchins, sitting on a hillock, are watching this procession with

to be found in native documents; and the functions of the State in such matters were, no doubt, formerly exercised in the most rudimentary manner in Japan.

characteristics. But what most strikes us in this composition is its relationship with the numbers of *Surimono*s—small prints commonly exchanged in complimentary rivalry between artists at the New Year—which Hokusai designed and executed at this period of his career. I would gladly have reproduced an example for such of my readers as are unacquainted with them, but the exquisite and delicate qualities of their technical execution defies imitation. Shall I attempt a description? It must be very colourless and unworthy of the subject. On a small surface of perhaps six inches square, the artist, where he proposes to represent a landscape, contrives to give a sense of space, air, and brilliant light, in which the distances are vigorously delineated, while the minute execution adds perhaps to the startling impression of the whole. In others, we have the swarming crowd; children sporting under the watchful eye of a young mother; labourers bending over their work; a flock of storks with their stilt-like legs on the sands indented by the sea-foam. There is an extensive series of such subjects, and of the most varied character, all marked with a shell-

shaped label.\* The waters are silvery, and the clouds golden, the patterns on the dresses sparkle with colour, feathers are simulated by embossing, and the harmonious tints are characterised by a strange and vivid scale of blending.

After all, why should I more especially mention this series rather than any other? His works come before me in a crowd, all protesting against such invidious partiality; from the miniature design, no larger than a doll's hand, to the grand panoramic landscapes which show amazing mastery. These larger pieces were executed to ornament programmes of concerts or other entertainments got up for the benefit of some favourite singer or famous stage hero. There was at that time, in Japan, a very excellent association or fraternity which united certain classes of artists, actors, dancers, writers, and painters—those painters whose style lent them some affinity to that branch of the artistic world. On the other hand, there was a close alliance between this group of popular celebrities and the crowd who applauded them day after day, and lived almost in their life. Then it was a matter of rivalry to add to the success of those performances; some gave their services, others their coin; the painters vied with each other in composing these illustrations, which were engraved with incredible care, and eagerly bid for by enthusiastic connoisseurs. To all this we, to-day, owe these gems of art.

I must not leave the subject of *Surimono*s without mentioning one remarkable series which is allied to them by the exquisite finish of the printing, and differs only by the peculiarity that each page, instead of containing a complete composition, is but a portion of a larger whole. This series, consisting of about sixty small prints, is known as *Gojiuroku Tsuki* (the Sixty Stages—being those of the high road Tokaido, between Kyoto and Yedo). Many artists have treated this popular subject, and Hokusai himself has given us various versions of it in different sizes and forms. In the series of which I speak, it is not so much the various aspects of the places along the road which he has tried to depict, as the characteristic manners which struck him at each halting place. Thus, figure-subjects predominate in these quaintly original compositions. Another series of the same class appeared somewhat later in a rather larger and squarer size. Here we have the same stages, but with a different rendering; the landscape plays a more important part, and the execution is broader and freer.

All this does not bring us later than 1800. The fashion for fine prints had not diminished the taste for illustrated books. In 1799, Hokusai published a work in three volumes, in black-and-white, with the title *Adsuma Assobi* (Walks in Yedo). These represent the temples of the great city, its gardens, the picturesque banks of the Sumida



RIVAL BABIES.

(From the *Den Shin Gwakio*, 1813.)

\* It is on *Surimono*s, almost exclusively, that we meet with the signature *Sori*, which I have mentioned among those adopted by Hokusai. It was derived by Hokusai, as Mr. W. Anderson informs us, from a master named *Tanaraya Sori*. The best known of this family was *Hiakurin Sori*, another of Hokusai's contemporaries, of whom we hear through Japanese tradition, which is, however, obscure and difficult to disentangle on such

river, whose ample tide flows through the town to empty itself into the beautiful bay of Yedo; here, too, we have interiors of shops, artisans at work, high bridges, the wooded slopes of the suburbs splendid points. Other *Soris* lived long before; some day perhaps light may dawn on all these questions.



with the flowers of spring. It is all full of life and bustle, the crowd jostling in the streets and on the bridges; there is a crush in the shops where

passengers. It would be impossible to represent more faithfully all the multifarious facts of town life. The same work was re-issued, printed in



(From the *Manga*, Vol. viii., 1817.)

eager shopmen display their stuffs, and in the flower-decked courts of the temples where high festival is being held. The river is thronged with boats heavily loaded with bales, or packed with a turmoil of

colours, in 1802, and other series of the same subject appeared at about the same time: *Toto shokei ichiran*, 1800; *Yama mata yama*, 1803; *Sumida riogan ichiran*, 1804; and, finally, *Toto meisho*, 1805.

## THE FRENCH REVIVAL OF ETCHING.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

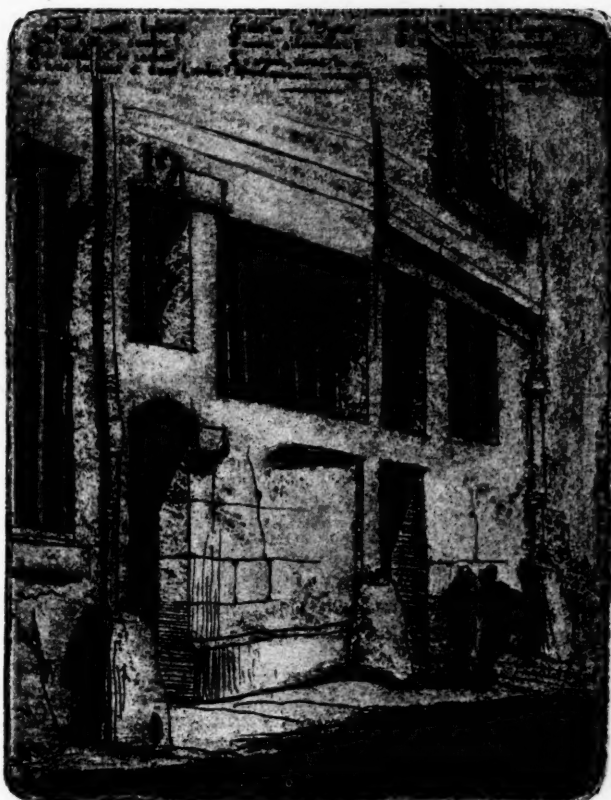
IT was by one of those accidents which occur from time to time in the history of art that there appeared in France—in what were, broadly speaking, the earliest years of the Second Empire—a group of men whose particular genius showed itself best in the art of Etching. It is to the appearance of this group, at this special time, that we owe the existence of a second period really remarkable for fine productiveness of this art. The first period was, as nearly as possible, a couple of centuries earlier. It was about the middle of the seventeenth century that Adrian van Ostade wrought upon copper the score or so of *genre* subjects which record the life of the smaller *bourgeoisie*, the peasantry almost, and the itinerant traders and artificers, of Holland. It was then that Vandyck made upon copper

those portraits which keep for us to-day their charms of decisive draughtsmanship and of sustained and inevitable style. It was then that Rembrandt worked—employing upon his coppers not only all his genius, but every resource of technique. With his last plate the great period ended. It was succeeded by generations that were productive of the fussy and scratchy—productive of countless coppers that were all of them wanting alike in breadth and in sense of line. Here and there in the earlier portions of the present century there was a notable exception. Wilkie did a fine thing or two. Geddes, who followed the latest methods of Rembrandt, produced a little series of etchings and dry-points which, if only you can get

them in the right states, and not as they were re-issued in recent years, are thoroughly worth possessing. Cotman's soft-ground etchings have his own qualities of distinction and grace. Turner's etchings were never meant to be complete in themselves—they were the first stages of the "Liber" coppers. They were incomplete, but they were vigorous and decisive—full of the power of selection and of synthesis. They were the preparations of a master.

Then, exactly in the middle of our present century—for his first etchings are dated 1849—came the peculiar but now unquestioned genius of the French revival—Charles Méryon. I have said so much about him—first in a number of the *Nineteenth Century*, then in my little book called "Mé-

ryon and Méryon's Paris," then again in other places and at many times—that I should have preferred, had it been possible, to have been silent about him here. But silence, as it seems, cannot be granted to me about Méryon; all that I can claim, and can receive, is a permission to be brief. I will claim it then. He was born in Paris; a bastard, the son of an English physician and—as they tell us—of a French dancing-girl. He was educated, and supplied with money, and destined for the navy. He made a voyage round the world. Then he preferred to be an artist, and, if he had not been colour-blind, would probably have been a painter. As it was, he entered the studio of one Bléry, an engraver, to whom, a few years



RUE DES MAUVAIS GARÇONS.

(From the Etching by Méryon.)

afterwards, he addressed lines of gratitude—"À toi, Bléry, mon maître." This engraver's work is absolutely without fame. I never came across a single copper which "Bléry, mon maître" had engraved. But he was useful to Méryon. And, equipped with



THE GALLERY OF NOTRE DAME.

(From the Etching by Méryon.)

such technical knowledge as he had acquired in the studio—a knowledge, however, which experience was to further enlarge—Méryon set forth upon his particular mission—the record of the things which seemed to him most characteristic of Paris: architecture liked for its own sake, but liked yet more for its associations. Some of the buildings which Méryon drew were threatened under the *régime* of Monsieur Haussmann; but Méryon's work was not

confined to such alone. The "Doric little Morgue," for instance, which Mr. Browning wrote about, and which I remember in my boyhood—another Morgue has come and has vanished since that remote time—existed for very many years after Méryon thought proper to etch it. It was not threatened at all when Méryon etched it, but to etch it was part of his scheme. Méryon could actually depict no "violent delights"—he was not a figure painter, he was not professedly dramatic—but he would suggest them by depicting at least a place of "violent ends." Hence his etching of the "Morgue." Over such violent ends an evil spirit in stone, aloft, outside the tower of Notre Dame, continuously gloated. So Méryon thought; and he etched it, emphasising its expression. Hence the "Stryge." Sometimes, from the arches of a Paris bridge, when desperation was at its completest, a suicidal plunge. Hence the "Pont Neuf." Before a certain sombre house-front—"No. 12"—

"Child, gather garments round thee: pass  
nor pry."

And hence the "Rue des Mauvais Garçons." Pure beauty holds its own in the "Pont au Change," with its spacious sky and its balloon "Speranza." Love of architecture simply, perhaps—though the Gothic building opposite the Panthéon corner was indeed coming down—in the "St. Étienne-du-Mont." The same perhaps in the "Rue de la Tisséranderie." And for once, when restoration or novelty was fortunate—Méryon held it to be so in the case of M. Viollet-le-Duc's little spire—for once, the tribute to it, in the "Rue des Chantres." Then there is the solemn "Galérie" which Victor Hugo liked so much, as Baudelaire, before him, had been held captive by the "Rue des Mauvais Garçons." Lastly—for of course I cannot count them every one—there must be adequate chronicle—inspired chronicle, I should rather say—of all that is suggestive to the imagination, of all that is dignified and serene in form, in the great cathedral with its stately yet comforting beauty. Hence, with the plate of the "Abside de Notre Dame de Paris"—a pure masterpiece of thought and of engraving, which must live to other times, with the "Ephraim Bonus" of Rembrandt, with the "Melancholia" of Dürer—Méryon puts the finishing touch, and crowns the edifice of his art.

A word may now be said about Jean François Millet, a sturdy, an engaging, and, within his own



limited lines, a very admirable painter, whose name of late years has been in many mouths. The uninstructed are a little apt nowadays to compare him with the giant among landscape-painters—Turner—and this to Turner's disadvantage. Grotesque juxtaposition!—it is as if some tiro in literature bethought him to compare Bloomfield with Shakespeare—"The Farmer's Boy" with "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." We may let such comparisons alone. But I am very careful that the almost entertaining stupidity of Millet's wildest advocates shall not prevent me from admiring what was excellent in the French painter of rustic life. He painted with much truth, and with some poetry, the life of the fields. And as he painted he etched. His etchings are not numerous; they are not at first sight attractive. But they are done in an entirely manly method; and, though rarely carried to the point of subtlety, they show that Millet was ever mindful of the resources and the bounds of the particular art he pressed into his service. At reasonable prices the plates are, to the true connoisseur of Etching, a desirable possession. I am sure I should myself rejoice exceedingly were I—like Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Theobald and Mr. Hutchinson—the owner of a group of them.

Jacquemart and Bracquemond—the first now dead; the second, like Mr. Whistler, still with us—are, after Méryon who had the charm of a unique genius, the two most notable masters of the French Revival of Etching. Both have been most prolific etchers, and both have addressed themselves alike to work of reproduction and to work that is original. These last five-and-twenty years have seen the publication of much skilful work of reproduction, in France especially, by all sorts and conditions of artists—from Rajon, Flameng, and Waltner downwards. And in Germany there has been Unger, and in England many men. But among etched reproductions of the thoughts and the canvases of others there is nothing perhaps that surpasses the rendering by Bracquemond of Holbein's portrait of Erasmus and the renderings by Jules Jacquemart of Greuze's "*Rêve d'Amour*," of Fragonard's "*Premier Baiser*," of Van der Meer of Delft's "*Le Soldat et la Fillette qui rit*." These things, accordingly, it is interesting to see and to possess; but it is not upon these things that the fame of the etchers will particularly rest. Bracque-

mond—whose *œuvre* numbers seven hundred pieces—has his best chance of fame by the fidelity, the breadth, the spirit, of his rendering of some few things in nature that have struck him; "*Vanneaux et Sarcelles*," for instance, or the birds hanging dead to the door of a barn ("*Le Haut d'un Battant de Porte*"), or chanticleer in pride of feather and presence—"Le Vieux Coq." He will live undoubtedly, but it will be in virtue of the excellence not of all, but of a few, of his plates.



THE GOOSEHERD.

(From the Etching by Millet.)

Jacquemart's peculiar gift—and no one in the world has ever possessed that gift so fully—was in the representation of exquisite objects of art—things ravishing in line and texture: vessels of bronze and sardonyx and porphyry; swords in which Horror coquets with Voluptuousness; rock-crystal; early Renaissance jewellery; and delicate porcelain of Valenciennes and Sèvres. When he etched flowers, as he did sometimes, he proved not that he lacked skill or feeling, but that his medium—of the plate bitten with acid—was less fitted for his momentary subject than that medium of mezzotint in which Earlom had given fresh grace to the flowers of Van



Huysum. Jacquemart's record of the objects which, after all, he cared for the most and worked the hardest at, was, in the well-chosen phrase of M. Louis Gonse, an interpretation "*colorée et vibrante*." The splen-

his illustrations, and the "*Gemmes et Joyaux*" of the Louvre become fresh things—receive a new birth, as it were—at the hands of his art.

Corot wrought but very few etchings; yet these, like Millet's, are in the right spirit—they are what so many of his pictures are—they are frank and graceful sketches. See the "*Souvenir d'Italie*," our illustration. Nor did Daubigny—good as a little of his work was—contribute very substantially to the revival. As an etcher I must place above him—in his best plates, at all events—Maxime Lalanne, who, writing on the subject only less well than Mr. Hamerton (see his "*Traité de la Gravure à l'Eau-forte*"), knew his medium most thoroughly, and in it expressed sometimes to perfection his ideal of elegance and grace. Decamps and Delacroix etched a little before the real Revival—they produced generally with clumsiness: their work is of no account. It is condemned alike through ugly line and through deficient technique. It falls most promptly into the disrepute which sooner or later must overtake their painting. Ingres, too—the great classic master who was so much opposed to them—etched one plate at the same time at which they worked and temporarily triumphed. It was when he lived in Rome. The Burlington Club exhibits it. It is without the freedom and the breadth that came to the masters of the



A SOUVENIR OF ITALY.

(From the Etching by Corot.)

dours of these things he etched, their lasting fascinations are disclosed to us—to many of us—for the first time in those plates of his which are now so exquisitely dainty and finished, now so essentially broad and free. To his father's learned "*Histoire de la Porcelaine*" Jacquemart gave perpetual life by

later period, on whose work I have insisted most—Méryon and Millet, Jacquemart and Bracquemond—but it has the dignity of draughtsmanship which, in whatever medium the portrait be executed, can never be missing to any portrait by Jean Dominique Ingres.



A MISTY MORNING.

(From the Painting by E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A.)

## CURRENT ART.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1891.—II.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

IT should at once be confessed that the first estimate of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, and the verdict of comparative failure, were a little unjust. There are, doubtless, not so many "popular" pictures to discuss; it is not so striking a show, but there are some works—more, perhaps, than usual—which stick strangely in the mind, and which, the more they are thought of, give increased food for reflection and enjoyment. And this characteristic, I take it, is the sure sign of fine qualities in a picture—supposing the taste of the thinker to be chaste and educated. When half-a-dozen pictures stand strongly out in the memory from the kaleidoscopic medley that whirls confused across the mental retina after the pains of Press-day have passed away, one may fairly think of those as the "pictures of the year."

To more than one of these I referred last month. The great popular success of the year is undoubtedly Mr. Fildes's picture of "The Doctor"—intensely dramatic, novel in subject, and, what is of vastly more importance, admirable alike in composition and technique. The versatility of the artist who can turn with such facility and confidence from the light and graceful touch and manner that are

proper to the Gainsborough-like rendering of female portraiture, to the more rugged handling (yet technique as admirable) in which are translated the motive of the picture of the painful and emotional side of a workman's life, is indeed of no common order.

But if Mr. Fildes's picture is extraordinary of its kind, still more so is that of Mr. Waterhouse. The "Ulysses" gains wonderfully on acquaintance, striking as it was at first. The subtlety and harmony of its beautiful colour declare it a masterpiece even in a country where colour has always been more appreciated than drawing.

Another gem among the wilderness of pictures is Mr. Swan's little "African Panthers." Set in an atmosphere of blue—that exquisite tone which constituted the chief charm of his "Piping Boy" of last year—two panthers are on the prowl. Notwithstanding the smallness of the picture, the beasts are living, and we seem to see the movement of their quivering bones and muscles beneath their loose skins. The harmony of colour, limited, it is true, in scale, is complete, and the picture adds to Mr. Swan's little list of masterpieces.

I next come to a picture as brilliant and as clever as it is at first repellent—"La Carmencita" of Mr. Sargent. The picture is distinguished for two characteristics—the intense individualities, so to say, of the painter and the model. The strong characterisation of his sitters is one of Mr. Sargent's greatest virtues; the over-obtrusion of himself and his skill his greatest fault. In the majority of his works the artist's first proclamation to the spectator is, "Ain't I clever?"; and not until we have heard Mr. Sargent's voice does the canvas begin to speak. The artist is often spoken of as the American Velasquez, and not without reason is he the pride of a nation. There are qualities in all of Mr. Sargent's work—notably in his portrait of a lady now at the New Gallery—which, in spite of all its violence and eccentricity, border on, if they do not always achieve, greatness. But Velasquez did not give precedence to the display of his skill—he allowed it to display itself. Would Mr. Sargent but see to this and his position as an artist would vastly improve: he has far too much genius to be merely "clever." The picture in the Academy comes nearer to self-emancipation than most of his recent works. This yellow-clad woman is the concentrated essence of one side of Spanish life. As she stands there, with her whitened face, her blackened brows and lashes, and her painted lips, one yellow-shod foot extended ready for the dance, she is a very incarnation—at once fascinating and repulsive. The picture kills everything on the wall, and surpasses for strength almost every modern picture I have ever seen. In the treatment of the dress Mr. Sargent seems to have taken a lesson from the work of Sir Everett Millais.

Another picture, as strong in its way as the last, but how different in manner, is the "Portrait of a Gentleman," by M. Jan Van Beers. It is intensely realistic and astonishingly forcible. When it is said that the linen of the evening-dressed sitter is as white as your own, vying in brilliancy with a cuff placed beside it, and that the flesh is painted up to that tremendous pitch, while the whole is a perfect harmony, some idea may be formed of the vigour of the picture. It is a great deal more than a *tour de force*; it is a remarkable effort, the more notable when it is contrasted with the extreme tenderness and delicacy of his "Autumn" and "Reviens!"

Mr. Orchardson is seen at his best this year. But it is not in his "Enigma," a small *genre* picture of a quarrel between a young couple, that the chief pleasure will be taken, for all its lovely harmony of warm colours. It is in his portraiture, and especially in "Sir Andrew Walker, Bart.," that his masterpiece is to be sought. This picture is as different from Mr. Sargent's as could be. It is in a way quite

as mannered; yet the artist does not consciously obtrude his mannerism. It is as clever, nay, far more so; yet it does not clamour for our notice. Its painting is as fine, its colour, though not so daring, is more agreeable, its pose is as natural, and the character as distinct. Besides all this, there is a truth of expression, a refinement and repose, a dignity and quiet force, that are to be looked for in vain in the work of Mr. Sargent. It is well that the personality of the beneficent founder of the Walker Art Gallery should have been so worthily placed on canvas.

It is difficult to speak with decision of Sir Everett Millais' chief contribution of the year, "Lingering Autumn." That it at once proclaims itself a noble work is beyond dispute; nevertheless, at first examination at least, it rather ranges itself with his "Murtly Moss" than with "Chill October;" that is to say, that it just misses being a truly great work. This opinion might be modified, after a certain time: it is indeed peculiar to Sir Everett's landscape pictures that, upon longer acquaintance they impress the beholder with greater and greater favour. But the fact remains that, in spite of the artist's great grasp of landscape, which always makes itself felt, the crispness of his light and atmosphere, and the perfection of his tree-drawing, there is that lacking which prevents its being classed with his greatest efforts. In the matter of portraiture he has recovered himself in an extraordinary degree. His picture of "Mrs. Chamberlain" has much of the freshness and beauty of his finest period. Graceful in pose, it is admirable in colour, and the flesh-painting puts to shame all those younger executants whose thoughts are exclusively engaged by considerations of *allure* on the one hand, or tones and values on the other.

Such are the pictures, besides the President's contributions, of which I have already spoken, that most impress me as I write from memory of the exhibition—away from my notes and catalogue; and such, I believe, will be accepted by the majority as the landmarks of the year's Academy. I should, perhaps, include Mr. Henry Moore's exquisite "L'Etac de Sercq," "The Setting Sun now Gilds the Eastern Sky," and "A Squally Day off Ouisterham." They are certainly as fine as they can be, the drawing and colouring of the water hardly permitting of improvement; but Mr. Moore is at the height of his power, and if he is not more than usually impressive, it is because his former work in recent years is not to be surpassed. Mr. Alma-Tadema's picture, too, "An Earthly Paradise: 'All the Heaven of Heavens in one Little Child,'" is, in certain respects, the finest of his works. There is no blue sky and no blue sea to captivate that great



public who love him for these things; nay, the marble itself, though inimitably painted, is but an incident of the *arrière plan*. But this graceful picture of a young mother playing with her babe is so admirable, the soft blues and greens so charmingly contrasted with the flesh tones, that it has a beauty beyond the allurements of perfectly-painted textures and vividly-realised archæology. The truth is that Mr. Tadema, as I have before pointed out, is yearly improving in the painting of the figure and of human emotions. That he has practically been beyond

a harbour of refuge within the shelter of which no further effort was required. To-day things are different. Professor Herkomer, it is true, produces no portrait quite the equal of "Major Bourke" and "Mr. Cuthbert Quilter" of last year; nor does his diploma-work, "On Strike"—though dramatic indeed—convince us more than the canvas with a similar title which he exhibited some years ago. But he maintains his ground with work such as his admirable portrait of the "Dean of Christchurch" and his "monotype" of "A Shepherd;" moreover, it



BANKS OF THE OUSE.

(From the Painting by the late Keeley Halswelle.)

criticism in his figure-drawing is admitted; where the increasing perfection lies is in the vivifying of his figures—in the rendering of living, pulpy flesh, and the infusion of soul into the actors of the little dramas he rarely fails to produce. His portrait of Mr. Balfour, in a minor measure, shares this quality; but it seems to be painted with a less vigorous and certain hand, and with less evident enjoyment.

It is interesting to turn to the work of the latest Academicians and Associates and to watch the effect of election and promotion upon them. The time is within the recollection of many of my readers when election to Royal Academic honours was said to be tantamount to artistic damnation; when the favoured ones were supposed to consider that the magic pale

is never possible to tell in what new place, nor how soon, the popular Professor will break out. Mr. Gow, the other new Academician, exhibits in his "After Langside: Queen Mary's Farewell to Scotland," a picture which, while it is in no sense so important and ambitious a composition as last year's "Retreat from Waterloo," is more pleasing in one important particular: the colour is better. The "Retreat" was certainly rather "tight" and black—an objection which cannot be urged against "Queen Mary." There is a delicacy of colour, combined with a certainty of touch and precision and daintiness of drawing, which compare well with Mr. Gow's finest water-colours; while, in spite of the thinness of the painting, there is a masterfulness in the picture which cannot fail to enhance the reputation of our



"English Meissonier." Mr. David Murray justifies his election. His "Mangolds" is an excellent specimen of his full-light work, while "The Bridge" (here engraved) shows him in his more romantic mood. Yet—and perhaps this is not exactly a fault—they leave the spectator with the feeling that Mr. Murray can do better—that the great masterpiece is yet to come. Mr. Waterlow, too, is another young Academician who steadily advances. He has this year been painting chiefly in Bavaria; but his "Misty

"Through the Morning Mist" is a picture of rare beauty. So, too, is Mr. Arthur Lemon's "All among the Barley." Besides Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Clayton Adams, Mr. Helcké, Mr. Cotman, Mr. Yeend King, Mr. Raphael Jones, and Mr. Inglis, all make a distinct advance in their art, while all the old favourites, academical and otherwise, sustain their positions. I need not enlarge upon them; there is no occasion to expatiate on the grace of Mr. MacWhirter, the distances of Mr. Goodall, the realism of Mr. Brett, the



THE BRIDGE.

(From the Painting by David Murray, A.R.A.)

Morning" (see p. 253) is perhaps the most poetic piece that has come from him; for it is uninspired by any novelty of scene, and represents simply the poetic vision of an English painter.

Landscape, indeed, is exceptionally good this year—perhaps because there is relatively so little of it. Mr. Alfred East sends a superb contribution in his single effort, "Reedy Mere and Sunlit Hills"—the utterance of a bright-minded poet, the work of a highly-accomplished painter. He is one of the few men who can paint sunlight and atmosphere, and whose sensitiveness of feeling is at once imparted to the beholder of his canvas. Another highly-sympathetic painter is Mr. Adrian Stokes, whose

sunlight of Mr. Vicat Cole, the "effects" of Mr. Leader, the atmosphere of the cattle-landscapes of Mr. Peter Graham and Mr. H. W. B. Davis. They all sustain their reputations, and in no case show any signs of falling off. This could hardly with justice be said of the late Mr. Keeley Halswelle, whose "Banks of the Ouse" (see p. 255), though not ineffective, betrays a decadence which was the forerunner of his lamented death.

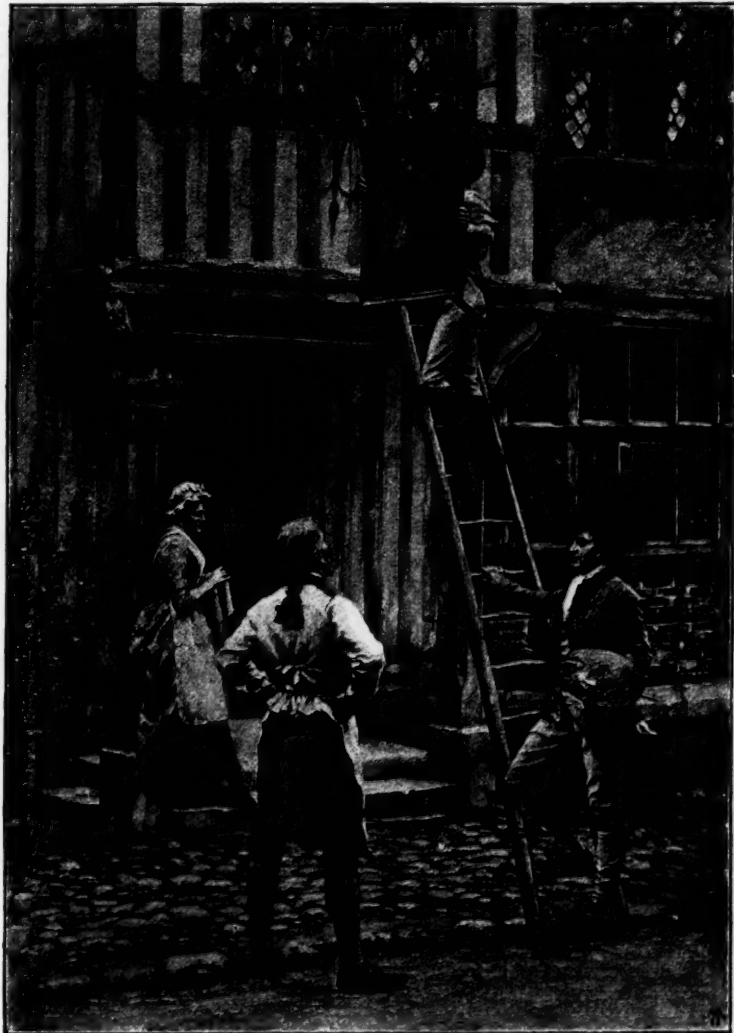
It is noticeable, and in the interest of art deplorable, that the nude is so scantily represented in Burlington House. Sir Frederick Leighton's exquisite figure of Andromeda can hardly be said to head the brief list, as he has, as usual, elected to

treat it in an entirely ideal manner. Doubtless it is the sweeter for that; but the art which so successfully conceals art is not, from the student's point of view, exactly what is required for his benefit. In his "Judgment of Paris," too, Mr. S. J. Solomon has treated somewhat similarly his theme. This must be considered a great advance on his former work, for there is no doubt that five years ago he would have attacked the subject entirely from the realistic side. A notable work of the kind by a rising artist is Mr. St. George Hare's "Victory of Faith." The martyrs' pose and the *mise-en-scène* are perhaps not as happy as they might have been, but these two girls' figures are both charming and well studied.

Space fails in which to speak of the contents as I would do, for much good work claims study among the portraiture and subject-pictures alike. In the former section one of the most interesting—as it is perhaps unique—is the autograph portrait by Mr. Hook, R.A., for the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. It is an excellent likeness, but hardly painted with that decision which distinguishes his three admirable sea-pieces. Among the lesser-known men who exhibit excellent work are Mr. Olivier (with a striking and characteristic portrait of Mr. Locker-Lampson), Mr. Mordecai (with a picture hardly less clever of Mr. Pinero), and Mr. Wehrschmidt. Mr. Clausen, who makes his first appearance in the Academy, sends a portrait-group of a lady and children—very clever, as all that Mr. Clausen does must be—but appearing to imitate the thinness and transparency of water-colour. Mr. Watts, with his beautiful and intellectual "Lady Catherine Thynne," Mr. Gregory, Mr. Oules, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Wells, Mr. Seymour Lucas (with "Mr. Alfred Gilbert"), and Mr. Sant among the members of the Academy, and Messrs. Sargent, M'Clure Hamilton (with a delicate but admirable sketch-portrait of Mr. Gladstone), Blake

Wirginan, Vos, Shannon, Llewellyn, Cope (whose portrait of "Admiral Milne" is engraved on the next page), and the Hon. John Collier,\* representing the outsiders, all contribute notable and, in some instances, fine work.

History and *genre* are fairly represented—almost



THE NEW SIGN.

(From the Painting by E. Blair Leighton.)

as well as any other section in the picture galleries. The "Newlyn School" has on the whole been cavalierly treated. Maybe Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Soldiers and Sailors: The Salvation Army" is a little too photographic for Academic taste; perhaps Mr. Bramley's pathetic picture of a child's funeral in Cornwall, called "For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven," breaks away too much from convention in

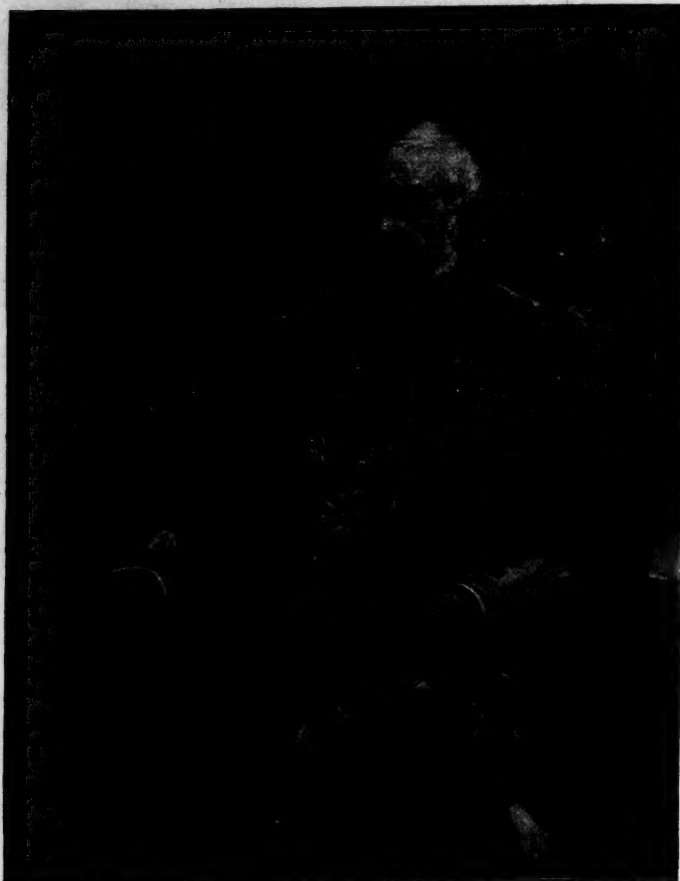
\* See his portrait of "Professor Huxley," p. 219.

its composition; neither is as well hung as the painters are accustomed to be. On the other hand, Mr. Hacker's touching and cleverly-modernised "Christ and the Magdalen" has a place of honour. Mr. Frank Dicksee has entered on a new path in his great decoration of "The Mountain of the Winds," a work of fancy which contrasts strangely with his

Mr. Harrington Mann (with his headlong and vigorous "Attack of the Macdonalds at Killiecrankie"), Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. Gotch, Mr. Fred Hall, Mr. Bourdillon, Mr. Ingram, and Mr. Greifenhagen, all contribute to the strength and the success of the exhibition.

A word of praise is due to the arrangement of the present exhibition. A number of the rooms are a model of what good hanging in a vast open exhibition should be, and it is to be hoped that it offers an example that may not be lost sight of by succeeding committees. In the Black-and-White Room, too, an excellent innovation has been made, in the classing of the original etcher and engraver above him who, without original thought, merely translates the already existing work of a painter—that is to say, for the first time the artist in engraving has been placed above the craftsman.

Such is the exhibition of 1891 as it impresses the writer after a visit on the one Press-day set aside for the purpose. It is difficult, after such short study, to say off-hand what, if any, tendency may be detected; what, if any, movement may be noted. What chiefly impresses itself upon me is the growing triumph of the Academic method—tempered, of course, by work such as that of Mr. Swan and the French Romanticists on the one hand, and Mr. Sargent and his school on the other—and that the creed of Colourless School, which was at one time prevalent in Newlyn and its purlieus, has practically died out. For the rest the



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, SIR ALEXANDER MILNE, BART., G.C.B.

(From the Painting by A. S. Cope.)

touching picture of "The Crisis." Mr. Marcus Stone sends two of his charmingly pretty studies in the course of true love, but the pervading blueness in the atmosphere has a rather deteriorating effect. Mr. Calderon (with his "St. Elizabeth"), Mr. and Mrs. Normand, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes (with a remarkable religious picture, conceived and executed in the style of the Munich school, entitled "Hail, Mary!"), Mr. Lockhart Bogle (with a powerful study of a kilted Scots piper beside a brazier, called "The Pibroch"), Mr. Margetson, Mr. Faed, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Blair Leighton (see page 257), Mr. Crofts (with a couple of capital military pictures), Mr. Glindoni,

air seems to be clearer than for some years past, effort is on the increase, and the foibles and fashion of a space—like those of "aestheticism"—are passing away, resolving themselves into a steady, vigorous, and wholesome desire to place the technique of English art on a level with that of France, while preserving those qualities which are its glory and its strength.

To become a "History-painter" has almost ceased to be the aim and ambition of the figure-artist, save on a "cabinet" scale; and the nude is well-nigh eschewed. This is the one feature of evil omen.





OLD LOVE RENEWED.

(From the Painting by J. R. Weguelin.)

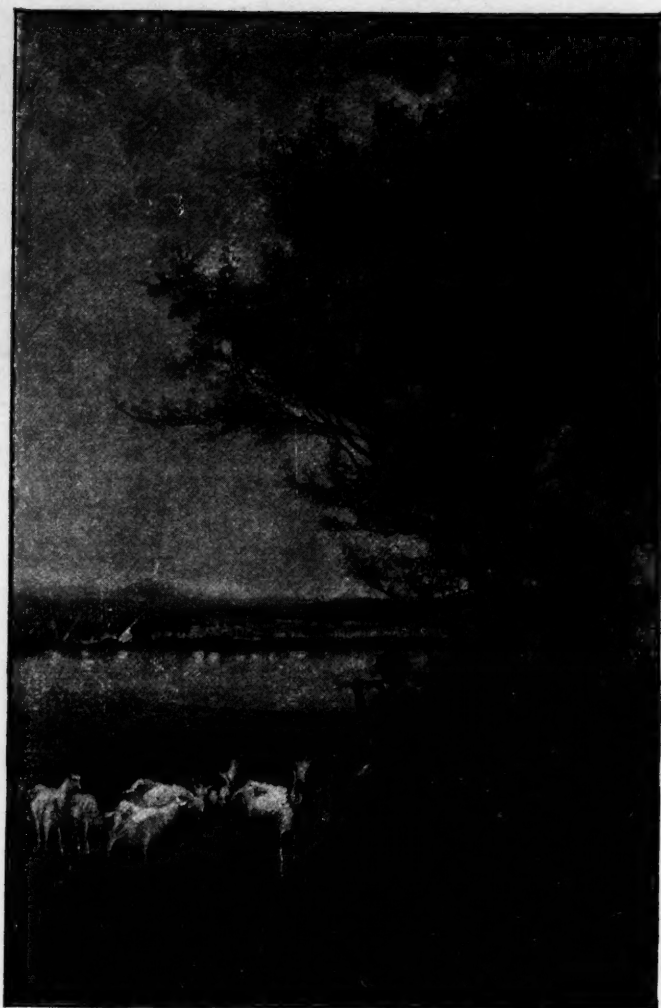
## THE NEW GALLERY.

It is somewhat of a disappointment to find that the New Gallery, having, after a very short competition, succeeded in crushing its rival, the Grosvenor Gallery, out of existence, has not absorbed into itself the best elements of the defunct establishment. On the contrary, the New appears with an exaggerated conservatism to have adhered almost exclusively to its old stars and its old rank and file, eschewing this time, with a curious timidity, the more daring and extreme manifestations of modern art, and more particularly holding its gates fast against any intrusion of foreign masters, other than those already thoroughly acclimatised in England. Two of the vastest and most ambitious works yet produced by Mr. Burne-Jones—one of them anxiously awaited and eagerly discussed even before its appearance—are surely enough to give colour and individuality to any exhibition. The "Star of Bethlehem," as the painter has elected to call his new and strange version of the "Adoration of the Magi," is not, even if we judge it from Mr. Burne-Jones's own point of view, a complete or a

convincing success. It would be idle to require of the master precisely what he cannot give—religious fervour of the more usual and obvious type—but we may claim in the rendering of a subject of the highest import at least a certain intensity of mysticism, some genuine originality of vision which should renew a great, but, in the art of the old masters, over-familiar, theme. The *mise-en-scène* is here original enough, for the Adoration passes in a flowery green landscape of northern type, near a bower of roses and delicate blossoms, depicted with all loving care and minuteness. In the midst sits the listless Virgin, holding a disproportioned and inexpressive infant Saviour, while over them on one side bends the St. Joseph, an austere noble type; on the other approach the gigantic, splendidly robed figures of the three Wise Men, who appear languidly curious, rather than magnetically attracted by the Divine presence which they revere.

To speak frankly, the great pre-Raphaelite pontiff has but feebly grasped his subject, save in the strangely fascinating figure of an angel, who, an in-





DAPHNIS.

(From the Painting by Alfred East, R.I.)

visible witness of the scene, is poised motionless and perpendicular in the air, holding a globe of fire. This beautiful, disquieting figure inspires a kind of awe, and is pre-eminently an invention such as could only have been evolved by the painter, though not one having much affinity with sacred art proper.

This huge work, as well as that which we are about to describe, is executed in a kind of water-colour, with a profuse admixture of gouache or body-colour, laid on in an indescribable fashion quite peculiar to the artist.

Mr. Burne-Jones's second contribution is a large upright decoration, entitled "Sponsa de Libano," with the further quotation from Solomon's Song, "Awake, O North Wind; and come, thou South; blow upon my garden that the spices may flow out." A beautiful female figure of the all-too-familiar type,

robed in dark, flowing draperies, walks pensively beside a stream, from the banks of which spring lilies, while, in the air above, the youthful figures of the North and South Winds float, with tossing draperies, wafting beneficent airs on the garden below. This is obviously a reminiscence of Botticelli's famous "Birth of Venus" at the Uffizi, with which it closely agrees, although there the Venus blown along by the Zephyrs is nude, and stands in the act of being robed by an additional female figure not to be found in Mr. Burne-Jones's picture. Strange to say, however, the modern Englishman's personifications of the Winds are stiffer than those of the old Florentine, and his pensive emblematical figure exhales none of the joy which radiates from the new-born goddess in the work of the fifteenth century. As a decoration in delicate, yet staid and sober hues, Mr. Burne-Jones's performance is remarkable, and it is thoroughly decorative in aspect, notwithstanding the stiffness of some of the component parts.

Of one of Mr. Watts's contributions, an early work, not before publicly exhibited, "The Deluge: the Forty-first Day," shows all the old sublimity of conception of the genial master, and is a worthy pendant to the famous "Olive Branch." We see here nothing but the waters gradually subsiding under the all-conquering radiance of the Deity, shown only as

a great central sun, whose shafts pierce the murky atmosphere in all directions, and fill with an opalescent light the whole scene. This is a Watts out of gratitude for which we may readily pardon, though we may still deplore, certain conspicuous failures of the later time.

And now we must descend many steps, and come to Mr. W. B. Richmond's classical allegory, "Amor Vincit Omnia," showing in a bright, light key of decorative colour Aphrodite standing nude, and about to be robed by her handmaidens after the bath, her shrine being a Grecian hall or portico open to a purple island-studded sea. For vitality and the invisible envelopment of atmosphere we may perhaps not ask in a work of pure decoration like this, but one quality is all the more indispensable, and that is largeness and purity of style, with a

nobly expressive flow of draperies, and a seemingly natural ponderation of component parts; and this is just what we look for in vain. Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Love in Idleness" is one of those classical idylls of which he has given us so many examples. Prosaic in conception, but admirable in execution, it is especially consummate in the lighting of the chaplet-crowned female figures seen in lounging ease in the open air of a sunny southern day. It suggests an episode in Theocritus with the charm left out, and translated, moreover, into everyday Roman prose. Of Mr. J. M. Strudwick's "Elaine" we need say nothing, save that it closely resembles Mr. Burne-Jones's art. Few of its predecessors have been more to our taste than the present example. In Mr. J. R. Weguelin's piece of classic *genre*, "Old Love Renewed," there is some humour, and an attempt to break away from the too close imitation of Mr. Alma-Tadema. The background of sea-coast is, however, too summary, and leaves something to be desired. Mrs. A. L. Swynnerton is a realist, not an idealist, and her "Cupid and Psyche" savours too much of the living, uncorrected model; but the group is, nevertheless, admirable in the rendering of the flesh-tones, and actually quivers with the pulsations of life. This rare quality is shown to still greater advantage in the brilliant and sympathetic portrait of "Maurice, son of Edmund Powell, Esq.," by the same artist. Mr. Arthur Lemon, in his "Lost Comrade," depicts with freshness, vigour, and breadth, yet without perfect certainty or perfect accomplishment, one of those episodes in the life of barbarian man of the more or less prehistoric period, in which he, like some foreign painters who could be named, take peculiar delight. This year, too, the versatile Mr. Matthew Hale follows in his wake with a curious scene of primitive combat and pursuit entitled "Marriage by Capture." Mr. Philip Burne-Jones contributes the huge canvas, "Earth-rise from the Moon," which embodies a happy and original idea—that of depicting the huge extinct craters and bare rocks of the moon, illuminated by the intense radiance of

earth's vast globe, which lights up also one solitary vestige of past life, the huge skeleton of the satellite planet's last inhabitant. The idea is, however, much shorn of its majesty in the carrying out; for, placed on the very tops of Luna's highest mountains, we lose all sense of vast and limitless space, while the extinct craters of volcanoes presented to our gaze resemble rather the mud-pies of infants than the huge, gaping abysses they were intended to suggest.

Among the portraits, by far the most wonderful in its way, is Mr. J. S. Sargent's presentment of a young white-robed lady, seated bolt upright on a bare wooden settle fixed against a carved oaken wainscoting. She gazes straight out of the canvas at the spectator with an extraordinary, almost crazy, intensity of life in her wide-open brown eyes. Even here the element of a perverse joy in mystifying the Philistine is not wholly absent; yet the irresistible



CHERRIES.

(From the Painting by C. E. Hallé.)

force and fascination of this singular embodiment of youthful vitality cannot be gainsaid. Sir J. E. Milais' "Portrait of a Lady" is a three-quarter length of a mature dame, robed in red velvet and wearing a *parure* of emeralds, which conspicuously lacks interest, whether from a technical point of view or otherwise. Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Lady Algernon Lennox" shows a certain measure of style in the pretentious pose, with the drawback of a characteristic waxiness in the flesh-tints and a head apparently over life-size. Professor Hubert Herkomer's full-

strength and beauty of the background. The popular Mr. J. J. Shannon is represented by a large-seated full-length of "Winifred, Duchess of Portland," whose long, slender figure is composed in a stiff, almost hieratic, attitude. Easier and more graceful in pose is the charming "Mrs. C. C. Chambers," both paintings being to a certain extent marred by the leathery texture which the painter unkindly gives to the flesh of his sitters. A very pleasing full-length, too cold and sculptural in style, but well drawn and composed, is the "Mrs. Reckitt" of Mr. W. Lle-



MORNING BRIGHT.

(From the Painting by Henry Moore, A.R.A.)

length of "The Lady Helen Ferguson," whom he depicts standing on some stone steps which lead from a porch into a flowering garden, is happy only in its arrangement; for whether in draughtsmanship, in colouring, or in the attempted suggestion of atmospheric environment, it leaves everything to be desired. Perhaps the best portrait here, with Mr. Sargent's, is Mr. J. M. Swan's exquisitely-modelled "Mrs. Ian Hamilton," showing the head and bust of a lady in diaphanous white muslin, relieved against a ground of dark purple pansies embroidered on green. The conception is charming in its simplicity, the draughtsmanship is perfect in its sensitive delicacy, but the colouring is, alas! weak, and the dull skin and hair of the lady are rendered yet more toneless by the

wellyn, in which the sitter appears standing upright in a well-fashioned gown of apple-green and black. We must not omit to mention, though somewhat out of its proper place, the consummately painted "Circe" of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, showing the beautiful witch seated on an archaic throne of wrought gold, backed by a mystic mirror, the office of which is to reflect the movements of her subjugated worshippers: at her feet are strewn purple violets, and around her lie snorting the metamorphosed swine. This, if not an adequate conception of the irresistible sorceress, is at any rate a picture showing much exquisite workmanship.

To return for a moment to the portraits, we must not omit the Hon. J. Collier's sympathetic present-

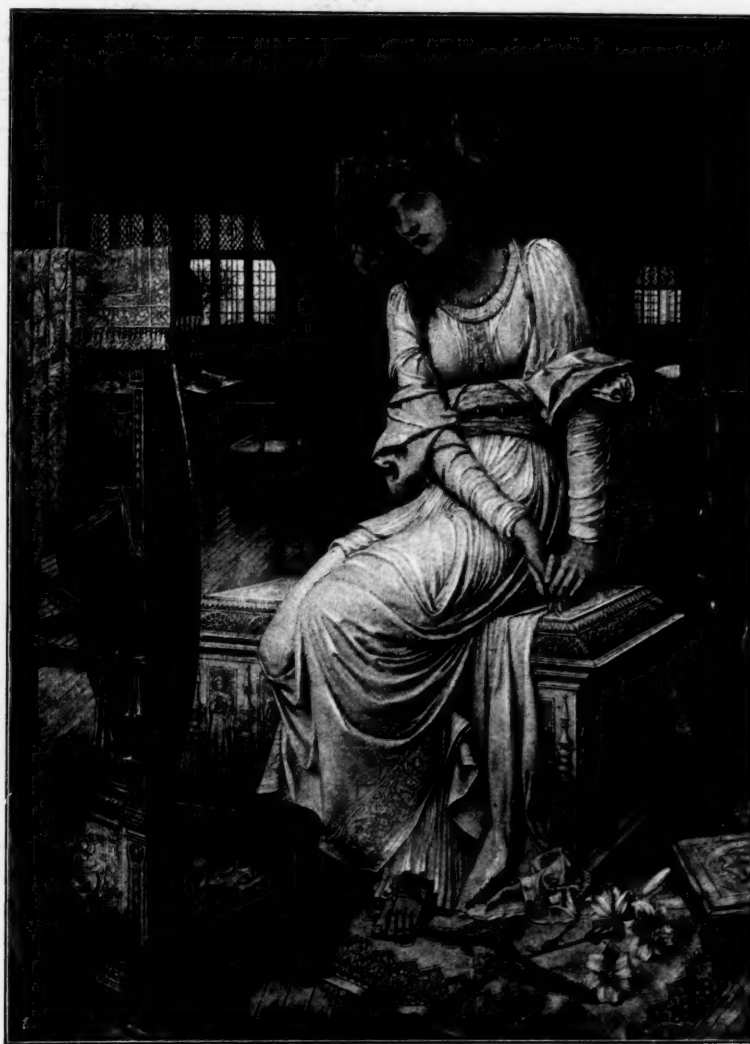


ment of the hero of the hour, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and his half-lengths of "Miss Nina Welby" and "Miss Mabel Pollock"—the latter a solid, if unsubtle, rendering of a fair blonde in black; the former, the rather affected likeness of a fashionable beauty of pseudo-classic type. Mr. Arthur Hacker's dainty, carefully-composed full-length of "Miss Ethel Wright," in a costume of pale green and pink, has a pretty affectation of pose and manner, which elsewhere might be out of place, but here only enhances the charm of the *blonde évaporée* who is portrayed. Mr. Hallé exhibits, besides the little *genre* subject, "Cherries," a "Portrait of Miss Helen Grant"—the sister of Mr. Herkomer's famous "Lady in White"—which is chiefly remarkable for a studied, artificial elegance of arrangement.

We cannot, unfortunately, grant much space in the present notice to the landscapes, though they constitute one of the most interesting sections of the show. Mr. Adrian Stokes has never done better than in the large cattle piece, called "The Setting Sun."

In quite another style, and much more remotely founded on nature, is Mr. Alfred East's charming "Daphnis." Mr. Padgett has a delicate vision of the less obvious beauties of nature, but his execution is unfortunately, in most instances, feeble and insufficient. His best contribution on the present occasion is the original and pathetic "Hurried Clouds on the South Downs." We would willingly dwell, did space permit of it, on the performances of, among others, Mr. North, Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Ernest Parton (who has made a surprising step in advance), Mr. Tristram Ellis, and those well-known masters, Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Henry Moore, by the latter of whom is the admirable sea-piece, "Morning Bright."

The show of sculpture in the gracefully-proportioned entrance hall has never been so poor in quality or so limited in quantity as on the present occasion. Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Onslow Ford had, it appears, promised, but at the last moment were unable to perform, great things; the result being



ELAINE.

(From the Painting by J. M. Strudwick.)

that there is nothing more important to notice than Mr. J. W. Swynnerton's clumsily-modelled pair of nude lovers, described as "A Pastoral," Mr. Conrad Dressler's fine portrait-bust, "M. H. Spielmann, Esq.," and the rather French-looking group, "Parting," by Mr. W. G. John, which is, however, only the definitive bronze original of a model in plaster which appeared last year at the Royal Academy.



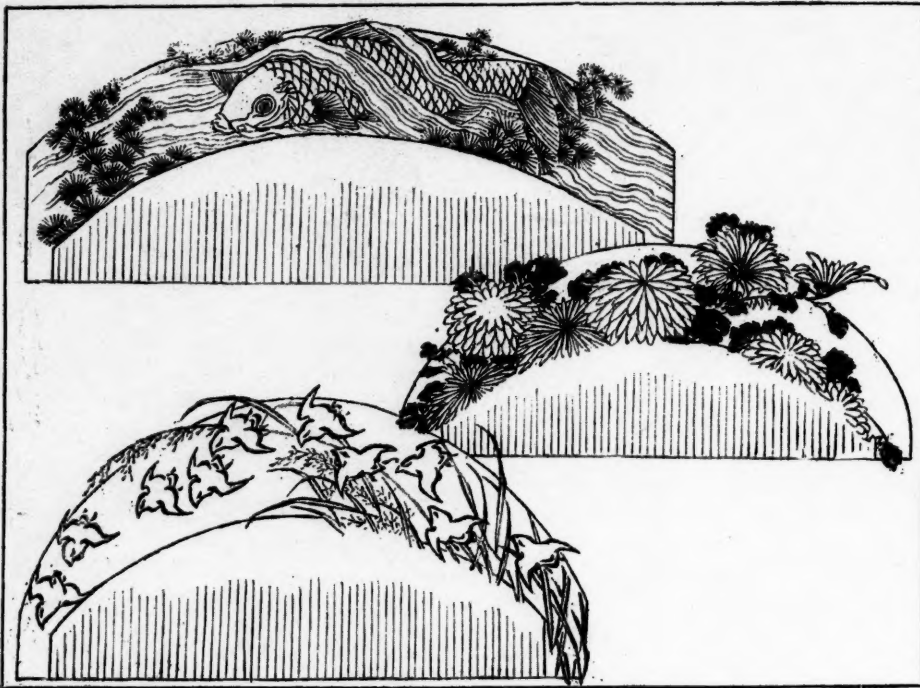
## HOKUSAI: A STUDY.

IN TWO PARTS: PART TWO.

By S. BING.

THE *Surimono*s and the guides to Yedo and the neighbourhood, with a few other books such as the *Fifty Poets*, the *Thirty-Six Poets*, the *Ogura Hiakku* (One Hundred Poems of Ogura), and

ference is won by the qualities of distinction and grace may rest here. What is still lacking is the vital spark of animation, the infusion of energy which gives swift and eager movement to every line of the drawing.



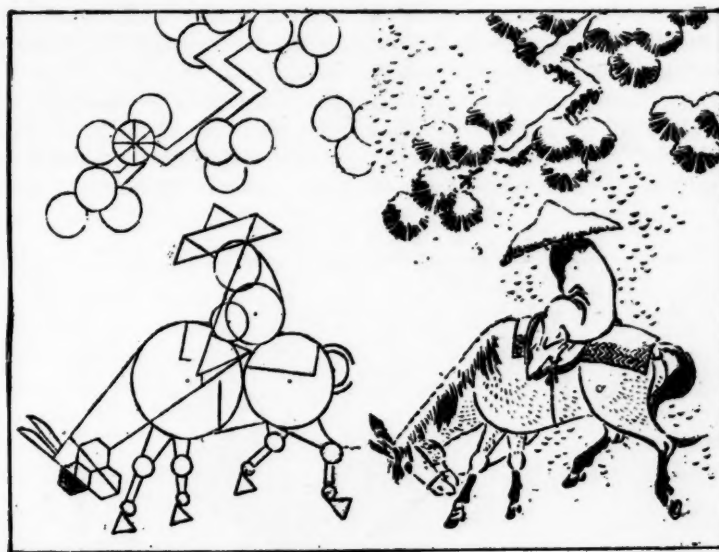
(From the *Imayo Sekkin Hinagata*—"New Designs for Combs"—1822.)

especially the charming volume in colours called *Chorai Zekkoshu* (Poems of Chorai)—all executed in 1802 or 1803—bear a distinctive stamp of style: Hokusai's first manner. As yet they lack fire. The figures school themselves in deportment; they seem anxious to avoid all triviality of posture, all exaggeration of gesture. Their features are calm, and rarely expressive; very grave, verging on melancholy. This is a survival of the hieratic tradition, characteristic of the eighteenth century. But then what dignity we find in the men, and what elegance in the women, slender to exaggeration, as we see them walking, proud and pensive, through the streets at Yedo! In the outlines to the poems of Chorai how languidly graceful are their attitudes! From some points of view, indeed, nothing more perfect is to be seen in Hokusai's later work, and those whose pre-

Nor is it, as might be supposed, in the conception of some important composition that Hokusai first reveals such a flash of vitality. The impulse which lent this fire to his brush was the delineation on a quite small scale of independent subjects, snatched up by incidental observation, but that observation was strung to unequalled acuteness. These tiny pictures, scattered in dozens over a single page, are collected into a volume—into two volumes—six—a dozen, augmenting year by year, growing to a vast homogeneous work of incredible variety, wherein everything is set down which the artist has ever seen in reality, in dreams, or in fancy: the objects of Nature, the heroes of tradition and mythology, men and beasts—all mingled without any order, all animated by the same breath, and forming the *Mangwa*, as it is called, "The Book of Rapid Sketches." (See p. 248.)

The first volume of this imperishable work appeared at Nagoya in 1812. The preface, translated by the learned Japanese scholar, Mr. F. V. Dickens,

The admirers of the *Mangwa* were to be found, no doubt, in every class of the Japanese people, and I, for my part, do not believe that it was intended—



(From the *Rinkuga Hayashinan*—"How to Draw"—1812.)

and reproduced by Mr. W. Anderson in his capital catalogue of the collection in the British Museum, informs us that it was executed by Hokusai in the course of a journey made one autumn, under the friendly roof of a brother-artist, Bokusen, at Gekko. It is not likely that the draughtsman foresaw from

as has been said—especially for the artisan class. It is not the less certain that its influence on the industrial arts was of supreme importance, and it was this probably which made Hokusai understand the great services which his inventive genius might render in this department of art. He thenceforth,



(From the *Imayo Sekkin Hinagata*—"New Designs for Combs and Pipes"—1822.)

the first the lengths to which his new departure would lead him. But his success was so complete that every fresh volume led to a call for more, and this inexhaustible popularity was only equalled by the vigour and freshness of the artist, who never failed to respond. In fact, at Hokusai's death, the *Mangwa* had reached its fourteenth volume. The fifteenth is a posthumous publication, a medley collection of various drawings.

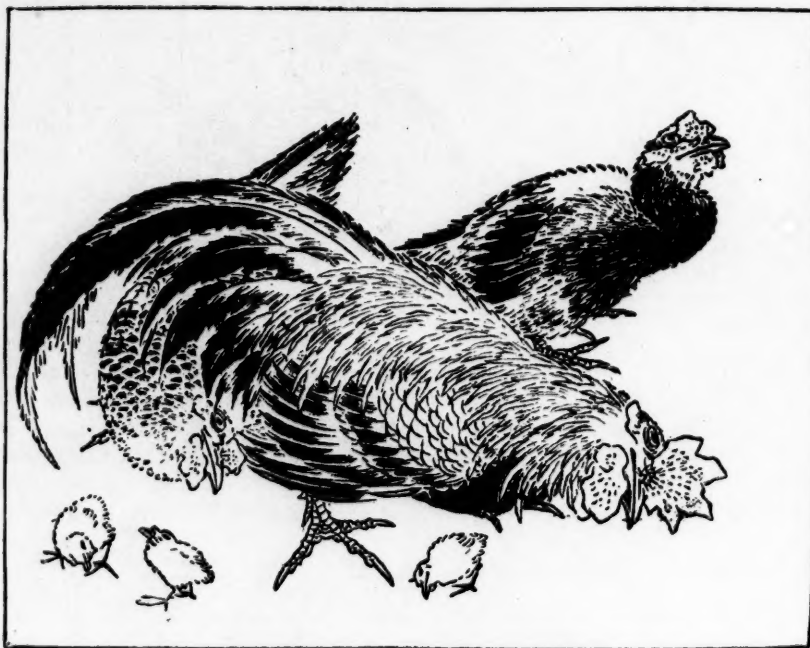
no doubt, composed volumes especially intended for industrial artists, of which the most remarkable and well known are the *Imayo Sekkin Hinagata* (New Designs for Combs and Pipes), three volumes, 1822 and 1823—a title sufficiently explaining the purpose of the work; the *Banshoku Dzuiko* (Ten Thousand Designs for Artisans), five volumes, the first dated 1827; the second and third, 1839; the fourth and fifth, 1850; and including suggestions

for engravers, lacquer-workers, weavers, and others; and the *Shoshoku Yehon Shin Hinagata* (New Designs for all Classes of Artisans), one volume, 1836, which does not answer to its title, inasmuch as it is particularly adapted to the use of cabinet-workers, sculptors, and architects. In the category of books for teaching drawing I must also mention the very curious volume, *Riakuga Hayashinan* (one vol., 1812). It is a treatise on drawing tending to prove that every outline may be disintegrated into circles and straight lines. (See p. 267.) Did Hokusai aim at

landscapes, and flower-studies; the *Gwashiki*, 1818, large scenes full of figures and animals, and more particularly landscapes under snow, or seen by moonlight, in which the depth and intensity of effect are striking in the extreme; the *Hokusai Sogwa*, 1820, a worthy companion to its predecessor; the *Ipitsu Gwafu*, 1823, one of the most original books ever imagined, in which each of the hundreds of sketches is drawn with one stroke of the brush which is never raised from the paper till the whole is complete. The problem is solved by excessive simplification of form,

which, while emphasising the essential characteristics of every human figure, of every animal, nay, even of the landscape, gives them a touch of humour which is perfectly irresistible. Finally, in 1828, we have the *Tekin Orai*, three volumes, of which each page is half text and half illustration, variously arranged upright or horizontally. The subjects, infinitely various, are borrowed from everyday life in every rank of society, or scraps of picturesque nature.

This brings us to the period when Hokusai, constantly spurred on by the



(From the *Denshin Gwakio*—"Sketches from the Heart"—1813.)

establishing the principle that all design was to be based on this law? Other minor works following this one maintained theorems of the same kind, but a full analysis would require a separate article.

During this master's long activity not a year passed without adding to the largeness of his ideas and to the power of his brush. In 1813 this advance is very marked in the *Shugwa Ichiran* (Sketches Caught Flying), compositions, for the most part humorous, treated with great breadth. They are printed in colours, enriched with touches of gold. The same work, but in black-and-white, is known as *Denshin Gwakio* (Sketches from the Heart). Of the following year we have the famous *Shashin Gwafu*, a collection of fifteen large plates, representing so many distinct subjects, each covering the double-page as the book lies open. Then comes in succession the *Santai Gwafu*, 1816, popular scenes, animals,

craving to elaborate a yet grander style, began to search for a new sphere for his art, more especially fitted for the development of his inventive genius, and the display of his now impetuous but unerring draughtsmanship. He found it in designing the heroic figures of ancient Chinese history, and depicting the national epics which had of old been the glory and the scourge of his own land. In his stupendous imagination rose again everything great or strong, noble or fierce, in those legendary records, all the high deeds of which he had heard in his childhood, or could find traces in the chivalrous romances of olden times. He saw it all, made it live in his mind, and set it down living on the paper in lines of amazing power. He placed every episode in the scenery where it actually took place, and painted that scenery—which he had never seen—with a seer's intuition and an innate



sense of local colour which are little short of miraculous.

First of these works, in 1830, when Hokusai is supposed to have already reached the advanced age of seventy, we have the book of *Suikoden*, followed in 1836 by the *Sakigake* (the Strongest of the Strong), *Musashi abumi* (Musashi's stirrup), *Wakan Homaré* (Famous Heroes of China and Japan). All these represent nothing else than terrific combats, monsters quelled, massacres, executions, rocks upheaved or walls overturned by sheer strength.

But those legendary ages which attracted Hokusai by the glamour of their heroic strength afforded him other subjects besides the glorification of violence and mere brute force. China, more especially, is rich in ancient poems, singing of the perennial and never-stale triumphs of Nature and Love. Hokusai illustrated these classic songs with remarkable vigour of invention and deep poetic feeling, in the two volumes of the *Toshisen*, 1833; but the work in which these qualities reach a really supreme height is in four volumes, bearing the same title, no date, which remained unpublished till after his death. I can only suppose that these sheets lay forgotten on the publisher's shelves, for it was not till 1879 that they were collected into volumes and given to the public.

I must not close this list of heroic or legendary subjects treated by Hokusai without mentioning the *Shaka go ichidaiki dzuyé*, 1839; six volumes relating the life of the Buddha Sakya Muni. This is a most important work, from the point of view of daring inventiveness, as well as of extraordinary dexterity in the use of the brush.

The success which attended Hokusai's excursions into the realm of the fanciful and grotesque did not detract from his enthusiasm as a student of actuality; he was still the devoted delineator of every creature and every object which comes within the ken of man, perennially identical and yet incessantly unresting. In the latter part of his splendid career he fell back once more on the gifts which had made him a unique position in universal art, displaying them with all their original freshness and veracity, and with a freedom of hand which never knew the weakness of old age, in an immortal masterpiece, the *Fugaku Hiak'kei* (A Hundred Views of Fuji-yama).

These form three volumes, published in 1834-36. A hundred different views of one single mountain? What a monotonous task! we may feel inclined to say. And, certainly, to undertake it with any hope of success must have needed no ordinary spirit. The artist, his drawing-board under his arm, explores the hills and dales of the eight provinces on which the majestic peak looks down. He looks around him,

not merely as a poet overcome by the grandeur of the scene; he sees it all with the practised eye of an analyst. His keen and unerring gaze at once detects the vital aspect of each view; he sets it forth synthetically under striking and unexpected forms which at once impress the least sympathetic intelligence with the secret of their essential beauty. The lordly peak appears throughout, but is never overpowering, for everything flourishes, and breathes freely beneath its shade. And it seems to excuse itself for its inevitable presence by never showing itself twice alike in its capricious beauty. Sometimes close to the eye, an imposing mass, some-



(From the *Saishiki tau*, 1848.)

times shrinking into modest proportions in a corner of the landscape, in its shroud of clouds with their thousand rents, it is different from hour to hour. According to the season, its summit is capped by a white fleece of snow, or it is wrapped in it from head to foot, or it suddenly appears glorious under the kisses of a radiant sun. And while it constitutes the chief beauty of each vignette of country, all the surrounding landscape, on the other hand, seems to have no other purpose than that of exalting its glory. The arches of the bridge, the opening of the vaulted grotto, the jagged outline of a tumbling wave, serve only as its setting, and the calm sea reflects its image. The stems of the bamboo form its pierced framework; down to the humble spider which has spun a gauzy robe to clothe it in remote perspective. The fisherman, as he casts his net, veils it in fine lacework; the blossoming cherry-trees show their tracery against the distant form. And this is carried on with inexhaustible spirit and variety through a hundred pages on end. It is not merely picturesque; it is full of inventive wit. But it is in the scenes of human interest which animate these views that the gay humour of the artist



reaches its maximum. These are so many little *genre* pictures, an endless series of illustrations of the manners and customs of the Japanese, full of a candid and most catching spirit of fun. In short, everything combines in this work to make it a perfect thing. It is the final embodiment of a special "note" in art, and it is not too much to say that in this direction it is impossible to surpass it.

In these few pages I am far, indeed, from having passed all Hokusai's books under review. I have said nothing of the hundreds of volumes of romances

especially noteworthy. Here to begin with are thirty-six views of Fujiyama. Yes, actually, more views of Fujiyama! (The number of thirty-six was in fact overstepped in the series; no less than forty-six of these compositions are known.) While we must admire the skill of the artist who, in dealing with this subject, could transcribe a complete scene on a page hardly six inches across, we see that he must have felt himself much more at his ease with these larger sheets where his brush might disport itself freely. Here the distance seems infinite, the



STUDIES OF LADIES RECLINING.

which he illustrated for his friend Bakin, and for other contemporary writers. In all we find the same remarkable breadth of composition and handling of which he alone had the secret. His latest work among books was one on the birds and flowers of Japan, the *Kwacho Guaden*, two volumes, the last of which was brought out in 1849, the year of the artist's death.

At the risk of wearying the reader, I must yet say a few words about the separate compositions executed by Hokusai at intervals throughout his life, and issued in the form of coloured prints. I have spoken of the *Surimono*s which were the work of his earlier days; among his other prints, six important series of large size, forming a suite, are

episodes, the *anecdote*, which amused us in the smaller picture, becomes a mere trifle in this immensity; it is the grandeur of the landscape which absorbs us wholly. The lines rise one above another to infinity, and the horizon seems supernaturally remote. Then the colour is a powerful adjunct. The glow of pure tints which foil each other, melting into the most delightful harmony, allows the artist to shed on the mountain itself the magic effect of the myriad hues of the sunlight through autumn mists; and when the lightnings play about the unmoved giant, the spectacle is superb. To appreciate Hokusai as a landscape-painter in the stricter sense, this is the series to be studied with the three others which succeed it.



THE PICTURE-GALLERY, ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE

(From a Photograph by J. Burgess, Egham.)

## THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE PICTURE-GALLERY.

By WALTER SHAW-SPARROW.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER died on the 1st of October, 1873, and in 1874 the Royal Academy of Arts made its winter exhibition one solely of the works of our "Æsop of painting." There were there one hundred and fifty sketches, and more than three hundred paintings in oil from Landseer's prolific pencil, together with a group in bronze and ninety touched proofs of, or specially interesting engravings from, his most noteworthy pictures. If to these we add those relics of his industry which are in the Vernon and the Sheepshanks bequests to the nation, and his many illustrations for sporting papers and other publications, we may form a good idea of the devotion with which he followed his profession.

To trace the growth of a remarkable talent from its first precocious efforts to its free-and-easy greatness at maturity is always interesting and instruc-

tive. But when this maturity is passed, and a rapid falling-off in power and purpose sets in, the chronological sequence of a great man's life-work is very certainly depressing. This was the case in the Landseer Exhibition; for Sir Edwin went popularity hunting very early in his career, and Royalty won him from quiet study at home to make pretty sketches of parrots and pets at Court, where he learnt the courtier's ceremonious art and neglected his own more natural one. From the year 1834, indeed, rapidity of execution obliterated in a measure the honest lessons he had previously learned; and although this facility of brushwork gave from time to time an astonishing work of art—as, for example, the portrait of "Odin," a mastiff bloodhound, which was painted at one sitting in a masterly style, and is worthy of Velasquez—Landseer's best friends

looked upon his worship of dexterity as detrimental to his art. And they were right. For this dexterity became haste; his work soon showed evidence of anxiety; and it is to this anxiety to do a good thing quickly that we must partly attribute the premature decay of many of his best pictures, and amongst the number, sad to say, "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time" and "Man proposes—God disposes," the latter of which belongs to the collection now under consideration.

When Landseer was working on this finely conceived picture, the late Mr. Herbert, R.A., asked him what medium he was in the habit of using.

"Turpentine."

"Then," replied Mr. Herbert, "I'm afraid the colour will become brittle and your pictures will crack all over."

"Well, well: perhaps they may."

And many of them certainly have, more's the pity.

I fancy George Morland's little picture of the "Press-Gang" will be found interesting rather on account of its facile painting than by virtue of its dramatic truth and unstrained realism. (See p. 272.) The episode depicted, truth to say, reminds me too much of a scene in a Surrey melodrama; and it requires an exceptional credulity to believe either in the prayer of the sanctimonious youth, or in the brutality of the three rogues who catch him, more for his own good, I should think, than for that of the State. Indeed, the by-play of these worthies is far too grotesque to be anything else but diverting; and their "make-ups" are somewhat too roughly done to please the "cultured taste" of the present day.

Now, there is a companion picture to the "Press-Gang" hard by, wherein I seem to read another page in the life of our too docile *jeune premier*, who, when seized by men of his own size, acts as Gulliver acted when found in the corn by the terrifying man-mountain of Brobdingnag: "he ventures to raise his eyes towards the sun, and places his hands together in a supplicating posture." In this second picture, however, the hero stands at his "Cottage Door," wearing his short red jacket and wide-awake hat. His wife is busy with her needle; his child leans against a chair, and plays, as children will play, with a something-nothing; while a friend sits at ease and hugs a big brown jug of beer or wine upon his knee. On the right there is a low-roofed pig-sty, made of wood, through the door of which a sow thrusts her long lean head; on the left we see a river-side, and the pointed nose of a boat rises above the bank, and it is the same boat that will shortly bear our hero from the pleasures of his "Cottage Door" into the power of the "Press-Gang." This is a very fine little *genre* picture, full of that sensuous human interest which Goethe noticed and praised in the works of

Adriaan van Ostade. Indeed, there is ample evidence in many of Morland's paintings to prove that Ostade was a source of inspiration to him. Like Ostade, he loved a humble home and the rough surroundings of the poor; but Adriaan sought for truth and pathos with his spectacles, while Morland rarely took the trouble to look deeply into nature, where poetry hides in unlikely places and in strange little odds and ends.

Mr. Long, after telling a dramatic story from the gloomy history of Spain, now combining Art and Archæology in a more thorough manner, gives us in "The Babylonian Marriage Market" a humorous page from ancient history. "In 1873," wrote Mr. Spielmann some time ago, "while reading Mr. Swayne's 'Herodotus,' Mr. Long was struck by the description of the ingenious process whereby the Babylonians procured husbands for their maidens, and caused the bidder for the beauty to pay the dowry of his bid to the receiver of the plain. This subject, hitherto untouched, was difficult of realisation. It was so full of promise that the artist clung to it for a couple of years or so without being able all the time to realise the composition of the scene. Suddenly, one night, whilst playing whist, as I have heard him tell, the whole picture, much as it stands now, with the figures of the maidens all in a row in the immediate foreground of the picture, flashed across his mind, and he could hardly sleep that night for the eagerness with which he waited for the morning."

The twelve maidens sit in various becoming attitudes on the floor, and wait in their best robes and bangles and bracelets for their appearance in the sale. Behind them is a marble platform, with seven steps descending gradually into a vast hall; and upon it stands a fair and graceful girl, of some fifteen summers, whose back is turned towards us, and whose face is partly hidden by a veil from the admiring gaze of the Babylonian nobles who face her; while a female attendant, of Moorish origin, bending slightly, admires the many fascinations of her youthful mistress. Among the nobles there are men of all ages and of all intellects. White-bearded senators or philosophers; courtiers with dark beards, plaited and anointed; and the recognised Adonis of the time, with a shallow face of rare comeliness, sit or stand in rapt attention. Even the negro slaves in the background ogle to their entire satisfaction; and the auctioneer, who stands in a sort of pulpit on our left, points very complacently towards the admirable "lot" he is now offering to his aristocratic patrons. Such is a rapid *croquis* of the main features of this noteworthy painting, which, says Mr. Ruskin, is "well deserving of purchase by the Anthropological Society."

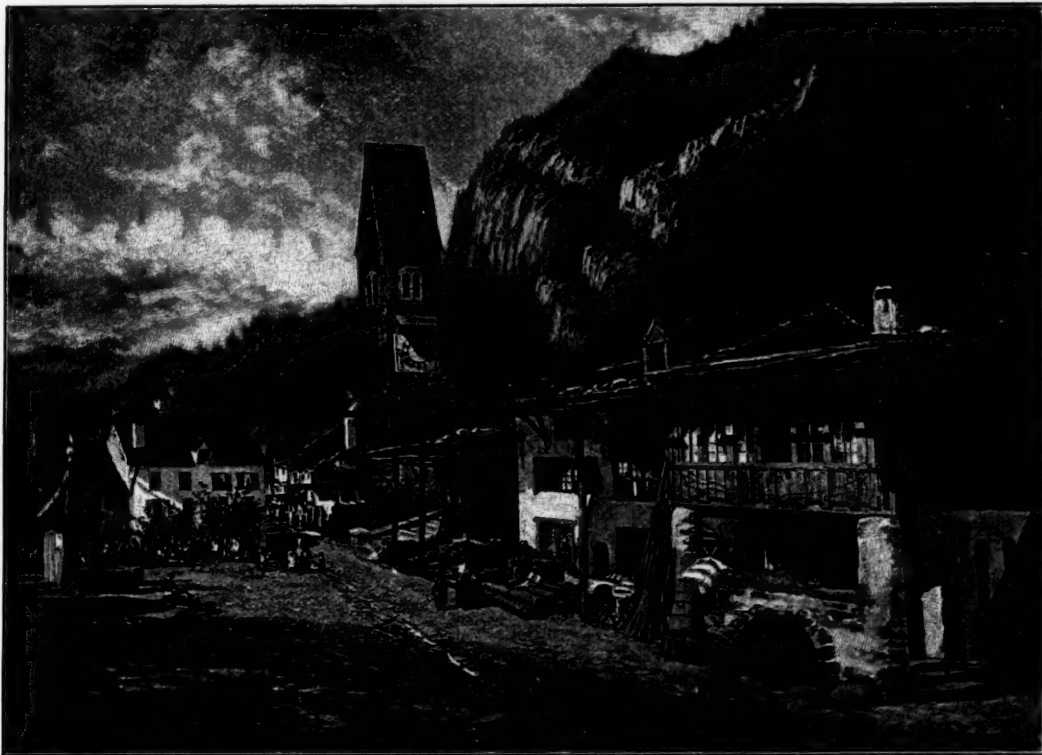
Mr. Leader's "Untersens, Interlaken" will recall



a summer's holiday to many of my readers without any comments of mine. So I shall pass on to a delightful bit of Welsh scenery by the same artist, entitled "The Rocky Bed of a Welsh River." It is the dry season, and the Llugs scampers playfully over huge lichen-covered boulders: in the distance rise

contradicts the truth of his quotation, by depicting a rock-bound coast washed by gentle waves, upon whose crests the moonshine dances and glitters. The scene is suggestive of a lullaby and sleep, not of love and Byronic insomnia.

As we are at the sea-side, I cannot do better



UNTERSEN, INTERLAKEN.

(From the Painting by B. W. Leader, A.R.A.)

the woody hills round Bettws-y-Coed; and a number of gaunt fir-trees add a deep note of colour to the foreground on the right. Mr. Leader has caught the dejected character of these trees with much apparent facility. As they stretch out their lean branches horizontally, they seem almost to yawn from weariness and fatigue.

The atmospheric effect of Mr. MacWhirter's "Spindrift" (see p. 273) is beyond praise. Notice, too, the straining attitude of the old white horse. Facing the rough and boisterous revelling of the wind, he, with an almost pathetic determination, takes what steps he can, but without any unnecessary ado. In short, truth and poetry are happily united in this picture, as they are, indeed, in the "Night" of the same artist. Here Mr. MacWhirter, taking Byron's lines—

"Night, most glorious night,  
Thou wert not made for slumber"—

than mention a "View of Carthagena, Spain," by James Webb, and two pictures by the late E. W. Cooke, R.A., "A Dutch Beurtman, aground on the Terschelling Sands," and "Scheveningen Beach," all of which, though somewhat artificial in style, are good of their kind and show great care in drawing. And now J. M. W. Turner recalls the rough Petruccio's image of the sea—

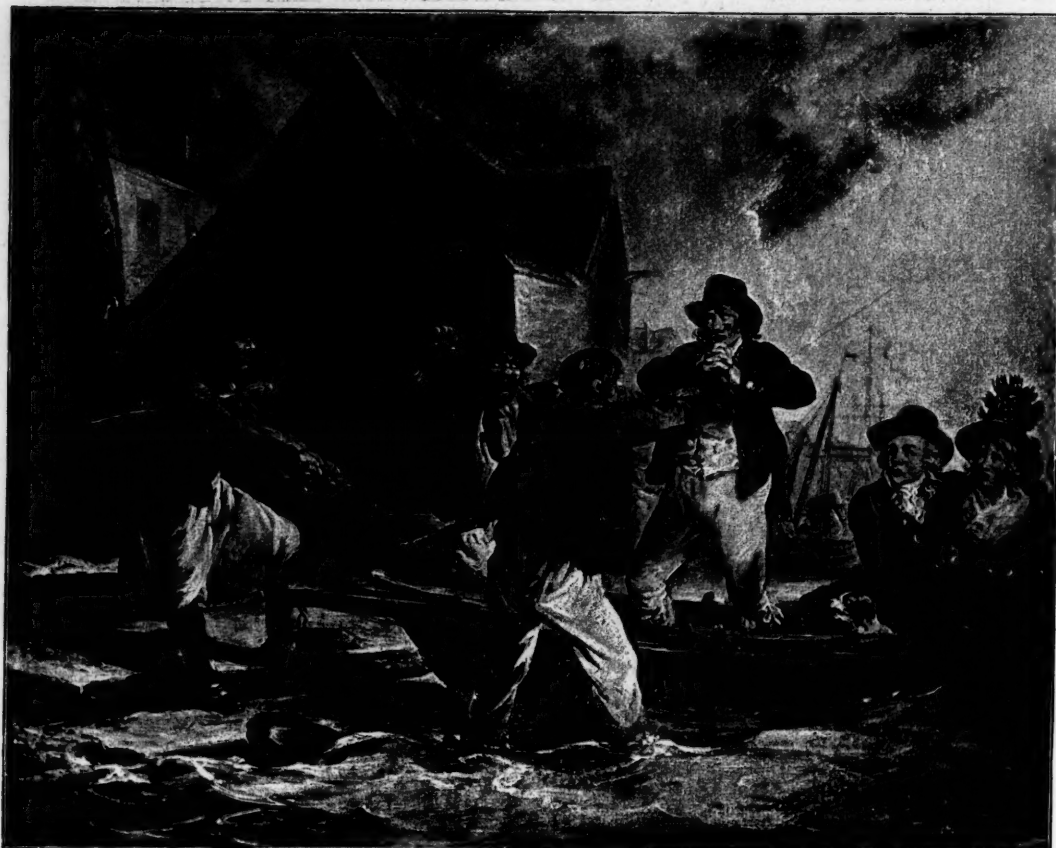
"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?"—

by presenting "Van Tromp's Shallop entering the Scheldt," on the swell of a tempestuous tide. In this fine work, "alas, the coward canvas doth from its colours fly;" but the colours themselves retain their pale delicate hues, and the waves are water indeed, and very cold water too. Peaceful and poetic, too, is Thomas Creswick's "First Glimpse of the Sea," seen from the picturesque mill or the cottage on the right,



his gaze passing from a tiny rill in the immediate foreground, to a middle distance of luxuriant foliage, then on across a winding river, till at last his eyes rested on the distant horizon, where the sea, bright with the rays of the sun, makes sport with the pebbles. And now Mr. Erskine Nicol, a retired

Foremost among the *genre* pictures comes Mr. E. Blair Leighton's "Flaw in the Title," a legal incident in the powder-and-pigtail period. An oldish lawyer sits at a table with a document of important size before him; a handsome young fellow, leaning towards his adviser, awaits the result of the

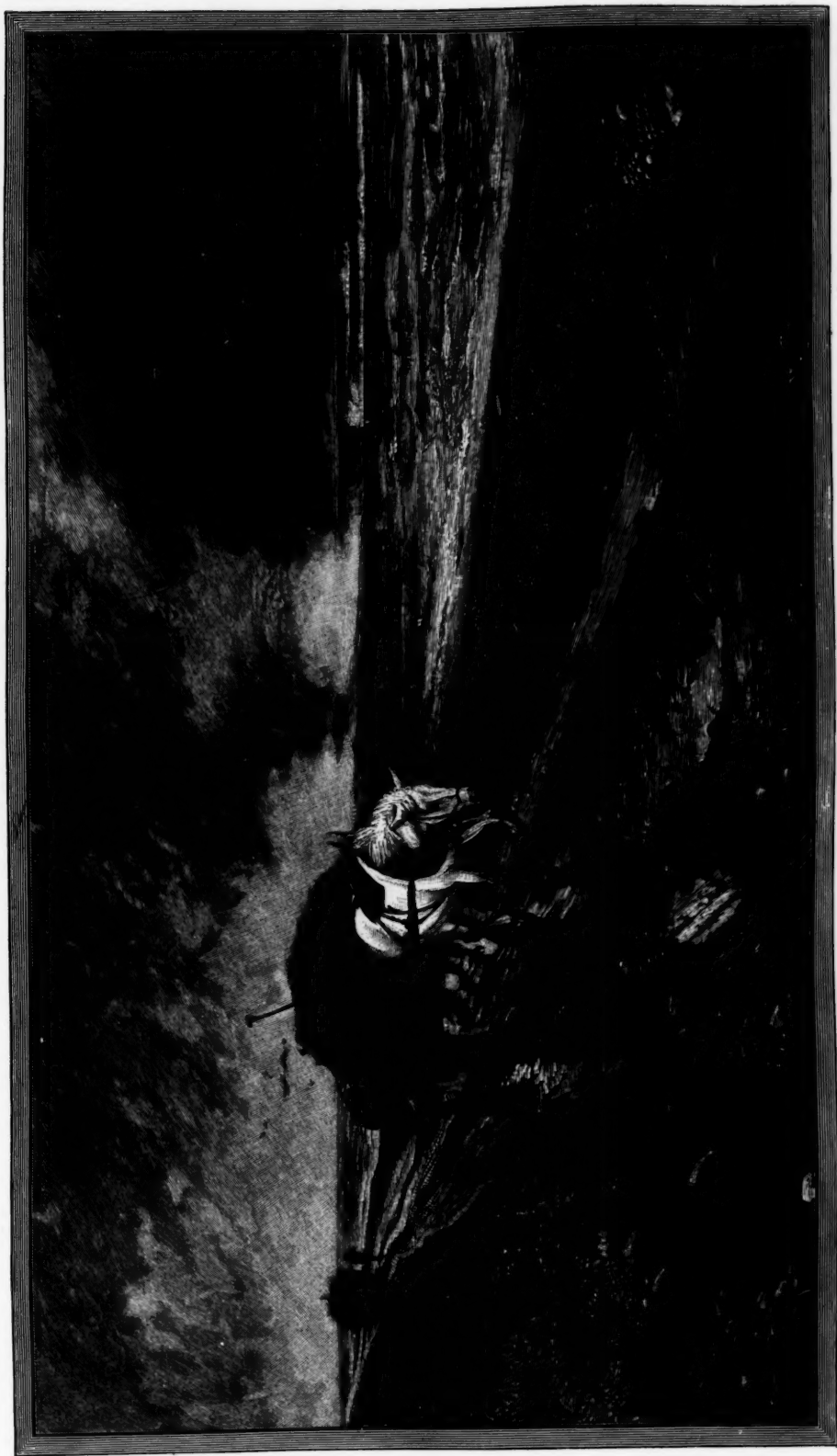


THE PRESS-GANG.

(From the Painting by George Morland.)

A.R.A., reminds us of the stormy weather which too frequently lays siege to our wild western shores. But his "Missing Boat" is only seen by the people on the quay, where a wife stands, and a hardy old salt points towards the object of all her anguish. Equally happy is Mr. H. T. Dawson's study of "Salcombe Estuary;" while W. J. Müller's "Tomb in the Water, Telmessus, Lycia," is a noble picture, but difficult of description, for the poetry which hangs round the distant mountains that are honey-combed with tombs, and floats on the surface of the water that reflects these mountains, cannot be put into words. Calm the picture certainly is, but very sad; Müller painted it, as it were, with the history of the past upon him.

examination with happy-go-lucky cheerfulness; and an obsequious clerk, standing behind the table, and holding a quill pen between his lips, gazes into his master's face, and "straight dreams on fees." The actual painting of this humorous little piece is somewhat lean and hungry, but, as a work of art, it is far superior to Signor Tito Conti's "Paying Respects to His High Mightiness," wherein a young woman is seen practising very stiff reverences before an ugly Japanese image. Yet Tito Conti's talent is sometimes as pleasant to the eye as his name is always pleasant to the ear. It is so, indeed, in a highly finished little picture of a rollicking cavalier, who looks fondly and laughingly at a full glass of wine, and cries "Approved!"



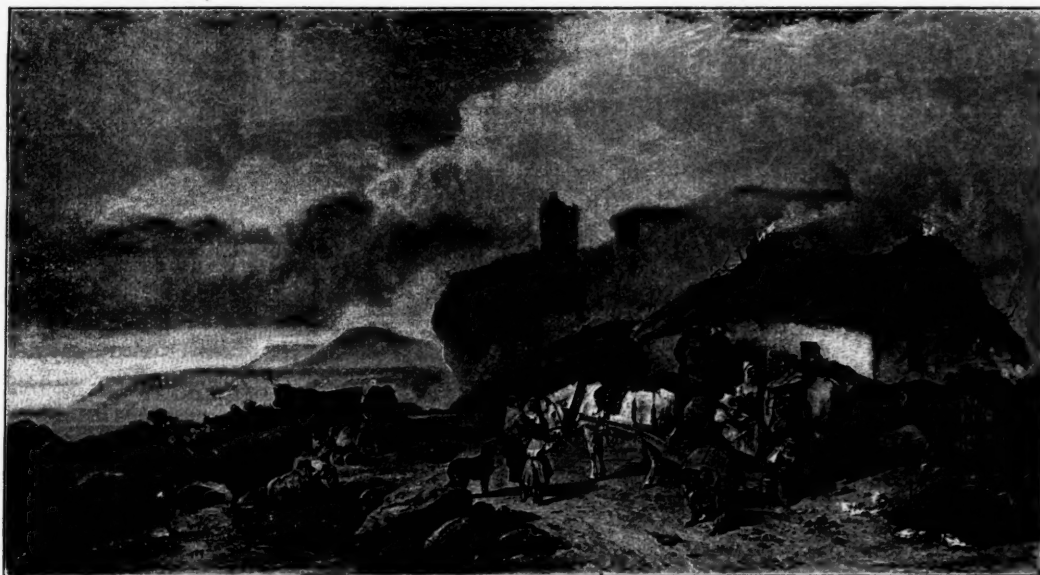
SPINDRIFT.

(From the Painting by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by C. Carter.)



Leaving the "Drover's Halt" to speak its own praises through the reproduction on this page, I pass on to a powerfully painted "Bavarian Snow-scene," by Herr Münthe, and I would that Mr. J. B. Burgess' "Licensing the Beggars in Spain" showed the same technical excellences. Still, apart from its hesitating and timid brushwork, the "Beggars" is not only an interesting picture, but one full of thought and purpose. Here we have insinuating wit and character, cringing humility to the powers that be, rags for clothes, crucifixes and rosaries as symbols of religion,

brooke Castle." The artist represents her in the act of thinking over a letter she wishes to send to the Parliamentary Commissioners, who have threatened to deprive her of her faithful servants. Her pathetic face is turned towards us, the wistful eyes are raised, and the hand holding the pen lies idly in her lap. At her feet lies a Bible, the last gift of her royal father: when she expired alone, on Sunday, September 8th, 1650, her pale cheek rested on this precious book, "which told her God was near, though all forsook." A cabinet, very elegant in design, and



THE DROVER'S HALT.

(From the Painting by R. Ansdell, R.A.)

and legs bandaged and broken, but only for the hours and profits of professional hard labour. Quite as unsatisfying in technique, and nearly as clever in conception, is the late Alfred Elmore's "Charles V. at the Convent of Yuste;" and "Peter the Great at Deptford Dockyard," by the late Daniel Maclise, recalls the "Railway Station" and the style of Mr. W. P. Frith.

I have kept a tit-bit to the last. It is Sir Everett Millais' "Princess Elizabeth in Prison at St. James'." Certainly Reynolds never painted a more beautiful English maiden, or one more winsome and sweetly natural than this little Princess, daughter of Charles I., "who saw but fifteen years, and more than half her days were passed in captivity." "Born of supremest fortune," says an old writer, "the passages of her life were spent in beholding the Ruines of her family, and the murther of her dear Father, whom she not long survived, but died in that same confinement to which they had treated His Majesty—in Caris-

brooke Castle." Thus to the pathos of the picture is added an archæological interest, pathetic in itself; for what dangers has not this ancient relic passed through in three centuries and a half?

In conclusion, I wish to thank Miss Bishop, the Lady Principal; Mr. Smith, the Secretary; and Mr. C. W. Carey, the Curator, and an artist of real talent, for the kindness and courtesy received from them during my visits to the Royal Holloway College, where art, music, sport, and work are all so happily united that they benefit those who teach and those who learn.



## THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF MINIATURE ART.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

FROM GERVASE SPENCER (DIED 1763) TO GEORGE ENGLEHEART (1752-1829).

By J. LUMSDEN PROPERT.

THERE are a few other miniaturists who must be classed amongst the artists of the first half of the century, such as Gervase Spencer (died 1763), who has left a considerable number of works both on ivory and in enamel. He began life as a gentleman's servant, but preferred art to livery. He was a very fair artist, and generally signed his work "G. S." Of the nine specimens exhibited, it is difficult to pick out any one better than its fellows. They are usually of small size, but good in drawing and colour.

Jeremiah Meyer (1735-1789) produced more enamels than water-colours, but was equally charming in both. His work is always characterised by tender and refined colour, good drawing, and a finish almost equal to his successor, John Smart. Unfortunately, he rarely signed his work, so that several specimens in the late exhibition attributed to him in the catalogue were judged by their similarity in technique with known examples. Two enamels were signed and dated, and afforded a good basis of comparison. He is said to have studied under Zincke. I prefer the pupil to the master!

I have never considered Nathaniel Hone (1718-1784) quite in the front rank of miniaturists. His enamels are better than his water-colours, and occasionally are excellent; but so much of his work bears a hasty, slipshod appearance, which is a pity, as the man could evidently paint well when he chose. The unequal quality of his work was well shown at the Burlington Club. He generally signed his initials "N. H." His son, Horace Hone, exhibited much the same qualities; two rather large enamels by him of John Keble and Mrs. Siddons were very successful.

The old adage that "when things come to the worst they generally mend" was very happily exemplified in the case of portraiture at this epoch. At a period which may be roughly estimated by the return of Reynolds to England in 1752 a great and

blessed change occurred in the whole scheme of portrait-painting. The baleful influence first exercised by that prince of, what modern art-slang designates, "pot-boiling," Sir Godfrey Kneller, and continued by so-called artists less capable than himself, was brushed away, let us hope, for ever. The despicable attempts to finish a portrait by the aid of the "property man" of the studio from costumes kept in stock—the arms and hands copied, only too exactly, from the lay-figure—became a thing of the past, and Nature held her sway once more. It may be that Hogarth was right when he said, "The artist and the age are fitted for each other, and

the arts, like water, will find their level." At the same time, it is a little difficult, by this theory, to explain the wondrous upheaval which took place about the middle of the eighteenth century in the matter of portraiture. The appearance on the scene of some great patron of art, as, for instance, Charles I., may determine a general advance in art-education, by attracting to his fostering care, and developing by his generous aid, the best artists of the time; but in the period of which we are speaking men had become accustomed to the miserable inanities of the daubers of the pre-Reynolds time, and apparently demanded nothing higher; when, quite suddenly, Reynolds, and shortly after Gainsborough and Romney, appeared on the scene, and the whole subject of portraiture is immediately



MRS. MOFFATT.

(From the Miniature by Richard Cosway.)

changed. It can hardly be said that here the age formed the artist, for there was no craving for better things than Jervas, Hudson, and others were providing for the public taste, and in this instance at least it looks very much as though the artist formed the age. A little study of the subject will convince



DUCHESS OF GORDON.

(From the Miniature by Richard Cosway.)

us that the factors concerned in the ebb and flow of art are far too subtle and complicated to be dismissed with Hogarth's aphorism.

It was not long before miniature-painting felt the influence of this grand revival, with which the names of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hogarth, and others will be, for all time, honourably associated.

For a period almost exactly corresponding with the reign of George III.—viz., from 1760 to 1820—the tide of miniaturists flowed fully on, and all the names which are best known to collectors, connected with what may be called the modern school, in contradistinction to the older sixteenth and seventeenth century artists, will be found between these two dates. Indeed, the change is very remarkable from the first to the second half of the eighteenth century. To anyone interested in telling a continuous story of this branch of art, the painful search after the names of artists in the earlier years of the century is only equalled by the *embarras de richesse* which confronts one as the eighteenth century wore on. The difficulty experienced now is not that of finding artists, but of selecting from the enormous number of aspirants those names which are really worthy of notice.

I wish we knew more of the work of Richard Crosse, who died in 1810. He was early at work in what we may almost call the Renaissance of painting, having received a premium at the Society of Arts in 1758. There were but two undoubted specimens at the Burlington, but their beauty made one wish for more. In tenderness of treatment, beautiful colour, and conscientious finish he is a sort of mixture of Jeremiah Meyer and John Smart. He was a fashionable painter, and there must be plenty of his work somewhere; but I fear he rarely signed. I have heard that some descendant of his has many specimens in his possession, but I have never succeeded in tracing him, much as I should like to do so. Another artist of the time who ought to be better known is Richard Collins (1755–1831). He, too, became very fashionable, and was largely employed, from Royalty downwards; and yet undoubted work of his is scarce. Eight works were exhibited by Mrs. Higford Burr at the Burlington which had always remained in her family, with the tradition that they were painted by him, but none were signed. If we accept the tradition, we must recognise him as an able painter, with a style of his own—the colour full and brilliant, the features well modelled and carefully finished. Unfortunately, if he ever did



LADY NORTHWICK.

(From the Miniature by Andrew Plimer.)

sign, his initials, "R. C.," would at once be put down to Richard Cosway; though they never could be mistaken the one for the other, according to the specimens lately exhibited. Samuel Collins practised chiefly in the provinces, and most of all at Bath.

There were five works by him at the Burlington, all signed "S. C." and dated, the work fairly good, but not first-rate.

We have now arrived at the time when we must notice the best known of all the eighteenth century miniaturists, Richard Cosway (1740-1821), the man

ever, as Mr. Smith's father was a pupil in Shipley's drawing school in the Strand at the time of Cosway's first appearance, it is difficult to throw aside such direct evidence. It appears by this account that he was taken in there whilst a boy to wait upon the students and carry in the tea and coffee, which



THE MISSES RUSHOUT.

(From the Miniature by Andrew Plimer.)

who has almost given the name to the miniature-painting of the late eighteenth century; for one is always talking of the "Cosway period" as opposed to the range of the giants of the seventeenth century.

He was not indebted to any early advantages for his great success, and the most trustworthy account of his early history is to be found in Mr. Smith's book, "Nollekens and his Times." It is usually recorded that Cosway was sent up from Tiverton, where he was born in 1740, to study with Hudson, the portrait-painter, the master of Reynolds. How-

Shipley's housekeeper was allowed to provide, and for which she charged threepence a head. Some of the students—amongst whom were Nollekens, Smith, and others—gave Dick, as the boy was called, instruction in drawing, and finding him possessed of talent, advised him to try for a prize in the Society of Arts, where, in 1755, he obtained a premium of £5 5s. for a drawing, repeating the performance each year up to 1760.

Richard Cosway was undoubtedly the finest artist of the time. To institute a just comparison



between him and his earlier brethren is almost impossible: the whole essentials of portraiture had so completely changed, the use of ivory and consequent transparent scheme of colour in vogue produced



A LADY.

(From the Miniature by John Smart.)

results so entirely differing from the vellum and body colour of the previous century. What Cosway would have done had he lived in the times of Cooper and Vandyck, it is difficult to surmise, for there was no lack of beauty at the Courts of the two Charleses. Probably the feminine mind was then quite as appreciative of flattery when delicately administered as most other epochs have proved it to be, and it must be reluctantly confessed that Cosway was a terrible flatterer. Surely every lady who sat to him could not have been a child of the divine goddess; and yet, whoever saw a plain-looking portrait from Cosway's hand? I never did. If charity begins at home, certainly in his case flattery does too, for he painted himself in all sorts of costumes and positions, none of which could lead the beholder to imagine what a very ordinary-looking little person he really was. But, putting aside this fault, if we may venture to apply the term to the perhaps too indulgent delineation of a lady's face, Cosway was an admirable artist. "Refined" is a word which can be most justifiably applied to his portraits. He has been accused of mannerism, but what artist has not? And, after all, mannerism in an artist simply implies, to my mind, the individual expression of a fact by means and touches peculiar to each painter, whereby his work may be known; and it is only when mannerism degenerates into slovenly work that it becomes objectionable. If there were a little more mannerism, in this sense, in the modern school of miniature-painting it would be all the better. Take any six miniatures, say, from the Royal Academy Exhibition, and place them in a row: could any living being tell by inspection that they were painted by different artists, and name those artists from any evidence in the work itself? I doubt it.

No artist was better represented at the Burlington than Cosway. I do not mean to include all specimens which were sent in bearing his name—for, unfortunately, his appears to be the only one known to many possessors of miniatures, and all their belongings, however different in technique, are one and all placed to his credit; but I allude

to the genuine, undoubted work of his brush. In addition to the large number of water-colour miniatures of the ordinary type, there were the two frames containing thirty-one original sketches for miniatures taken from Cosway's pocket-book, and exhibited by Lord Tweedmouth. These were doubly interesting, both as things of beauty and as indicating Cosway's method of work from the earliest commencement of a portrait up to the finished state. Then there were the five lovely heads in pencil, the faces slightly tinted, contributed by Miss Jeffrey, and purchased at the sale of Cosway's effects after his death; two portraits of himself in fancy costume, one a replica of the other; and rather a large family group, painted in oil, said to be, and apparently with truth, produced by him. Mentioning the word "replica" reminds me of one great lesson I learned in connection with the late exhibition, and that is—never to dismiss at once, as a copy, any miniature because you happen to know there are one or more exactly like it in existence. Some instances of this are remarkable. Amongst her Majesty's contribution was a portrait of Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who nevertheless cut off his head in 1601, painted by Isaac Oliver. In looking over the Duke of Devonshire's miniatures at Chiswick for the late exhibition I found four portraits of the Earl. Lord Derby showed one and I contributed

another. Now, here are seven portraits of the same individual, and every touch identical. There must, of course, have been an original, but who out of the number is the possessor of it it is impossible to say, nor, indeed, is it a point of importance when

all are of equal excellence. Then, again, there was an enamel of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire by Henry Bone, taken apparently from a miniature by Plimer, signed and dated in due form. Three specimens of this, exactly alike, were exhibited. Another portrait of a lady in a large hat, by George Engleheart, was also repeated three times. I could multiply instances, but these will suffice to show



LADY DUCKETT.

(From the Miniature by Ozias Humphrey.)



that apparently miniaturists produced replicas much more frequently than was the case in other branches of art.

The artist who probably ranks next to Cosway in



A LADY.

(From a Miniature by George Engleheart.)

the estimation of connoisseurs is Andrew Plimer. It is only during comparatively recent years that this artist has taken his true position. Everybody who ever heard of a miniature was acquainted with Cosway; but as to Plimer, they knew him not. Even at the Burlington a whole collection, comprising seventeen specimens, was sent in as by Cosway. But of this number one was by Cosway and sixteen by Plimer. Even now we know nothing of his history except that he was born at Bridgewater, the 21st of December, 1764, and christened in the parish church there, and first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1786. Of course, it is easy enough to distinguish his work from Cosway's when a few specimens have been examined; but at first sight the full colour, large eyes, and modelling of feature might mislead, though at his best he never quite attained the refinement of Cosway. He is one of those artists whose early work is better than the later, and he, like others, seemed to feel the withering hand of success laid heavily on him. Curiously enough, Cosway, the *enfant gâté* of the public for half a century, never seemed to degenerate; his latest work is as full of character and care as the first miniature he ever painted. Plimer was almost as fully represented at the Burlington as his great rival. His chief piece is certainly one of the most beautiful of all modern miniatures, viz., the large group of the three Misses Rushout, exhibited by Mr. Joseph. He has more nearly reached Cosway here than in any other work with which I am acquainted. Works of art often go through curious experiences, but I should think the history of this miniature has seldom been beaten. It was sold among the effects of the Rushout family at Windsor, and a very eminent

firm of London auctioneers put it in the catalogue as a coloured engraving, and lotted it with an old table-cloth. It would infallibly have been sold to that pest of the auction-room, the "knockout," for a few shillings, had not someone present recognised its beauty and bid up to a respectable sum for it. It passed through many trade hands, until it found a resting-place in the collection of specimens by Cosway and others of its present possessor at a great price; but, after all, it is worth it, for it cannot be matched. He occasionally signed his work "A. P.," with the date. There were many other beautiful specimens of early work, the hair especially being touched in with rare skill, and not in ropes, consisting of a few coarse lines, as too frequently occurs in later specimens. His brother, Nathaniel Plimer, never equalled him.

One of the most thoroughly English of the eighteenth century artists was John Smart (1740-1811), and one of the most prolific, judging by the numerous specimens of his work to be found in all exhibitions. He nearly always signed "J. S.," with



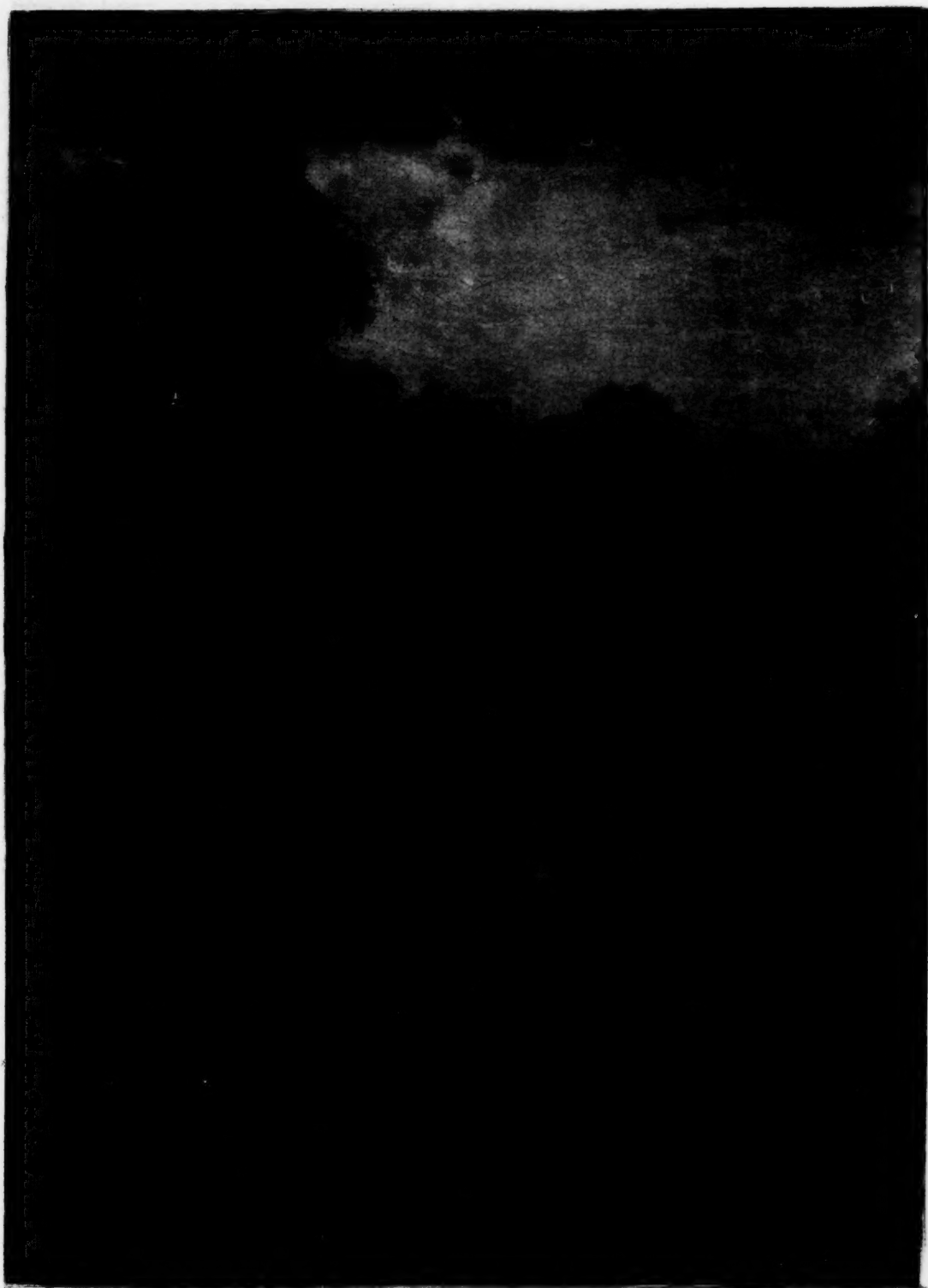
A LADY.

(From a Miniature by George Engleheart.)

the date. His work can hardly be mistaken. It is almost inconceivable how he was able to produce such an enamel-like surface with water-colours only. He was certainly the most delicate and dainty artist of them all, though Ozias Humphrey often painted







E.A. Waterlow, A.R.A. pinx.

Hanfstaengl photograph.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SHEARING.

Magazine of Art.





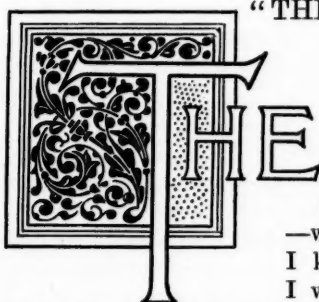
in somewhat the same smooth, soft manner. His miniatures, as a rule, are smaller than Cosway's or Plimer's, and he never varied. He must have worked with tolerable rapidity to have produced the number of works which bear his name, and as he carried the same perfect finish into every part of his picture, the smaller size probably suited him best. He spent about five years in India, and generally placed an "I" below his signature, to distinguish those portraits he painted whilst there. He showed to great advantage at the Burlington, Mr. Whitehead alone contributing more than twenty beautiful specimens. He had a son, commonly called "John Smart, Junior," but his work is not so well known. I have mentioned Ozias Humphrey (1742-1810) in connection with John Smart. He was a pupil of Samuel Collins, and on coming up to town went boldly to Sir Joshua Reynolds and showed him his work. Reynolds became his warm friend and got him endless sitters, and he also copied many of his patron's portraits in miniature form. He divided with John Smart the honours of the highly-finished school and enamel-like method of painting miniature. Like Smart, also, he visited India, and spent four years at the various native Courts, painting the ruling princes. He is said to have left this country through a feeling of disappointment that his larger works in oil, which he was induced to attempt after some time spent in Italy with Romney, were not

duly appreciated by the public. He returned from India in ill-health, and ultimately his eyesight completely failed. His later life was embittered by the loss in one year of his only two children, and, indeed, he soon followed them to the grave. A number of Ozias Humphrey's diaries were in the Upcott collection of autographs, and some are in the British Museum.

The man whose work may be most easily mistaken for Cosway's is, undoubtedly, George Engleheart (1752-1829). They were contemporary, and almost equally the fashion, and yet, before the late exhibition afforded such abundant opportunity of comparing the two artists, mistakes were frequently made. They certainly had many similar qualities. Engleheart's treatment of the hair, for example, is as free as Cosway's, but harder in touch and outline. Like the latter, Engleheart laid great stress on the eyes: they are full and large, very carefully painted, and very luminous. As a colourist he was equal to any artist, and frequently introduced the large hat then in fashion into his female portraits, which helped to set the face in a frame, as it were, and secured a pleasant effect of chiaroscuro. He occasionally signed with the letter "E." only. The series of specimens exhibited by his descendant, Mr. J. G. D. Engleheart, by Mrs. Singleton, Mr. Whitehead, and others, at the Burlington showed this charming painter at his best.

"THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SHEARING."

PAINTED BY E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.



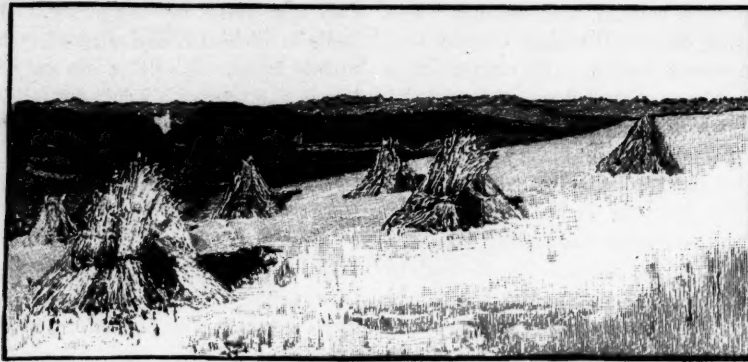
THE TITLE tells the time, and so does every inch of the picture. But the place—where indeed is it? I know at least where I would have it to be.

In the North with the moon rising solemnly amongst the ash-trees and sycamores, over a great homestead, under the line of the moors. Or in Sussex, in the sheltered farm-land below the edge of the chalk Downs. Or best, perhaps, in Dorsetshire, between the heaths and the sea—Mr. Hardy's country, the country of Bathsheba Everdene's lover, the country of the reddie-man who passes from hamlet to hamlet marking the flocks. You may have it where you will. The painter has not sought to be too precise in his indications; and half of the charm of the

picture belongs to things which are not of East or of West, of North or of South, but are of summer-time everywhere, within the limits of England—rich foliage and a homely land, and an atmosphere soothing and placid. The shepherd-lad hardly wants his lantern—though the lantern with its point of light is very useful indeed to the painter—there will soon be a flood of moonlight over barn and woodland, over field and fold.

Night, even without the moon, is—like human character—hardly ever as black as it is painted. Artus van der Neer knew that, and Bernay Crome; and, among the greatest, Turner; and, in our own day, Mr. Whistler. A "nocturne" has to be serene, not sombre. And Mr. Waterlow has felt this. The picture, it seems, is one of the happiest and most graceful instances of his refined and restful and unaggressive art.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

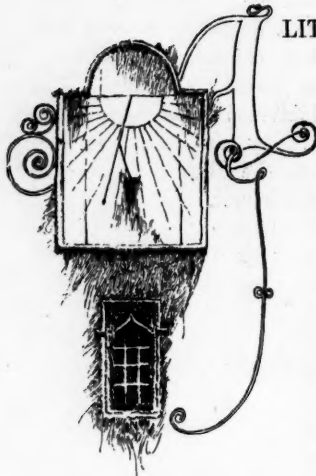


THE VALLEY OF THE STOUR.

(Drawn by C. L. Burns. Engraved by C. Carter.)

## CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY.

By C. L. BURNS.



LITTLE strip of country on the borders of Essex and Suffolk, not ten miles in length, and but two or three in breadth, presenting to the casual observer few features more striking than are to be seen in many other parts of England, but hailed with delight by painters for its simple charm, has exercised a wider influence upon modern landscape painting than all the noble scenery of Switzerland

or the glories of Italy; for here was nurtured that last and greatest master of that school of English landscape painting, which made the Eastern Counties famous in the annals of art. He was so essentially English, it might be said local, in his feeling, that he never left his country, and produced his greatest works within the narrow limits of his native valley; in whom love of locality was indeed the very basis of his art.

Constable, for it was he, like Rembrandt, was the son of a miller, and was born at a time when the winds and flowing waters were powers in the land, bearing a golden harvest on their health-giving and invisible currents, turning sails upon countless hill-tops, and wheels in every river—before the supplanter, steam, was even dreamed of. His earliest recollections were mingled with the busy clatter of

wheels, and the whirr of sails, as they sped round before the wind, was the music of his boyhood. His father, good man of the world as he was, holding a high opinion of the solid comforts gained by following his own profitable calling, placed his son, at the age of seventeen, in charge of a windmill, hoping thereby to curb his rising enthusiasm for the more glorious but less substantial pursuit of art. Alas! how little can we predict the effect of our actions. This one, framed to divert his purpose in life, was the very means of leading him to study more closely the ever-varying beauties of the sky, with its matchless combinations of form and colour, and all the subtle differences of atmosphere, which in after-life formed a distinctive feature in his work; and, for a landscape-painter, perhaps no early training could have been better. His daily occupation, by bringing him continually face to face with Nature, and necessitating a constant observance of all her changing phenomena, trained his heart and eye to discover her secrets, hidden from the careless, but revealed to all true lovers of her wisdom.

The effect upon a temperament so artistic as Constable's was as permanent as it was quickly apparent. In less than a year we find his father reluctantly converted to his son's views in the choice of a career, and consenting to his sojourn in London, to learn the principles and technicalities of his profession, which he soon strove to forget and subsequently set at defiance. Two years of studio work was sufficient to convince him that his school was the open air; and in his own country, amid the scenes of his boyhood, he could shake off the chains of fashion, which bound the landscape-painter of that

day, and go straight to nature for his inspiration. Concerning this he writes: "For the last two years I have been running after pictures, and seeing truth at second-hand. I have not endeavoured to represent nature with the same elevation of mind with which I set out, but have rather tried to make my performances look like the work of other men; I shall

How lovingly he repaid this debt of gratitude to his native valley will be seen by the tender care he bestowed in depicting its beauties; indeed, the strongest impression produced after visiting Constable's country, and again turning to a study of his works, is the marvellous sense of locality he has embodied in them. You seem to breathe the very



BERGHOLT CHURCH, SHOWING CAGE IN WHICH THE BELLS ARE HUNG.

(Drawn by C. L. Burns.)

return to Bergholt, where I shall get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes which may employ me—there is room for a *natural* painter;" a prediction which was hardly fulfilled in his lifetime, for, with the majority of even intelligent lovers of art, his works were rarely understood and never popular, though the appreciative sympathy of an enlightened few kept him from despair. But, appreciated or not, he had found his life's work, and henceforth his mission was to depict the scenes around his old home, and to express the love he felt so keenly for "every stile and stump, and every lane in dear Bergholt." "Painting," he writes, "is with me but another word for feeling, and I associate my careless boyhood with all that lies on the banks of the Stour—those scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful."

air of Suffolk and hear again the "sound of water escaping from mill-dams," and see once more "the willows, the old rotten planks, the slimy posts, and brickwork," he delighted in. In spite of the fifty years which have elapsed since he laid aside his brush for ever, with all the accidents of time and season, the subjects he painted are still to be easily found, and clearly distinguished by anyone at all acquainted with his works. The only exception is in the original of the famous "Cornfield," now in the National Gallery. Here the enemy has been busy, and by the aid of his children, Growth and Decay, has succeeded in transforming the subject out of all recognition, tearing down the trees on the left, enlarging the group on the right, shutting out the view of Stratford Church, and choking up the brook from which the boy is drinking. Nor has Time been

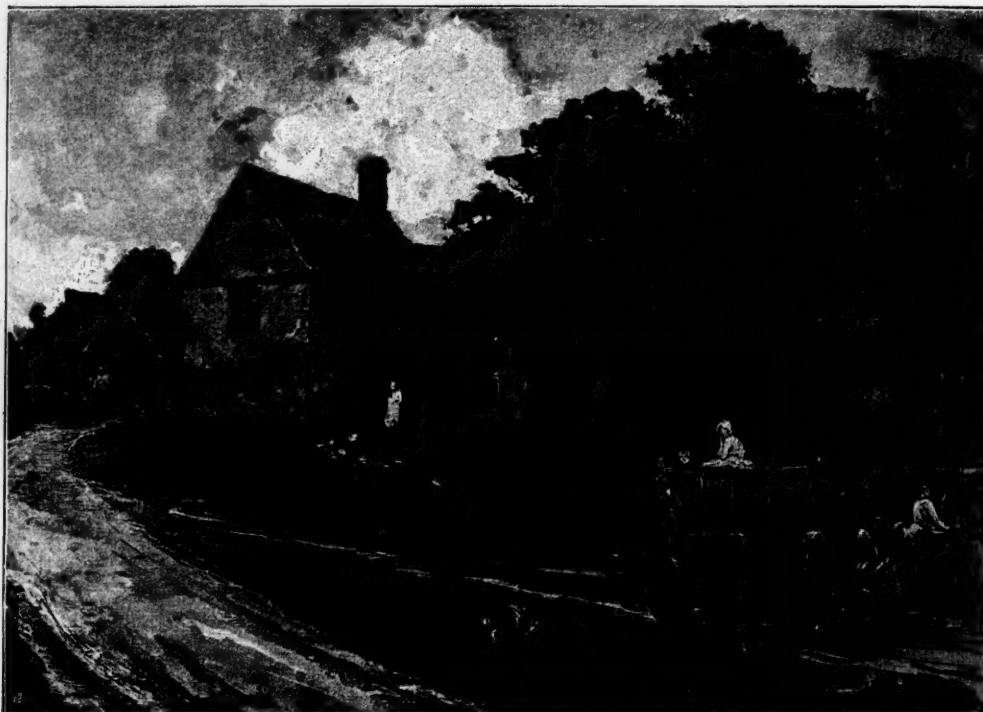


idle with this same boy, who, six years ago, was carried to his last resting-place, in Bergholt Churchyard, aged sixty-five.

Of necessity, fifty years have seen some changes in Bergholt: plaster covering brick, brick invading land where grass or cabbages grew, grass and cabbages having their revenge upon bricks by supplanting them in turn. This last fate has unfortunately overtaken the house in which the artist was born,

In so considerable a village as Dedham, once a market town, such is the case, its principal street being destitute of side-paths. This in itself gives the village a somewhat old world air, heightened as it invariably is by quaint beam and plaster and rambling inns.

In Bergholt the church holds, as it should, a neutral position, half-way from either end of the village, gathering to itself all the chief architectural



WILLY LOTT'S HOUSE AT FLATFORD.

(Drawn by C. L. Burns.)

a building of evident importance in that quiet village street, and referred to as such in Shobert's "Beauties of England." It was a solid structure as became the man who built it, for after a hundred and ten years of storm and sunshine, heat and frost, its demolition for the materials it contained was the only object of its final purchaser.

The village itself is typical of those in Suffolk, straggling for a mile and more along a broad high road, innocent of footpaths and with gaps of meadowland between its clusters of houses. Along the country roads footpaths may be occasionally met with, divided from the roadway by a border of grass, or neat white posts; but when a village is approached the division disappears, and the roadway engrosses the entire space between the house and hedgerows.

interest, in the midst of much that is both picturesque and ancient. The tower is carried only fifty feet from the ground, the devil interfering at this point, undoing at night all the progress made during the day—so the legend says. Why, the legend does not say; but, if it arose from a not unnatural antipathy to the sound of the bells, his labour was in vain, for the builders, quietly relinquishing the tower, hung the bells in a wooden cage on the ground, in which they are still located; but the unfinished tower, with its rich carving hidden by clinging ivy, is roofless, and given up to a feathered congregation who hold a service of song continually within its leafy recesses. The ancient porch, with its sundial bearing the inscription, "Ut umbra sic vita," possesses an interest apart from its architectural value, as being the

subject of one of the finest of Constable's smaller works. Within the chancel is a monument dated 1647, to a lawyer, one Edward Lambe, who although "with his counsell he helped many, yett took fees scarce of any," a model in his profession, whose shrine one would suppose should be a place of pilgrimage to all litigants, and a type of character which, if common in the village, would go far to explain the special antipathy displayed by the devil to the good people of Bergholt and their church tower. The churchyard contains at least one modest memorial which will repay the curious searcher; it is erected to a member of the Constable family, a "mariner of Mistley," and his wife. The stone is a rough untrimmed slab of sandstone set upon end, with the simple record of their names and the dates of their deaths inscribed in a small circle dressed for the purpose. The story of this unconventional monument is that, in its natural state, the stone lay at a spot commanding a view of the valley toward Mistley, and was therefore a favourite seat, from whence the mariner's coming home could be watched

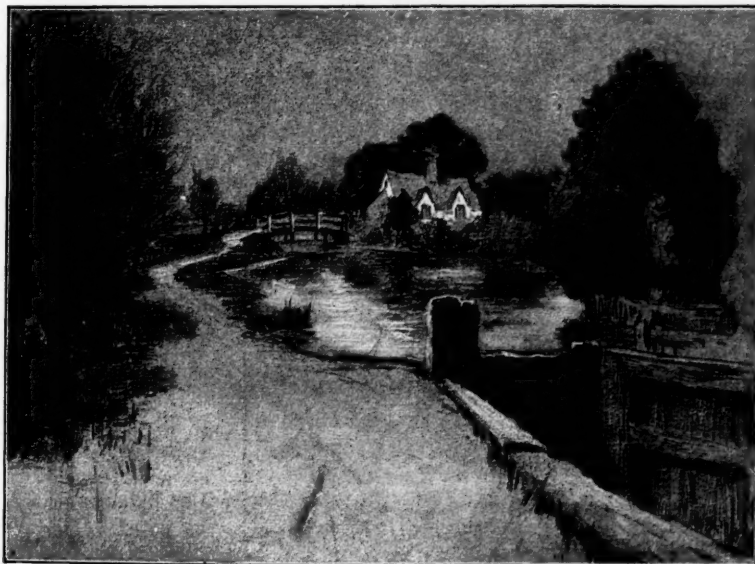


FLATFORD LOCK.

(Drawn by C. L. Burns from the Sketch by Constable in the British Museum.)

for by his betrothed. When the storms of life were nearly over, and the mariner and his wife were peacefully approaching the great harbour of refuge, the tender memories of the springtide of their youth prompted the wish to have this stone (a hallowed spot in their lives) set up to mark their final resting-place. There it stands now with the tide of human dust rising round it year by year, till one day it too will sink beneath the surface.

It is not, however, in Bergholt village that we must seek for the scenes which made Constable a painter, but down in the quiet hollow a mile and a half to the eastward on the banks of his much-loved Stour, and around the paternal mill of Flatford, not improved as is the one at Dedham into hideousness, but remaining much as it was in the artist's day. Both mills were the property of Golding Constable, witnessed thereto in the latter, the initials G. C.,



FLATFORD LOCK, 1880.

(Sketched from Nature by C. L. Burns.)

carved in irregular characters deep in the huge mill scales, still legible beneath the dust of a century, as enduring almost as the memory of his gifted son.

A low uneven structure is Flatford Mill, with many gables and queer outbuildings; standing on an island, the millhouse backing the main stream and facing a pool formed by the mill-tail, which, flowing through the mill, rejoins the main stream a hundred yards below. To this spot came Constable many a hundred times we may be sure, fishing in the stream, or sketching with his close ally, John Dunthorne, the village plumber, and a lover of nature; their performances with the brush doubtless puzzling old Willy Lott—whose farmhouse occupies the opposite side of the pool; but though his judgment might not have been so technically sound upon art matters as upon the merits of those hornless Suffolk cattle, said to have been unconsciously introduced by Constable into pictures painted in far distant counties, yet his criticisms would have been worth hearing, by virtue of their originality. Willy cared but little for the outer world and its mode of thinking, any curiosity he may have ever had concerning it being amply satisfied by the experiences of four nights, separated by long intervals, spent away from his ancestral roof in four-score years. That this house of his possessed a peculiar fascination for Constable is evident from its forming an important feature in two of his best known works, the "Haywain" and the "Valley Farm," besides appearing in numerous sketches.

Every foot of ground round the old mill seems to have imparted a yearning in him to paint it. The lock in the main stream, with its tide of life passing through, busier then than in these days of railways; the bridge above, with the picturesque cottages still standing, all were lingered over, studied, and painted with an affection inspired by the recollection of those golden hours of his boyhood. Here, doubtless, was the scene of those stolen interviews with his future wife, following the ecclesiastical ban placed on his suit by the lady's grandfather, Dr. Rhudde, the Rector, whose belief in the pre-ordination of marriage was tempered in this case by a wise discretion on the subject of settlements. To the young painter's inability to satisfy this scruple may be attributed the doctor's discouragement of any practical application of the theory. The marriage duly took place despite the old gentleman, who, although not apparently reconciled during the remainder of his life, pleasantly surprised the young couple by leaving his granddaughter four thousand pounds when he died.

The mill-tail is used as a thoroughfare, up which the hay is carted from the meadows on the opposite bank of the river, a shallow and stony bedded back-

water meeting it at its junction with the main stream. Down this backwater in July the heavy cart-horses drag the sweet-scented haywains knee deep and axle deep in water, leaving feathery wisps of hay hanging from the willows, and clinging to the tall rushes upon either hand, the waggoner bravely astride the leader, while haymakers and children are seated on the top of the load, not a little nervous in mid-stream, and clinging tightly when the horses are struggling up the deep ascent into the stack-yard.

A contrast, indeed, is the bustle of the hay-making with the splash of the teams and the merry voices of the children to the solitude which reigns supreme in this silent, currentless backwater during the rest of the year. Winding between the long flat meadows away from the traffic of the river it becomes in early summer a veritable museum of aquatic plants: lilies choke its passage, and the ancient gates, giving access to the adjoining fields, lie lost in creamy meadow-sweet, their sodden and decaying posts wreathed in sweet forget-me-nots, while sword-like rushes rear their points till they part the grey green willow leaves above. The silence would become oppressive were it not for an indistinct murmur from the working world, which forms a fitful background to the prevailing stillness; the distant roar of a train as it rushes on its journey to the palpitating heart of London, the faint sound of a mowing machine in the meadows, or the crack of a whip upon the tow-path as a barge moves up to the primitive lock, add a touch of human interest without disturbing the sense of restfulness from the eager hurry of nineteenth century existence.

The tow-path crossing the mouth of this backwater at its junction with the river is divided from the meadows by a line of willows, planted at intervals of two or three yards, marking its course as it alternates from side to side. Those standing at the commencement of the sharp bends have deep, smooth furrows, worn into them by the friction of countless tow ropes, some nearly cut in two, and soon to fall. When this occurs the gap will be filled by a sapling protected by stout rails; thus the line is preserved, forming a grateful shade in the summer, and an excellent feeder to the river at all times of the year.

The life on the tow-path possessed great fascination for Constable, and is perhaps the most characteristic feature of the locality. When the tide creeps up the river, and, gently pushing at the lock gates, silently forces them open, and again flowing on till its strength can no longer contend with the river current, barges begin to make their appearance, drawn by sturdy, active horses. These animals bear but little resemblance to their over-worked and under-fed relations, common upon our canals, showing an intelligence and training proportionately



superior; quite necessary too in view of the peculiarities of the Stour navigation. Numerous obstructions placed across the towing-path to prevent cattle from straying have to be jumped, a feat delineated in Constable's picture, "The Leaping Horse" (now at South Kensington); and the problem of how to cross the deep stream in the absence of a bridge has to be successfully solved. Nothing can be more

stream, about knee-deep, the barge is steered close in shore, the horse steps calmly aboard, is taken across and disembarks, with no more fuss than if climbing up a vessel's side and travelling by water were its usual method of progress. The barges always come up in pairs, the prow of the hinder one being firmly lashed to the stern of the former; a not very intelligible plan, until one discovers that,



1.—FLATFORD MILL, FROM THE RIVER STOUR. 2.—FLATFORD MILL, FROM WILLY LOTT'S HOUSE.

(Drawn by C. L. Burns.)

amusing than to watch the clever way in which this is performed. It is managed thus: just before approaching the spot where the tow-path crosses to the opposite bank of the river, the pace of the barge is quickened, in order to give an increased impetus to it, upon which the success of the operation depends. The horse, when reaching the desired point, immediately slackens his speed and enters the

by the means of a heavy pole or tiller, attached to the second, it is converted into a huge rudder, steered from the centre of the first. This method, the product of the experience of generations of quiet toilers on the river, is peculiarly adapted to the sharp windings of what was once the only means of communication between the villages in the interior and the sea, and, by that, with London.



In the evening fishermen from Dedham, or from Bergholt on the hill opposite, come and patiently try conclusions with bream, perch, and roach; silent ruminating men, intent upon their sport, moving

Constable's country may be said to extend along the Stour valley, anywhere within walking distance of his home, Neyland, Stoke, Langham, Stratford, and in the opposite direction Harwich, all having



THE BACKWATER AT FLATFORD.

(Drawn by C. L. Burns.)

only to adjust their tackle, and sitting far into the twilight, pursuing the combat, until the long lines of white vapour creep stealthily along the ground, obscuring the trunks of the willows, and enveloping everything in a cloak of mystery. Before sundown, boys bathe riotously in the deeper pools, their bodies glowing orange pink in the low sunlight, the shadows blue with reflections; they, too, depart when the sun disappears behind the hills toward Langham, and the hush of evening comes over all.

furnished material for his fruitful pencil. But, despite much admirable work done in each of these places, it was to the few acres of river and meadow round the old mill at Flatford that he owed his first awakening to the wonders of nature around him. To these, his first and truest masters, his memory was ever turning for inspiration; and during the life-long battle he waged with all that was untrue, he was certain of finding there encouragement to victory and solace in disappointment.

## THE PORTRAITS OF THACKERAY.

By F. G. KITTON.

THE earliest known portrait of William Makepeace Thackeray is to be found in a delicately-tinted drawing by George Chinnery, a well-known artist of three-quarters of a century ago, who went to Calcutta for professional purposes. There (in the birthplace of the future novelist) he made the acquaintance of the Thackerays, and soon after his introduction he was commissioned to make a portrait-group of father, mother, and their youthful son—the latter then three years of age. Here he is seen a curly-headed boy, with large full eyes looking straight at you as he sits upon a pile of books placed on the table, his little arm encircling his mother's neck. Mrs. Ritchie, the novelist's daughter (who has retained possession of this charming picture), remembers how it was admired as it hung upon the nursery walls of her earliest home, and how her father used, in after-years, to take off his spectacles when he looked critically at it, and say, "It's a pretty drawing; but if his father in the picture could have risen from the chair he would have been about nine feet high, according to the length of the legs there depicted." Mrs. Ritchie believes that her much-beloved parent, when a boy, must have been very sensitive, "quick to feel, not over-strong, though well grown. He was always very shortsighted, and this in his schooldays was a great trouble to him, for he could not join in the games with any comfort or pleasure, nor even see the balls which he was set to stop at cricket." His lifelong friend Mr.

George Venables, who was his schoolfellow at Charterhouse, speaks of him as being at this time "pretty, gentle, and rather timid"—a statement which seems

to be corroborated by a bust in Mrs. Ritchie's possession, representing him at eleven years of age, where the gentle expression in the youthful physiognomy is suggestive of the general aspect of the features in later years; and here we first find evidence of that unfortunate accident to his nose (broken during a fight at school) which permanently disfigured the otherwise handsome face. This early bust was electrotyped from a mould taken from nature by J. Devile in 1822, at his mother's residence in Devonshire: and a replica was presented by Mr. Leslie Stephen to the National Portrait Gallery.

In 1829 young Thackeray went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, and Dr. Thompson, the late Master of Trinity, describes him as "a tall, thin, large-eyed, full and ruddy-

facéd man with an eye-glass fixed *en permanence*." But he could then hardly have been a man, for it was not until 1832—three years later—that he attained his majority, and inherited a fortune of which ill-luck soon deprived him; and he was compelled to consider the best means of earning a subsistence—with what result all the world knows. At the Garrick Club ("the G," as he always called it) there are two beautiful drawings from the life by Maclise (dated 1832 and 1833 respectively), depicting him as a fashionably-dressed young man, seated in a *négligé* attitude,



W. M. THACKERAY (1822).

(From the Bust moulded after Nature by J. Devile.)

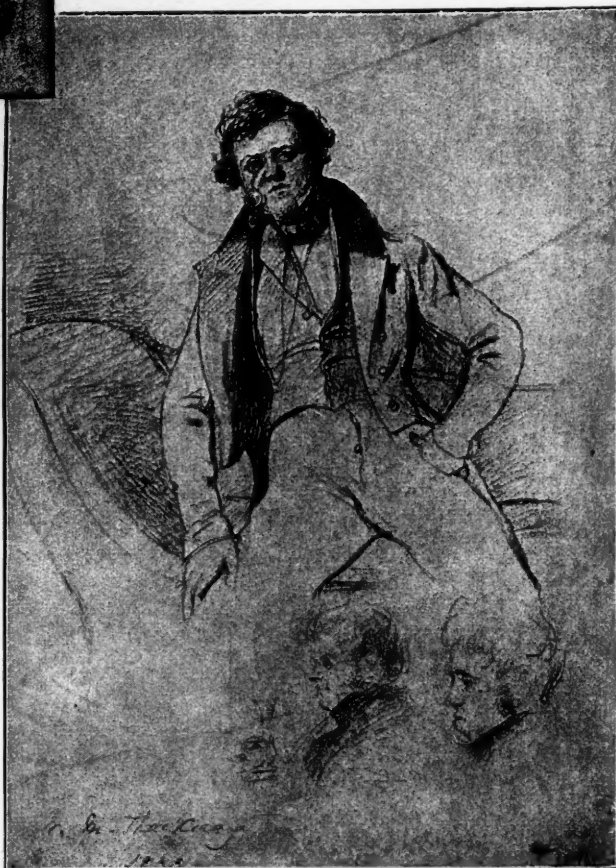


W. M. THACKERAY (1832).

(From the Sketch by D. Maclise, R.A. By Special Permission of the Committee of the Garrick Club.)

with massive eye-glass foppishly displayed; in the earlier drawing may be observed a pencil in one hand and a sketch-book on his right knee, indicative of his *penchant* for art. Maclise (under the pseudonym of "Alfred Croquis") also included him in the group of "Fraserians" (engraved for *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1835) which portrays a gathering of famous authors (contributors to that journal) assembled at a banquet held at the residence of the publisher. A few years later the same artist again delineated him in a delicately-pencilled sketch, which Thackeray himself copied—so skilfully that it is almost impossible to detect any departure from the original; this facsimile was reproduced by lithography for the frontispiece to "The Orphan of Pimlico." In 1836 (that is, about the time of his marriage) Mr. Frank Stone, A.R.A., painted a life-size bust portrait of the novelist, which I believe, has never been engraved; Mrs Ritchie, however, does not consider it a very favourable likeness.

In 1851 Thackeray came before the public as a lecturer, and among the many distinguished persons who heard him was Caroline Fox. She found him a much older man than she expected, with "a square, powerful face, and most acute sparkling eyes, greyish hair and eyebrows." Fortunately we have a more tangible record of his appearance at this time in the two admirable drawings by his friend Samuel Laurence. These were executed in chalk, from the life; in the earlier (*circa* 1853)—a full-face representation—his expression is so alert and dignified that when Charlotte Brontë first saw the portrait she stood before it some time in silence, and then exclaimed, "And there came up a lion out of Judah!" An engraving from the picture (on steel, by Francis Holl, 1854) was given to her, and hung up in state among her household gods. She writes: "My father stood for a quarter of an hour this morning examining the great man's picture. The conclusion of his survey was that he thought it a puzzling head; if he had known nothing previously of the original's



W. M. THACKERAY (1833).

(From the Sketch by D. Maclise, R.A. By Special Permission of the Committee of the Garrick Club.)



character, he could not have read it in his features. I wonder at this. To me the broad brow seems to express intellect. Certain lines about the nose and cheek betray the satirist and cynic; the mouth indicates a child-like simplicity—perhaps even a degree of irresoluteness, inconsistency—weakness, in short, but a weakness not unamiable." The other Laurence drawing, now in the possession of the Dowager Lady Pollock, shows the face in profile, and he is reading without the accustomed spectacles from a paper held somewhat near his face; this was evidently a favourite portrait, for the artist produced replicas of it during the twelve months after the novelist's death, one of them now belonging to Mrs. Ritchie, another to the widow of Anthony Trollope, while a third, in oils (unfinished), remained in Laurence's studio until the time of his death in 1884, and is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Thackeray's general appearance in 1854 must have been very striking, judging from Anthony Trollope's reference to his face and figure, his 6 ft. 4 in. in height, with his flowing hair, already nearly grey, and his broken nose, his broad forehead and ample chest. In that same year Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., was engaged upon a series of paintings of personal friends and great men, "in character," including Dickens, Lytton, Macaulay, Hallam, Thackeray, and others. Of these, the portrait of "Thackeray at Home" (exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1864) is most successful. Here is seen the great novelist (who had just retired from *Punch*, and was writing "The Newcomes") in his bedroom-study at Onslow Square, wearing a dark-red dressing-gown and slippers, and sitting in a rather original attitude, with a writing-desk on his knee; a quill is held in one hand and cigar in the other, while his head, well thrown back, gives the same effect of

dignity to this portrait as that which characterises Laurence's crayon drawing. (See p. 292.)

In the meantime Thackeray's hair was becoming more blanched, and in 1858, when but forty-six



W. M. THACKERAY (FIRST SKETCH EXECUTED IN 1853).

(From the Painting by S. Laurence, in the National Portrait Gallery. Engraved by L. Rousseau.)

years of age, it had assumed quite a silvery whiteness; this, and his great height and erect bearing, made him conspicuous in every assembly. In talking of his stature, he remarked to a friend of his: "After six feet it all runs to seed;" this same physical peculiarity caused Carlyle to speak of him as "a half-monstrous Cornish giant," and J. L. Motley (the historian of the Netherlands) as "a colossal infant," with additional reference to his "smooth, white, shiny ringlety hair, flaxen, alas! with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather



ping voice, with something of the childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly stooping figure."

The work of Sir John Millais possesses exceptional interest, and especially may this be said of a full-length delineation by that master-hand of his famous literary contemporary. Although but a slight memory-sketch, it is very characteristic of the man, and the portraiture so very life-like and true that Sir Edgar Boehm derived from it considerable assistance when completing his excellent statuette of the novelist, hereinafter described. The Millais sketch is still treasured by Mrs. Ritchie, to whom

into fame) was introduced to the great novelist; Walker was nervous, and Thackeray, striving to set him at his ease, asked him if he could make a sketch of him while he was shaving. This Walker accomplished, and the result was so far satisfactory that at their next interview Thackeray told him that he wanted a drawing for one of the famous Roundabout Papers, roughly indicating on paper what was required. The principal figure was to be a back view of Thackeray himself, which Walker straightway executed as a preliminary study, and afterwards reproduced as a finished design for the



W. M. THACKERAY IN HIS STUDY (1854).

(From the Painting by E. M. Ward, R.A. By Permission of Richard Hurst, Esq.)

also belongs another remarkable sketch in pen-and-ink of her father, by that great artist Fred Walker, the illustrator of "Philip" and "Denis Duval." The story runs that when Thackeray was editing the *Cornhill Magazine*, Walker (then rising

magazine. This is undoubtedly the last sketch of the novelist from the life.

In 1860, when Thackeray was in Paris, he obligingly gave two short sittings of half-an-hour's duration to Mr. (afterwards Sir Edgar) Boehm, R.A.,

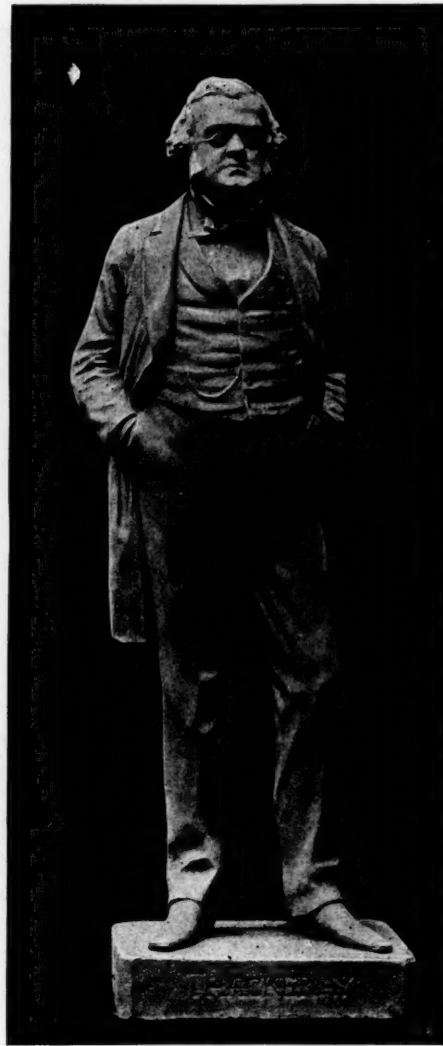
and the eminent sculptor, even in that space of time, succeeded in all but completing one of the most successful portraits of his subject ever attempted. From Sir Edgar, shortly before his much-lamented death, in the course of a personal interview, I obtained these interesting particulars concerning the production of this capital statuette, which was modelled in wax—that being a convenient material to carry about. Shortly after the second sitting he came over to England, and waited upon Thackeray at his Kensington house with a view of inducing him to give another sitting, so that the portrait might be finished; but Thackeray refused, because (the artist surmised) he thought the then rough character of the sketch indicated its probable failure as a portrait. The wax model was then put aside, and when Thackeray's sudden death reminded Mr. Boehm of his unfinished statuette, he immediately decided to complete it. Working at it all the next day and the night following, aided by the advice of Sir John Millais, his task was quickly done; the portrait was published at once, seventy copies being sold in less than three weeks. A few were cast in bronze; one of these was purchased by Anthony Trollope, who admired it extremely, and considered that the artist had here

given the figure of the man exactly as he used to stand before us. The Athenæum and the Garrick Clubs each received a copy of this little *chef-d'œuvre* from the artist.

Of the posthumous portraits of Thackeray, the painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.—given by him to the Garrick Club—may claim precedence. It depicts the novelist, with long silvery-white hair and spectacles on nose, seated at a small table on which light refreshment is displayed; in the back-

ground is introduced Stanfield's large picture of a Dutch lugger, which still adorns one of the Club apartments. Sir John informs me that the first sketch for this portrait was made as Thackeray sat in the smoking-room of the *old* Garrick Club-house; the painting was executed soon *after* his death—partly from the original sketch partly from the strong recollection the artist retained of his subject, and partly with the aid of photographs. (See p. 294.)

Thackeray died at Christmas, 1863, and the heart of the nation was sorely grieved. One of his former colleagues on *Punch*, Mr. Shirley Brooks, originated the idea of placing a memorial of him in Westminster Abbey, and with that object in view he drew up a letter to be sent to private friends of the deceased novelist. He was so strongly supported by the leading men in politics, art, and literature, that he speedily obtained permission from Dean Stanley to place a bust in Poets' Corner. Baron Marochetti readily accepted the commission to execute the portrait in marble, which, when completed, was duly honoured with a prominent position in that hallowed spot where rest the remains of Dickens, Macaulay, and others whose names glorify the age in which they lived. Although Marochetti's bust is a fine work of art, it is not, as a likeness, so effective



W. M. THACKERAY.

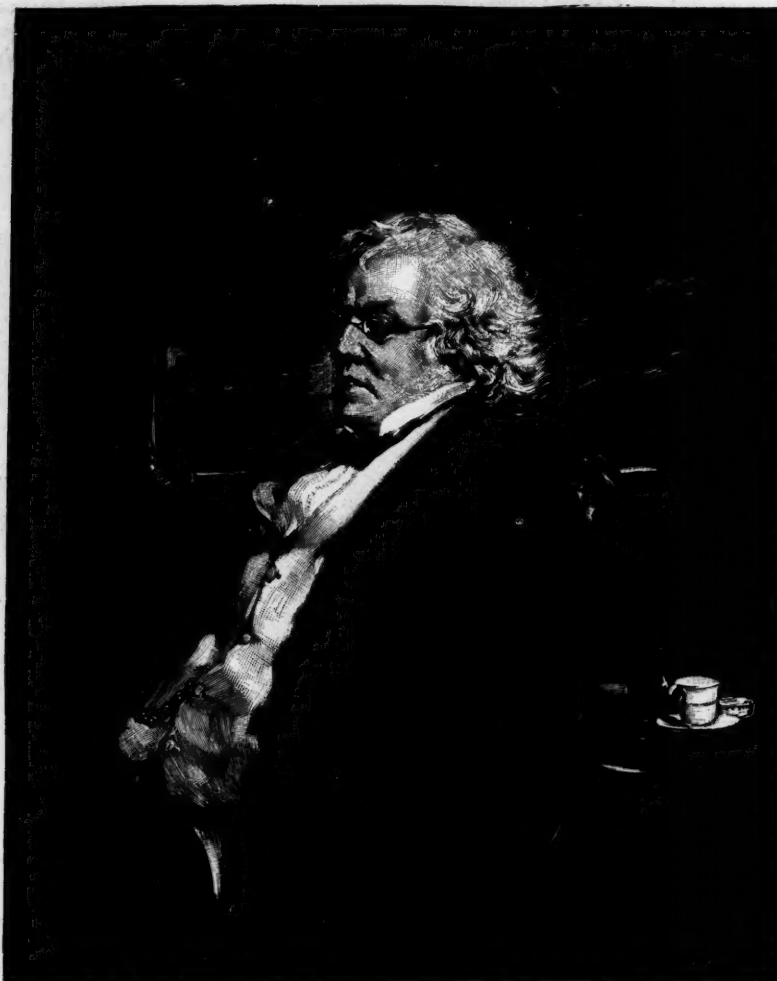
(From the Statuette by the late Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A.)

as that modelled and then given to the Garrick Club by Joseph Durham, A.R.A. A replica of this in terracotta, by Mr. Boehm, from the original plaster mould, is now in the National Portrait Gallery. (See p. 295.) Two other busts were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1864 and 1867 respectively; the former by J. B. Williamson, and the latter (also in the Portrait Gallery) by N. Burnard, a pupil of J. H. Foley, R.A.

That Thackeray, in a certain direction, was a very skilful draughtsman is generally admitted.

Like Cruikshank, he sometimes introduced his own figure and lineaments in his illustrations, and many such portraits of himself, chiefly of a humorous character, may be found in the pages of *Punch* and elsewhere. Of these, what seems to be the first in our great comic contemporary is the initial letter of

fellow-passenger fulminates against *Punch*. Mrs. Ritchie affirms that something of this sort did actually occur one day when the two friends were travelling together. In January, 1847, there was a cartoon by John Leech, entitled "Punch's Fancy Ball," the orchestra consisting of members of the *Punch* staff.



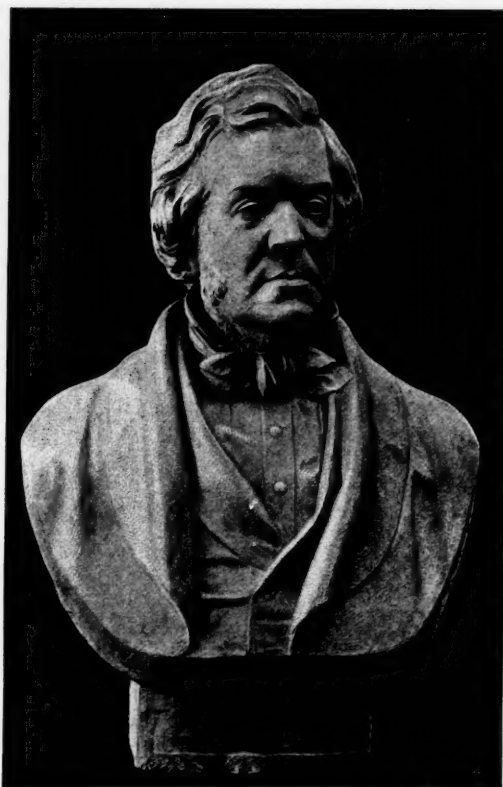
W. M. THACKERAY.

(From the Painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A. Engraved by L. Rousseau. By Special Permission of the Committee of the Garrick Club.)

an article on "Love-songs Made Easy" (1847), the artist appearing as a spectacled Cupid, armed with the usual amatory weapons. Then, somewhat later, we have Mr. Punch's artist ("Titmarsh" himself) in bed during the influenza—he is drawing upon a block, for which the diminutive office-boy, fast asleep on a chair, is tired of waiting. Another Thackeray sketch, in 1848, represents the interior of a railway carriage, where two of the occupants are easily recognised as Douglas Jerrold and the author of "Vanity Fair," who shrink back in their seats while their

Leech is performing upon the flageolet, Gilbert A'Beckett the fiddle, and Douglas Jerrold the big drum, while "mooning over all is Thackeray—big, vague, child-like"—playing the piccolo. In the illustrated preface to the seventh volume we have Mr. Tenniel's humorous paraphrase of the Elgin marbles—the whole of the *Punch* staff "Going to the Derby" on horseback, with the spectacled "Cornish giant" in the rear. Again, in 1854 we find the *Punch* men at play, depicted by the same artist; Thackeray is taking an innings at

cricket, while his colleagues are indulging in battle-dore, leapfrog, and hobbyhorse. Indeed, so recently as 1887 there is to be found a clever delineation of Thackeray by Mr. Sambourne in a group of Victorian worthies.



W. M. THACKERAY.

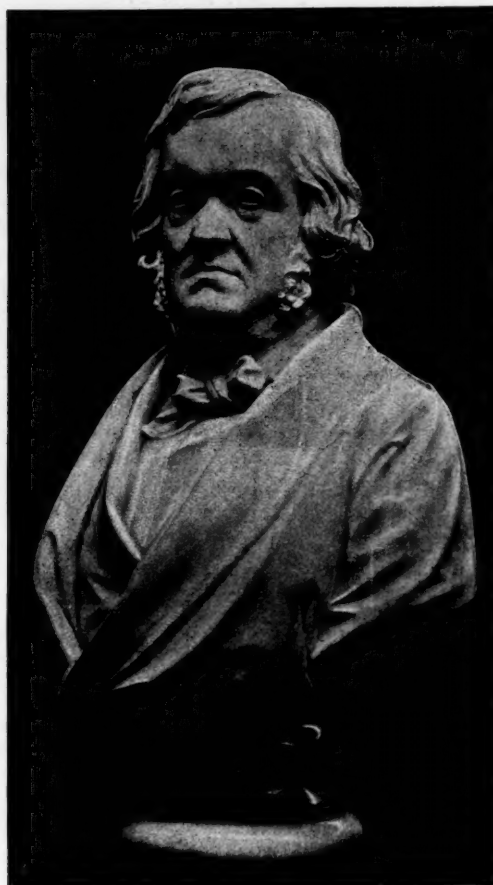
(By Joseph Durham, A.R.A.)

The novelist's letters to his friends bristle with sketches and comical portraits of himself, as the recently-published epistles abundantly prove. Mrs. Ritchie possesses some very interesting specimens of self-portraiture by her father, drawn probably in the domestic circle for the amusement of his children, and now respectfully treasured by their owner. A portrait in water-colours by himself was recently brought to the hammer at a sale of the late Lady Molesworth's collection.

In 1865 a selection from the works of Frederick Locker (author of "London Lyrics") was published, with illustrations by Richard Doyle, and among the poems are some charming verses on "The Rose and the Ring," with a woodcut vignette representing Thackeray reading his "glorious nonsense" (as Mr. Merivale calls that delightful comedy) to a sick girl, for whose amusement it was principally com-

posed. "Dicky" Doyle is also responsible for other presentments of his friend and coadjutor. Five years ago the British Museum authorities acquired a fine collection of his drawings, including several slight but effective sketches—mere jottings from his note-book—of the great "Titmarsh," on horseback and on foot, as well as simple studies of the head. But there is also a more serious rendering of him on a much larger scale—a pencil drawing from the life—which is very characteristic.

Before leaving the subject of humorous portraits I must allude to one that is very little known. This is an amusing drawing by Count D'Orsay ("the Phœbus Apollo of Dandyism," as Carlyle



W. M. THACKERAY.

(By N. Burnard. In the National Portrait Gallery.)

defined him) of Thackeray seated at a rustic table, smoking a "long clay," with a glass of grog by his side. The face is in profile, and appended are the signature and date, 1848, while underneath is written, "Vanity Fair at Vhemley Hill."



## CONCERNING SOME "PUNCH" ARTISTS.

By W. S. HUNT.



IN reading through, with pleasure and admiration of its conciseness and comprehensiveness, the paper upon "Illustrated Comic Journalism," contributed to the March number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART by Mr. David Anderson, I note one or two small matters capable of rectification, and one or two worthy, I think, of a little amplification. In the first connection there is the mention made by Mr. Anderson to two little-known *Punch* artists, "Newton and Howard." The former is obviously a slip of the pen for Newman, who was a very prolific contributor to *Punch's* pages for about eight or nine years. I think that his drawings may be found ranging over the period between 1842 or 1843 and 1850. They were generally signed "N." and consisted principally of initials and little odds-and-ends of sketches. Newman, however, also executed a few cartoons—perhaps half-a-dozen. One of the earliest of these showed Cobden as a kindly village maiden, with an apron full of corn ("Free Corn"), scattering the grains enticingly before a hungry robin whose face bore the features of Sir Robert Peel. Another of his cartoons, and, if I am not mistaken, his last, was of a more striking character. A great Napoleonic cocked-hat adorned with a tricolour rosette occupies almost the whole of the picture. This huge hat is filled with water, like a great bath or reservoir, and upon the surface of the water in wavering letters is the word "Imperialism." Poor France, a tiny figure, with her bonnet rouge almost slipping from her, stands shivering on the edge preparing for the plunge. The subjects thus dealt with pretty well indicate the time of Newman's career as a *Punch* artist. Some four or five years later he was illustrating the paper called *Diogenes*, of which Mr. Anderson makes commendatory mention. And a little later still he drew (if I recollect aright) for a publication called *Town Talk*, which has slipped out from Mr. Anderson's list. It was indeed a sort of resumption of or successor to *Diogenes*. The Brothers Brough had to do with its inception; Albert Smith wrote for it; Watts Phillips (better known now as the author of "The Dead Heart," and other dramas) was its chief cartoonist. It lasted for about three or four years. Newman's was an easy, unpretending style. There was a sort of refinement about his drawing: it was not so delicately fantastic as Richard Doyle's, but it showed—even through the barbarous

cutting of his blocks—some gracefulness of touch, some feeling for beauty, such as were not often apparent in the comic draughtsman's art of his day. He was not much of a satirist, I imagine, but more of a maker of genial little jokes. I understand that he went to America thirty years or more ago. In the *Town Talk* to which I have made allusion, a page of sketches regularly appeared for a long time opposite the cartoon, and these were supplied sometimes by C. H. Bennett, and much more frequently by William McConnell, to whom Mr. Anderson briefly refers. He did several cartoons for *Punch* during the excitement which followed Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, and very fierce cartoons they were. His best-known work, however, was the illustrating of Mr. Sala's papers called "Twice Round the Clock." These originally appeared, with McConnell's accompanying pictures, in the pages of a short-lived but well-conducted cheap magazine, *The Welcome Guest*, about the year 1858. That was work more after McConnell's heart than the designing of cartoons. He liked to illustrate the life around him, filling in a well-drawn representation of some particular locality with crowds of characteristic figures. Thus he did a long series of sketches for the *Illustrated Times*, illustrating the aspect of divers metropolitan regions and of those who dwelt therein as George Cruikshank had frequently done, as William Brunton afterwards did in *Fun*, and Miss Adelaide Claxton in *Judy*, and as Mr. Harry Furniss has (to some extent) done in *Punch*. There was a whimsicality in McConnell's style, a curious, rather piquant sort of stiffness, and much truth and character in his figures. When he allowed himself a large block there was a likeness to Leech's early *Punch* style in his manner. He was certainly very versatile. His representatives of the "submerged tenth" were perhaps generally his most successful efforts, though his Dundreary-like "swells" were distinctly good. He could also draw horses and dogs well, and, as I have hinted, he was not baffled by his backgrounds. I have often thought it a pity that his work was done almost entirely for such ephemeral publications. It would have an historical value now as well as by-and-by. However, he merely touched *Punch*, as it were, and that early in his career. I recall the "Howard" whom Mr. Anderson has spoken of as a favourite artist when *Punch* had completed his first decade. He used a miniature trident as his sign-manual. His work was rough and ill-done, and his humour puerile. During that first

ten years of *Punch's* career there were upon the staff—besides Leech and Doyle, and Thackeray and Newman—Archibald Henning, who did the first year's cartoons (in a manner strongly reminiscent of the great HB), H. G. Hine (now a painter of breezy landscapes, but who did many cartoons and sketches between 1841 and 1845), Kenny Meadows (an ex-naval officer and most confirmed mannerist, 1843–1846), Sir John Gilbert (who designed a title-page or two and an occasional illustration during the same period, and one or two since), "Alfred Crowquill" (otherwise A. H. Forrester, who wrote as well as drew rather cleverly, but sometimes rather sillily), "Phiz" (who was also only a very occasional contributor—then and later), and a particularly clever and vigorous cartoonist, who signed himself "Shallaballa," and was tremendously severe upon Daniel O'Connell and Lord Brougham. That, I think, exhausts the list of "Mr. Punch's" artists during his earliest years. In 1850 (as Mr. Anderson explains) Mr. Tenniel superceded Richard Doyle. Mr. Keene came a few years later (1853), and was followed in a few years more (in 1857 or 1860) by Mr. Du Maurier, who was at first rather undecided which of his initials to append to his drawings, and once gave us them all: G. L. P. B. D. M. Sir John Millais has contributed a couple of drawings to *Punch*, one to illustrate Mr. Burnand's "Mokeanna," in 1863, and one to an almanack a year or two after. To the almanacks in recent years Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., and Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., have contributed a drawing each; but Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., did a number of small sketches about the year 1866, and Mr. Walter Crane one or two about the same date. Mr. Frederick Barnard, Mr. Gordon Thomson (now, and for twenty years past, cartoonist of *Fun*), Mr. William Brunton (who was also a designer of theatrical masks and properties), and Mr. W. S. Gilbert (*the* Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who, it is not generally known, drew some cartoons for *Fun* in its early days), were all *Punch* men in 1863–4–5. Just after the Crimean period Mr. T. H. Wilson provided a number of illustrations. His style was refined; his principal work, outside *Punch*, consisted of designing graceful portraits of the leading actors and actresses of the day for reproduction by lithography. He still contributes now and then to the illustrated papers. In the post-Crimean years, too, a number of sketches, carelessly drawn, but bubbling over with fun, appeared in *Punch* from the pencil of the late Rev. Edward Bradley, better known as "Cuthbert Bede," creator of Mr. Verdant Green. Somewhere about this time, too, the great "Cham" (Comte Amedée de Noë) did one or two pages of drawings. M. J. Lawless, whose best work was done for *Once-a-Week*, contributed a few designs. Ernest Griset drew a number of his strange, shabby-looking beasts and

birds, and Frederic Eltze a number of pretty girls and "heavy swells" and High Church curates about 1866–7. There was a dainty quaintness in all Eltze's designs. A little before that, a few graceful drawings by Paul Gray appeared—poor Paul Gray, who managed to do a lot of rapidly-improving work, ranging from political cartoons to the illustrations for Kingsley's "Hereward," before he died at the age of 25. Julian Portch, who possessed something of Sir John Gilbert's touch, was a contributor (chiefly of "initials") some time before that. A gentleman bearing the name of Strasynski (and whose style was quite as un-English) contributed a couple of drawings in 1868 (I think—for, as I have said, I am compelled to trust to memory), and Col. Seccombe one or two. A little later on Miss Georgina Bowers commenced to be represented by her hunting sketches. Mr. J. P. Atkinson, whose shooting sketches still occasionally appear, first contributed in 1866 or 1867. Mr. William Ralston—one of the *Graphic's* chiefest stays—gave us some whimsical Scotchmen in years around 1874, and about this time Mr. A. Chantry Corbould began to display in *Punch's* pages his knowledge of horseflesh. Mr. J. Moyr Smith also contributed some decorative "initials" about the same time, and Mr. Alfred Thompson, another theatrical designer—and pantomime-librettist too—among other things drew a few pictures for *Punch*. Coming nearer to the present time (1882), Mr. Alfred Bryan did a few portrait sketches, and still nearer some French political sketches were done by a French artist. These, with Randolph Caldecott and the present artistic staff, are, I think, very nearly all the draughtsmen who have been engaged by "Mr. Punch."

May I say that, in addition to the portraits of himself, introduced by Charles Keene, into his *Punch* pictures which have been mentioned in this Magazine and elsewhere, one appeared at the head of the index to the volume that closed in June, 1867, another at the commencement of volume lvii. (1869), and another at the commencement of volume lxxiii. (1877)? These are especially interesting, as he has represented himself surrounded by his colleagues, literary and artistic. He also appears in a drawing by Mr. Du Maurier in the number for January 20th, 1866, and in one in that for October 5th, 1867.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Inasmuch as more than usual attention is being drawn just now to *Punch*, which celebrates its Jubilee on the 17th of July, the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART has pleasure in printing the accompanying short paper by Mr. Hunt as it stands. In spite, however, of the author's evident familiarity with his subject, he has fallen into a few errors which may here be corrected, and leaves

several omissions which are supplied. Newman was a contributor to *Punch* from 1841, and ceased his connection in 1850. In the former year he drew his first cartoon, and before his early death in the latter he signed at least a dozen. Mr. Hunt, in referring to the chief members of the staff in the early days, curiously enough omits one of the most prolific—Hamerton, who signed with a device of a barrel, or tun, bearing a drawing of a hammer upon its side. He drew constantly from the autumn of 1843, including some vigorous cartoons. A rather important arrival, between Mr. Tenniel and Mr. Keene, was C. H. Bradley, a somewhat prolific contributor, and who is sometimes mistaken for Bennett, who came later—not through any resemblance of manner, but owing to a similarity in their monogram. This was a different person to the Rev. E. Bradley, to whom reference has already been made. Mr. Walter Crane contributed but a single drawing. Mr. Hunt forgets to mention Frank Bellew, who worked from 1857 onwards; Fred Walker, A.R.A., who made two drawings for the paper; and says nothing of the curious drawing contributed by Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., as far back as 1861. Nor is Mr. Pritchett remembered, nor Mr. Fairfield, nor Dever, nor Harvey, nor Brine, nor T. W. Woods, nor Goddard, nor Mr. F. W. Lawson (Cecil's brother), nor Mr. Chasemore, nor Mr. Wallis Mackay, nor Mr. Frederick Shields, nor Valentine Bromley, nor Sands, nor Bayes, nor Browne, nor Harling, nor Silver, nor many others the mention of whom would too greatly swell the list. It may be pointed out, however, that Mr. F. Barnard contributed fifteen drawings between 1863 (when he was but seventeen years old) and 1865; that Mr. Gordon Thomson drew for the paper from 1861 to 1864; that Eltze made his first appearance in *Punch* in 1865; that Paul Gray never drew a cartoon; that Strasyński contributed in 1867 and 1886; and that Mr. Alfred Bryan's contributions consisted of a

number, not of portraits but of miniature caricatures of public men, under the title of "Sketches by Boz." The French artist referred to towards the end of the article is Monsieur G. Darre. Besides these, Major-General Robley has several times contributed, his designs, however, on some occasions being redrawn by Keene, and Colonel Bennitt and Mr. J. P. Mellor have also helped "in the gaiety of the nation," as well as Mr. Dower Wilson, Mr. Finch Mason, Mr. Harper Pennington, Mr. Rusden, Mr. W. Paget, and Mr. Thompson. Mr. Blatchford, too, who has been seen many scores of times in the journal, has recently made his reappearance. It would, perhaps, be interesting to state who are now the regular contributors to *Punch*: Mr. Tenniel, Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Linley Sambourne, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. E. T. Reed, Mr. G. H. Jalland, Mr. J. P. Atkinson, Mr. R. B. Wallace, Mr. E. J. Wheeler, and the latest recruits, Mr. Bernard Partridge and Mr. Everard Hopkins; but it must be understood that these are not all officially "on the staff." And during the whole fifty years "Mr. Punch" has had practically but two master-engravers for all the thirty thousand blocks or so that he has published—E. Landells, who worked for about two volumes, and Mr. Joseph Swain, who has executed nearly all the rest in so admirable a manner.

It has been thought advisable to dwell at this length upon the subject, for to *Punch* is chiefly due the great popularity pen-draughtsmanship has achieved in this country, while, with the exception of George Cruikshank, and perhaps Mr. J. S. Sullivan, Mr. John Proctor, and Mr. Pailthorpe, he has at one time or another employed the pencils of every humorous artist of note in the country during the half-a-century. The paper has become not only an institution—it has been almost a school of art; and it now starts on its way to its century accompanied by the good wishes of its friends and contemporaries.

M. H. S.

## THE MADDOCKS COLLECTION AT BRADFORD.—I.

By BUTLER WOOD.

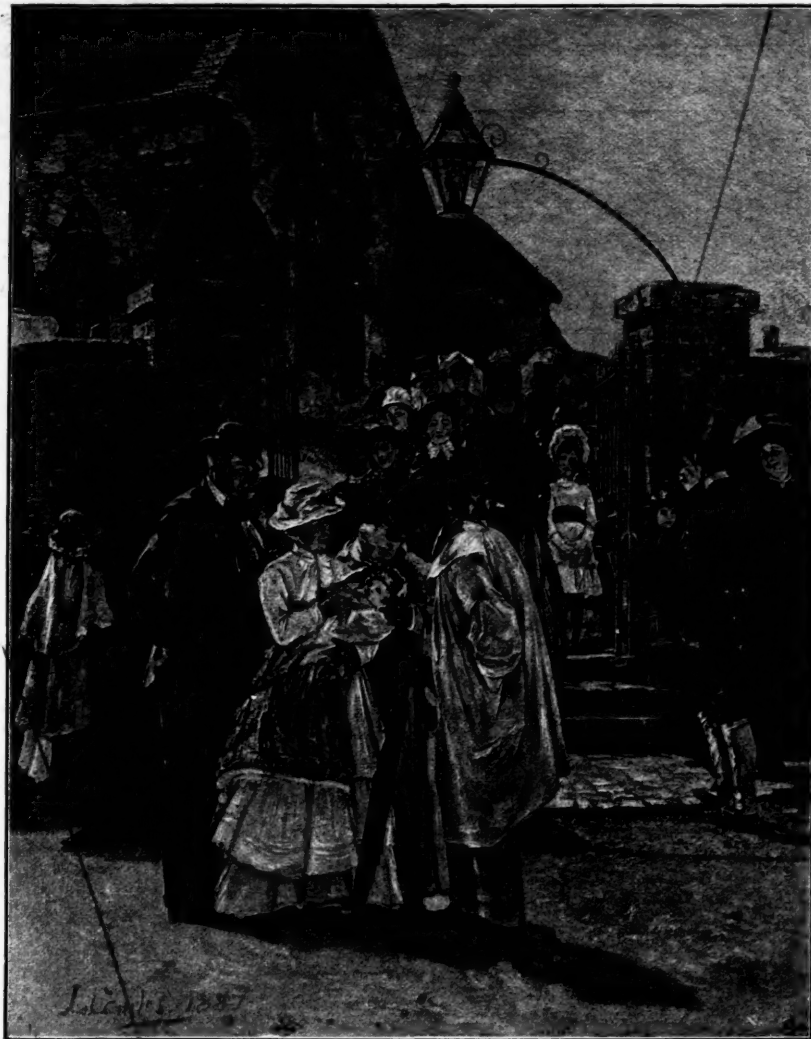
VIEWED from any of the hills in the neighbourhood, Bradford appears by no means unpleasantly situated, surrounded as it is on the north and west by a noble background of those bold, swelling moorlands whose strange fascination and rugged grandeur have been so faithfully and lovingly interpreted by our Brontës and Lawsons. This amphitheatre of solemn and silent stretches of elevated land is full of strange attraction to the Bradfordian, and can scarcely be appreciated by those who live in

the southern part of our island. The strength of the feeling, however, to some extent may be gathered from the books of the Brontës, more especially from "Wuthering Heights," where Catherine is represented as falling asleep on the moors, and dreaming that she is in Heaven. When there, she sighed to be back amongst the heather, and the angels in their anger cast her out from amongst them, and when she awoke she wept for joy to find herself still on the moors she loved so well. But although



Bradford is hedged in by the silent hills, there are bustle and activity enough within its borders. The town is a go-ahead place in many respects, especially in such matters as sanitary arrangements, parks, and other evidences of high civilisation. Still there are

fund for a new building, but so far no one has had the courage to come forward with similar promises, and thus for a time the project remains in abeyance. Yet there is no lack of public-spirited men in the community, and the time may not be far distant



CHRISTENING SUNDAY.

(From the Painting by J. Charles.)

some drawbacks, and, passing over the inevitable one of smoke, which, so to speak, is always with us, not the least is the want of a suitable building for art gallery purposes. In this matter the town compares very unfavourably with places like Leeds, Nottingham, or Birmingham, where buildings especially adapted for the purpose have long been in existence. It is true there is at the present moment a standing offer from a local gentleman of £5,000 towards a

when something will be done towards erecting an Art Gallery worthy of the reputation of the town.

Meanwhile the 300,000 visitors who annually pass the turnstiles must be content to see their picture exhibitions in the top storey of the Central Library premises, where "high art" in a double sense offers ample compensation for the labour expended in getting there.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks incident to its



awkward position, the Art Gallery has had a fairly successful career, thanks mainly to the liberal manner in which the picture-owners of the locality have lent their treasures for exhibition. The Mitchells, Masons, Holdens, Priestmans, and Briggs have in the past willingly helped in this direction, and it speaks well for the generosity of the local collectors when we remember that almost all the pictures lent during the last ten years have been derived from

chairman of the Library and Art Gallery Committee, Mr. Councillor J. Maddocks, who on this occasion entirely stripped his walls to fill the gallery. As some recompense for the inevitable trouble connected with the undertaking, he had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts were highly appreciated by the inhabitants, who visited the exhibition in large numbers. Many art-patrons, mistrustful of their own judgment, are content to obtain works

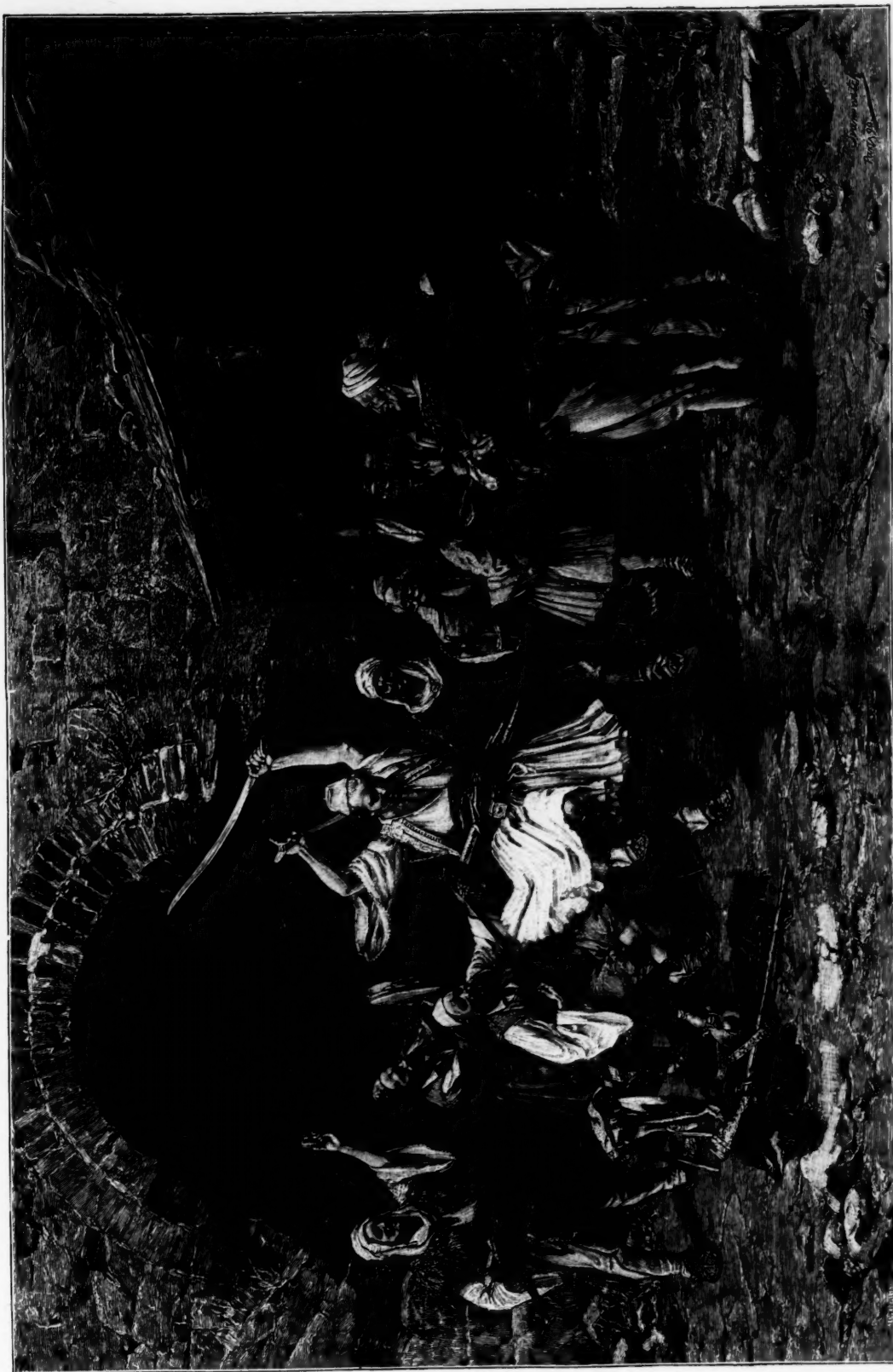


THE STABLE.

(From the Painting by Dagnan-Bouveret.)

such sources. Nevertheless, it is obvious that exhibits of this character must fail sooner or later, and in order to meet this difficulty the committee hope ere long to arrange for exhibitions of artists' pictures on similar lines to those held in other large provincial centres. The people of Bradford will then be able to keep in touch with the latest developments in art, and, on the other hand, artists will have an additional opportunity of bringing their works before the public. The exhibition just closed consisted entirely of pictures (about 230 in number) lent by the

by men of established reputation, without inquiring too closely into the merits of their purchases. Many also pay too little regard to the harmony and relationship which should exist between pictures in the same collection. Thus fortunes have been spent in getting together mere aggregations of pictures which display no more unity of aim than may be found in the stock of a first-rate art-dealer. On this account it may not be uninteresting to learn how Mr. Maddocks has gone about the business of accumulating his present collection.



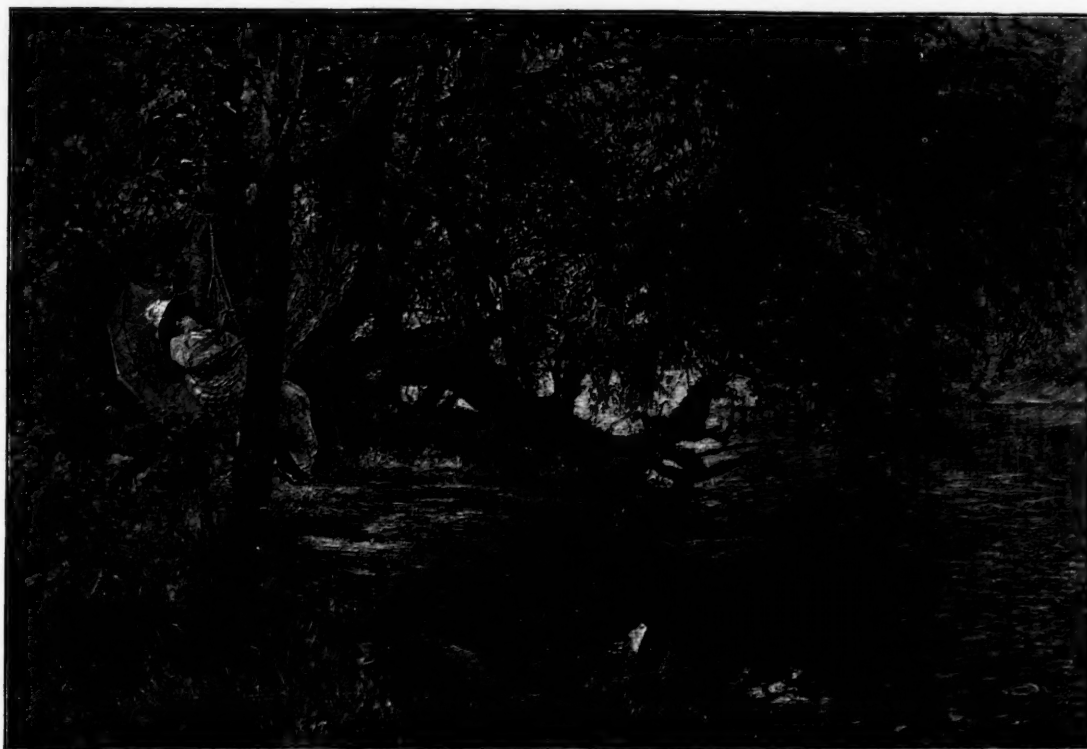
THE SWORD DANCE.

(From the Painting by P. Ivanovitch. Engraved by Jomard.)



To begin with, he has not been content to purchase his pictures in the ordinary way, and through the usual trade channels. His object has been rather to come into personal contact and intercourse with the artists themselves, and to know the characters and idiosyncrasies of the men whose work he is purchasing. His pictures thus become to him something more than mere wall ornaments, or objects

English and French schools; and in doing so I believe Mr. Maddocks to be wise in his day and generation, for thereby he not only secures that harmony or relationship among his pictures which is so desirable in itself, but by following out this plan of selection he still leaves himself an ample margin of choice both in style and subject. It is also plain that the task of acquiring a fairly representative



A SUMMER'S DAY ON THE THAMES.

(From the Painting by E. J. Gregory, A.R.A.)

of so much money value; they are veritable reminiscences, reflections, and embodiments of all that is good in his artist friends, and for this reason have for him a charm which they could not otherwise possess. Speaking generally, it may be said that he knows something of the conception and history of most of the pictures in his possession, besides being acquainted with the localities from which the subjects have been taken.

In glancing over the collection it soon becomes apparent that the owner has not fallen into the errors just referred to, but, on the contrary, has relied on his own judgment, and set before himself a clear and definite aim with regard to the character of his pictures. That aim has been throughout to secure good pictures by the rising men of the

collection of pictures by men at the highest rung of the art ladder would require means which few possess. Even from a commercial point of view, pictures so obtained are got at the highest point of the market, and certainly no business man ever expects much profit on such transactions. On the other hand, it is quite possible to secure pictures by the younger men of ability and promise, and who, because they are younger men, most need the support of the picture-buyer. Not only has he succeeded in acquiring pictures such as we have described, but in many cases the artists are represented by some of their best work, as is conspicuously the case with regard to the pictures of men like Mr. J. Charles, Mr. La Thangue, Mr. Hague, and many others.



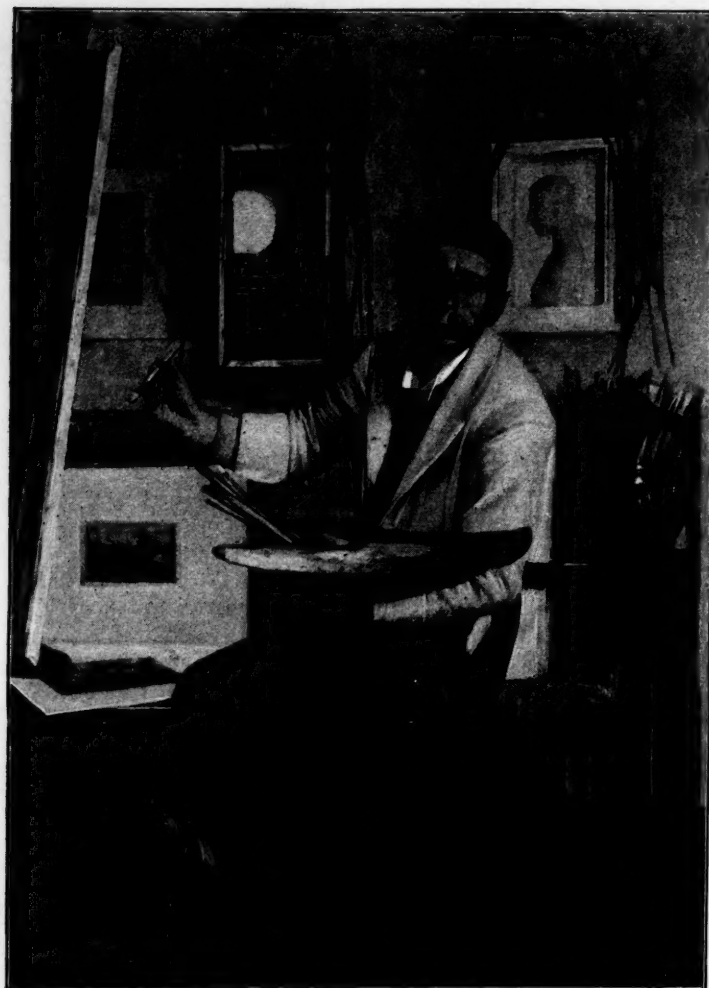
Taking the pictures generally, a most cursory examination of them is sufficient to force on the jaded town-dweller a certain sense of breeziness and an out-of-door kind of feeling which is very delightful to experience. It is the very note of the younger men that they are shaking off tradition and conventionality in landscape, and are doing

true, in their disregard of conventionality, have allowed themselves to drift into a general carelessness of manner, but these are the exception and not the rule.

Coming to individual pictures, one of the most striking is the "Christening Sunday," by Mr. J. Charles, which is by far the most important I have yet

seen by this artist. He has here set himself a high aim and successfully achieved it. (See p. 299.) The life, animation, and natural pose of the figures indicate a masterly hand, while the difficult problem of flooding the whole picture with a glow of ruddy sunlight has been successfully solved. In a much quieter key the same artist shows to advantage with his "Little Fishers," the subject of which is simply but adequately treated, and represents three children paddling on the sea-shore. The modelling of the figures is good, the attitudes easy and unconstrained, and the delicate pearly tones of the water greatly enhance the effect of the composition.

Hanging near this was a pastel by M. Lhermitte, which is full of colour and animation, and displays that peculiar charm noticeable in most of this artist's out-door pieces. As a pastellist Lhermitte often shows to greater advantage than as a painter in oils, although to this remark I must except "The Confirmation," which is a truly fine work of art. Lhermitte's dexterity of draughtsmanship and marvellous skill in handling light have seldom been so effectively displayed as in this picture. The manner in which the light is thrown upon the white, semi-transparent



PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST.

(From the Painting by H. H. La Thangue.)

their work as much as possible out in the open air, sitting at the feet of

"Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sings to them night and day,  
The rhymes of the universe."

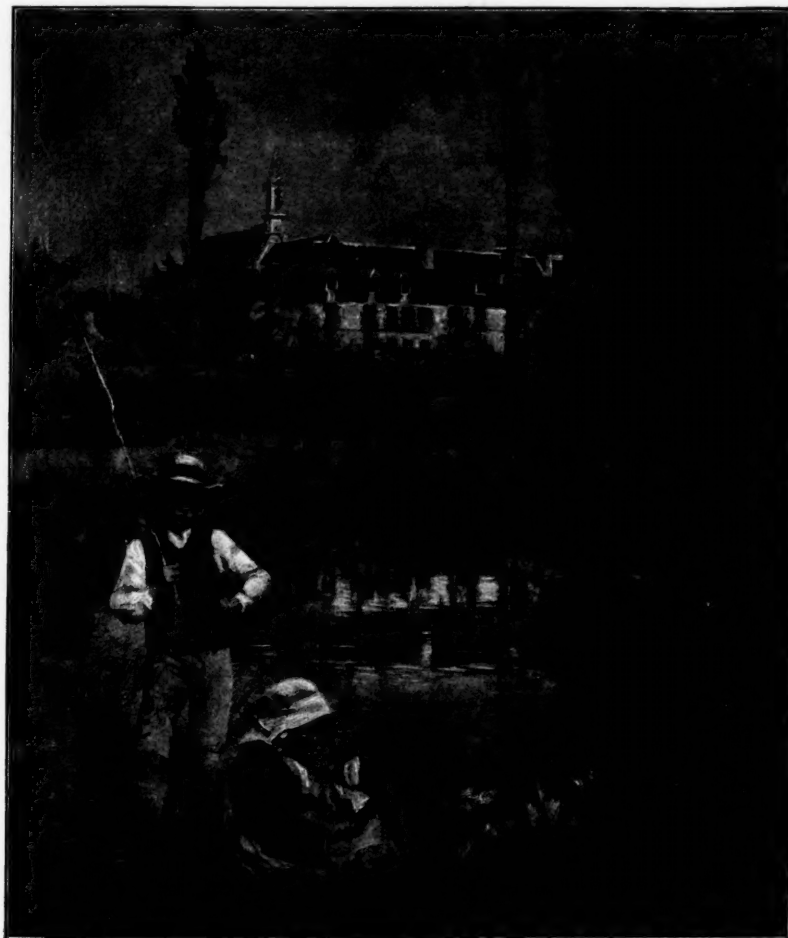
The result of all this is manifest in their efforts towards simpler and more direct methods of treatment, in an honest striving after truth of tone and colour, and also in a sincere desire for justness of expression in their work. Some, it is

draperies of the figures in the foreground is beyond criticism, and the figures themselves are notably free from that lack of animation which sometimes detracts from the effect of his larger subjects.

Another prominent French artist, M. Dagnan-Bouveret, is represented by "The Stable" (see p. 300), in which we see evidence of the admirable technique so characteristic of French art. In the rendering of light values, fine gradation of tones, and accurate

drawing, it comes near perfection. "Reading the Koran," by Mr. Ferraris, is a good specimen of the purely academical work for which students who have studied in France are so noted, and which is so seldom seen in purely English student work. "A Summer's Day on the Thames," by Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A.

not large, not more than a dozen being exhibited. Mr. L. P. Smythe contributes a really effective piece of work in "The Cornfield," which depicts very naturally the yellow corn in the foreground, while beyond, in the far distance, a village is just discernible, which is so skilfully introduced that it



OLD CONVENT, QUIMPERLÉ.

(From the Painting by Stanhope Forbes.)

(see p. 303), shows, however, an advance in point of finish even upon the preceding picture, and a combination of fine draughtsmanship with delicate brush-work rarely met with in the work of our English painters. The picture, suffused with a rich golden light, is a beautiful piece of work. The same artist's "Portrait of a Lady," in water-colour, is another highly finished work, done with Meissonier-like touch and grace.

Referring for a moment to the water-colour drawings in this collection, we find the number is

helps to accentuate the idea of being "far from the madding crowd." The figures of the man mowing and girl making up the sheaves are good, but savour a little of Mr. Birket Foster. Poor Cecil Lawson, whose death was so much regretted, perhaps more by Yorkshiremen than any other section, is represented by a drawing of the Thames from Cheyne Walk. It is a moonlight scene, after the manner of Grimshaw, and not at all in Lawson's usual style, although undeniably clever. It was amongst the heather and ling where he found subjects most congenial to his

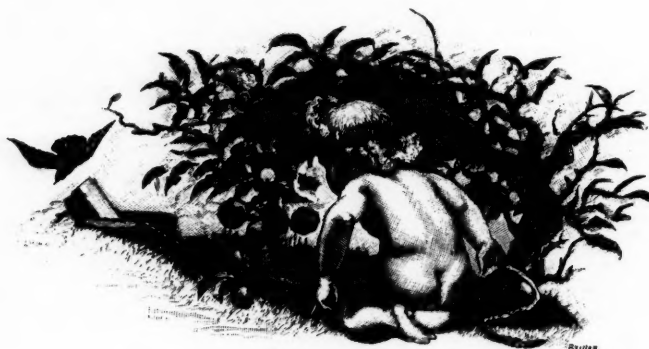
brush. A cool, fresh piece, painted in clear greys, by A. Mauve, entitled "Leading to the Pastures," is striking on account of its forceful drawing and the expression of country quiet which it gives to the beholder. Very near to it was a highly coloured drawing by Mr. George Clausen, which forms a strong contrast to the preceding picture, being worked in rich browns and greens, with a brilliant blue sky.

Turning again to the oil-paintings, we find the firm and vigorous productions of Mr. La Thangue are much in evidence; indeed, it is doubtful whether he has ever reached a higher mark than is indicated by some of his canvases in the present collection. Take, for example, his two companion pictures, "Portrait of an Artist" (see p. 304) and "Portrait of a Lady." Both are drawn with his usual boldness and skill, while his colouring is rich, warm, and pure, and the general finish much in advance of his usual work. Another good piece by the same artist is "The Little Angler," which is perhaps one of the finest specimens of colour harmony in the whole collection. In the large "Portrait of a Lady in White" he has shown how it is possible to handle effectively a mass of white drapery against a silvery grey ground, the lady's fresh complexion contrasting finely with the white and grey surroundings. The prevalence of work by certain artists in particular localities is rather a curious thing to speculate upon. It is not at all clear, for instance, why Mr. La Thangue should be more popular in Bradford than elsewhere, and yet this is undoubtedly the case if we may judge by the number of his works in the district. Personal friendships of artist and connoisseur

no doubt play an important part in this peculiar partiality in most instances. The reason is certainly not to be found in the fact of such artists being natives of the district, for neither Mr. La Thangue nor Mr. Charles is a Yorkshireman, and if they were it would probably be no recommendation for them, as the adage about prophets holds good here as elsewhere. In the case of Mr. Charles the number of his pictures in the neighbourhood is even still larger, Mr. Maddocks alone possessing over one hundred examples, while many others are owned by persons in the Bradford district.

Although the Newlyn men are not numerous represented, the few pictures present are of a high class. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's picture of "The Anglers" is painted in a somewhat quiet key, and displays this artist's usual skill in soft brushwork. As a piece of good out-door effect it is very satisfactory. Even better still is "Playtime," another well-executed bit of open-air painting treated in subdued buffs and greys, and presenting a softness and purity of tone not often seen in work by the Newlynites. The "Old Convent, Quimperlé," by the same artist (see former page), is a delightful harmony of pale blues and greens, handled in that delicate and dainty style so studiously free from strong contrasts, which he affected some eight or ten years ago.

As it is impossible to deal adequately with a collection of pictures of such magnitude, and so interesting and varied in its character, in one article, it is proposed to continue the subject in the next issue of this Magazine.



(Drawn by W. E. F. Britten. Engraved by R. Taylor.)

## HOKUSAI: A STUDY.—(POSTSCRIPT.)

By S. BING.



THOUGH every Japanese print is in itself a complete and finished picture, it generally is one of a series more or less numerous, illustrating a subject common to the whole set. Fujiyama afforded, no doubt, a wonderful theme for such variations; but Hokusai was presently attracted by another, no less fascinating from the landscape-painter's point of view: the picturesque aspect of the bridges of Japan. Our western bridges are imposing by the dignified plan of their construction, but in this learned type of architecture the hand of man asserts itself too conspicuously to contribute to the poetry of nature. In Japan, uninvaded by the Romans, the bridges are far more primitive, and as various in character as nature itself. Instead of intruding on the picture with a too artificial element, they are no more than an added feature, congruous with the rest.

The *Meikio Kiran* (Views of Celebrated Bridges) are a series of eleven bridges. Some, striking and strange in the whimsical boldness of their form, have regard to the requirements of a town. These are constructed of strong joinery, and, crowded as they are with a busy throng, look appropriate to the surroundings, whether the piles rise from a dry river-bed where the gentler class are practising with the bow and arrow, or the arches bend in a semi-circle over boats illuminated for some night-festival. But the artist expands, rises to the emotional height which captivates and impresses the beholder, when the scene of the picture is among free nature, more or less wild or rural. Here we have the little rustic bridges which zigzag across the water-meadows, where blossoming iris delays the traveller to admire, or the long line of a bridge of boats wrapped in snow threads the midst of a vast white plain. Here, again, stands a lonely temple hewn out of the side of an overhanging rock; facing it, on the other side of a bottomless gulf, a tiny kiosk is perched, and to connect them there is a narrow foot-bridge at a giddy height. White mists hang to the scarped rocks, and the scene is full of silence and austerity. Another scene bears us yet further aloft. On each side of the picture rise towering peaks where chamois are cropping the grass, and in the very air, above the clouds pierced by the crests of the

mountain-pine, a swinging gangway slopes gently across the landscape; it is constructed of short transverse planks, each of which settles into a horizontal position under the feet of those who are bold enough to cross it. At this moment a couple of woodcutters have dared the hazardous passage, walking, heavily laden, one in front of the other.

Similar in size and shape to these two series (the thirty-six views of Fujiyama and the eleven bridges) there are eight views of the Riukiu Isles; a series of the Poet's Three Friends—Blossom, Snow, and Moon—three landscapes of great extent; the eight great waterfalls; and, finally, the *Hiaku nin Ishu* (The Hundred Poets). A few words of explanation are needed with regard to this title. There is in Japan a classical collection of a Hundred Poems (known as *Hiaku nin Ishu*, aforesaid), each by a different author. All the artists who have illustrated books have devoted a volume to the representation, under more or less fanciful aspects, of these hundred famous singers as illustrations to their verses in the *Hiaku nin Ishu*.

Hokusai, however, has not confined himself to giving merely a new edition of this Pantheon, of which, after a hundred variants, the world is rather tired. Instead of showing us the faces of the poets, he has illustrated the poems, lending them action, as it were. It is not surprising that he should have felt tempted to embody these poems, which sing the praises of nature in its most inspiring manifestations: the gladness of spring leaf-time; dreams under the moon, evoked in the exile's soul by the memories of his distant land, where the same friendly luminary sheds her soft light; the melancholy moods of autumn, suggested by the tints of russet woods and wandering mists; the girl lamenting her faithless lover—Hokusai depicts her at the solemn hour when sunset gilds the landscape with dying fires, while the yokels lead their cattle home and return to their peaceful huts. All the deep emotion which the old poets have epitomised in their concise verse here lives again in a vivid, tangible realism which is as satisfactory to the eye as to the spirit. Only forty-seven of the plates promised by the title were ever printed. The other fifty-three were discovered in their original state, as drawings ready for the wood-engraver, and brought, some years since, to Europe, where they are now scattered through many collections. Was it death which prevented the work being finished, or are we rather



to suppose that Hokusai was not satisfied with his compositions, and opposed its being carried out? A fact which seems to lend probability to the latter hypothesis is that the artist projected a second series on the same group of subjects on a larger scale—a scale, in fact, hitherto unheard of. These are plates measuring above twenty inches in height, and the execution assumes a boldness in proportion to the size. After admiring the first series, we are amazed to find it cast into the shade by the second, which, however, was unfortunately never carried beyond the tenth composition.

Meanwhile, Hokusai adapted this new and enlarged scale of work to yet another series, representing, instead of landscapes, animal subjects, executed with unapproachable mastery. Here are two tall storks standing on the rugged trunk of an old fir-tree covered with snow; a pair of tortoises swimming under water, and looking as though we saw them through the transparent wall of a modern aquarium; an eagle majestically placed on a perch, by the side of a flowering plum-tree; and two carp struggling against the stream of a foaming waterfall. Only these four pieces, of which, too, but a very few copies were printed; but they are first-rate, and the happy collector who owns them may cherish them as a real treasure.

To close the list of Hokusai's engraved work, I have yet to mention the series of large studies of flowers. There are ten of these, each sixteen inches across, and each displaying a single species in luxuriant bloom. These studies are, in my opinion, unsurpassable examples of the art of rendering flower-life. The breadth of execution is quite masterly, and the structure, the vitality, the character of each plant, are expressed with final and absolute truth.

I have gone through the work of Hokusai as an illustrator, and his separate sheets, and have not yet said anything of his painting in the stricter sense. It was indeed the less important branch of his art, for he especially aimed at the multiplication of his works by prints. Original drawings are therefore rare; all the more so because drawings intended for printing perish, as has been explained, under the wood-engraver's hand.\* Hokusai did, however, execute in water-colour, or in Indian ink, a fairly large number of paintings in the Kakemono, or Makiyemono form,† and for fans, panels, and even screens; and in these pieces it is easy to trace, step by step, the same transformations of style that

I have noted in his engraved work. The special interest which, to me, attaches to these original paintings, is that they alone reveal the master's handling, free from the dryness of execution which is inseparable from the conditions of wood-cutting. Some of Hokusai's paintings are evidently influenced by the practice of drawing for book-illustration. These are not the best; in them the details are expressed by line, and the artist, when he desired to give a sense of power, is apt to yield to a violence of style—exaggerations of drawing and modelling, vehemence of gesture, and extravagance of colouring—which shocks the lovers of grace and moderation. For these, Hokusai has happily a second manner in reserve, full of extreme delicacy both in subtlety of line and selectness of colouring. Here, too, he gives us the triumph of dexterity in the use of the simplest means. A scarcely perceptible hint, a dot skilfully put in, in precisely the right place, is sometimes enough to give characteristic expression to a woman's profile; and in the costume, the art and practice of water-colour painting is carried to the highest pitch. The flecks of light amid shadow are obtained by a peculiar method of pressing on the brush and sweeping it up with one twirl of the hand. As we look at these subtleties of form, these innumerable spots of colour flung on to the paper and harmonising, with magical effect, to form a homogeneous whole, we admire the precision of insight which enables the artist to foretell so surely the effect to be produced, while he seems to have allowed his hand to wander independently of his will. But we discover the secret of the marvel when we open one of the little albums in which the master's first inspirations, his sketches and preliminary studies, have been religiously collected. Then we are able to understand that Hokusai, notwithstanding his wonderful facility, was a thorough workman, who, as a prelude to some brilliant specimen of executive skill, went through the most conscientious study of details; we perceive, in short, that nothing was left to chance, and that before he dashed off an apparent *impromptu* in a few swift and decisive strokes of the brush, he had mastered the subject down to its most inconspicuous details.

It would be useless to pursue this analysis any further. I have endeavoured to give relief to the essential characteristics of the artist, and I hope that this article may supply sufficient data to facilitate judgment. It will have been seen that nothing, which his eye or his fancy could apprehend, escaped his brush. It cannot be said of him that he was more especially a figure-painter, a painter of animals, of landscape, of flowers; this would be to cast a slight on him. We have seen him struggling in succession with every phase of the universe, and that universe he seems to have deemed too narrow.

\* It is important to beware of innumerable imitations, which are distinguished by an all-too-easy reproduction which show themselves in some of his drawings.

† The Kakemono unrolls from the top, the Makiyemono, on the contrary, from the side; and it differs also in displaying a number of detached subjects, or a series of connected scenes.







James Dobie sculpt

ROMANCE WITHOUT WORDS

William Thorne print

Magazine of Art





Can we now inquire, whether in his temperament as an artist the creative faculty was as great as the acuteness of his observation, or whether we should prize the boldness and skill of his draughtsmanship more highly than his power of expressing motion and life? Or should we rank above all this the bewildering fertility of inventiveness which gave birth to such a mass of achievement as far out-does what is commonly granted within the normal span of a man's life?

We must be satisfied to believe that, in the near future, this amazing genius will have his place allotted to him, and be classed in the rank to which he belongs as one of the great figures who are the glory of art in all climes and ages.

It may, however, be interesting to know in what esteem Hokusai, the least orthodox of Japanese artists, is held by the Japanese themselves. And here I must point out a distinction. During a long course of ages, everything in Japan had lived by the rule of tradition. The common laws which regulated daily life, whether from the physical or the moral side, had their rise in remote antiquity, and were handed down unaltered. The arts—more especially the graphic arts—did not escape this convention. The principles which constituted their basis, and which, though lenient, perhaps, as to the choice of subject, were immutable as to style and execution, had attained the dignity of sacred canons. The man who might try to escape from their trammels would find himself excommunicated. In fact, no man of breeding, who had from infancy learnt to render the images of persons and things in accordance with classic formulas, with the brush which also served him in the same way to trace the characters of writing, would ever have dreamed of such a thing. And it was from the narrow circle of the privileged

classes that artists commonly sprang, like their public, their admirers, and their critics. Hokusai was at the antipodes to this social and artistic aristocracy. He had learnt to draw, as a bird uses its wings, by natural instinct, giving free rein to his talents independently of all coercive discipline. He was the son of an artisan. Born of the people, he saw with entire sincerity, as a simple soul, and he worked for his equals, who admired him and made much of him. It was among them that he won honour and profit. If, then, Hokusai cared little for the old traditions, it can easily be understood that the academic circle should refuse to recognise revolutionary practices which it regarded as the outcome of an inferior and trivial type of art. There are, among ourselves, some highly estimable students who, in their researches on the old classical art of Japan, have eagerly espoused its cause, and now anathematise the triumphant star of the popular school. For my part, I cannot see that there is any room for choice between two forms of art so essentially different, each of which has a logical basis.

The Antique Art of Japan has indisputable merits. Like its rival, it had its origin in the very fount of nature; if it expresses less realistically the visible facts of things, it exhales a most subtle and poetical fragrance. It appeals most tenderly to the soul, and can express itself with a mere suggestion to the intelligence which thrills in unison. But are we not the losers when we give adhesion to only one aspect of art, and deliberately refuse to recognise any source of enjoyment? Let us leave the learned to stigmatise, if they please, the democratic genius of Hokusai. We will make the great Pariah welcome to our hearth and home, and hail each fresh and noble outcome of true art without requiring its passport or official hall-mark.

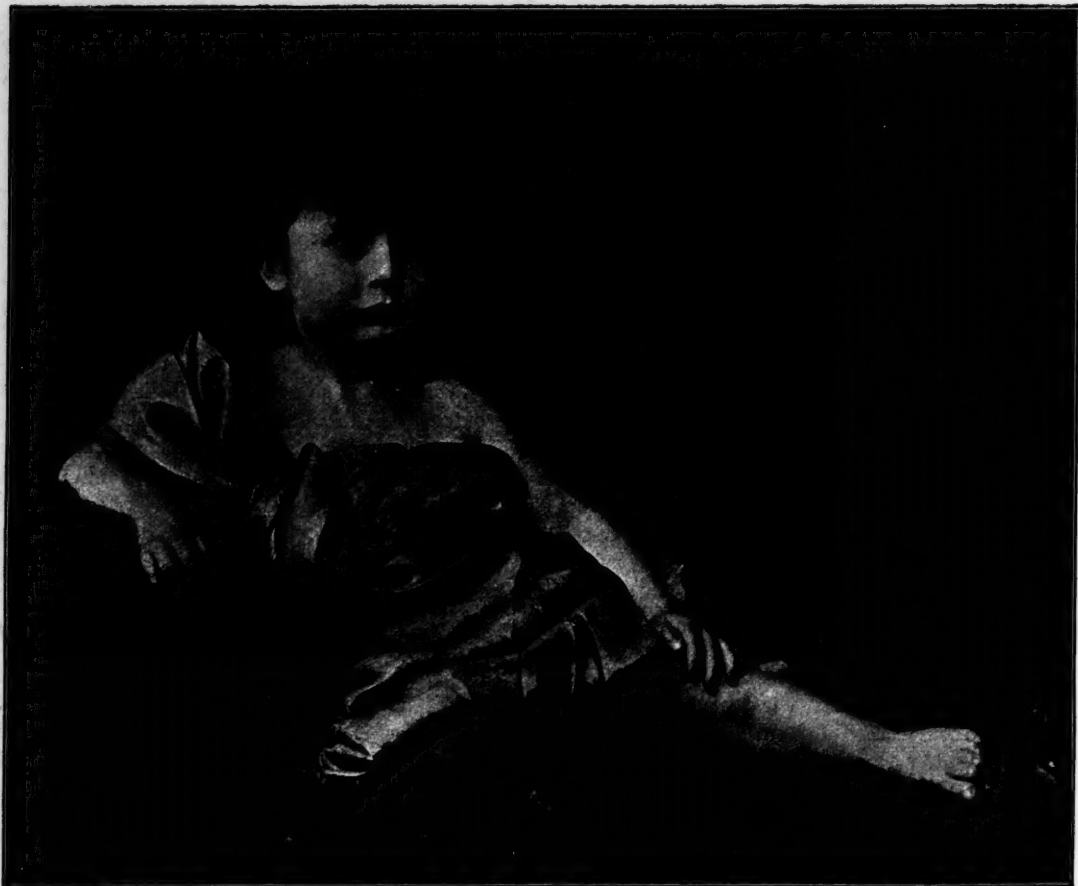
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"ROMANCE WITHOUT WORDS."

PAINTED BY WILLIAM THORNE. ETCHED BY JAMES DOBIE.

THE attempt made by a considerable section of modern painters, especially French, to get rid of sentiment from art has been only partially successful. If we look through the illustrated catalogue of the Salon of last year, and, indeed, of any recent year, we shall not find much; but yet here and there we shall come upon a picture something like that which Mr. Dobie has etched for our Frontispiece—some sweet face lost in happy reverie, amid green fields in spring, or enchanted with the music she makes or hears. We must, in fact, abolish nature

if we wish to abolish sentiment, and we know what happens if we expel the former, even with a pitchfork. She returns, and brings with her beauty of thought and form, and beauty also of colour—for all these things are part of nature. And it is not only one of these beauties, but all of them, that the modern realist would exclude from his canvas; and it is not one, but all of them, which must and will return again, as in this charming picture by the American painter, Mr. William Thorne.



A STUDY FROM LIFE.

(From the Photograph by Mrs. F. W. H. Myers.)

## THE ARTISTIC ASPECTS OF FIGURE PHOTOGRAPHY.

By P. H. EMERSON.

IN considering the claims of any new medium for artistic expression it is generally agreed by artists that the medium is valuable and takes rank according to its freedom from limitations—according to the power the artist has of showing his *individuality*. I have for the last ten years made a special study of photography with a view of finding and getting others on the track of fixing these limitations. At first I was led to look at the matter from the naturalistic point of view, and my ideas and researches from that standpoint were published in a volume entitled "Naturalistic Photography," a work that raised much controversy and did much good in the photographic world, as its greatest opponents allowed. A deeper study of art and literature, however, led me to renounce my allegiance to the naturalistic

school. Exclusive allegiance to a school was altogether too narrow; I therefore publicly renounced the work "Naturalistic Photography," and withdrew it. I prefer to belong to no "school," to be allowed to admire all good art, including purely imaginative decorative work. The conclusion, too, that art cannot be learned from precept was made clear to me.

In considering the subject before us we must first find how much individuality the mere photographer can put into his work. These limitations I will consider in a popular manner. Most artists know how to take a photograph—there is a lens, a dark box, and a prepared sensitive plate. How is the individuality limited?

The lens. By using varied lenses and different stops, certain very limited effects are at the command

of the photographer. Again, by suppressing the lens a picture can be obtained by a small aperture, or "pin-hole," pierced in a metal plate. It would occupy too much space to enter fully into this subject, but by the researches of Mr. Dallmeyer and myself the limitations of the lens have, I think, been fully threshed out; the result being that one can alter indiscriminately the *general* quality of the image—that is *all* over the plate—by using no lens, but in its place a small aperture (mathematically calculated) pierced in a metal plate; by throwing the focussing screen slightly out of the sharpest focus; by using lenses uncorrected for spherical and chromatic aberration; by placing a transparent grating between the lens and the picture; and by other means; but in all these methods the effect obtained is *general* and indiscriminating—therefore more or less mechanical and conventional. Another method, and the most satisfactory, is to focus for one object sharply, and by proper use of stops and swing-back modify the rest of the picture—this is the method I have advocated. It gives greater latitude for individualism, as any plane can be made the sharpest; but after all it has its mechanical limitations, and is not subtle enough to allow of artistic individualism. All focal methods give a comparatively mechanical and bungling analysis, whereas the graphic artist of ability can analyse every line or tone.

By the way, the question frequently put by artists—Is the drawing of the lens correct?—is answered by the words, it can be made mathematically correct if a corrected lens be properly used. In such a case the angular measurements are *mathematically* correct, but the tone is false, for the softness or sharpness is *all over alike*, except in the case of differential focussing; but this power is still very limited in its discrimination. If artists will use a rectilinear form of lens with a focal length *not less* in measurement than the diagonal of the plate they employ (preferably longer), they may rely on their outline drawing being true according to the rules of perspective. I have made experiments with Mr. T. J. Gordon which go far to disprove the laws of monocular perspective, and which prove that the drawing of all photographic lenses is altogether false to the visual impression. For diagrammatic work, however, I can recommend

Dallmeyer's Rapid Rectilinear lens; there are other good lenses in the market, but I have no experience of them.

The next point is tone. It has been thought all along that the photographer had control (in a more or less bungling manner, 'tis true) of his values by the method of mixing his developer and varying the doses as required. The recent researches of two



DAY DREAMS.

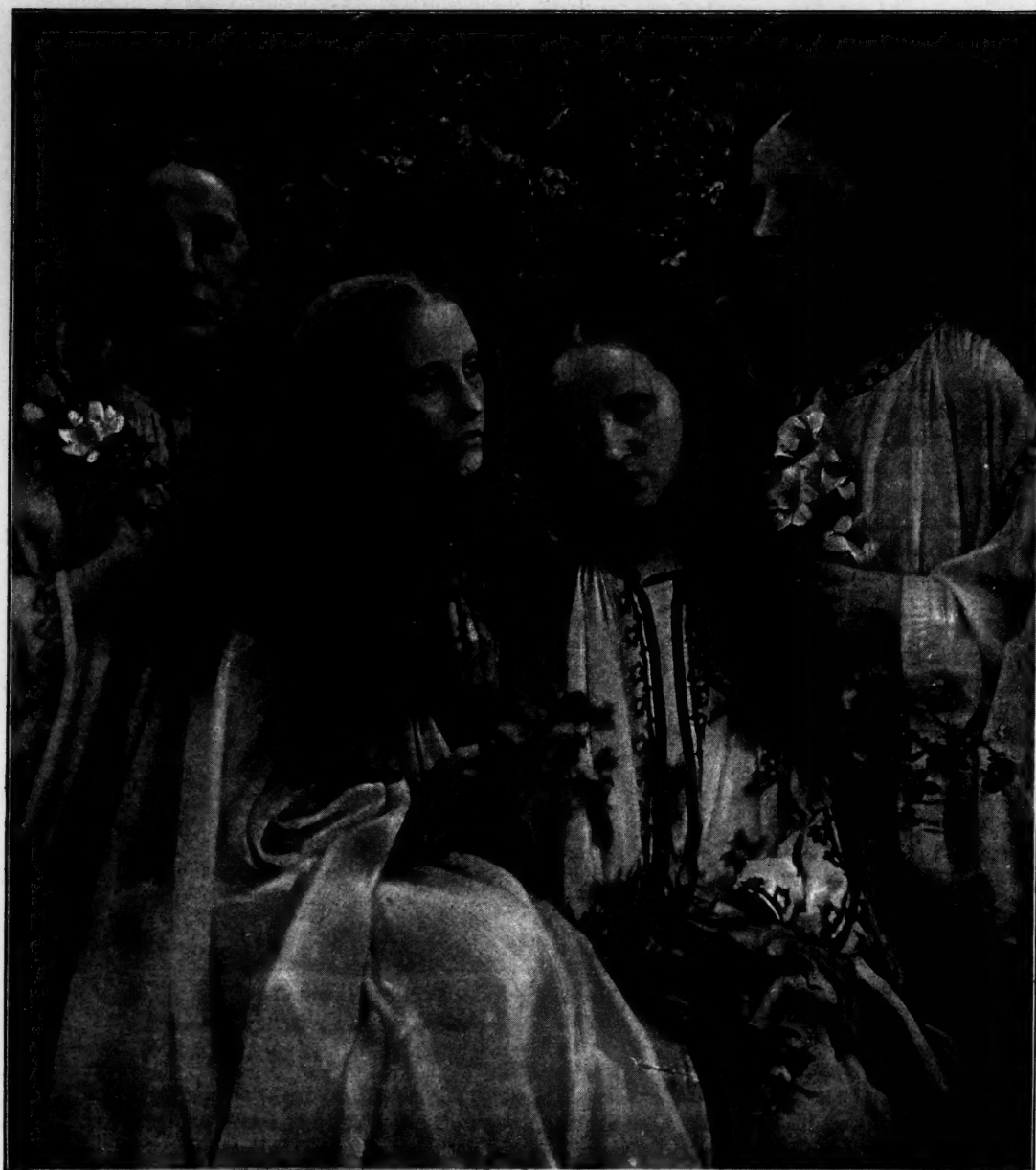
(From the Photograph by the late Mrs. Cameron.)

able scientists, Drs. Hurter and Driffield, have thrown great doubt upon this power—at present the point is not absolutely settled and scientific opinion is divided. Judging purely from experience, I think Drs. Hurter and Driffield are correct—*i.e.*, that the relative values cannot be altered by development, but depend upon exposure: in short, that the photographer has no control over the values, only upon the stage of opacity at which he will arrest development. These scientists have been working for the last ten years to master the law by which light acts upon the sensitive plate, and having done



this, they wish to apply that knowledge so that the photographer may with certainty and intelligence produce certain technical results. Thus the technical

vented an ingenious little instrument by which the time required for exposure is accurately to be determined.\* From these researches we can see how



"ROSE-BUD GARDEN OF GIRLS."

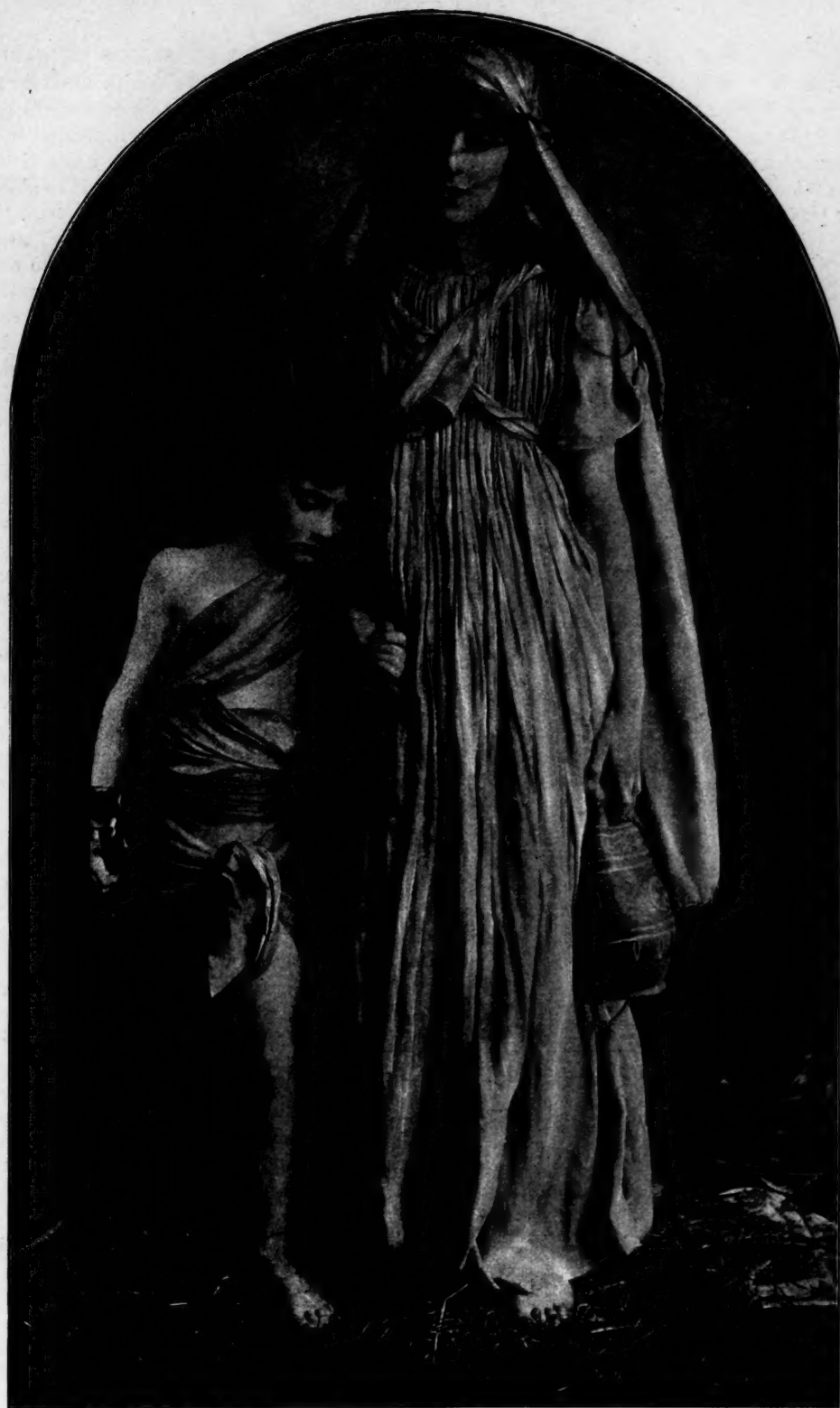
(From the Photograph by the late Mrs. Cameron.)

production of negatives will become (as indeed it is now, though in a fumbling manner) a pure science, and the individualism of the photographer is *nil*.

The great difficulty to the young photographer is correct exposure. Drs. Hurter and Driffield have in-

limited is the power of control; a *general* sort of control can be exercised, but that subtle and profound

\* I recommend all artists to buy this little actinometer with directions, to be had of Drs. Hurter and Driffield, Appleton, Widnes, Lancashire.



TIRED TRAVELLERS.

(From the Photograph by Mrs. F. W. H. Myers.)

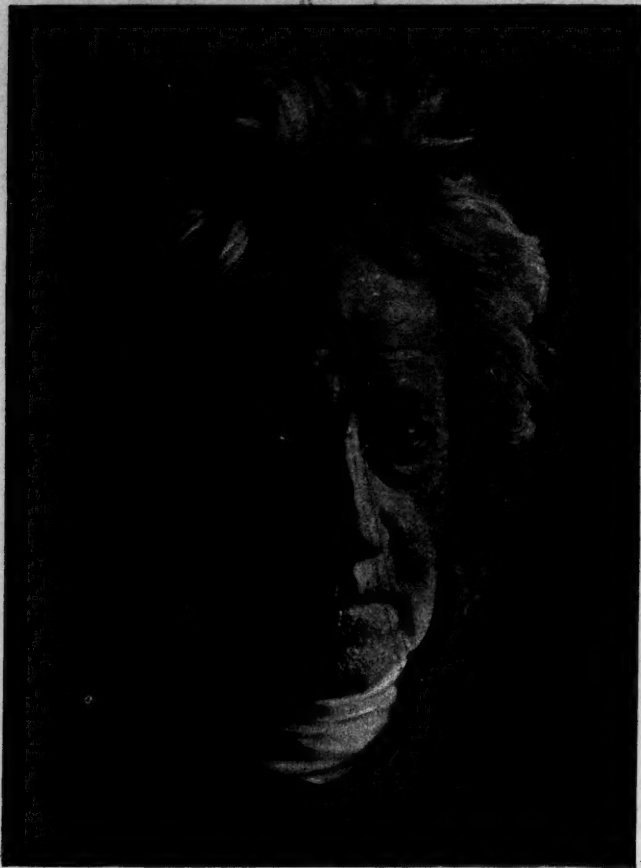
analysis and emphasis of tone or line is utterly impossible—utterly beyond the limits of the science; for photography, being a scientific method of drawing, is necessarily limited by scientific boundaries.

Another method of *generally* influencing the plate to get true values is by practising what is called orthochromatic photography. These processes are still in

to give general softness, working on the back of tissue-paper-backed negatives with the stump, printing through coloured and transparent media, painting or drawing on the negative itself or upon the print, enlarging and moving the print about during enlargement—all, in short, forms of *hand-work*, of a bungling and indiscriminating kind, confessing the

mere photograph to be but a basis for after-work, a handmaiden to art, however crude the art. The artist who really wishes to know the possibilities of photography must explore them for himself, and see there is no dodging or after-treatment in the work. The technique of photography can be thoroughly learned from a good master in the art in two or three months, let the artist then go to a "professional" and avoid the "amateur." Finally, there is a choice of printing papers wherein a certain limited taste can be shown. To recapitulate, then, the photographer is rigidly limited in selection of subject (this is not a fatal objection, however), limited by his tools from that necessary and vital power of rendering differential analysis—he cannot subdue a tone here, emphasise a tone there; suppress detail here, emphasise it there; the power of showing individualism is for ever denied him by the conditions of his existence, it moreover places photography on a very low platform as regards its art claims. These claims have been altogether denied it by many, but it must be allowed by the unprejudiced that it has certain very limited claims which are measurable by the power of individuality the photographer can put into his work. Some individuality he can put into the photograph without doubt—if it be only in showing his idea of what phases of nature are

beautiful—but altogether the machine is a bungling one, so far as the photographer can control his work, and it therefore ranks at the very bottom of the scale of the arts, far below all the graphic arts. A good pencil drawing by Whistler, say, must always be an immeasurably greater work than any photograph can ever be. Photography is the handmaiden of art and science. She is the basis, the raw material from which an artist can by analysis and synthesis get hints for an art work, no matter whether he be worker with the lead pencil, crowquill, etching needle or brush; but he should, if he uses photographs, take his own, and not use other men's work,



SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

(From the Photograph by the late Mrs. Cameron.)

the experimental stage, and for pure landscape work often unsatisfactory—for the photographing of pictures they are more useful. No doubt in the future photography will be able to give a literal transcript in true tone of the scene before it, and that is the bourne beyond which it can never go. Such transcripts are invaluable documents—unbiased, scientific registers of the facts around us. Mere photography has confessed its own limitations ever since its birth, for the pure photograph has seldom, if ever, been considered fully satisfactory. So have arisen many dodges, as local intensification, grinding the back of the plate, printing through tissue papers

as is often fraudulently practised, but the wise artist will for ever eschew photography, for the very outline of an object rendered by it is false to the visual impression.

To come to the especial subject of this paper—which I wish to make as practical as possible.

The tools required are a Rapid Rectilinear lens, fitted with a shutter (Thorton-Pickard's is a good one), a camera, some good quick plates (there are many good brands), and the ferrous oxalate developer—this is perfectly clean to use and scientifically the best.

#### FORMULA.

A. Saturated solution of potassium oxalate.

B. Saturated solution of ferrous sulphate.

(Both solutions acidified with citric acid.)

C. Solution of potassium bromide, 8 grains to the ounce of water.

For  $\frac{1}{2}$  plate, take 2 ozs. of A, 4 drachms of B, 1 drachm of C.

For  $8\frac{1}{2}$  by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  plate, take 4 ozs. of A, 1 oz. of B, 2 drachms of C.

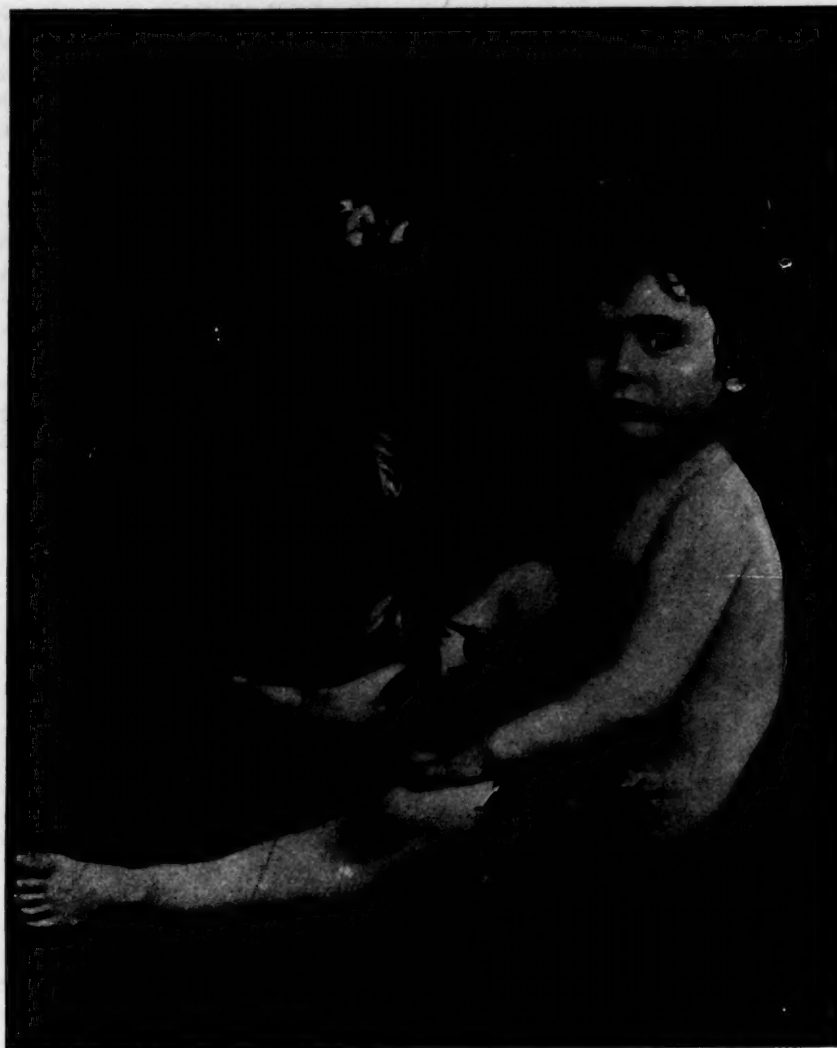
For 10 by 8 plate, take 6 ozs. of A,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ozs. of B, 3 drachms of C.

For 12 by 10 plate, take 8 ozs. of A, 2 ozs. of B, 4 drachms of C.

A saturated solution of hyposulphite of soda, to clear the plates, completes the requirements for making the negative.

A printing frame and some printing paper according to choice are all that remain to be got. Drs. Hurter and Driffeld hint that their researches will prove that different negatives require different printing processes, and this is reasonable. Grotesque attempts have been made lately by some superficial amateurs to show that rough papers are a *sine quâ non* in all cases, and so superficial is art knowledge in the photographic world, that the

advocates of the rough papers (nothing new, by-the-by) have been spoken of as a "Newer School"—*chê*—the amateur! The attempt to treat figures artistically by photography is of very old date—Rejlander, and Mrs. Cameron, being the earliest workers in this field. Rejlander, feeling—though not



A STUDY FROM LIFE.

(From the Photograph by Mrs. F. W. H. Myers.)

knowing—the limitations of pure photography, introduced a method of printing in figures by the use of several negatives. The results have been useful in exploring the limits of the method, but it has been overlooked that such work is not pure photography, but a confession on the part of the experimentalist of its limitations; there is, in short, "hand-work" in it. For that reason, and because of the lack of atmosphere and false lighting, I combated the idea.



Mrs. Cameron worked by grouping figures before the camera, and some of her results are good, but the majority failures. There are almost sure to be subtle evidences of self-consciousness in the models in such cases, and much will depend on their histrionic power. I first advocated and first practised the taking of figures by quick (instantaneous) exposures, and with lenses of long foci, to get a more pleasing perspective and unconsciousness. This is the best method of working, and if the conditions of atmosphere and light are realised, pleasing results can be so produced; but (that fatal "but") the suppression or emphasis of detail, tone, &c., is under such limited control, that the best of the finished results always give the impression that something is wanting—something too much present. There is character enough in many of the best of such photographs to prove that their producers have "good taste," can discern some of the pictorial aspects of nature, but these results give absolutely no proof that the producers have any real knowledge of art—nor can they, for art is accomplishment, and the proof of art knowledge is *art accomplishment* and nothing else.

Every reader with a slight knowledge of photo-

graphy will have gathered from what I have written that, in all probability, at no very distant date the taking of a perfectly satisfactory, technical negative will be a matter of scientific certainty and accuracy—in short, a science easily learned. Such is the case, unwelcome as this truth may be to the photographer; all that will be left to his "taste" will be the "selection" of the view, for even the printing papers will be scientifically adjusted to the negatives. That knowledge which proclaims the true artist—viz., analysis, omission of certain details, emphasis of tones or detail, the adjustment of harmonies, &c.—are and will always be quite beyond his control. In fact, all his medium will prove is that he has "good taste" such as any tourist may have who does not take a photograph at all. If a photographer with "good taste"—there are a few—wishes to become an artist he must learn one of the graphic arts, and use his "tasty" photographs as hints for movement, &c.—as the raw material for his art.

The illustrations to this article are reproductions of photographs by the late Mrs. Cameron and by Mrs. F. W. H. Myers. I have thought it best to let them speak for themselves.

## THE METAL ORNAMENT OF BOUND BOOKS.

By S. T. PRIDEAUX.

THERE are three chief sources of information for bindings and book ornaments during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries: these are the inventories of libraries, chiefly foreign, such as those of the splendid collections of the Dukes of Burgundy and of Orleans; the wardrobe accounts of English kings and queens, like those of Edward IV. kept by Piers Courtneys in 1480, and edited by Sir H. N. Nicolas; and the wills and bequests of the nobles and rich men in this country at a time when books, as such, were still valuable, and when it was customary to leave them as legacies both to friends and to ecclesiastical bodies. I shall glance at each of these in turn, and see how the books of the time were described in detail as works of art, which they really were.

Belonging to the Dukes of Burgundy were "Heures de la Croix" in "a binding embellished with gold and fifty-eight large pearls in a case made with camlet, with one large pearl and a cluster of small pearls;" the romance of the "Moralité des hommes sur le Ju des Eschiers" (game of chess) "covered in silk, with white and red flowers, and silver-gilt nails on a green ground;" a book of Orisons "covered in red leather with silver-gilt nails;" a Psalter "having

two silver-gilt clasps bound in blue, with a golden eagle with two heads and red talons, to which is attached a little silver-gilt instrument for turning over the leaves, with three escutcheons of the same arms, covered with a red velvet chemise." Belonging to the Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI., we find Vegèce's book "On Chivalry," "covered in red leather inlaid, which has two little brass clasps; the book of 'Mehadus,' covered in green velvet with two silver gilt clasps enamelled with the arms of his Royal Highness; the book of Boetius on Consolation, covered in figured silk; the Golden Legend covered in black velvet without clasps." These same inventories give an account of the prices paid for the bindings and their accessories. Thus on September 19th, 1394, the Duke of Orleans paid to Peter Blondel, goldsmith, 12 livres 15 sols for having wrought besides the Duke's silver seal, two clasps for the book of Boetius; and on January 15th, 1398, to Emelot de Rubert, an embroideress at Paris, 50 sols tournois "for having cut out and worked in gold and silk two covers of green Dampnas cloth, one for the Breviary, the other for the Book of Hours of the aforesaid nobleman, and for having made fifteen markers and four pairs of silk and gold

straps for the said books." From the accounts of these two libraries, which were partly destroyed and partly disseminated among the great public collections, it is possible to obtain a description of every form of binding and decoration in vogue during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. These books were, of course, manuscripts, and it may be observed that while the Duke of Burgundy had his bound for the most part as soon as he acquired them, the Duke of Orleans obtained his ready-bound, and only had those re-covered that were in need of it by his two binders, Guillaume de Villiers and Jacques Richier, to whom various sums of money are assigned in the inventories for skins, clasps, nails, &c., all mentioned in detail.

To turn to our own country, the wardrobe and privy purse accounts of Edward IV., Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth all show the same love of binding as an art, with the same minute descriptions. From the accounts of the first-mentioned monarch we take the following entry:—"Delyvered for the covering and garnysshing vj of the Bookes of oure saide Lorde the Kynges, that is to say, oon of the Holy Trinite, oon of Titus Lyvius, oon of the Gouvernal of Kynges and Princes, a Bible, a Bible Historiale, and the

vjth called Froissard. Velvet vj yerdes cremysy figured; corse of silk, ij yerdes di' and a maille blue silk weying an unce iij q' di'; iiij yerdes di' di' quarter blac silk weying iij unces; laces and tassels of silk xvj laces; xvj tassels, weying to gider vj unces and iij q'; botons xvj of blue silk and gold; claspes of copper and gilt iij paire smalle with roses uppon them; a paire myddle, ij paire grete with the Kyng's Armes uppon them; bolions copper and gilt lxx; nailes gilt ecc." The bolions named were a sort of button used as fastenings of books made of copper and gilt, and cost about eighteen pence each.

Velvet was a favourite material, and is the most frequently mentioned in these lists, with or without ornamentation. Among Henry VIII.'s expenses may be seen paid to "Rasmus one of the Armerars for garnishing of divers books"—which was apart from binding—on one occasion £11 5s. 7d., on another "£34 10s. for garnishing 36 books," probably only the fixing of clasps, corners, bosses, and the like to the sides. Skelton, the poet laureate of Henry VIII., thus describes one of his missals:—

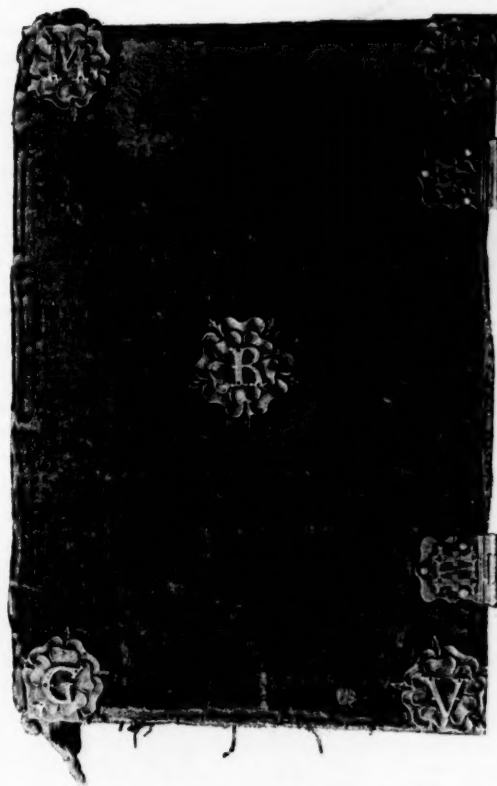
"With that of the boke lozende  
were the claspes,  
The margin was illumined al  
with golden railles,  
And bice empiictured with  
grass-oppes and waspes,  
With butterflies, and  
fresh pecocke  
tailes,  
Englored with  
flowers, and slymy  
snayles,  
Envyved pictures well  
touched and quickly,  
It would have made a man  
hole that had be right  
sickly,  
To beholl how it was gar-  
nished and bound,  
Encoverde over with golde  
and tissue fine,  
The claspes and bullions were  
worth a M. pounce,  
With balassis and  
carbuncles the  
border did shine  
With aurum mosai-  
cum cvey other  
line."

We know from the numerous books emblazoned with the arms of Henry VII. that that monarch must have possessed a fine library, which was no doubt augmented under his son. A German traveller

named Heutzner, who visited the royal library in 1593, which was then located at Whitehall, says that it was well furnished with Greek, Latin, Italian, and French books, all bound in velvet of different colours, yet chiefly red, with clasps of gold and silver; and that the covers of some of them were adorned with pearls and precious stones.

The library of the British Museum possesses many books once belonging to the royal collection, from Henry VII. downwards, from which we see that neither Mary nor Elizabeth fell behind their predecessors in a love of costly bindings.

At the end of Nichols's "Progresses of Queen



"LE CHAPPELET DE JESUS ET DE LA VIERGE  
MARIE" (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

(From the British Museum.)

Elizabeth" there is a list of "gifts given to her majestie at Newyeres-tide 1582," and among them



"MEDITATION UPON THE LORD'S PRAYER" (1619).

(From the British Museum.)

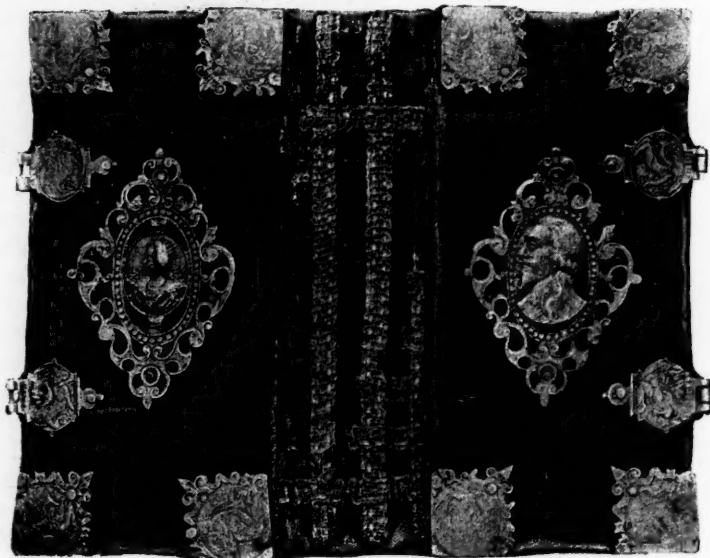
"a booke of gold enamuled garnished with viii amarestes given by Mr. Packington;" and again, "a little booke of gold enamuled garnished and furnished with smale diamondes and rubyes, both claspes and all hanging at a chayne of gold. viz vi pieces of gold enamuled two of them garnished with ragged staves of smale sparcks of diamondes and iv of them in eche, 11 smale diamondes and two smale sparcks of rubyes xvi lesser pieces of golde, in evey of them a smale diamonde, also xxiv pieces of golde in evey of them, iv perles with a ring of golde to hang it by all given by therle of Leycester master of the horse." In the inventory of her jewels and plate made in the sixteenth year of her reign several ornamental books are thus described:

"Oone Gospell booke, covered with tissue and garnished on th' onside with the crucifix and the Queenes badges of silver gilt, poiz with

wodde, leaves, and all cxij oz;" and again, "Oone booke of the Gospelles plated with silver, and gilt upon bourdes with the image of the crucifix ther upon and iiij evangelists in iiij places with two greate claspes of silver and guilt, poiz lii oz.gr. and weing with the bourdes, leaves, and binding and the covering of red vellat, cxxix oz."

I have mentioned wills as a fertile source of information concerning bindings: such works as the *Testamenta Vetusta* of Nicolas, and the wills and inventories published by the Surtees Society; and others drawn from the archives contain bequests of books, of which the following, from the will of Lady Fitzhugh, 1427, is a specimen: "Als so I wil yat my son William have a Ryng with a dyamond and my son Geffray a gretter, and my son Robert a sauter cov'ed with red velvet, and my doghter Mariory a primer cov'ed in Rede, and my doghter Darcy a sauter cou'ed in blew, and my doghter Malde Eure a prim' cou'ed in blew." Eleanor, Countess of Arundel, left by will to Ann, wife of her nephew Maurice Berkeley, a book of Matins covered with velvet, and her daughter Ann, Duchess of Buckingham, a primer covered with purple velvet with clasps of silver-gilt.

The most successful example of the application of silver ornaments to binding, both from the simplicity of design as well as perfection of finish, may be seen in an octavo volume in the manuscript



NEW TESTAMENT (1643).

(From the British Museum.)

department of the British Museum bound in green velvet—"Le Chapelet de Jesus et de la Vierge



Marie." It contains a metrical Life of Christ, the descent of the Holy Ghost, &c., illustrated by a series of miniatures executed for Anna, wife of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, afterwards Emperor. Her name and the monogram IHS are on the clasps. (See p. 317.) The book seems afterwards to have come into the possession of Margaret Tudor, wife of James IV. of Scotland, the letters of the name Marguerite in Tudor roses forming the bosses of the binding, which is of the sixteenth century. Another good specimen, though of very different character, is "A Meditation upon the Lord's Prayer (with the text) written by the King's Majestie (James I.) for the benefit of all his subjects especially of such as follow the Court. London 1619." (See p. 318.)

This is the King's own copy bound in purple velvet, with shields bearing the royal arms, clasps with I. R., the King's initials, and corner pieces, all in silver. The corners on the upper side have the crowned fleur-de-lys as the badge of France, the crowned harp as that of Ireland, the crowned thistle for Scotland, and the cross, also crowned, for England. The precise meaning of the latter does not appear: it was probably taken out of the crown, of which the cross is always a part in the arms of England, but it does not seem to be found elsewhere as a separate emblem in this significance. Those on the under cover are at the two top corners; a crowned thistle, and a crowned lion sitting holding a sceptre and sword—both badges of Scotland; and at the lower corners, a rose and lion on a cap of maintenance, both crowned, the crests of England.

The clasps have the portcullis, which was the badge used in reference to the descent of the Tudor family from the house of Beaufort, and is thus accounted for in Willement's "Regal Heraldry":—"Catherine Swinford, a mistress and subsequently wife of John Duke of Lancaster, resided at the castle of Beaufort, in Anjou, and at that place gave birth to a son named John, maternal grandfather of King Henry VII., who with others of her children by the Duke were in 29 R. 2 legitimated and had the surname De Beaufort given to them." The portcullis was evidently the type of this castle, the place of their nativity. Henry VII. sometimes added to it the words "*altera securitas*," intimating that, as the portcullis was an additional defence to a fortress, so his claim to the crown through the blood of Beaufort should not be rejected, although he possessed it by more sufficient and undeniable rights.

I have described this little book at some length, for apart from its interest as a King's copy and work of art, it is a typical example of the problem to be worked out in many a like specimen—a problem often historical and frequently complicated by em-

blematic and heraldic devices, from the deciphering of which may be gathered generally the approximate date of the binding, and not unfrequently the name of the owner and the circumstances of its origin.

A New Testament, dated 1643, is, like the last, a duodecimo, and may be also seen in one of the showcases of the King's Library in the British Museum. It is bound in red velvet, with silver corners and clasps bearing allegorical figures of the cardinal virtues, and of the four elements, with ornamented medallions of King Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria in profile. The back has some strips of braid upon it, which are inappropriate to the silver ornaments. An illustration of it is given on page 318 as forming, together with King James's book, a capital specimen of one of the most attractive classes of book ornament of the time—that of velvet with silver mountings.

Another kind of decoration much in vogue then for books was enamel. Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, mentions in her will in 1339 "a chronicle of France in French, with two clasps of silver, enamelled with the arms of the Duke of Burgundy; a book containing the Psalter, Primer, and other devotions, with two clasps of gold enamelled with her arms; a French Bible in two volumes, with two gold clasps enamelled with the arms of France; and a Psalter richly illuminated, with the clasps of gold enamelled with white swans, and the arms of my lord and father enamelled on the clasps." Unfortunately no reproduction, except a coloured one, conveys any idea of the beauty and delicacy of this form of ornamentation; but the lover of this work will find two examples in the British Museum, which are unequalled for fine colours and exquisite design. They are both gold enamels; one is a centre-piece, or rather two centre-pieces that decorate a folio New Testament bound in green velvet which the Stevens press published in 1550. The gold plates are very thin, of a diamond shape, measuring only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , and fastened to the boards of the book with nails—that on the upper cover having the arms of Elizabeth, that on the under side a crowned Tudor rose.

In Nichols's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," her visit to Cambridge University in 1578 is related, and after mentioning the public orator's speech, the gifts to the Queen are thus described: "About the end of his oracion, the orator making mention of a present, Mr. Daniel Howland, then Vice-Chancellor, making his three ordinarie curtesies, and then kneeling at her Majestie's feet, presented unto her a New Testament in Greek of Robert Stephanus, his first printing in folio, bound in redde velvett, and lymmed with gowld, the armes of England sett upon each side of the book very fair; and on the third leaf of the book, being fair and clean paper, was also sett and painted in colours the armes of the



universitie with these writings following." Then follows a long Latin inscription. The British Museum copy has not the arms of Cambridge thus painted inside the book, and so this cannot be the book here described; but it is just possible that the enamel centre-pieces may once have decorated the Queen's own copy.

The other specimen is from the library of George III., a volume of Christian meditations, bound in light red velvet, now worn quite threadbare, with corners, clasps, and centre-pieces of gold enamelled in colours. It formerly belonged to Queen Elizabeth, whose initials and badge are emblazoned thereon.

Gold filigree work was also often used, both for clasps and corners, and has an extremely light and pleasing effect. A Book of Hours in the manuscript department of the British Museum is a good example. It was written in Latin on vellum in France, at the close of the fifteenth century, and is bound in dark red velvet. It has also some curious cushion markers, which were an added luxury to books of that time. Each marker—and there are several—is made of silk or brocade, and though not fastened to the book, is kept from slipping through it by means of a little pillow of the same material. This collection of tiny cushions attached to each other rests on the top of the book, and the ends of the markers, which are long, are often embroidered with gold and silver thread.

There is one style of binding which I have not room to illustrate, but about which a few words may not inappropriately be said here. Tortoiseshell covers are peculiar to the seventeenth century. Sometimes plain, except for an edging of silver, with silver corners and clasps, or more often dexterously inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, they form a pleasant diversity to the richer and more highly-ornamented bindings which were then beginning to

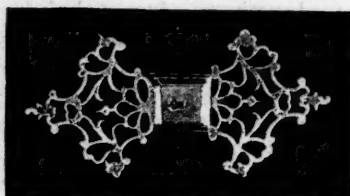
be more and more rare. The South Kensington Museum contains three specimens, of which the most interesting is perhaps a very small volume containing a book of prayers, written on vellum in Hebrew with illuminations, the little tortoiseshell covers being inlaid with silver-gilt, filigree, piqué, and incrustated work. It is Spanish, about 1747, and only measures three inches by two and a quarter.

The British Museum has also three or four of these covers. One of a book of Jewish daily prayers, Amsterdam, 1667, is a fine octavo, enriched with two silver hinges, besides clasps and centre-piece of silver, as well as a top ornament with a ring for suspending the book. A small quarto, also containing Jewish prayers, is

treated in a similar way without the centre and suspension pieces. A duodecimo dated Ulm, 1772, elaborately inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl on the sides, and bordered with a plain band of silver—

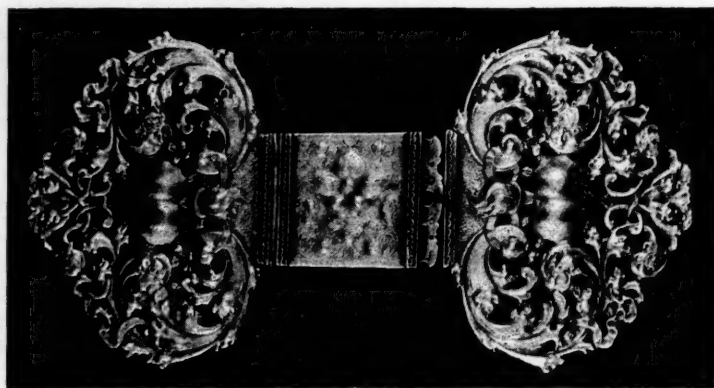
a very delicate piece of work. This sort of book-cover is mostly German or Dutch, and does not appear to have obtained in either France or England.

The disappearance of these costly kinds of decoration for book-covers was very



ANCIENT SILVER BOOK-CLASP.

(From the Author's Collection.)



ANCIENT SILVER BOOK-CLASP.

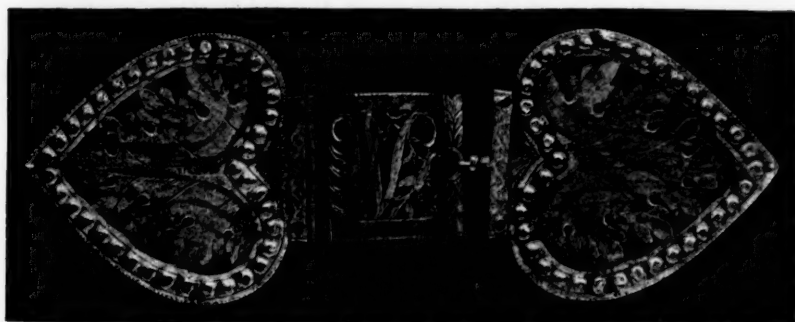
(From the Author's Collection.)

gradual, and even after the taste for the more precious metal ornaments had subsided, and given place to the hardly less elaborate tooling of leather covers, the use of silver clasps, with or without corners, continued. These are to be found in great variety at the sellers of old silver in all parts of the world. Some time ago there was a fashion for their use as cloak fastenings, and it is lucky—that being so—that there soon sprang up a manufacture for their reproduction by means of casting, else those that really once adorned the old bindings might be still less rare than is actually the case. As it is, many a second-hand silversmith can produce genuine silver book ornaments, some just as they were when torn from the books, to be got for

little more than the price of the silver; others, alas! already adapted to feminine needs. In Holland and Belgium especially, the collector may still pick up

metals, and need less effort in their management. The most important point to be observed is that the silver, which should not be thicker than a three-

penny piece, is either alloyed like foreign silver or else annealed so as to be of the necessary hardness and resistance. The delicate little corners that come off an old book are often extremely slight, and yet perfectly firm and solid. If the metal used is too ductile it is impossible to avoid a flimsy and weak effect. The design should be first traced or engraved, then the raising should



SILVER PIERCED-WORK CLASP (GERMAN).

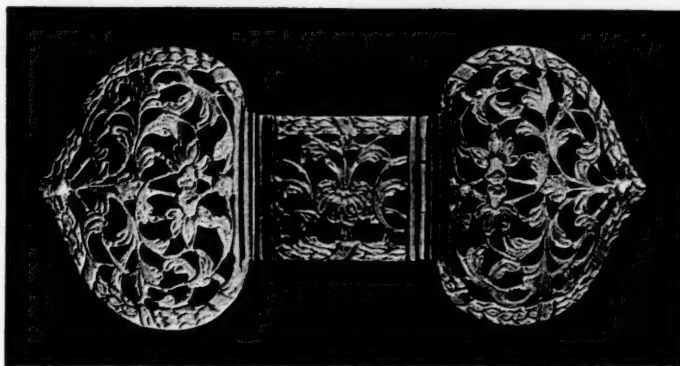
(From the South Kensington Museum.)

the unadapted specimens; and the two represented on page 320 were thus acquired by me. The next is from the South Kensington Museum, in silver pierced work, engraved and having the sides heart-shaped—a delightful specimen of what may be done with little technical labour, when the design is simple and appropriate. It is German work, and was bought at the Annual International Exhibition in 1872, for ten shillings! The last is on a Book of Hours in the British Museum.

Why should clasps have disappeared from modern English bookbinding, except in the case of Bibles and prayer-books when they are of an inartistic and thoroughly commonplace character? It is not the case in France, where such a firm as that of Messrs. Gruel and Engelmann turn out numerous books with silver clasps, not of course wrought by hand, but of excellent Renaissance design, and no doubt hand-finished. There is scope for a renewal of such work in our time, though I think if it is to take place it should always be hand-wrought, and applied to books that are intended for what the French call *reluires de fantaisie*. We hear a great deal about metal-work now, and indeed see both embossed and pierced copper and brass work as finger-plates, bowls, dishes, and many other lesser articles of domestic use. Why does not some of this industry seek the embellishment of our books? The material needed, though somewhat expensive to start with, has always its intrinsic value, and but a small amount is required; the tools, too, are mostly those used for the harder

follow, and the piercing be done last of all. This is effected by means of a fret saw, and it is not more difficult to cut metal than wood except in the case of iron. To do either well requires some practice, and a good piercer never touches his work with files, but lets it be as the saw leaves it. Such work is well within the range of the amateur craftsman, though he may need professional assistance in the mitring of the corners and making the hinge and fastening of the clasp.

A last word as to the mounting and application of such ornament. It should be always on a plain material—if leather, untooled; if silk or velvet, undecorated in any other way. Morocco, pigskin, velvet, or the deerskins now prepared with a soft rough underside are all suitable, and a book well but plainly



CLASP FROM A BOOK OF HOURS.

(From the British Museum.)

bound in one of these coverings, and decorated solely with corners, clasps, and perhaps a badge in silver, can be no better habited than after this fashion of the sixteenth century.

## HENRY STORMMOUTH LEIFCHILD.

By J. SPARKES.

PERHAPS the greatest difference that the influence of art induces between her votaries and that type of individual that the late Matthew Arnold called a "Philistine" is that the love of the work for the sake of the work is an ample repayment in a kind of coin that is incomprehensible to the Philistine. This love repays the artist by giving him the opportunity of saying what he is moved by the spirit to say. The sale or neglect of his work is the last thing that troubles his mind. His impulse is to embody his thought, sentiment, or situation; whether the embodiment will attract the gold from the admirers of his work is as nought to him compared with his instinct to produce and his delight in producing. The Philistine would scoff at a man who did anything without adequate payment, and would hold the artist as a crazy enthusiast for his steady, unhesitating devotion to his idea.

Such men, however, are witnesses of the existence of the true spirit of art that endows, from of old until now, the choice beings told off to keep the art-world free from the stigma that its work is but the product of the tradesman.

Such a gifted man was Henry Stormmouth Leifchild, who passed away some six years since. Of his personal history there is nothing to be recorded; the quiet worker in his studio escapes the opportunity of storing up incidents of any picturesque proportions. The history of such a man is in his works; they are the truest and only records of his development and thought.

He began his art-education in Rome in 1848, under the influence of Thorwaldsen, Gibson, and the classical school from which he gained his perception of the value of line. The memory of those *Café Gravo* days is cherished by his contemporary fellow-students who remember Henry Leifchild as an en-

thusiastic worker, brimful of ideas and of exhaustless energy. He returned to England in 1851, and in the Great Exhibition of that year exhibited the figure of Rizpah watching over the dead bodies of her sons; it attracted notice, and the then young sculptor was recognised as a man destined to make his mark

in the future. For the next thirty years he was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, where he showed both statues and reliefs generally of heroic size and on ideal themes. He remained, on the whole, true to the antique, which was the foundation of his style, and his best works may be described as employing the form of Greek sculpture, not to repeat Greek motives, but to embody ideas belonging to Christianity and the modern world. The technical points he chiefly attended to were those of pure form, and in his hours of energetic creation in his studio he would labour to round off his compositions from

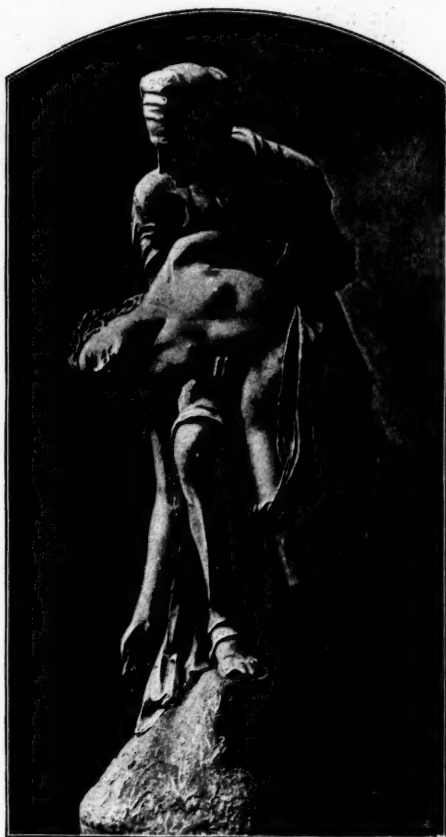


RIZPAH.

(From the Statue by Henry S. Leifchild.)

every point of view into harmony, to carry through the long, sweeping lines which should give unity to the parts, and to secure by the varied detail of folded drapery in contrast with the simpler masses of the nude, that opposition between delicacy and breadth which he maintained to be one of the greatest secrets of artistic effect.

In the competition for the Memorial of the 1851 Exhibition he designed and exhibited the "Torch-bearer Handing on the Light to the Fresh Runner," a fit image of the influence the exhibition was to have over the arts and sciences it displayed. This was followed by the "Slave Hunted like a Beast by Bloodhounds." It was a product of the righteous excitement produced by the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was a competitor in many competitions, and successful in some, *e.g.*, the Guards' Monument in front of Chelsea Hospital, and another admirable work, a mortuary chapel, near the



WRECKED.

(From the Group by Henry S. Leifchild.)

entrance gates of the Warreston Cemetery, Edinburgh. He designed it throughout, and decorated it outside with incised slabs, the subjects taken from the paragraphs of the Lord's Prayer; and inside with the recumbent effigy of the late wife of Major-General Robertson and small decorative figures.

"Wrecked" is a group of fine composition. A fisherwoman is lifting from the ground the apparently lifeless body of a young girl; full of the sentiment of Christian love and self-sacrifice and holy pity.

"Erinna" was finished in 1860, and is a broad and noble work. The friend of Sappho, like her a poetess, compelled by fate to uncongenial labour, she is traditionally believed to have died chained to her distaff. The high soul has left the beautiful figure as the head droops aside in death. This work is now at the Holloway College, and fitly decorates that great endowment for the benefit of women who have minds and souls to elevate and sanctify. (See p.324.)

The most remarkable work, and one that perhaps more than many others shows the literary side of the artist's mind, is "Opportunity." It is an embodiment of an idea suggested by an epigram in the Greek Anthology describing a statue by Lysippus of "Kairos," which to the Greek meant the *exact moment* that must be seized and used, or it would pass and be lost for ever. The idea as realised and composed in the figure before us is that of a young man flitting rather than running; his course is not straight, for if it were he could be intercepted, but he darts from side to side eluding our grasp. It has its own reading, but illustrates the epigram supposed to have been addressed to a statue of Opportunity by Lysippus. It ran—

*Question.*—"Who was thy sculptor and whence came he?"

*Answer.*—"Lysippus of Sicyon."

*Q.*—"And who art thou?"

*A.*—"Opportunity, the master of all."

*Q.*—"Why art thou on tip-toe standing?"

*A.*—"I run for ever onward."

*Q.*—"And why is thy hair all in front?"

*A.*—"When once with my winged feet I have swept past a man, never again, though greatly desiring, can he follow and catch me up."



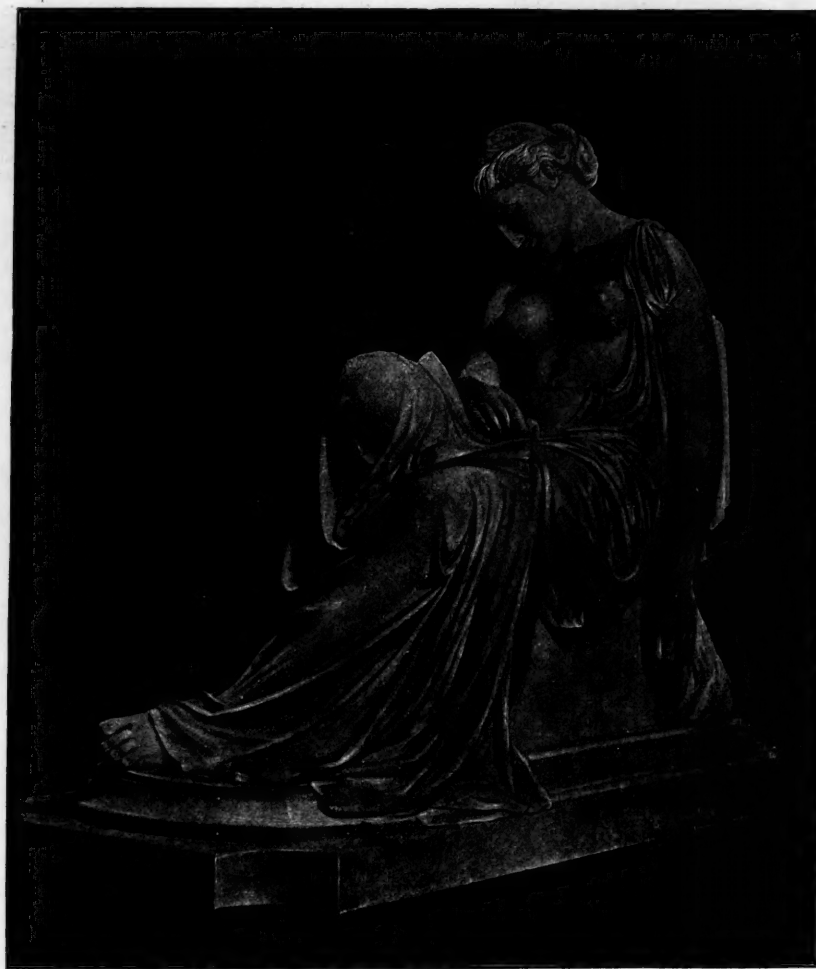
OPPORTUNITY.

(From the Statue by Henry S. Leifchild.)



These statues scarcely exhaust the list of the sculptor's work. Busts of eminent friends and friendly patrons he executed in considerable number, and certain charcoal designs for panels embodying a religious idea claim remark as works of almost archaic simplicity of line and mass, which neverthe-

who knew him might regret that, partly through natural disinclination, and partly through his not being dependent on his art for his daily bread, he never forced himself forward into note. His artistic nature was strong enough to have stood the test of popularity, and his work would have gained by being



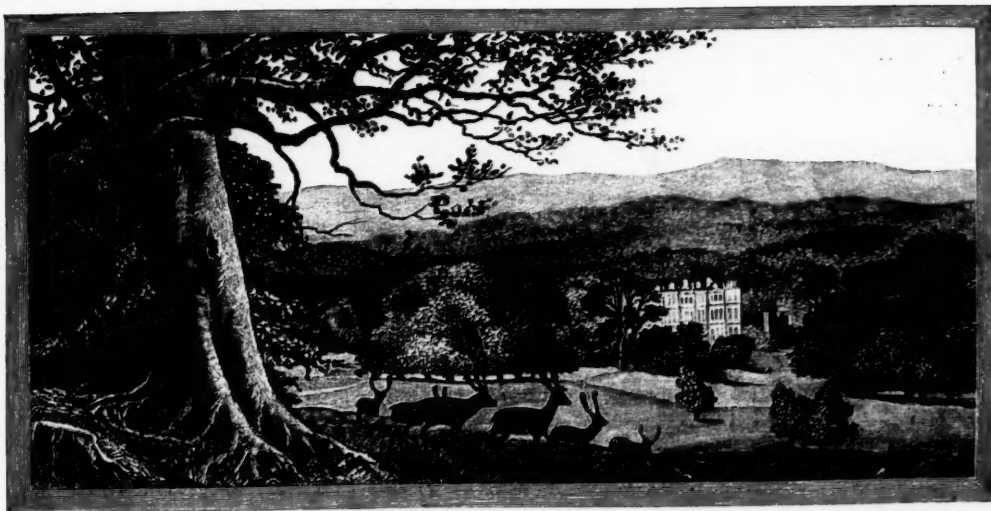
ERINNA.

(From the Statue by Henry S. Leifchild. By permission of the Governors of the Royal Holloway College, Egham.)

less are truly impressive by their severity and dignity, but are essentially works that artists alone perhaps can fully appreciate. Recently the plaster models of six of his more important monumental works were presented to the Municipal Museum at Nottingham, and have been placed in its galleries.

In this truly ideal labour lived and died Henry Leifchild, with never a thought of popular taste or of what was to be done to please it. Those

brought more into touch with the public. But though he started with every prospect of success, and with a true desire not to live in the past, but to make his work a power in the day in which he lived, nothing that he wrought seems ever really to have caught the public taste. With a single eye he worked for the realisation of his ideal; and lived a laborious and happy life, enriched in the quiet spirit of an unworldly man. He was born in 1823, and died at Streatham in November, 1884.



LONGLEAT.

(Drawn by C. Topham Davidson. Engraved by C. Carter.)

## LONGLEAT—THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF BATH.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

WILTSHIRE is a fair and pleasant county, with many a fine historic mansion and rich demesne. One of the most interesting and imposing of these antique structures is Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, which furnishes more than the usual stock of entertainment to the ardent and too often intrusive sightseer. Nearly all the great houses of the kingdom have to submit, in some shape or other, to this invasion of their privacy; and the pressure is so irresistible that even the most grudging and churlish owner finds himself powerless to resist—a curious instance of the force of an unwritten law. Usually twice in the week the family has to retire from view while their apartments are invaded by a horde of "tourists," filled with a greedy curiosity, who are led round in strict charge of the housekeeper, and are enjoined periodically "not to touch the family's things." A piece of needlework or a Prayer Book has often even a greater fascination for these sightseers than the old portrait by 'Ans 'Olbin on the walls of the banquetting hall; so the feelings of the family towards their unlicensed marauders cannot be of a very charitable kind.

We must always lament that, when "taken over" one of these palaces, we can be indulged only in a glimpse, as it were, of its accumulated treasures. We do not really *see* it. It is like hurrying through a crowded street in a strange town when running to catch a train. To *see* anything of

the kind aright, we must live with it, as we would with some living personage. A cathedral, for instance, is seen in this fashion by hundreds and thousands, who come and stare and wonder, and then go their way, rather bewildered and uncertain—being certain of but one thing: they had seen something large and elaborate. How different is it when you have taken up your abode under its shadow, in the silent close—when the great monument is with you in the morning and through the day and night, when it grows and grows upon you; and we come to understand it better, whilst it seems like some old friend. Not so long since I thus lived for a week or more under the shadow of the fine old church—cathedral, rather—of St. Jacques, at Dieppe, and came at last to regard it with a sort of affection; and as we walked through the streets and alleys of the old town, every now and again some corner or buttress or pinnacle of the quaint and elegant fabric was unexpectedly revealed.

Longleat stands about four miles from Warminster, and an idea of its imposing state may be gathered from the fact that the entrance gate is just two and a half miles away from the mansion. A fair and very imposing prospect it offers as we draw near, from the fine combination of boundless demesne and old trees, of forest and sheets of water, which set off to the best advantage the stately and picturesque mansion. There is no more pleasing or effective fashion to be found in England

than this Italianised style, which is so graceful and pictorial in its effect, so solid, and yet so delicately graceful. This building is said to be after the designs of an Italian architect; but many architects

moved, and now does duty at a school-house in Warminster. Last of all came Sir Jeffrey Wyatt, or Wyattville, as he later became, the favourite architect of George IV., who added a wing and remodelled



1.—THE GARDEN TERRACE, LONGLEAT.

2.—LONGLEAT FROM THE LAKE.

(Drawn by C. Topham Davidson.)

have contributed during the course of centuries. It was partly burnt in the year 1567, when Robert Smithson undertook the restoration. Later came Sir Christopher Wren, who provided some staircases and a principal entrance-gate, which was later re-

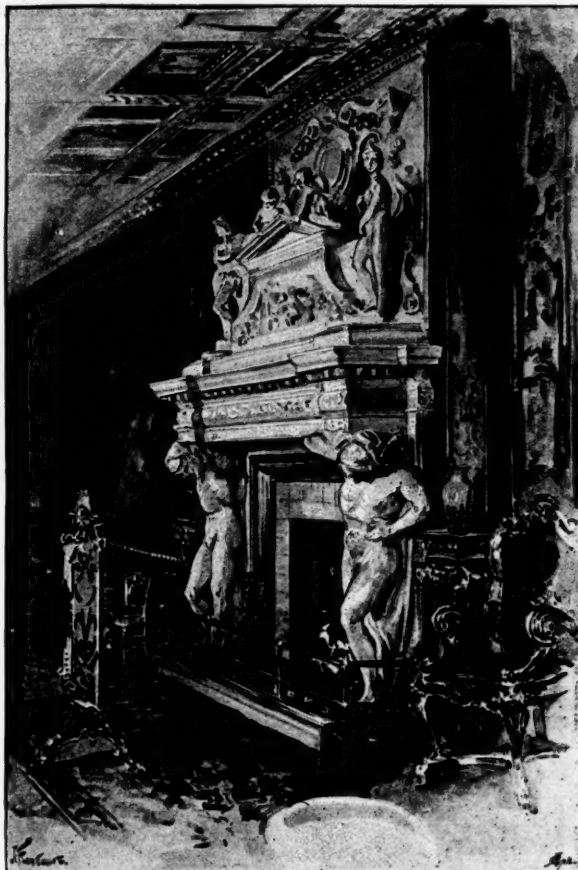
the interior. The building has not suffered much from this composite treatment, and it may be suspected would, on the whole, have fared worse had it come under the treatment of one of our modern wholesale "restoring" architects. These mixtures

of styles are not unpleasing, and such men as Wyattville and Nash, whatever their defects and ignorance, knew at least the rules of architectural proportions—a knowledge which atones for many sins.

The old grounds, laid out in the stiff Dutch fashion, were in the last century handed over to Mr. "Capability" Brown, a fashionable gardener, or garden surveyor, who turns up at such places almost as invariably as does "Grinling Gibbons" in some old oak hall: "carvings by Grinling Gibbons." In Mr. Brown's hands nature was allowed "to creep up," to use a Whistlerian phrase, and the nobility and gentry all over the kingdom became eager to have all their old gardens transformed. Easy, careless beauties took the place of terraces and yew-trees clipped like poodle dogs. The few remaining Dutch gardens, so quaint and old, show what we have lost by these changes. Mr. Brown had a favourite comforting phrase, when he was introduced to one of these old gardens. "It had great capability" was his invariable remark. As we stand before this Longleat mansion and survey its ample proportions, rising with three solid storeys, we wonder, or admire its suggestiveness: the gathering of cupolas, cornices, pilasters, and statues on the roofs, and the clustered chimneys. Yet there is no confusion, but an elegant reserve. Even the windows have a nobility of their own, and are pierced in exact proportion to the relative wall space.

The late Mr. Fergusson declared that Longleat was one of the largest as well as one of the most beautiful palaces in England of its day. "The original design, being due to John of Padua, would account for the far greater purity that pervades its classical details. The front measures 220 feet, its flanks 164, so that it covers about the same space of ground as the Farnese Palace at Rome. Each storey is ornamented with an order, and each tapers gradually from the lowest to the highest in a very pleasing manner, the details throughout being elegant, though not *rigidly* correct. The most pleasing part of the design is the mode in which the façade is broken by two projections at each end. This, with the windows being large and mullioned, gives to the whole a cheerful, hospitable look, though these features deprive it of that air of monumental grandeur which Italian town palaces possess." This is a useful little bit of criticism, as it lets us into the art of explaining or interpreting any building of the kind to which we

may be introduced. Most people would go their way, saying "it was a handsome building," or something of the sort; but a little practice and exertion of the mind would help us to such criticism as Mr. Fer-



THE SALOON FIREPLACE, LONGLEAT.

(Drawn by J. Finnemore.)

gusson's, and make the whole intelligible, and our enjoyment equally so.

Now entering the stately banquetting hall, we first lift our eyes to the beautiful oaken roof, which is somewhat of the pattern of that at the Inner Temple, and full of rich detail and carvings. At one end is the usual musicians' gallery, with its solid-looking balustrade or screen, and archings below. Most effective and quaint are the carved 'scutcheons, or shields, which are reared on the top, capping the balustrade in a very decorative fashion, recording the state and glories of some high and puissant nobles. There are pictures hung high over the panelling, and long seats run round the hall; while the solid old tables are still in their place.

No English nobleman's palace offers so dramatic a collection of portraits, most of them legitimately



connected with the history of the mansion. With every face is associated some stirring history. Who, for instance, would not travel far to see Bishop Juxon, who attended Charles I. at his execution? The most incurious will pause with interest to survey his features. There are but few who have ever seen an engraving of the prelate. It will

figures with dramatic stories are those of the Lady Arabella Stuart, the Earl of Strafford, the Coventry who was grossly attacked and mutilated by ruffians. Lord Macaulay has picturesquely described the incident. Then we come upon various royal portraits of equal interest, such as Charles I. when Prince of Wales (*not* by the eternal Vandyck), James Duke



THE LIBRARIES, LONGLEAT.

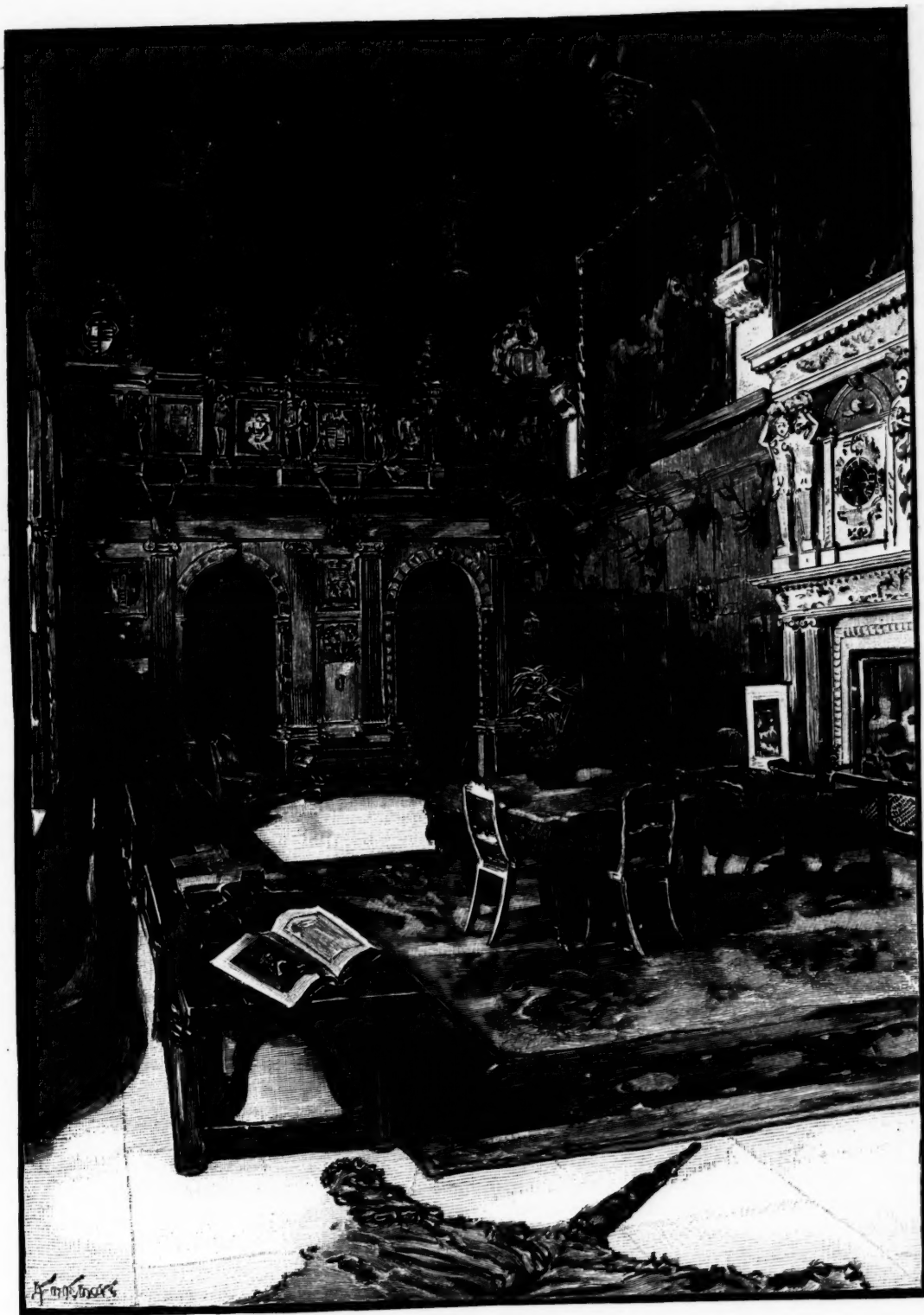
(Drawn by J. Finnemore. Engraved by C. Carter.)

be rather a surprise to admirers of this worthy bishop, to whom the king's last mysterious warning "Remember!" was addressed, to find that when he retired to the country, he set up a pack of hounds! He, indeed, followed the chase with such ardour that he was denounced by enemies at Court to Cromwell, who, however, declared that if he did no worse than this, he should be left unmolested.

Here, too, is Bishop Ken, Gustavus Adolphus, "the lion of the north," and Devereux, Earl of Essex. One of the most interesting of the family portraits is assuredly that of Thomas Thynne, "Tom of Ten Thousand," who was assassinated in the streets of London by Count Konigsmark in 1682. Visitors to Westminster Abbey will read his curious monument, where he is shown in his coach at the moment of the attack: the scene being rather clumsily, but with the best good-will, carved in the marble. Other

of York, Queen Catherine of Portugal, Henrietta Maria, and the three children of Charles I. These subjects attract irresistibly, and the visitor finds himself lingering before each, scrutinising the significant features and reading dreamily their curious stories. But the sightseer should prepare himself beforehand; take stock of the treasures he is to inspect, and pique his curiosity. He will thus arrive with some knowledge of what is in store for him, and will know what to look for. There is really an "art of looking at things," and it is an art to be acquired cheaply and with little trouble.

I might dwell on the other noble chambers in this stately mansion did space permit, but I cannot do more than mention the fine library, with its richly panelled roof, and half drawing-room-like air, and on the monumental chimneypieces, with the flanking figures supporting the mantelpiece.



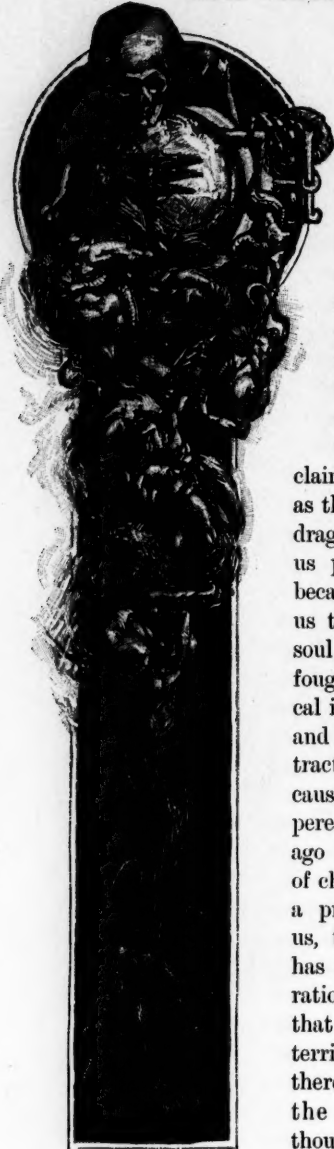
THE HALL, LONGLEAT.

(Drawn by J. Finemore. Engraved by C. Carter.)

# THE DRAGON OF MYTHOLOGY, LEGEND, AND ART.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

By JOHN LEYLAND.



(Drawn by A. G. Macgregor.  
Engraved by C. Carter.)

ALL the myths with which man has been familiar from the earliest dawn of his existence to the day when the dim imaginings of his child-time were shattered by the sixteenth-century philosopher, there is none that has so many claims for consideration as the great myth of the dragon. It should move us powerfully, if sadly, because it represents for us the bitter anguish of soul with which man has fought against the physical ills of famine, disease, and death; it should attract us wistfully because our nurses whispered its legends long ago as part of the lore of childhood; and it has a practical interest for us, too, inasmuch as it has ever been the inspiration of a great deal that is grotesque and terrible in art. And there is this also about the dragon-myth—though the circumstance has scarcely been recognised—that we can not

only trace it with perfect clearness in its origin, but can understand the full significance of its every development; and this we can do so satisfactorily that, whenever the dragon is introduced naturally and rationally in story or art, we are enabled to say at once to what stage or circumstance of the myth that representation belongs. There are, indeed, difficulties in the treatment of the subject in the space at my disposal, on account of the great field it traverses, and the many

interesting paths that are opened out; but I shall endeavour to keep the main theme of the myth before me, and shall treat mainly its development with the Aryan races, and those with which they have come into contact, merely premising that, as like causes produce like effects, so there are many monsters in other mythologies that have much in common with the dragon of that development.

In the birth-time of the dragon-myth, the primitive Aryan, suffering under the manifold ills of life, attributed them all, we cannot doubt, to the operation of a malevolence not unlike to his own, and sought a shape—*monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens*—in which they should be abhorred, and, it might be, slain. He projected his own personality into the operations of nature, of which he felt himself to be the plaything; and gave, as Shelley phrases it, “a human heart to what we cannot know.” In the cloudy strongholds of darkness his enemy was sheltered, a monstrous shape, “if shape it might be called that shape had none,” from whose terrors he suffered most cruelly when the drought came, and famine and pestilence were spread abroad through the plains. This is no mere poetical view of the matter, for, in the Veda, the earliest presentation of the enemy of Aryan man is Vritra or Ahi, the throttling snake, who is not only the universal enemy, but is also in a special manner the thief, and the black withholder of the rain; and, conversely, Indra himself, the sustainer of the universe, the wonder-worker and the old guide of man, is, in especial degree, the light-maker and rain-bringer. Everywhere in the Veda the elemental conflict between these two goes on. Indra, youthful, agile, ruddy, and strong, goes forth in his chariot, the thunderbolt forged by Tvashti in his hand, his steeds snorting and neighing, to battle with Ahi or Vritra, the enemy. He is accompanied by clouds of Maruts, and the whole artillery of heaven is discharged; the earth and the sky crash with his thunderbolt, the cloud-castles of the monster are shattered and broken, the celestial fountains are loosed, and rain flows plenteously on the earth below.

Muir, in his “Sanskrit Texts,” has given a very stirring rendering of the conflict between Indra and Vritra, of which a few lines may be quoted:—

"The lightnings then began to flash,  
The direful thunderbolts to crash,  
By Indra proudly hurled.  
The gods themselves with awe were stilled,  
And stood aghast, and terror filled  
The universal world.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And soon the knell of Vritra's doom  
Was sounded by the clang and boom  
Of Indra's iron shower;  
Pierced, cloven, crushed, with horrid yell,  
The dying demon headlong fell  
Down from his cloud-built tower.

Now bound by Shushna's  
spell no more,  
The clouds discharge the  
liquid store;  
And, long by torrid sun-  
beams baked,  
The plains by copious  
showers are slaked."

The fact here embodied, that the monstrous enemy of man afflicted him by locking up the necessities of life, and particularly by depriving him of water, must be remembered as the keynote of the whole subsequent development of the dragon-myth. It was an idea undoubtedly familiar to the Aryans in their primitive home, before they separated, and it has determined in great degree the character of the myth in the legendary lore of Asia and of Europe. It has also, in some countries, as in China for example, where cloud-dragons are familiar, had much to do with the special character of the monster as represented in art. To the Hindus the dragon was a writhing, throttling snake, a huge, many-headed presentation of physical ill, or a loathsome monster engendered in miasm, mist, and slime. His inflictions, too, were recurring, they were as the heads of Hydra that grew afresh as they were cut off, as the snakes of Zohák that sprang again as they were destroyed, as the body of the Lambton worm that united as often as it was severed.

The influence of these ideas of conflict and recurring ill is to be found everywhere in Hindu mythology, and Siva, Vishnu, and other deities are constantly doing battle with monsters. Such ideas have passed largely into the epic literature of India; and in the *Rámáyana*, for example, the hero Ráma—into whom Vishnu infused half his essence—destroys the ten-headed giant Rávana. It was in the nature

of things that in the presence of this great tragedy, wherein his fate was balanced, the Hindu should have become habituated to fear, and to an attitude of mind that predisposed him to awe. We are told, indeed, by Sir Monier Williams that, at the present day, the worship of full ninety per cent. of the people of India is a worship of fear. The progress from fear to awe, and from awe to propitiation, is a very natural one, and accounts exactly for the development of the dragon-myth. The creature



PERSIAN DRAGONS.

(Drawn by A. G. Macgregor. From Examples at South Kensington.)

that chained up the necessities of life might be approached with reverence, and propitiated with sacrifice; and the Hindus have, indeed, many stories of serpentine monsters to which beautiful damsels have been given up. It would be interesting here to consider the relationship of reverence for the dragon in its cobra form to serpent worship proper; but the field is a wide one, and is beyond our present purpose.

To the Chinese and Japanese belongs the credit of having conceived the dragon in the most terrific shape that has ever been given to it; and it would probably be impossible to express in animal form greater fierceness and malignity than are depicted in



the emblem of Chinese royalty. It is also in China that the dragon reaches its highest pinnacle as an object of reverence, for not only is it emblazoned on imperial standards and figured in almost every prominent position as a decoration, but it is markedly an object of propitiation, and festivals are held in its honour. Yet its connection with the root-ideas of the Hindus is never lost, for it is a monster of mists and waters, and is painted issuing from clouds. Ling-Wong, the dragon-king, has in his keeping the fountains of the deeps, and from him are the rains derived. There is evidence also of human sacrifice to the monster, for Hiouen-Tsang (the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim to India, seventh century A.D.) relates how that one Wat-Yuen, on the failure

of a river, immolated himself in propitiation of its dragon; and, at the dragon-boat-festivals, it is now believed that the boats intimidate the monster. Such ideas were probably carried to China and Japan with Buddhism (and perhaps there engrafted on national myths), for Buddha himself was a dragon-slayer, and there is much in Hiouen-Tsang throwing light upon the subject. It is possible very clearly to trace the dragon of Japan as a creature of marsh and slime, to which propitiation was made; and it may be of interest to mention that a fairy story is now being sold in Tokio, entitled "Yamata no Orochi," in which an eight-headed monster is appeased, much as in the chivalric myth, by the sacrifice of maidens. In a previous volume

of THE MAGAZINE OF ART (iii., p. 376) an illustration was given of a Japanese storm-dragon of somewhat unusual aspect, rising up from the cloudy darkness, as if he would encompass Fusi-Yama, the mountain of light; and excellent examples in *cloisonné* enamel and bronze from South Kensington are reproduced on this page.

The form given to the dragon by the Persians was different, but



CHINESE AND JAPANESE DRAGONS.

(Drawn by A. G. Macgregor. From Examples at South Kensington.)

equally characteristic, as will be seen by the illustrations on page 331. The conflict of good and evil, and the propitiation of the monster typical of the latter, are also to be found in Persia. In the Zend-Avesta, Ahriman, the principle of evil, is defeated by Mithra, the angel of Ormuzd; and, in his despite, creates a three-headed dragon, Azhi-Dahâka, which is slain by Thrâetaona. Again, in the "Shah Nameh" of Firduzi, Ahriman, disguised, kisses the shoulders of Zohâk, and from the kiss spring venomous serpents, which are replaced as they are destroyed, and are appeased only by the brains of men; but in the end Zohâk is seized and chained to a rock, where he perishes beneath the rays of the sun, his tongue being consumed by thirst.

Such ideas as these were deeply rooted in ancient thought, and were widely spread indeed, being transmitted from one nation to another, or were evoked by the same cause. In many places in the Holy Scriptures we read of the dragons in the waters; and are told by Isaiah (xxvii. 1) of the day when the Lord "with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish leviathan the piercing serpent, even leviathan that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea." There is a well-known story, too, of the intermittent "Virgin's Spring" at Jerusalem, whose waters are swallowed up in the waking moments of its guardian dragon. I need but allude to the evidence of ancient propitiation of monsters of the Nile, a theme which has been used by Ebers in his novel "Die Nilbraut;" and the figure of the Chaldean Merodach fighting his quadruped dragon, which is clad with scales, armed with claws, and even furnished with wings, is well known. The general argument here laid down, of the dragon as a withholder of water, and of the progress from fear, through awe, to propitiation with sacrifice, might have been illustrated a hundred-fold.

It should be observed here that the dragon with Oriental peoples, and indeed in many of his Western developments, has been conceived in serpentine or saurian form; and that his powers of flight, as we know them in historic times, are the addition of poets or artists, who have sought, in mighty wings, to endow him with greater terrors. Milton—in describing the

return of Satan to Pandemonium, where he recounts to the assembled powers his victory over mankind, and is greeted with "a dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn," from the transformed demons, himself being changed to a dragon—has finely distinguished the monster from the snaky tribe out of which he has grown ("Paradise Lost," x. 519—32):—

"For now were all transformed  
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories  
To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarming now  
With complicated monsters head and tail,  
Scorpion, and asp, and amphisbæna dire,  
Cerastes horned, hydrus, and elops drear,  
And dipsas. Not so thick swarmed once the soil  
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
Ophiusa. But still greatest he the midst,  
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
Engendered in the Pythian vale on slime,  
Huge Python, and his power no less he seemed  
Above the rest still to retain."

I have yet to show the growth of such ideas in Western lands, and how, when the dragon-myth was carried thither, there was always for man some hidden treasure, deep in the waters, or locked up in the mountain, which was his, and which he might recover; but he must be as Percival, brave, and as Galahad, pure, before the prize fell to his hand. He must gain it by the sheer might of his arm from the monster of sin that slept upon it, or must seek it in penance and purity of heart, as the knights sought for the Grail. There was rich treasure somewhere destined for him, which the enemy had stolen away, or which something kept back, as from one defrauded of his right, or, it might be, held unworthy of his inheritance. Sometimes, indeed, there were mystic ways of reaching it, as with the treasure of the Teutons, which rose toward the surface panting to be taken, or there was the "wonder-flower" that opened the doorway of its hiding-place, or the golden rod, whose magic power might add heavenly joy to earthly gold. And, more than all, there were the stout heart and the true hand, by whose might the rapacious monster should be slain. But, yet, in every development, this foe is still the Vedic rain-stealer, the throttling snake, the thief, who was also the seducer, the malignant adversary, and the universal enemy of man.



(Drawn by J. Morris.)

## OUR ARTISTS AND OUR UNIVERSITIES.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.



O much has been talked of late of the rewards and acknowledgments offered to artists in recognition of their merits in the direction of medals, knighthood, and the like, that what is in some respects the greatest honour to which a painter, architect, or sculptor in England may

aspire, is usually lost sight of by the general public. I refer to the honorary degrees that have from time to time been awarded by our great Universities to artists—painters, sculptors, and architects—as well as to art-writers. I am specially reminded of this grade of honour, which has always been more sparingly conferred than that of knighthood, by the dignities, superlative and unprecedented in their character, to which the late M. Meissonier and M. Paul Dubois were not long since raised by the French Government, and more particularly by the conferment of the degree of LL.D. upon Mr. G. Richmond by the University of Cambridge. With the question of the competence of the tribunal which decides upon the fitness of the subject whom it singles out for its recognition, I need hardly deal; nor will I venture to criticise it; for it is hardly to be expected that the governing body of a seat of learning should be able to take a just measure of the merit of men whose work and whose temperament so entirely differ from their own. Yet, looking for the names of those who have been called into honorary membership of the Universities—apart from honorary “Fellowships” and “Studentships”—it may be assumed that accomplished success commands the first attention of the authorities, greatness of aim and loftiness of mind, as well as greatness of achievement, being generally a leading factor in the selection; for mere popularity has very properly no weight whatever. The University of Oxford has always been to the fore in honouring the arts, and at the present moment counts more artists on the pages of its honour-roll than is the case with its sister University. Some artists there are, but very few, who, like Mr. Briton Riviere to-day, and Henry Peacham, M.A. (Camb.), and the Rev. W. Peters, R.A., LL.D. (Oxon.), in times past, are or have been members of a University by

examination; while Slade Professors, like Professor Herkomer and Professor Richmond, have had conferred upon them the honorary degree of Master of Arts. But such distinctions hardly come within the category to which I desire to refer—the dignities conferred upon outside artists who have no personal claim whatever upon the attention of the Universities.

Such were those which Oxford conferred on Sir Christopher Wren on September 12th, 1661 (D.C.L.)\* and on Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1773 (LL.D.). But in truth, art has always fared ill at the hands of the senates, in comparison with persons of rank, with writers, scientists, diplomatists, politicians, and theologians. At the present time these Doctorates of Civil Law are published at the *Encœnia*, or at those commemorations of founders and benefactors which are only held in June. At Cambridge, where a distinction is made between honorary and titular degrees, the former, we are told, are confined to persons of the rank or official status of bishops, judges, deans, peers, and so forth.

The ceremony or operation which the person selected for the distinction of an honorary degree is fated to undergo, as the reader is probably well aware, is hardly calculated to impress the new doctor with the dignity and solemnity of his appointment and consecration. Who is not familiar, either by attendance or by newspaper report, with the scene in the Theatre or the Senate-house when the degrees are about to be conferred? Who has not heard of those worthies standing in Indian file, or sitting round in the hired robes of their degree in what may be called Christy-Minstrel fashion, with the Chancellor as the “Middle Man,” bearing, with more or less composure, according to temperament, the noise, the interruption, and the chaff of the boisterously irrepressible undergraduate? Who amongst those who were there will be likely to forget the “red cotton night-cap” let down on Robert Browning’s head, or the banter under which the sensitive Poet Laureate so visibly suffered? But chaff is short and life is long; and it may be fairly assumed that there are few who would not willingly bear with patience the good-humoured, if somewhat trying, ordeal for the sake of the permanent honour that remains behind.

\* This, however, according to one authority, was not altogether honorary, as Wren had taken his B.A., 1650, as a member of Wadham, and M.A. in 1653, as Fellow of All Souls.



Looking through the list of degrees conferred during the last half-century, I find, as I have said, that Oxford has been more ungrudging in its hospitality than such of the other Universities as have power to grant honorary degrees. From 1809 to 1850 only four artists were summoned to Oxford as worthy of the honour of membership—Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. (1820), Sir David Wilkie, R.A. (1834), R. Westmacott, R.A. (1836), and C. Cockerell, R.A., architect (1844). During the following twenty years but three persons—two of them artists, and one of them an art-writer—were officially recognised: Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., in 1853; Mr. George Richmond, R.A., in 1867; and Gustave Waagen, of Berlin, in 1857. In 1870, however, the date of Lord Salisbury's installation, four men identified with the arts were made recipients. Among those who followed in the Marquis's train, the first was Sir Edwin Landseer, who, five years previously, had declined the offer of the Presidency of the Royal Academy; though by the mere fact of his election he actually *was* President of the Immortals for the space of a fortnight or thereabouts. Next was Sir Francis Grant, at that time President of the Royal Academy; then Sir William Boxall, Director of the National Gallery, and a good deal esteemed at the time by a certain section of the public as a portrait-painter, but already well-nigh forgotten; and Mr. James Fergusson, who died in 1886. His name may properly be included in the list, although he was, in point of fact, not a practising architect, but only a writer—the writer, *par excellence*—on the art. It was not until nine years later that Sir Frederick Leighton, who had recently been elected to the position left vacant by the death of Sir Francis Grant, received his degree at the Encœnia. In the following year—in 1880—Sir Everett Millais was similarly honoured, though he was still destined to wait five years before he received his baronetcy. In 1881 Mr. Burne-Jones, and in 1882 Mr. Watts, both received their D.C.L.; but it was not without some hesitation that the latter artist was induced to sufficiently emerge from his retirement into the public view to receive the tribute of our most ancient seat of learning. Finally, in 1890, Mr. Orchardson received the well-deserved honour, coming easily through the ordeal in consequence, apparently, of the ignorance of the undergraduates as to who on earth he was; while, last month (June), Mr. Briton Riviere was similarly distinguished.

At Cambridge the honorary degree of LL.D. is conferred under Chapter III., Section 5, Part I. of the University Statutes. Within the same period as that with which I have dealt in the case of Oxford—that is to say, from 1850—only five degrees (LL.D.) have been conferred. The first recipient was Sir

Charles Eastlake (President of the Royal Academy) in 1864—the year before his death—partly in virtue of the office named, as well as that of Director of the National Gallery, and of Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery and the British Museum. In 1867 came Mr. Ruskin on the occasion of his appointment as Rede Lecturer. In 1874 Sir George Gilbert Scott, R.A., received the attention of the University, although curiously enough his professional work at St. John's College, Cambridge, compares but poorly in point of elaborateness and extent with that which he carried out at Oxford. It is to be assumed, however, that the Albert Memorial which he had then completed, and the fact that he had just succeeded to the Presidency of the Institute of Architects, provided the occasion. In 1879, on his accession to the Presidency of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton was “doctored,” within a few weeks of the kindred honour awarded him at Oxford; and in 1883 the merits of Mr. Watts, R.A., and in 1890 those of Mr. George Richmond, R.A., were recounted by the Public Orator to the assembled graduates and undergraduates in more or less florid Latin. Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Watts, and Mr. G. Richmond are thus the only living artists, and Mr. Ruskin the only living art-writer, who have received the attention of both the Universities.

Since 1858 the University of Edinburgh has received six professors of the arts within its fold. The first, in 1876, was Sir J. Noel Paton, who had for ten years already been Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland, before he received the Edinburgh degree of LL.D. The second, in 1871, was Sir Daniel Macnee, a year before his death. Five years previously he had succeeded Sir George Harvey as President of the Royal Scottish Academy of Arts. The next year the favoured one was James Fergusson, the architectural writer, some twelve years after Oxford had recognised his merits. In 1884, on the occasion of the Tercentenary Graduation, three artists found themselves among the little crowd of recipients. The first was Mr., now known as Dr., Rowand Anderson, the brilliant and accomplished architect of the Edinburgh University New Buildings, and many another work of the first importance. The second was Sir Frederick Leighton; and the third, Sir William Fettes Douglas, who two years previously had been elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Only once has the University of Glasgow made a Doctor of Laws of an artist, the occasion being when, in 1876, Sir Daniel Macnee was elected to the Scottish Academy. It is the more curious that Glasgow has been so jealous of its nominations, as within the same time five engineers and naval architects have been inscribed upon its honour-roll. No



other University has taken the slightest notice of the artist, holding him, as the Japanese do in their own country, as being personally of no account, although it is his work beyond that of any other which sheds the lustre of glory upon his country, and, as Mr. Watts recently pointed out, alone makes that country a living thing for posterity. The University of London, indeed, has no power to grant honorary degrees; but it is highly likely that in course of time the Senate may set itself to obtain the necessary authority. Indeed, Mr. Arthur Milman, in writing upon this subject, says: "I think that it is probable, in the event of a new or supplemental charter being at any time applied for, such powers would be asked." In the case of the University of Durham, and that of Ireland, no honorary degrees have ever been conferred upon artists, though I am not aware that it is without the power to do so. Indeed, the bestowal of them appears to be regarded with some aversion, and, as the secretary of the latter institution has expressed it, "The Senate is by no means willing to approve of the conferring of such degrees unless under very exceptional circumstances." But the reader might well ask himself if the possession of genius in the production of art is not a circumstance sufficiently exceptional to command recognition. The University of Wales has no charter to confer degrees of any kind; and the Victoria University has not, I am informed, "exercised its powers of granting honorary degrees in more than one case; and the recipient did not belong to the profession of either painter, sculptor, or architect."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who enjoys similar privileges of degree-conferring as the Universities, has exercised his right, within the period with which we have been dealing, on no fewer than four hundred occasions; but although these "Lambeth degrees" have been liberally distributed among professors of music and medicine, as well as theologians, not a single artist is to be found upon the list. In the same way the Universities of Aberdeen and St. Andrew have never recognised the artist, the minister of religion being the almost exclusive object of their attention.

How times are changed! How different is this to the old days when Art exerted her beneficent sway in the Italy of the Renaissance—when popes and cardinals and dukes vied with each other in honouring the artist, conferring upon him knighthood, titles of nobility, and chains and medals of gold, and other baubles! But the relationship of Art to life is changed too. Then Art was the handmaid of religion, and existed in great measure for the glorification of God and his worship; and it was politic on the part of the powers that were to nurture the excellence that suggested and inspired and encouraged devotion. Now, religious art is dead or dying, and the patronage has gone from the Church and taken refuge with the middle-class collector and the advertising tradesman. The transition is fairly complete: from the Cathedral to the Stock Exchange; from Godliness to cleanliness; from the altar and the cabinet to candles, screws, and soap.

### "THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL."

PAINTED BY A. A. ANDERSON. ETCHED BY EUGÈNE CHAMPOLLION.

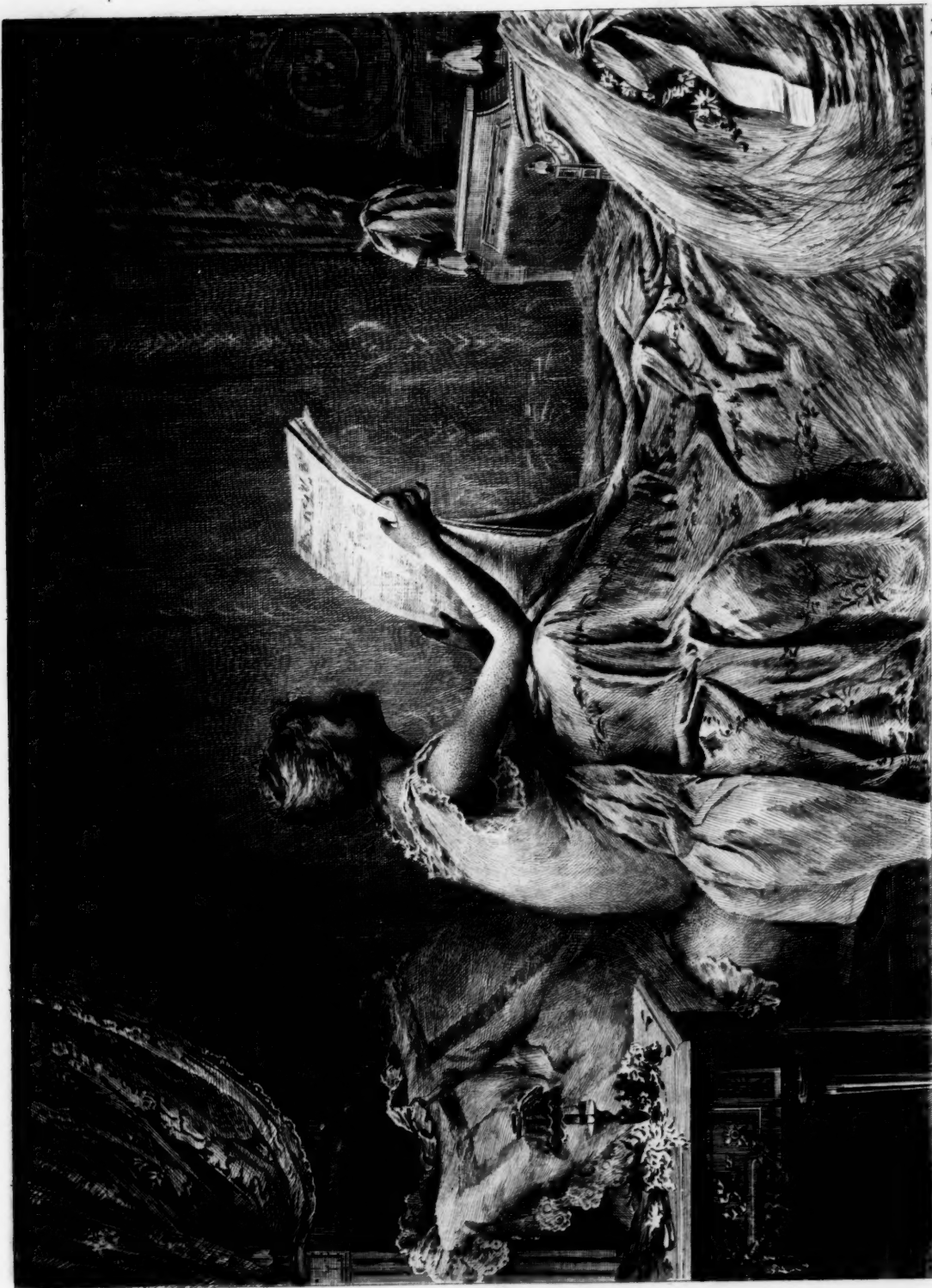
ADVANCING rapidly to the front rank among the younger of the American figure-painters, Mr. A. A. Anderson is one of those who, by education and taste, might also be classed with the French school. It would seem that one of the most notable characteristics of American figure-painters—we expressly exclude the landscapists—is the capacity for imitation and absorption of foreign methods and foreign feeling: originally, perhaps, a virtue, but, in result, disastrous to its American individualism. Mr. Anderson's picture, which forms our frontispiece, is a fair example of our argument. Though the pupil of M. Bonnat and of Cabanel, Mr. Anderson, in "The Morning after the Ball," is a lineal descendant of Greuze, and the follower of not one of his countrymen. Delicacy of touch and daintiness of detail are

combined in a graceful picture, and together with them just the amount of artificiality one expects in a French picture of this sort.

M. Champollion, the etcher, of an age with the painter, has been an exhibitor at the Salon since 1876, and has translated the works of Fortuny, Bastien-Lepage, Baudry, among modern masters, and is perhaps best known in England for his rendering of Mr. Richardson's "Hard Hit." The pupil of Gaucherel and Hédouin, he belongs to that school which regards no longer the original function of etching, but holds any means to be legitimate by which the quality of a picture may be reproduced—using, in fact, the etching-needle much as if it were the burin of the line-engraver, or the pencil of the engraver in stipple.







Champollion, sculp.

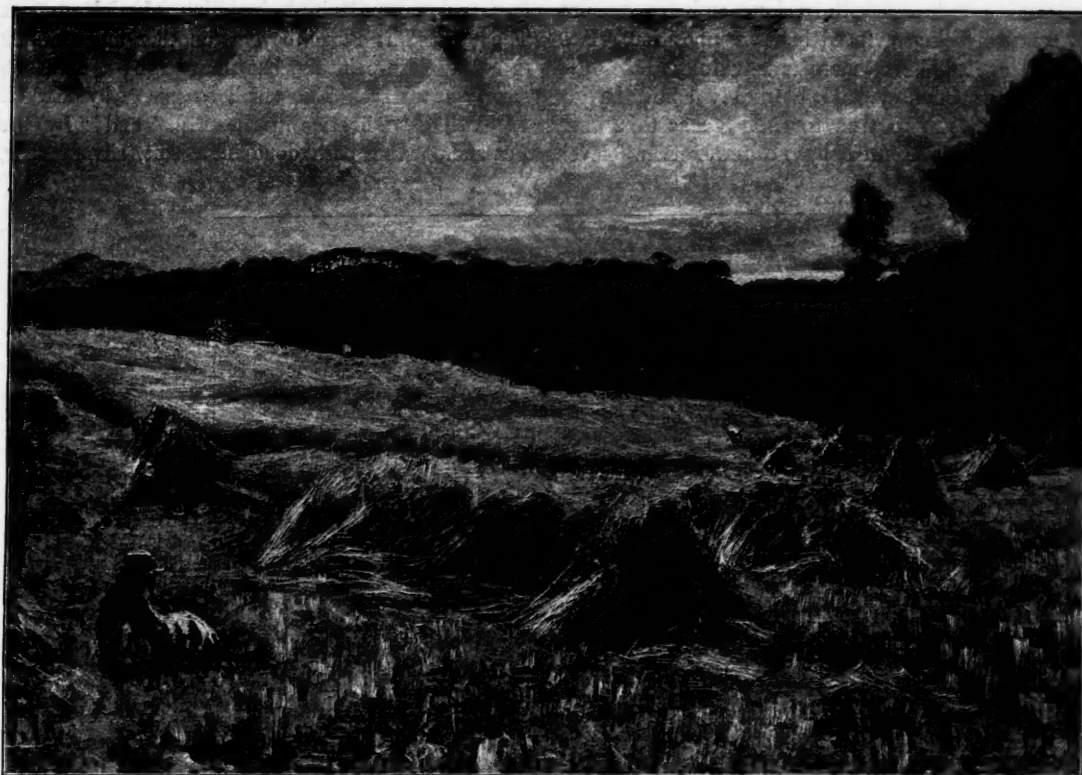
THE MORNING AFTER THE BALL.

A.A. Anderson, pinx.

Magazine of Art.







A WELSH HARVEST.

(From the Painting by Anderson Hague.)

## THE MADDOCKS COLLECTION AT BRADFORD.—II.

By BUTLER WOOD.

IN continuing the subject of Mr. Maddocks's pictures, I have still to deal with the younger men who, as I have said before, are the main contributors to the collection.

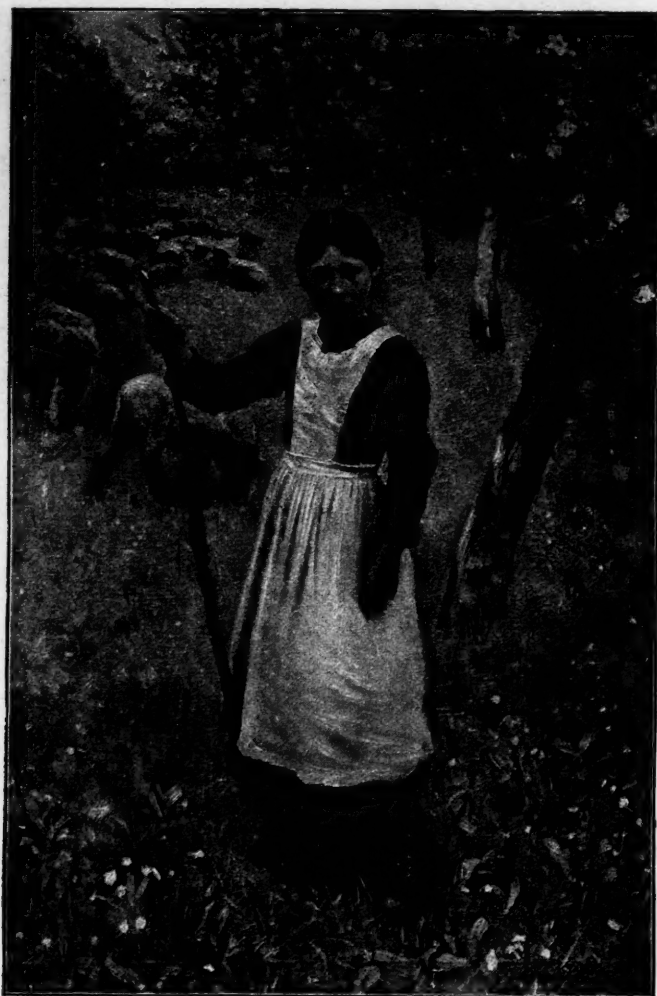
Mr. Leslie Thomson contributes some of the most satisfactory landscapes I have seen for a long time. His two pictures, "The Wreck" and "Poole Harbour," are full of poetic feeling, dignity, and repose, the latter quality being all the more conspicuous on account of its absence in much recent landscape work. These charming pictures show a restraint of power and sincerity of purpose which are very refreshing. Mr. J. Buxton Knight is another artist who is making rapid progress in landscape painting. In his "Scene on the Medway" the atmospheric effects are rendered with a force and strength not unworthy of Old Crome; indeed, in this respect he combines many of the excellencies of Constable and Turner. "Knaresbro'," by the same artist, is a fine example of foliage painting and true colour

values. The marine pieces of Alexander Harrison are always full of breadth and energy. He is one of the few men who have caught the true spirit of sea painting, and his "Silvery Sea" is worthy of his reputation.

I now turn for a moment to what, from the point of view of the general public, was perhaps the most popular picture in the late exhibition. It is painted by Ivanowitch, and represents an Albanian bandit executing a sword dance, surrounded by an admiring and excited group of comrades. (See p. 301.) The canvas is a large one, and noticeable on account of the life and animation pervading every figure, the face of each individual offering a fine study of expression. It is a specimen of what high training in draughtsmanship can accomplish, an object which, in fact, with many continental artists seems to be the ultimate aim of their art. Geoffroy's "Children Leaving School" also exhibits great powers of drawing and modelling (see p. 341), but is finer than the previous picture

by reason of its beautiful colour and the amount of genuine feeling evinced in its composition. Few living artists have more successfully portrayed children as Geoffroy, and I frankly admit having seen no picture so true to child-life as this. Mr. Clausen is represented by no fewer than eleven

free and unconstrained handling of rich greens. The "Berkshire Ploughboy" is another fine example of ruddy flesh-painting, but if anything a little too solidly modelled. Two small sea-pieces by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, "Bringing in the Fish" and "By the Sea-shore," are both done in a soft, silvery tone,



THE SHEPHERDESS.

(From the Painting by George Clausen.)

works of a high character, the most important being perhaps "The Shepherdess," which is an admirable specimen of Mr. Clausen's best manner, and displays feeling and atmosphere. His colour-scheme is simple, yet satisfactory, and skilfully elaborated. The girl's figure is modelled with almost sculptural strength, and the face painted with that ruddy glow of health which he is so clever in rendering. The "Boy Tending Sheep" comes very closely in order of merit, distinguished as it is by

and so true to nature that they almost bring the breath of the sea with them.

A young Belgian artist of the impressionist school, Mr. E. Claus, contributes two or three works which bear the unmistakable stamp of genius upon them. Take, for example, "Ducks among the Corn," which is remarkable for the admirable way in which a flood of pure sunlight is thrown upon a mass of waving corn. The impression of a multitude of corn-stalks is naturally

given, a few apparently unmeaning strokes of the brush bringing them out with startling distinctness. Indeed, the picture throughout is a splendid example of good spontaneous colouring and fine draughtsmanship. "Poultry" also shows clever management of light under difficult conditions. In this case there is a dense underwood penetrated by

which convey a sense of truthful rendering altogether lacking in the Frenchman's work. Such comparisons might be multiplied indefinitely; mostly to the advantage of the French as regards technical skill, and to the English in their greater fidelity to nature.

Mr. E. Stott is another impressionist whose



WASHING-DAY.

(From the Painting by J. R. Reid.)

masses of light of varying intensity, and which are thrown on the poultry with fine effect.

In the matter of pure technique many opportunities of comparison are afforded by Mr. Maddocks's French examples. Take Firmin-Girard's "Gathering Flowers." It is very correct in colour and drawing, and the figures are well managed; yet the general effect is somewhat laboured, and suggestive of the studio. Place this beside Hague's "Cottage by the Sea," and the skilful handling of the former at once shows to advantage; but on the other hand Hague's picture displays a freedom and spontaneity of treatment, and a wealth of warmth and colour which are quite beyond the reach of Girard, and

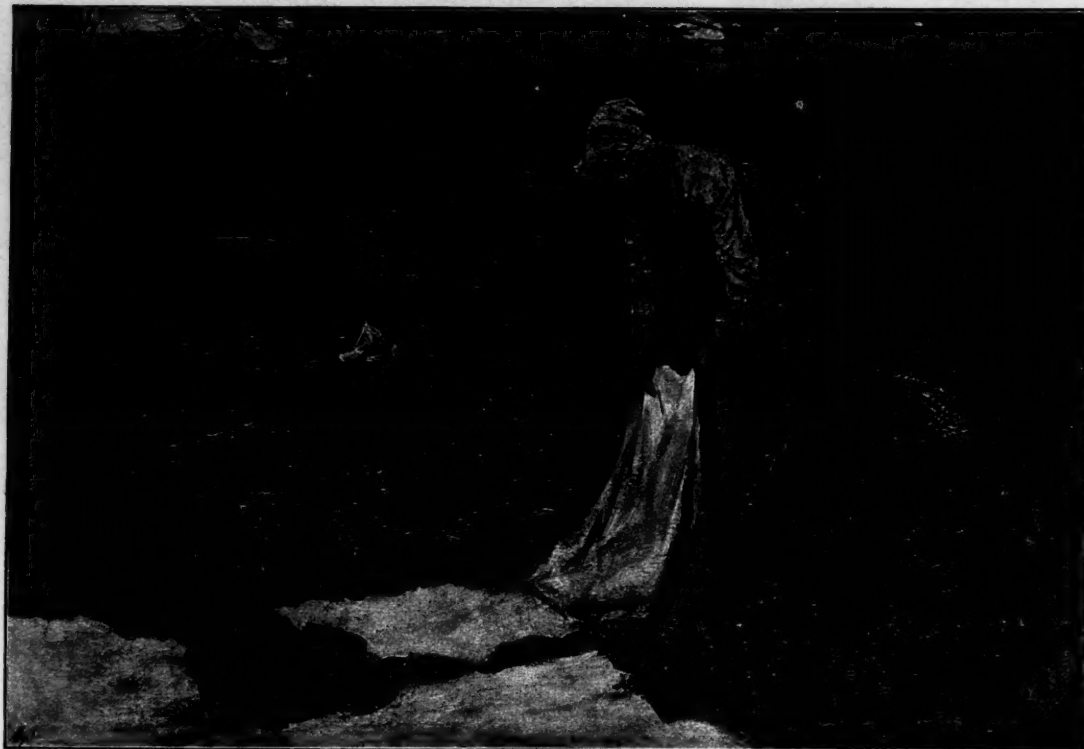
work is found in Mr. Maddocks's collection. "Feeding the Ducks" contains more of the realism and less of the poetry which one expects from Stott, but the same remark does not apply to "The Bathers," which is the most subtle and poetical in feeling which I have yet seen by this gifted artist. It represents a few boys bathing in the river, on the opposite side of which the great red setting sun is glowing with an intense glare which suffuses and seems to penetrate every object in the landscape. It is difficult to avoid a comparison between Stott's "God's Acre" and a similar picture in the same collection by Murray, whose aims and methods are as dissimilar as it is possible to be. From the work



Stott has already done, it is not difficult to predict for him a bright future. What he seems to need now is a firmer and more decisive touch, in order to give a truer interpretation of those high qualities of poetic feeling, pathos, and imagination with which he is so richly endowed.

I must not omit to mention Bouche's "Village Street," which is one of the most attractive pictures

well grouped and excellently drawn, and the picturesque cottages which fill in the background are prettily rendered. Apart from a somewhat leaden sky, the picture is a very pleasing one. A highly-finished work by Béraud, "The Tourists," was placed on the line, where its details could be seen to advantage. It is a good example of those scenes of street and travel incident for which this artist is noted.



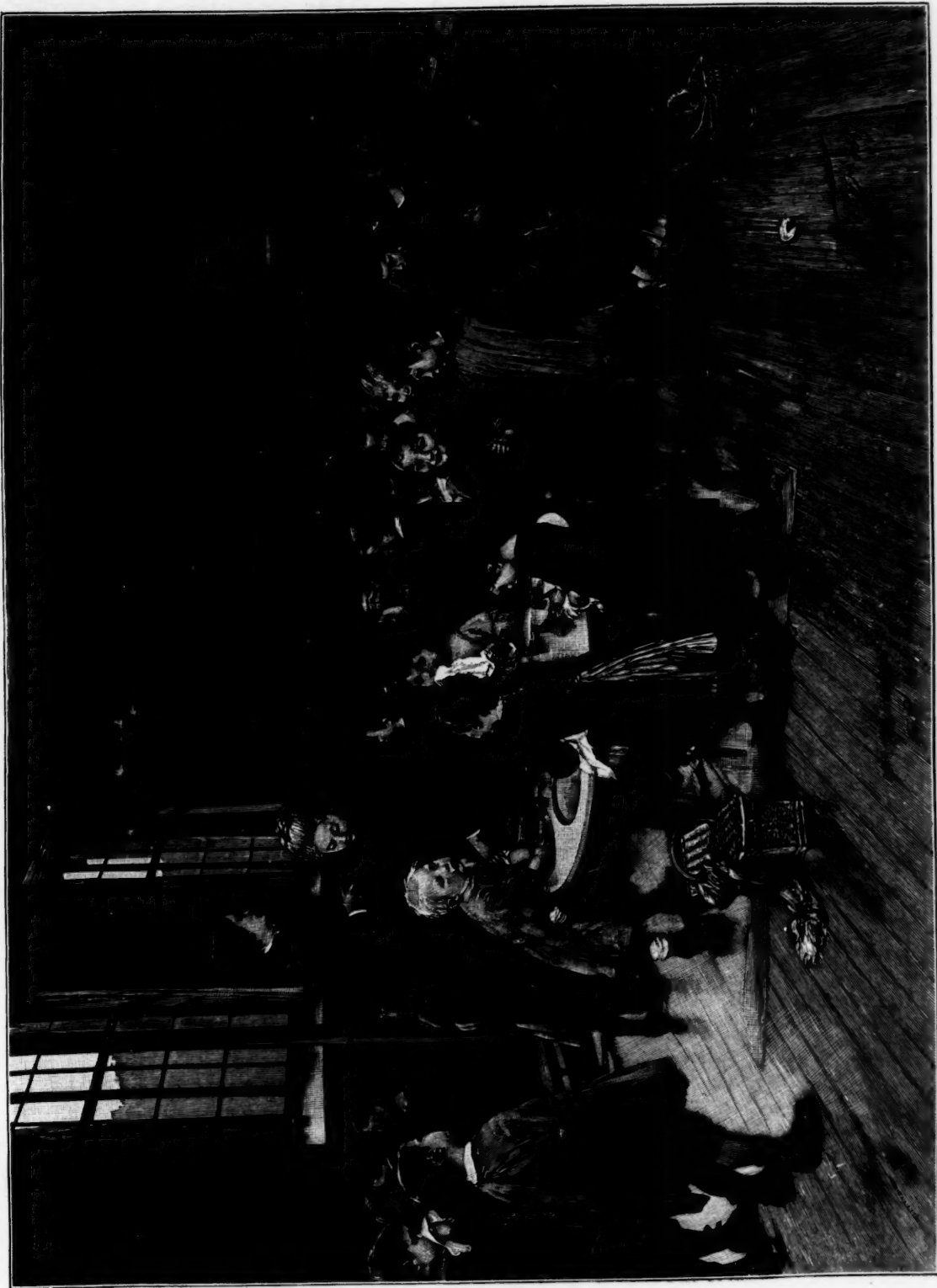
THE WASHERWOMAN.

(From the Painting by Anton Mauve.)

in the collection. The street is almost deserted, presenting on one side a strong sunlight, and on the other a beautiful luminous shadow, while the flock of ducks waddling solemnly across accentuate the air of stillness rather than otherwise. The whole picture shows a calmness and repose suggestive of Corot, and an atmosphere palpitating with light. Another picture by this clever artist is a "River Scene," painted in a refined and delicate style, and pervaded by that calm repose so conspicuous in the previous picture. This is followed by F. W. Jackson's "Hayfield," a fine bit of natural colouring, and painted in a most faithful manner. In his "Low Tide, Bosham," the same artist has produced a really clever piece of work. It represents an inlet of the sea at low water. In the foreground the boats are

Courtois, another French artist, contributed a "Portrait of a Lady," somewhat after Sir F. Leighton's manner, but more solidly modelled.

A collection of this character would scarcely be complete without some contributions from Mr. Anderson Hague. "The Cornfield" is painted in his well-known style, though the "Welsh Harvest" must be remembered as a superior picture. (See p. 337.) Perhaps it is the best piece of work he has done for a long time. Its bold, striking colour, fulness and depth of tone, and sense of motion in cloud and atmosphere, show a high level of artistic work. Quite as successful is the "Chrysanthemums," which solves the difficult problem of disposing brilliantly coloured flowers against a suitable background. Several pictures by Mr. J. R. Reid



LEAVING SCHOOL.  
(From the Painting by J. Geoffroy. Engraved by Jonnard.)



are included in the collection, the "Washing-Day" being in his best manner, and without the garishness of some of his later works. (See p. 339.) His "Love Letter" represents a girl reading a letter from her sweetheart. She is in a garden surrounded by blossoms, leaves, and grass, which make

Cox, or "The Minnows," where colour and atmosphere are finely rendered. In the presentation of homely cottages with their creamy tints he is distinctly clever; the "Knife-Grinder," one of this kind, being a good example. His landscape, "The Lost Hat," contains an amount of solid



THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

(From the Painting by J. Charles.)

a most appropriate setting for the lovely figure of the girl, whose face is lighted up with a beautiful expression, and whose general pose is exceedingly well done. Many of his smaller pictures were also in the gallery, but space will not admit of description. Passing Mr. David Murray's "Angler," which shows all his delicate and refined treatment, we again come to a group of works by Mr. Charles, whose versatility is evident in subjects so diversely treated as "The Hayrick," for instance, in which the driving clouds are rendered with the force of

drawing and vigour in treatment which is very effective.

Mr. Charles is fond of trying to catch the ever-varying moods of nature, especially particular phases of the seasons or effects of light and atmosphere. The collection includes a large number of fine studies of this character, many of which will prove of service to those art-students who may care to observe the method of work followed by this artist. The two companion pictures by Mr. Charles, "In Disgrace" and "Nursing Dolly," are excellent figure



studies, which exhibit something of the beautiful feeling and general treatment of Albert Moore.

Among the smaller pictures are a few which should not be passed over without mention. Two by Mr. R. Noble, named respectively "Meudon" and "Charenton," are noticeable on account of the peculiar vitreous and enamel-like surface of the pictures, which gives them the appearance of glazed porcelain. The effect is by no means unpleasant, although unusual, and one, I should imagine, peculiar to this artist. Mr. R. McGregor contributes several small landscapes, all of which are distinguished by their pearly grey tones and a busy movement of clouds, which suggests a notion of great activity in the elements.

Before parting company with the collection I will just mention two more pictures, which, though painted by foreign painters, are essentially English in spirit. The first one, by E. Barau, represents an old convent, surrounded by the usual outbuildings belonging to a farmstead. There is nothing in the subject to recommend it, and therefore one is all the more struck with those technical excellencies which make the mere theme a matter of no importance. Its tones are delicately graduated, and, although in the colour-scheme dull greys and greens predominate, the picture asserts itself as a striking and distinguished piece of workmanship. The other is "The Washerwoman," by A. Mauve (see p. 340), whose method is quite as severe and restrained as Barau's, but who greatly excels in vigorous brushwork.

It will be evident from the slight description already given that the Bradford people were unusually fortunate in having the opportunity of inspecting such a collection of modern art as that which Mr. Councillor Maddocks has been able to place before them. It is almost too late in the day to dwell on the beneficial influence which exhibitions of this character exert upon the community, yet it is pleasant to know that a decided change for the better is observable in the working classes as regards their appreciation of art. Of course much of this is due to other agencies than that of the Art Gallery, but, however this may be, the change is no less apparent. It is manifested in an intelligent appreciation of good pictures, and an ability to discern technical qualities which ten or twelve years ago they would have been incapable of understanding. Even the casual loungee in the gallery, who merely comes to while away an idle hour or to see his fellow-creatures and to be seen himself, is unconsciously elevated and refined by coming in contact with those beautiful embodiments of form and colour which greet his eye at every turn. The influence of art is being shown not merely in the galleries of the rich; it is to be seen, too, in the homes of the common people, and is being manifested in a direction where it has long been sorely needed—namely, in the improved quality of artistic work displayed in the textile productions of the locality.

### "The Habit does not make the Monk."

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE BY G. F. WATTS, R.A., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1889.

*A PALMER came to my lady's door,  
All in a mantle gray—  
His face was hid by the hood he wore,  
And he humbly knocked, and pleaded sore  
That he a while might stay.  
His voice was low, and he pleaded sore—  
She could not say him nay.*

*My lady has welcomed the palmer in;  
For courteous ever is she:  
And to cheer his heart she would fain begin,  
Yet first may surely his blessing win  
Who has journeyed across the sea,—  
The pilgrim's grace she may surely win—  
Who has worshipped across the sea.*

*He has taken the lady by her hand—  
Ah! lady mine, beware!  
He has touched her bead with a rosy wand,  
And whispered a dream of a pleasant land  
Fit for a lady fair.—  
But whose is the shrine in that dainty land?  
Ah! lady mine, beware!*

*Under his mantle was rose-red glow,  
And his eyes like sparkling wine—  
And surely my lady now must know  
What rascal it is that hath fooled her so,  
With his witchery divine.  
Ah, lady! well do those blushes show  
What faintly guest was thine!*

EDWARD F. STRANGE.

## THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF MINIATURE ART.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

FROM WILLIAM WOOD (1760-1809) TO THE PRESENT TIME.

By J. LUMSDEN PROPERT.

THERE are so many artists belonging to this period of miniature-painting that I hardly know where to stop. Several of them painted very well, and I have no doubt really produced many of the specimens usually attributed to better known artists. It is hopeless to notice them all, especially as many of them were not, as far as I know, represented at the Burlington. There are one or two, however, of these less known men who have decidedly gained a reputation there. John Comerford (1773-1835), for instance, has proved to be an admirable painter. The series of his works in all stages of finish exhibited by Mr. Whitehead was most instructive, and—together with the next artist I will mention, William Wood (1760-1809)—may furnish us with the possible origin of many so-called Cosways. There may be works of Comerford's still in Ireland, for he practised almost entirely in Dublin, but he has not hitherto been much known here.

William Wood may be said to have been almost unknown until the sale of effects possessed by his descendants took place at Ipswich two or three years ago. There turned up his sketch-books, note-books, and many capital specimens of his work. If anything, he is a little over-brilliant in colour; but, after all, that is a fault which time, alas! corrects all too soon. The largest number of specimens by him was shown by Mr. Whitehead; who, as a collector, has been of infinite use to one who wishes to tread the bypaths, as it were, of miniature-painting; for his enormous and varied collection contains specimens from hands which may be vainly sought elsewhere. Anne Foldstone, better known as Mrs. Mee (died 1851), was another of those instances of deteriorated work under the inexorable lash of fashion. Her earlier portraits, generally signed fully on the back "Anne Foldstone," are in every way admirable.

Such a specimen as Mrs. Singleton's Emma, Lady Hamilton, makes one angry with the cause which could play such havoc with real talent.

By the way, this portrait can hardly be rightly named. First, it in no way resembles the face familiar to us on the canvases of Romney and Reynolds; and, second, it is doubtful if Anne Foldstone (Mrs. Mee) could have painted Lady Hamilton. The date of Mrs. Mee's birth is uncertain, but she first exhibited miniatures at the Royal Academy in 1815, the very year when Emma Lyon ended her chequered career; and what a strange life was hers! First domestic servant; then artist's model, turning poor George Romney's head as he painted her lovely features; then posing as the statue of Hygeia in the rooms of the quack doctor in Pall Mall, where, curiously enough, the succeeding tenant was Richard Cosway; next, purchased by Sir William Hamilton from his nephew, Charles Greville, in payment of the latter's debts; made his



MRS. SHERIDAN.

(From the Miniature by William Wood.)

lawful wife, and accompanying him to Naples, where she became (recommended, according to tradition, by Maria Antoinette) the confidential adviser of the Queen, and finally captivating the heart and soul of England's great admiral. On that fatal October day\* in 1805 when Nelson's life-blood was ebbing away on the deck of the *Victory*, he commended the being he had loved so dearly to the care of "a grateful country;" and how well that extremely forgetful and soulless entity carried out the trust! The poor woman was allowed to die of starvation, a neglected outcast in the slums of Calais.

I pray the reader's pardon for this digression, but Lady Hamilton's history has always appeared to me one of the strangest romances of real life that

\* [As up to the other day the story ran unchallenged. —Ed.]

ever occurred, and a magnificent illustration of the fatal error of trusting popular justice, at one time swayed by hysterical emotion on behalf of some, probably, very unworthy object; at another, crassly deaf to the behests of the most illustrious servant.



JACK BANNISTER.

(From the Miniature by Henry Edridge.)

Henry Edridge (1769–1821) never ceased to be graceful. He was an admirable draughtsman and delicate colourist. He was fond of a certain style of miniature-painting which, to my mind, is peculiarly fitted to this branch of art. He finished the face perfectly, drew the hands admirably but slightly, and touched in the drapery just sufficiently to make a picture, but keeping it in due subordination to what, after all, is the chief object of a miniature—the face. Perhaps his natural taste for draughtsmanship was materially developed by his education as an engraver, which he acquired from William Pether. He was fond of landscape-painting, and some of his drawings—done abroad—are very highly spoken of. He also drew full-length portraits in lead-pencil, just tinting the face as Cosway did. He died the same year as Cosway (1821).

It is curious to note the influence that Reynolds exercised upon all the artists of his time. A large number of the miniaturists of that epoch formed their style by copying in little the works of the master; and Samuel Shelley (1750–1808) is said to have had no other artistic instruction whatever, but to have taught himself entirely by that method, and many of his copies still exist, generally signed in full on the back. His miniature style somewhat resembled Cosway's, but his flesh is generally in a

cooler key. Occasionally he introduced portraits into allegorical pictures, in the Angelica Kauffman manner; there were two or three thus treated at the Burlington.

Another artist who recalls Reynolds in pose, colour, and general treatment is James Nixon (1741–1812), who was appointed limner to the Prince Regent and miniature-painter to the Duchess of York. The old word "limner" had so long passed away that its revival sounds quite strange. He was an excellent miniaturist and a first-rate draughtsman. His portraits of Mrs. Harlowe, and Eliza Farren, Countess of Derby, at the Burlington, might pass very well for copies of Reynolds. I hardly know whether I ought to class Henry Bone (1779–1855), the enameller, amongst miniaturists. A descendant of his informs me that he never painted portraits from life, although his son, Henry Pierce Bone, did. He produced an amazing amount of work, and his enamels are, consequently, very common. He copied Titian, Raphael, Murillo, Reynolds, and others; besides several series of portraits, such as members of the Russell family from the time of Henry VII., the Royalists distinguished during the Civil War; eighty-five portraits of the great men of Elizabeth's reign, and many others. He obtained large prices occasionally. His copy of Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" sold for 2,200 guineas; and yet in his old age he was so poor that he was compelled to accept the Royal Academy pension. One of the most beautiful of all the enamels at the Bur-



LADY AND CHILD.

(From the Miniature by Samuel Shelley.)

lington was by him—Lady Dysart, copied from Reynolds. It has been specially mentioned before, when speaking of enamellers as artists.



Now we come to a mass of names which may be passed over very briefly. None of them can be said to come into the first rank, although here and there one may find a fair specimen attributed to one or the other, such as Henry Spicer, Charles Sheriff, Luke Sullivan, who, by-the-by, comes earlier in point of time, as he assisted Hogarth in the engraving of some of his plates. "The March to Finchley," for instance, is entirely by his hand. Samuel Cotes, a younger brother of Francis Cotes, R.A., preferred art to the apothecary's shop in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens; his crayon-portraits are better than his miniatures. John Plott, again, found art a more congenial employment than the *métier* of attorney's clerk, so became a pupil of Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter, and assisted Nathaniel Hone in miniature and enamel. John Bogle caught somewhat the smooth, enamel-like surface of John Smart, but never came up to his lovely colour. Adam and Frederic Buck, brothers, both painted miniatures, Adam taking the palm: he was very fond of profile, and some of his portraits are very well painted. William Grimaldi (1751-1830), the representative of the Grimaldis, Dukes of Genoa, was much patronised by Royalty, having been miniature-painter to George III., George IV., and the Duke and Duchess of York. He is largely represented in the Windsor collection, but, to my mind, never reached the high standard of many of his contemporaries.



LADY HAMILTON (SO-CALLED).

(From the Miniature by Mrs. Mee.)

regard to certain miniaturists who were at work in the late eighteenth century. I lately was shown a really fine miniature of a lady, signed "C. Wetherill, 1791." I never heard of the artist, but it was quite in the Cosway style and worthy of

a high place amongst contemporary work. Again, an eminent expert showed me a miniature which had been introduced to him as the finest Cosway ever painted. It certainly was not by Cosway, but entirely in his manner. On taking it out of the frame it proved to have been painted by "Jean." Redgrave mentions him as a native of Jersey, at one time in the navy, and subsequently a miniaturist; but his work is utterly unknown. It resembled Cosway to such an extent that only the most practised eye could detect any point of difference. No doubt the chief artist of any school sets the fashion as regards treatment and touch, and the chief aim of ordinary painters would be to come as near the great original as possible.



ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

(From the Miniature by Herself.)

With the nineteenth century the decadence of miniature-painting set in. All the chief artists were still at work, but few names of first-rate workers can be added to the eighteenth century list. Charlotte Jones (died 1847), the special *protégée* of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Charlotte, began exhibiting in 1801. She seems to have painted the Princess perpetually, and was much patronised by the Court *coterie*, and, on the whole, she produced many pleasing portraits. Lady Caroline Lamb, exhibited at the Burlington, was one of the best I have seen from her hand.

Andrew Robertson (1777-1845) deserves special mention. He came to London in 1800, and attracted the notice of Benjamin West, P.R.A., who sat to him for his portrait in miniature. This was the beginning of a successful career, and for many years, on the decline of Cosway and his contemporaries, he occupied the first place in the fashionable world. Many of his pupils became distinguished miniaturists, Sir William Ross amongst the number. Robertson possessed a cultivated mind in many ways; he was a good writer, a first-rate musician, and a very charitable man. He died at Hampstead in 1845. His work is always well-finished, correct in drawing, but sometimes crude in colour, rather pretty than vigorous, hardly equalling the quality of his immediate predecessors.



James Holmes (1777-1860) was, like Andrew Robertson, possessed of many accomplishments. He was born in 1777, and first apprenticed to an engraver. Subsequently he painted both in oil and water-colour, exhibiting *genre* pictures, generally of a humorous character, as well as portraits. His chief work, however, was that of a miniaturist. He painted George IV. and most of the Royal Family. Lord Byron was especially partial to him, and sat to him several times. The fine portrait of the poet, now in the collection of Isaac Falcke, Esq., and exhibited at the Burlington, was engraved for the collection of Byron's works, and is admirable in every way. His musical talents secured to him the special intimacy of the king, whilst his great conversational powers and genial nature endeared him to a wide circle of the best society.

One of the most original of the miniaturists of the century was Alfred Chalon, R.A. He was born in Geneva in 1780, and with his brother, John James Chalon, was placed in a mercantile house on the arrival of his family in England. The drudgery of a commercial life was highly distasteful to both brothers, and, with his father's consent, Alfred entered as a student at the Royal Academy in 1797. He soon acquired a bold, dashing style of drawing, which he retained to the end of his life. His miniatures on ivory are full of character, the accessories, such as drapery, lace, &c., being touched in with a spirit and elegance peculiarly his own. He is, however, almost better known by his small full-length portraits, nine or ten inches high. Hardly a celebrity in the first half of this century escaped him, and, from her present Majesty downwards, all passed under the hands of Alfred Chalon. Though French in manner, he was a true Englishman in heart, an accomplished musician, keen wit, and most genial host. He survived to a good old age, surrounded by troops of friends, and died in 1860, aged eighty years.

Sir William Ross, R.A., has already been spoken of as a pupil of Andrew Robertson. A delicate child, and debarred on that account from following the usual rough games of boyhood, he amused himself from his earliest years in taking likenesses. When quite young he carried off gold and silver medals from the Society of Arts and Royal Academy. Through

his association with Robertson his daily work was miniature-painting; but his ambition was to become an historic painter. He had already gained a medal for an oil-painting, "The Judgment of Brutus," and in 1825 he exhibited a large oil-painting at the Royal Academy, "Christ Casting out the Devils from the Maniac of the Tombs:" but his art-strength, if not his inclination, lay in the direction of miniature portraits, and in that branch he divided with Chalon and Sir William Newton all the work of the last years of miniature. He painted the whole of the Royal

Family of England, of Belgium, and Portugal, and a generation of the best and fairest of his own country sat to him. It was not his fault if he fell on evil times in the matter of female attire. The high combs, turbans, senseless ringlets half covering the face, and loose, slovenly dresses of a short half century back, contrasted too painfully with the flowing lines and graceful coiffure which enabled Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Cosway to present to us such marvels of female beauty during the latter part of the eighteenth century. He had all the attributes of a first-rate miniature-painter. Refined

and accurate drawing, artistic composition, admirable colour, and tasteful arrangement of accessories, would have placed him in the first rank at any epoch of portraiture, whilst his amiable and simple manners and blameless life endeared him to all who shared his friendship. He died in the same year as his bosom friend, Alfred Chalon, 1860, in his sixty-sixth year.

William Essex deserves mention as an enameller. He had thoroughly studied the chemistry of the subject, and his brother Alfred wrote a treatise on the art of enamelling. He was an admirable draughtsman, and as great as an animal painter as he was clever in delineating the human face.

William Egley, born in 1798, at Doncaster, was apprenticed to a publisher in London. He taught himself the art of miniature-painting, and first exhibited at the Academy in 1824. From that year up to 1869 he was a constant exhibitor, and is, perhaps, the very last artist who did really good work. At this point the history of miniature-painting comes to a full stop. The advent of the photographer's camera put an end to the delightful cult which we have been tracing through three centuries of existence.



LADY HAMILTON (SO-CALLED).  
(From the Miniature by Andrew Robertson.)

There were but few examples of these later masters at the Burlington Club, partly no doubt from the limit of time fixed by the Committee, viz., the death of Cosway. Andrew Robertson was the best represented—the portraits of Lady Hamilton; Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam; Sir Thomas Lawrence, R.A.; William IV.; Robert Southey, the poet; Lady Charles Wellesley, and others were all well-painted portraits, and some of them displayed more breadth of treatment than is usual with him; Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait was especially to be commended on this ground. There was not a single specimen of Alfred Chalon, which I was sorry for, as in many respects he was the most characteristic painter of the nineteenth century, and, considering the enormous number he painted and that his work is too recent to have suffered from that terrible malady *tempus edax rerum*, his absence is curious. Sir William Ross was represented by a portrait of his father, H. Ross, Esq., and a likeness of himself, both admirable in their way. The very large full length of the Duchess of Somerset in her coronation robes could hardly be classed as a miniature, though finished throughout with the most conscientious care. James Holmes's likeness of Lord Byron has been already alluded to; it is a remarkable miniature, and gives the beholder a different idea of the gifted sitter—much less of the fop and much more of the man

of intellect. Another miniature by him, marked in the catalogue by that terribly indefinite appellation, "a portrait of a lady," was also extremely well painted.

Before closing this subject, I must say a few words about miniatures painted at the present time. I have been assured that very good work is being done by various artists every day. I can only say I have carefully examined the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, &c., and have lost no opportunity of studying miniature work in private families. There is no fault to be found with the technical execution of these specimens, as far as it goes, but there is such a painful monotony of touch, such a horrible suggestion of a photographic basis, finished by careful toil into the pretty smoothness of a machine-made surface, that it becomes impossible to attribute any given specimen to any given artist. By far the best and most characteristic miniature I have seen by a living artist was not painted by a professed miniaturist at all, but by the most versatile and one of the most gifted of our Royal Academicians—a tiny head of an old man, displaying just that individual touch which I think would enable me to decide at once upon the authorship if I came across another specimen by the same hand. This is what is wanted: individual impress; but I fear the time is not yet when the demand will produce the supply.

## THE POTTERIES OF ALLER VALE.

By COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE idea of "culture permeating agricultural England," to use the words of Mr. J. Phillips in his address to the villagers of Kingskerswell on the occasion of the Cottage Art Exhibition some two years ago, is one which, I fear, will take some time to realise; but it is pleasant to find that some interesting experiments in this direction have been made in the beautiful corner of Devonshire of which Newton Abbot is the centre. Here, and at other places in the country, "Home Industries" have been planted, and at the "Arts and Crafts" Exhibition which was opened by the Princess Louise in May, 1889, not the least interesting of the items were the productions of the Aller Vale Art Potteries and the "Kerswell" Cottage Art Classes. They comprised, besides pottery, carved woodwork in the shape of cupboard and chest, embroidery and ironwork; and one exhibitor (G. Hine, of Abbotskerswell) contributed a forty-hour clock of complicated mechanism entirely made by his own hand. The latter item, it is to be presumed, was the result of native ingenuity un-

stimulated by the Cottage Art Classes, which have only been in existence for the last eight or nine years, but it is a sign of good local material, without which all efforts to stimulate the production of local art or craft in agricultural England will be manifestly fruitless.

Of the existence of such good material all over England, whether of the mechanical or of the artistic kind, or both combined, as they always should be, there is no reason whatever to doubt; nor, I think, is it to be disputed that its cultivation is a matter of serious national importance. In the keen international contest of commerce England can in the future only hope to maintain her supremacy—indeed, to hold her own—by the production of work which is superior not only in workmanship but in design; and we can in no way afford to waste, from want of cultivation, any talent, whether of taste or invention, which our countrymen possess. Even from this point of view such efforts as those that are being made in the "Wells" are not to be slighted; but the

aims of the founder and promoters of the Aller Vale Potteries have been directed rather to the improvement of social life than commercial prosperity, and to the promotion of domestic rather than political economy. Putting aside both the social and political aspects of the movement, there remains yet another—the artistic—which is more within the scope of this magazine.

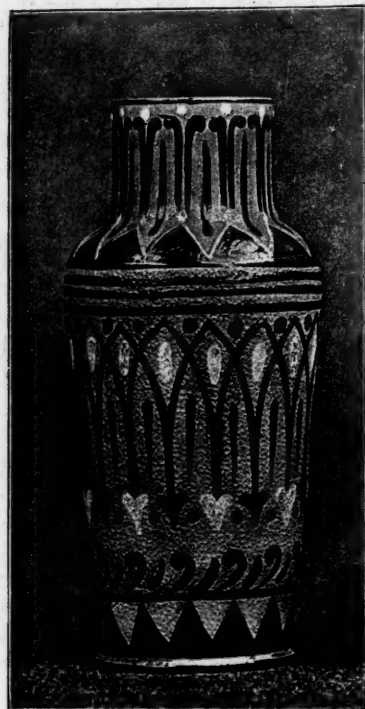
In the formation of the Cottage Art Classes at the three "Wells"—Abbotskerswell, Kingskerswell, and Cofinswell—Mr. Phillips seems to have been actuated by the desire to make "the Home" the centre and starting-point of art as of morals. "Art, like charity, should begin at home," would appear to be a motto which might not inappropriately be adopted in Aller Vale, and there

if they are to flourish there by their own unaided strength of life. Still more desirable is it to cultivate

whatever art-feeling is native to the soil, for even a small variation, if due to conditions not present elsewhere, gives an interest and vitality to works of art which are not to be obtained by any amount of cultivation, and are often apparently out of all proportion to technical merit. If the future decorative art of England is to be anything but elaborate eclecticism, it will only be by the development of design suggested, or at least modified, by some distinction of time and place. Such distinctions should be as fresh and as radical as possible; and if we must go to other times and other places to increase knowledge and refine style, for the



UNGLAZED WARE.



EGYPTIAN.

could scarcely be a sounder principle. The history of art is indeed one of importation and acclimatisation; no nation has ever yet attained a high degree of art-cultivation without borrowing the ideas of its neighbours; but seeds will not germinate in a soil which does not suit them, and it is true of the seeds of art as of

development of, more vital and spontaneous qualities there is no time like the present and no place like home

The *genius loci* is, however, a capricious spirit, and any sure means of invoking its inspiration in art-work have yet to be found. It has a preference apparently for untutored districts, it waits upon the savage and flees from the "æsthete." In other words, the conditions of modern civilisation



BARBOTINE.

other seeds, that they must find a "habitat" or "home" in the land to which they are transplanted

are not favourable to original developments. In the first place, those that have gone before



us have not only "stolen all our best thoughts," but our best shapes and our best patterns, and anything we produce has to stand the rivalry of thousands of designs whose beauty it seems impossible to excel. The "culture" with which Mr. Phillips hopes to permeate the agricultural classes is perhaps the greatest of all enemies to original production. The examples of Egyptian, Persian, Italian, French, Japanese, and even English decoration which are set before the villagers of the "Wells" are enough to frighten away all the native art spirits which haunt the ferny lanes of Devonshire. The examples of Aller Vale Pottery before me now, many of which show signs of decorative talent, speak of many climes and many ages, but little of England and the nineteenth century. That this should be so is inevitable; if it be the defect of the Aller Vale Pottery, it is also the defect of the most highly-finished porcelain produced at the most celebrated potteries of Europe. Indeed, in the matter of originality the Aller Vale Potteries may claim

at all, if I could not at the same time emphasise the earnestness of the effort which has been made to encourage to the utmost what of latent art-feeling exists in the neighbourhood. The potteries of Aller Vale were founded for local purposes, and aim at utilising local resources in preference to—almost to the exclusion of—others. The materials are principally, if not entirely, found on the spot, or at least in Devonshire. The clays employed are native, the glazes are formed of local materials, and, what can be said of scarcely another pottery in Europe, even the enamel colours are derived from local minerals which are chemically treated and oxidised at the works. As with the materials, so with the workers and their education. What instruction they receive in decoration is given in village art-classes, principally in the winter evenings, when there is no work for the youths in the fields. These classes meet in cottages hired for the purpose, and the system employed is a simple one, devised specially for the conditions under which the students work, and quite independent of the South



PERSIAN WARE.

MAJOLICA.

RENAISSANCE.

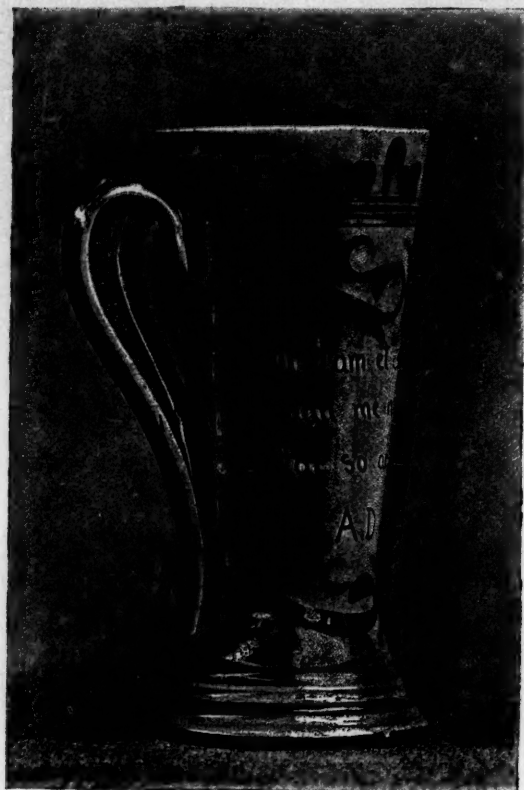
more than most others, both as regards manufacture and decoration.

I should not so insist on the "eclecticism" of the Kerswell pottery, nor should I write about the pottery

Kensington system. Here the future decorators learn how to draw, listen to short lectures on art, and study the different styles of ornament. When they begin to decorate pottery, they have acquired sufficient freedom



of hand and skill in the use of colour to proceed at once to decorate any given piece without sketching the design on the pot. The only guide or restriction



DRINKING CUP WITH MOTTO.

(Old English Style.)

is the particular "style" or species of decoration—"Rhodian," "Delft," or "majolica," as the case may be. Some of these "styles" are frankly foreign, from early Flemish to modern French; others are English, some continuing old traditions of Devonshire, and one at least—the Abbotskerswell ware—aiming at complete originality.

In judging this ware, even from the artistic point of view, some regard must be paid to the objects for which it is produced. The aim of its founder was, as I have hinted, philanthropical rather than commercial; it was to find useful and elevating employment for the leisure of the boys and youths of country villages, and to raise the taste of the cottagers by replacing their ornaments and utensils with others of a type superior in design, but yet not expensive or superfine. To produce pots equally cheap, but home-made, and prettier than those already in use, seems, in fact, to have been the prime motive of the Aller Vale Potteries. Whether this intention has been completely realised, it would be difficult to

say; but it is at least certain that the ware has a local popularity, that it is very varied in style, and that the decoration, however inspired by memory of other wares, is never a mere imitation. Judged by the standard of its intention, and having regard to the circumstances of its production, and the short time the works have been in existence, the results must be regarded as altogether meritorious and hopeful, and in some respects novel and surprising.

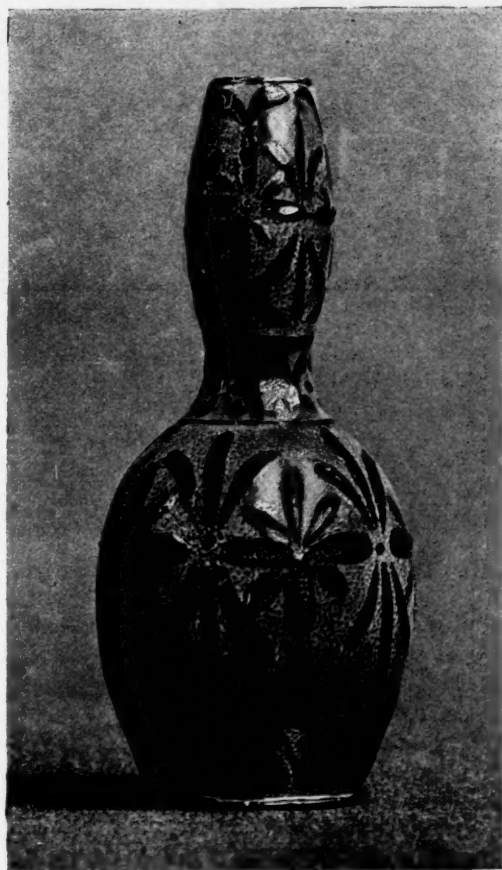
Under the latter head comes a piece which claims attention mainly as a technical achievement—a vase of "crackel" faience, made of ordinary red clay covered with white enamel, veined with pale blue under a smooth unbroken glaze. The vase is not very beautiful, but the process can be claimed as a discovery which is not only certainly curious and interesting, but worth developing with all possible care. Particular attention should be paid to beauty of shape in all objects made of this "crackel." It would make charming bowls and vases with no other decoration than a lip and foot of the colour of the veins, but would also bear a good deal of modelled ornament of the same or other well-chosen colour, if simple and judicious in form. There would be a future for it in skilful hands. In decoration the most original is that of the Abbotskerswell ware, which consists of brush strokes arranged in symmetrical groups suggestive of floral and leaf-like forms. In one of these pieces there is a sign of ornament distinctly suggested by the natural observation of the decorator. (See p. 353.) Around the base of a gourd-like bottle are arranged shapes suggested by the form of tadpoles. Such a form is common enough upon Oriental pottery—sometimes in imitation of flames, sometimes in the curious seal which is supposed to symbolise the male and female principles—but it is none the less original or interesting for all that. The chord of colour of this Abbotskerswell ware is rich and harmonious. Such pieces of it as have been sent me are formed of a pure white body like pipeclay, covered with a yellow glaze, and decorated with enamels of brown, red, and green, laid on in bold decisive strokes, showing freedom and certainty of hand. The decoration follows well the shape of the pieces to which it is applied, but it is often too crowded and the forms too large for the surface decorated. These faults and virtues are observable in other descriptions of Aller Vale pottery—in the "Rhodian ware," for instance, in which the floral forms are generally too large and sometimes ill-placed. But this ware is worth a good deal of cultivation, for the colours are good and the treatment of the flowers pleasant. But this treatment hovers at present between Eastern conventions and a realistic tendency, whereas what should be sought is original conventionalisation of English forms. Some approach

to this is sometimes made, as in a vase before me, on which a carnation is drawn in a decorative manner more English than Rhodian. But there should be little difficulty in giving a thoroughly English spirit to this style. In the gardens of Devonshire cottages grow roses and dahlias, Canterbury bells and aconite, hollyhocks and stocks, passion-flowers and marigolds, larkspurs and asters; and in the fields and hedges are buttercups and cowslips, foxglove and bluebells, and a hundred other forms, which would yield an inexhaustible store of fresh decoration well suited to the "Rhodian" style if only properly treated; and it may be said generally of these village potteries that if they fail it will not be for want of good material, either for body or decoration. The faience is of various qualities, and coloured, ranging from pure white to red, and from fine to coarse; and it is covered with glazes of different tints, and decorated with enamels and slip and *sggraffiato*. Sometimes, as in the case of the piece of "Rhodian" referred to, the body is covered with a white stanniferous enamel of a fine soft quality, into which the rich colours seem to melt. But besides white and red pottery a brown or buff ware is also produced, which is sometimes decorated with enamels and glazed, and sometimes unglazed and decorated with coloured slips.

Then there is "barbotine" for those who like it—rich in colour, and painted with considerable skill; and some other vases very carefully potted, and decorated with white slip on a coloured ground, which, I suppose, mark the highest point of "culture" yet reached at Aller Vale.

These latter vases deserve notice because of the technical skill and finish, and also for their distinctness from ordinary ware. The ornament is composed of conventional leaves mixed with other forms like dolphins, in a taste which appears suggested by Renaissance ornament. This ornament is carefully adapted to the shape of the pieces, and is drawn and modelled in a skilful manner. But, after all due praise has been given, it must be confessed that they want the simplicity and the fresh decorative impulse which marks much of the rougher ware, and that they convince one the more of the superiority of "Home" as a source of inspiration. The tendency of the Aller Vale potters, as of all artists who are really enthusiastic in their craft, must be to the perfection of it, and the production of work of the highest class; and therefore it is not to be expected, or even hoped, that the modest ambitions of its founder, Mr. Phillips, to produce only rough cottage ware for cottagers will never be overstepped, but it will be a great pity if the potters of the "Wells," as they increase in skill and knowledge, allow their ornament to become more learned and less spontaneous, more

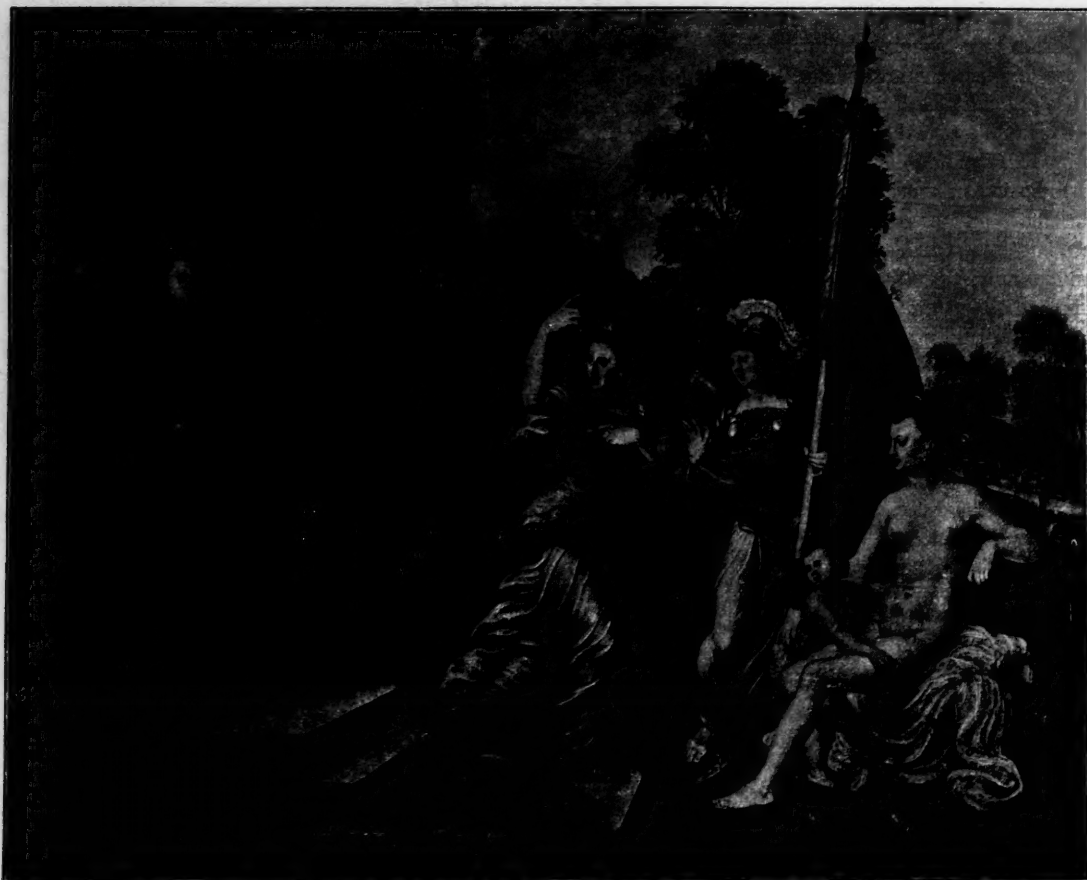
elaborate and less native. The future of the ware, however, probably depends on the taste of the buyer as well as on that of the producer, and I hope that the demand will be greater for those classes which are most English, most "Devonshire" in character, and that the preference will always be for those pieces which show some signs of individuality and invention. Of all the examples of these "Home" potteries that I have seen, I like none better than those which carry on the old English traditions—modern descendants of the old "tygs" and "posset pots;" and specially, I think, are to be encouraged pieces made for festive occasions, such as births and marriages and birthdays, and decorated with bold flourishes and appropriate mottoes. I see, however, no reason why these mottoes should be old and ill-spelt, and dated two hundred years ago, as is the case with a piece before me. It is a mistake, I know, to put new wine into old bottles; but why should not both wine and



ALLER VALE BOTTLE.

(Tadpole Border at Base.)

bottles be new, when the materials for both are on the spot?



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE THREE GODDESSES.

(From the Painting by Lucas D'Heere, at Hampton Court.)

## LUCAS D'HEERE, PAINTER AND POET OF GHENT.

By LIONEL CUST.

AMONG the great cities of Flanders, Ghent occupies a position somewhat similar to that held by Siena in Italy. Like Siena it was formerly governed by an aristocracy of its own burghers, and resisted successfully the attempts of emperors and kings to coerce it into subjection; like Siena it has willingly consented to be peacefully absorbed, as one of the leading cities of a newly united kingdom; and like Siena, Ghent was the birthplace of a school of artists peculiar to itself. This school, however, was broken up and dispersed during the terrible struggles in which the city was continually engaged during the sixteenth century. Thanks to an unbroken series of archives, a series surpassed perhaps only by that at Siena, and to the industry of modern enthusiasts in research, the existence, lives, and works of these

artists have been gradually revealed to the world. To the industry of MM. Edmond de Busscher,\* Philips Blommaert,† Henri Hymans,‡ and others we owe the rescue of Lucas D'Heere, the once famous painter and poet of Ghent, from the unmerited oblivion in which his memory has hitherto been involved.

The family of D'Heere were artists for generations. The earliest was Andries D'Heere, a member of the guild of St. Luke at Ghent in 1471. Lucas D'Heere, who was born at Ghent in 1534, was one of six children of Jan D'Heere, sculptor and statuary, and

\* Edmond de Busscher: "Recherches sur les peintres et sculpteurs de Gand au XVI<sup>ème</sup> siècle."

† P. Blommaert: "Een Levenschets van Lucas D'Heere."

‡ "Le Livre des Peintres de Carel van Mander" (2 vols., Paris, 1884).

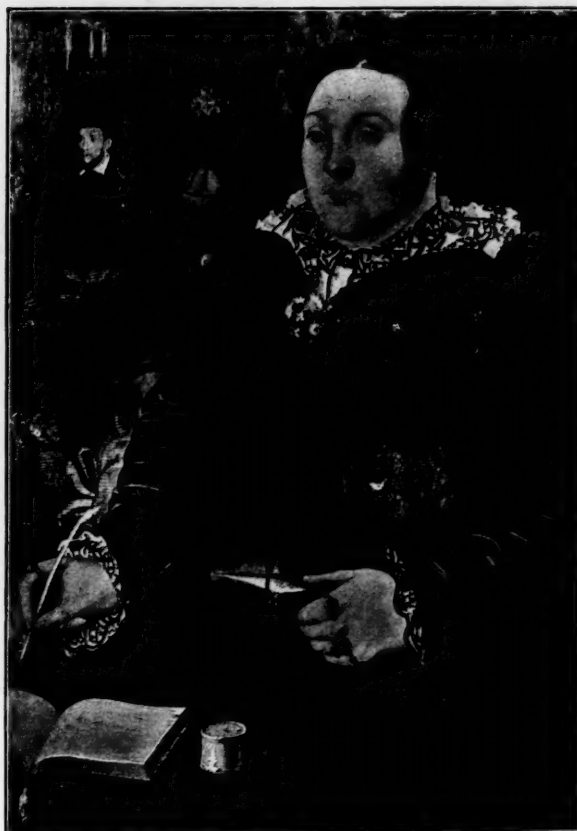


Anna Smyters, his wife. Jan D'Heere was the leading sculptor and statuary in Ghent: his works in marble and alabaster were of great merit, and there was hardly a church or public building in Ghent that did not possess some example of his art. Unfortunately most of his works perished in the iconoclastic outbreak of 1566. Anna Smyters came also of a race of artists, and was herself a miniature-painter of fame and distinction, especially renowned for her minute and delicate skill in this art. Such were the parents of Lucas D'Heere.

The family were known to their fellow-citizens by the surname of Mynsheere, or Mynheere, a very intelligible and doubtless familiar alteration of their name. As a child, Lucas frequently accompanied his father on his journeys to the forests and quarries of Dinant and Namur to obtain the materials for his work, and he learnt to draw from memory and with rapidity the scenes and objects which he saw. As the child grew up, Jan D'Heere placed him in the studio of his friend Frans de Vriendt, better known as Frans Floris, at Antwerp. The principal artists at Ghent had been dispersed or ruined by the oppressive edict of Charles V. in 1540; this explains why Jan D'Heere was compelled to go outside the city for a good master for his son. Frans Floris was the leading artist of that Flemish school which bridges the interval between the old school of the Van Eycks, Memlinc, and Van der Weyden, and the future school of Rubens and Vandyck. Floris had acquired some of the great qualities of the Italian painters, even some traces of the *terribil via* of Michelangelo himself, and with a steadier head might have been one of the great painters of the world. Under him the young D'Heere made rapid progress, and soon became almost a rival of his master in breadth and facility of execution. When quite young, perhaps at the instigation of Floris, he started on a round of travels. He visited France, where he was employed by Catherine de' Medici on designs for tapestries and similar works, and also England, where he was patronised by Queen Mary and Philip II. of Spain, whose portraits he painted. The portrait of Mary in the library of the Society of Antiquaries is dated 1554 (see p. 360), and there is a double portrait of her and Philip in the collection of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey.

In 1559 Lucas D'Heere was back at Ghent, and with his father was employed to execute the necessary decorations for the Chapter of the Order of the

Golden Fleece held by Philip II. in the Cathedral of St. Bavon on July 23rd of that year. The occasion was one of historical interest; it was the twenty-third, and, as it turned out, the last chapter of the order ever held, and the principal personages who assisted at this ceremony were destined to play the most thrilling rôles in the great drama of the struggle for liberty and religion between the Nether-



MARY NEVILL, LADY DACRE.

(From the Painting by Lucas D'Heere, at Belhus.)

lands and the Spanish Inquisition. Philip II., Alva, William of Orange, Egmont, Horn, were among the brilliant group of knights who assembled within the choir of St. Bavon on that day. The blazoned armorials, which were painted on panel by Lucas D'Heere and adorned the stalls of the knights on this occasion, still remain in the cathedral, mute memorials of this gorgeous prelude of the terrible events that ensued. In a side chapel there still hangs a large painting executed for the occasion representing "The Queen of Sheba before Solomon," in which Solomon bears the features of Philip.

For the next nine years Lucas D'Heere resided principally in Ghent, where he started a painting



school under his own direction, which was largely attended. We know but few names of his pupils, but among them was Carel van Mander, to whom we are indebted for the famous collection of biographies of

have been the turning-point in his life. Pieter Carboniers, burgomaster of the town of Vere, near Middelburg, had a daughter, Eleanora, of personal charms no doubt, and addicted to verse-making.



FRANCES BRANDON, DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, AND HER SECOND HUSBAND, ADRIAN STOKES.

(From the Painting by Lucas D'Heere. In the Possession of Col. Wynne Finch.)

the great Flemish artists. Few also of D'Heere's paintings have survived the chances of time and decay, and the iconoclastic ravages in 1566. A view of the old abbey of St. Bavon (dated 1566) is still preserved in the chapter-house of the cathedral at Ghent. The village of St. Paul, in the district of Waes, possesses a "Crucifixion" by him, and the Copenhagen Museum has a painting of the "Wise and Foolish Virgins." Sacred and allegorical subjects, in the Italianised manner of his master Floris, seem to have been his chief occupation.

D'Heere's chief patron was Adolph of Burgundy, Lord of Waeken, "grand bailli" of the city of Ghent, and Admiral of the North Seas. D'Heere painted his portrait and those of his wife and his fool. He frequently accompanied his patron to Middelburg and other places, and it was probably on one of these occasions that he came to what seems to

D'Heere was employed to paint her portrait, and, being an inveterate verse-maker himself, soon found that kindred spirits rapidly led to love. Difficulties, however, stood in the way. In one of his poems he compares their lives to those of Hero and Leander. Religion may have been the obstacle. We have known Lucas D'Heere hitherto as the devoted servant of the Spanish king, and his chief supporter, Adolph of Burgundy; in a short time he appears as one of the keenest supporters of the reformed religion. May it not have been the charms of Eleanora Carboniers which brought D'Heere over to the new faith? At Ghent Lucas D'Heere attained to a most prominent position. He was esteemed as much for his literary qualities as for his artistic achievements. He was one of the fifteen members of the famous Guild of Rhetoric, "Jesus with the Balsam-flower," the central and leading guild of those curious institu-

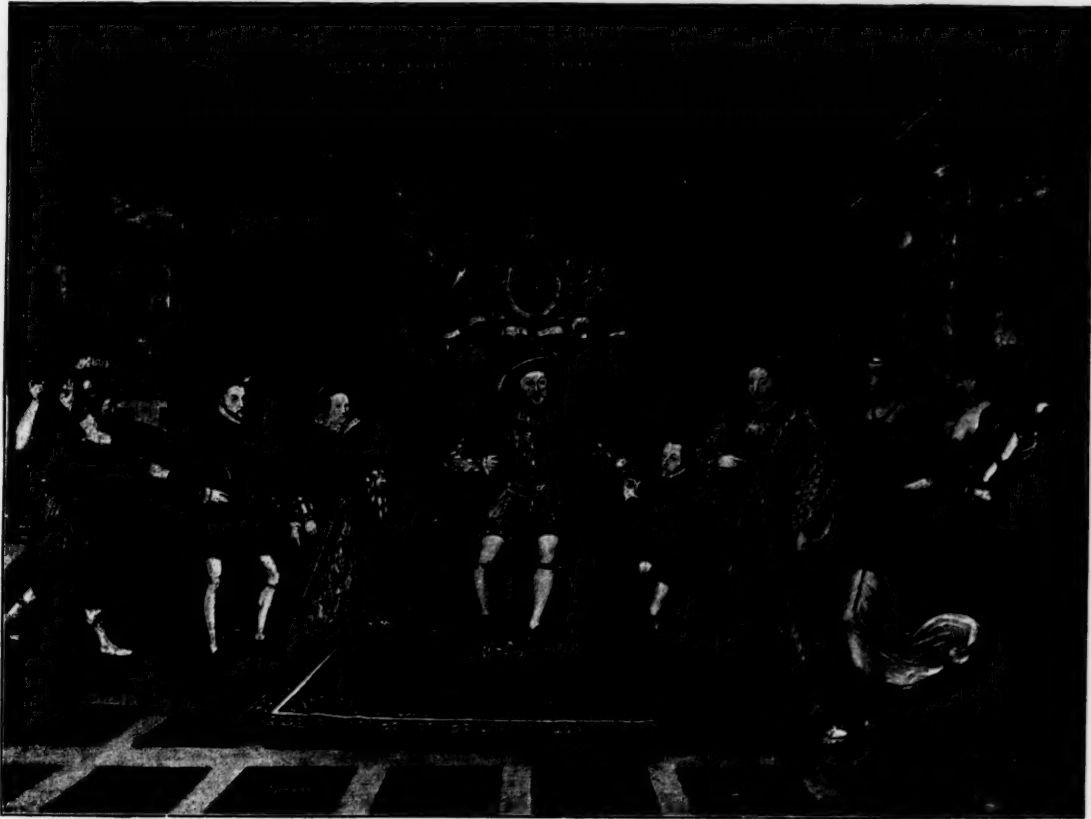
tions which did so much to further the cause of liberty in the Netherlands. In 1565 he published a small volume of poems, entitled "The Garden and Orchard of Poesy," containing "many kinds of poetical blossoms; that is divers matters, spiritual, amorous, humorous, also various sentiments, inventions, and poetical devices from examples of Greek, Latin, and French poetry." This little volume, which is extremely rare, though it does not establish his claim to high rank as a poet, fully bears out the reputation he had for great literary attainments.

All the pageants or ceremonial festivities at Ghent were under the direction of D'Heere, such as the opening of the Nieuwe Vaert Canal in 1562, and the fêtes ensuing on the shooting of the popin-gay by Egmont in the same year.

In 1566 the city was thrown into confusion by

On February the 16th, 1568, a long impending thunder-bolt fell on the Netherlands in the famous edict of the Inquisition by Alva, proscribing all heretics with few exceptions. Lucas D'Heere and his wife were among those at Ghent proscribed by name, and they fled with many others to England, leaving the painting school to be broken up for ever and their house and goods to be confiscated by the bloodhounds of the Inquisition.

England, as it is well known, extended open arms to the Flemish refugees, and founded part of her commercial supremacy on their industrial activity. Art was at a very low ebb in England when D'Heere reached it for the second time. Holbein had died in 1543, leaving no pupils and but few imitators. D'Heere's own fellow-townsmen Gerard and Lucas Horenbault had passed away; a few foreign names have struggled to the surface of the sea of ob-



HENRY VIII.

(From the Painting by Lucas D'Heere, at Sudeley Castle.)

the outbreak of the iconoclasts. Van Mander tells us that Lucas D'Heere was especially active in saving works of art from their misguided fury, but many of his own and his father's works perished.

livion, but just at the time of D'Heere's arrival there is a complete absence of all artistic record. There exist, however, a number of portraits, bearing a monogram composed of the letters HE



THE MAYOR OF LONDON MAKING HIS ENTRY.

(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Lucas D'Heere, at Ghent.)

or HF, or perhaps LHE or LHF combined. One of the principal among these, the allegorical portrait of "Queen Elizabeth and the Three Goddesses," at Hampton Court, has for over two hundred years been attributed to Lucas D'Heere, and those bearing the same monogram have naturally followed the same attribution. This portrait, which represents the goddesses Venus, Minerva, and Juno shrinking in awe from the glorious majesty of the queen, is conceived in the allegorical spirit of Flemish art; the Latin verses which accompany it are quite in the vein of D'Heere's poetic fancy. The monogram, however, presents a difficulty. Lucas D'Heere signed his picture of the "Queen of Sheba" at Ghent "Lucas Derus," and in several Latin panegyric verses on him by Lampsonius, Utenhovijs, and others he is always called "Derus" or "Dheerius." The monogram would stand for "Lucas Herus fecit." Another difficulty also arises from some of these portraits bearing dates at which we know for certain that D'Heere was at work in Ghent. Van Mander, however, tells us that he was particularly noted for his skill in painting portraits from memory. In the absence of

any certainty on this subject, tradition may be followed, and this remarkable group of portraits assigned to the painter from Ghent.

The Tudor Exhibition at the New Gallery in 1890 brought some of Lucas D'Heere's paintings before the public. Among them were the portraits of Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, and her second husband Adrian Stokes (lent by Colonel Wynne Finch) (see p. 356); Queen Mary (from the Antiquaries); Queen Mary, with the "Hungad" petition (lent by Mr. Stopford Sackville, and a smaller version, lent by Colonel Wynne Finch); Henry VIII., copied from Holbein's painting at Whitehall (see p. 357) (lent by Trinity College, Cambridge); and Eleanor Brandon, Countess of Cumberland (lent by Mr. Vernon Wentworth). The last portrait, although in a faded and mutilated condition, shows in the modelling of the features and other details the hand of a portrait-painter in the first rank. A large allegorical portrait of Henry VIII. and his family (from Sudeley Castle), ascribed to Sir Antonio More, shows so much of the style and conceit of Lucas D'Heere, that he may be safely credited with it, though it does not enhance his reputation. Among other portraits bearing D'Heere's monogram may be noticed those



A BARON, AND A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Lucas D'Heere, at Ghent.)



of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; Margaret Audley, Duchess of Norfolk (at Audley End); Henry, Lord Darnley, and his brother Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox (at Windsor); and Mary Nevill, Lady Daere (at Belhus).

We know few details of D'Heere's life in England, save that in 1571 his name appears among the elders of the Dutch Church at Austin Friars, and that on the 31st of May, 1576, he acted as sponsor to one Susanna Drossaert in company with Louise Carboniers, wife of Carolus Ryckwaert, alias Theophilus, a well-known minister of the Walloon Church at Norwich; she was no doubt sister or niece of his wife Eleanora. One important relic of his visit to England still remains. Van Mander tells us that in 1570 he was commissioned by the Lord High Admiral, Edward Lord Clinton, to paint a gallery with figures representing the costumes of all nations; that when the painter came to depict an Englishman, he represented him naked, with verses denoting his inability to make up his mind what costume to choose, a jest which was repeated to the queen, greatly to her entertainment.



SATIRICAL COSTUME PORTRAIT OF AN  
ENGLISHMAN.

(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Lucas D'Heere, at Ghent.)



GREENLANDER, BROUGHT TO EUROPE BY SIR MARTIN FROBISHER  
IN 1576.

(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Lucas D'Heere, at Ghent.)

This idea of the English proneness to change of fashion was taken from Andrew Borde's "Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge" (1542). Since 1865 there has been preserved at Ghent (now in the library) a volume of original water-colour drawings by Lucas D'Heere, which tends to corroborate this statement. The book is entitled "Theatre de tous les peuples et nations de la terre avec leurs habits et ornemens divers tant anciens que modernes diligentement depeints au naturel par Luc Dheere, peintre et sculpteur Gantois." It contains 189 studies of figures, singly or in groups, some original designs, some taken from older artists. The types are taken from all countries, with religious and monastic figures, men-at-arms, orientals, &c. The British examples include "Le Mayeur de Londres ainsy qu'il marche à son entrée," "Un Seigneur de Parlement qu'on appelle Baron," "Un Seigneur de l'ordre du Guartier," "Irlandois et Irlandois comme ils alloyent accoustres estans au service de feu Roy Henry," and at the close of the series, "Homme Sauvage amené des



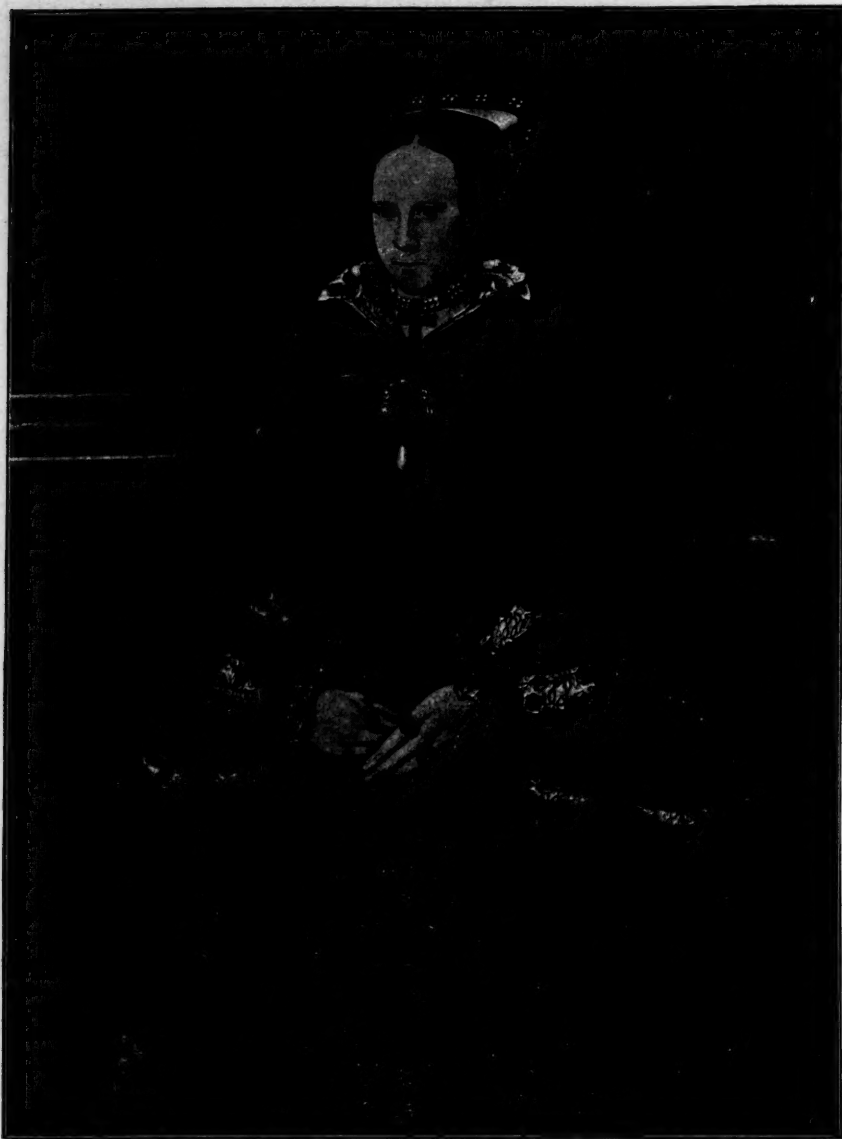
pais Septentrionaux par M. Furbisher, l'an 1576," and the naked Englishman as already described.

In 1577 the Pacification of Ghent enabled Lucas D'Heere to return to his native town. He seems to

clouds again burst over the city, the Duke of Parma appeared before Ghent, and D'Heere took refuge a second time in flight. Van Mander states that he died on August the 29th, 1584, some accounts say in Paris.

D'Heere's most important literary work was a series of biographies, in verse, of Flemish painters, which Carel van Mander no doubt used in compiling his own collections. The manuscript was known up to 1828, when it was included in a sale, and has since disappeared. A complete collection of his published literary works, formed with the greatest difficulty owing to their great rarity, is preserved in the Library at Ghent.

Lucas D'Heere left two sons, Jacob and Philippus Lucas. They plunged deeply into the religious controversies of the time. His grandson Jan Jacobs founded a Baptist sect, and the younger son was ancestor of a family, which took the name of Scheltema and still preserves a silver cup with D'Heere's arms and motto "Schade leer u," an anagram of his name.



QUEEN MARY.

(From the Painting by Lucas D'Heere, in the Possession of the Society of Antiquaries.)

have laid aside art for active service in politics. He was appointed auditor of the chamber of accounts, and resumed his old duties of master of the ceremonies and poet laureate on the occasions of the entry of the Prince of Orange in 1577, the fêtes occasioned by the news of the betrothal of Elizabeth to François, Duc d'Alençon, and the entry of the Duc d'Alençon into Ghent in 1582. In 1583 the storm-

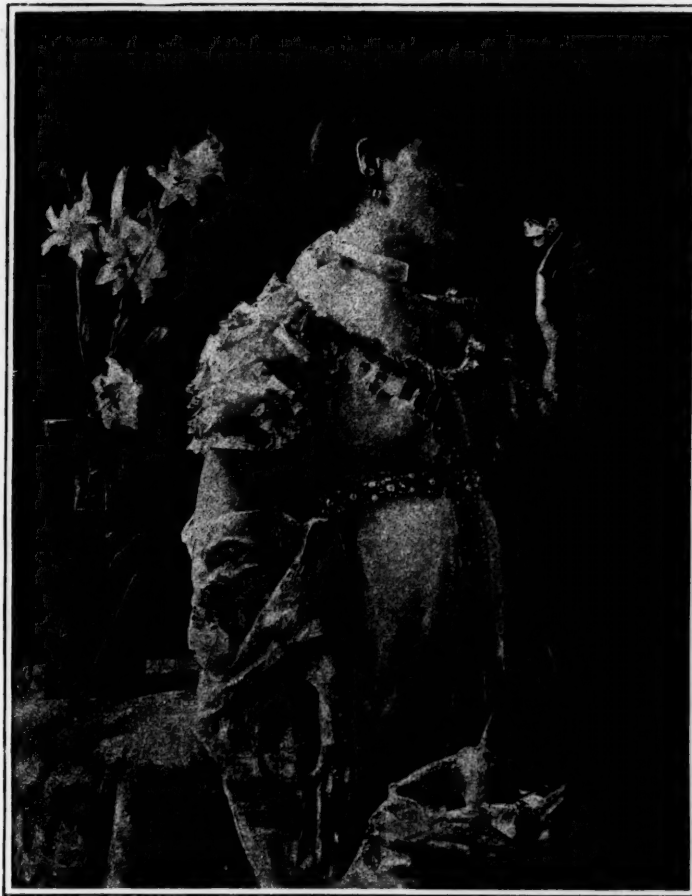
Lucas D'Heere exhibits in a remarkable way the great versatility of Flemish artists. Painting, poetry, architecture, even sculpture it appears came as easily to him as official business or religious tracts. Ranked by his contemporaries with Dürer, and compared to Parrhasius and Apelles, he was courted by the great, and princes delighted in his society.

## THE TWO SALONS.

BY WALTER ARMSTRONG.

FOR the second time the Salon of the Champ de Mars was vastly more interesting than its older rival, and that without having recourse, as it had last year, to large drafts upon the earlier pictures

and so through most of those to whom the visitor was likely to turn with liveliest anticipation. "Le Papillon," which is here reproduced, showed one side of M. Stevens's genius with sufficient perfec-



THE BUTTERFLY.

(From the Painting by Alfred Stevens.)

of those who compose what I may call its *personnel*. Some contributors sent works painted long ago, but, as a whole, the exhibition differed from the show in the Champs Élysées only in the greater number of contributions accepted from each member. Alfred Stevens, indeed, drew upon his earlier style, and so afforded material for one of the most fascinating "nests" in the whole collection. He was, however, the only conspicuous exception. Carolus-Duran sent ten canvases, but they were all recent productions,

tion; but it was from things like "La Dame Jaune," painted some twenty years ago, that the perceptive critic won the fullest enjoyment. Throughout the collection there was a pleasant absence of that painting for advertisement which has always been so rampant at the old Salon. Setting aside a few clap-trap performances, such as José Frappa's "Mariage d'Inclination"—a sequel to his "Mariage d'Interêt" of a few seasons ago—and the much-talked-of "Madeleine chez le Pharisien" of M. Jean Béraud,

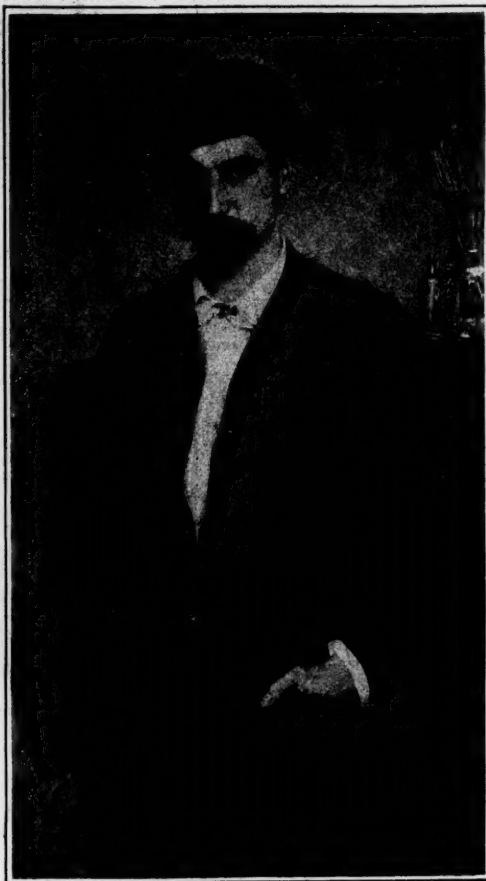
most of the nine hundred items in the section *peinture* depended on pictorial qualities for their charm. M. Frappa's work has so little to do with art that no farther allusion need be made to it. With M. Béraud it has often been otherwise; some of his pictures, notably one of an anarchist meeting at the Salle Graffard, exhibited in 1884, have been serious and not unsuccessful attempts to combine good art with truth to the Parisian types of the moment. But the "Madeleine" is ill-conceived as a design and coarsely painted; in short, flippantly sensational and little more. The figure-head of the whole exhibition was M. Carolus-Duran. His ten contributions included full-length portraits of a lady in pink against crimson, of a lady in pink against old gold, of a girl in black and violet against old gold, of a child in crimson against green—the least admirable of the batch—and of a lady in straw colour and grey against red. The inner problem in all these cases was to retain the value of the flesh in spite of gorgeous surroundings, and in each it was solved; solved more completely still, perhaps, in "Danaë," an academy, decorated with a classical title. Here we saw Jove's venal beauty naked on a black velvet bed. Round the black glowed draperies of blood colour, of brassy yellow, of a brownish crimson, while Danaë fingered a pink and superfluous rose. Finer in its way than all of these was the portrait of Charles Gounod. Recalling in many respects the head of Pasteur we saw at the Academy two years ago, it was carried farther in the painting, while it was scarcely so happy in composition. Opposite to the court of "Carolus" hung the display of Alfred Stevens, to which I have already alluded. Between Stevens as he was in early days, and such men as Dagnan-Bouveret and Friant, there seems to my eyes to be not a little in

common, superficially dissimilar though their works may be. Dagnan's picture, which is reproduced on the opposite page, deals with an incident that may be seen in any French town in the first week of May. A number of conscripts perambulate the streets, singing the "Marseillaise" and proclaiming their devotion to the *tricolore* which flaps

at the head of their ranks. The heads are studied with extraordinary sympathy and insight, and the scheme of colour is good, but the sum total is rather a glorified study than a picture. M. Émile Friant's "All Souls' Day" will be remembered by those who went to the Salon in 1889. It is now in the Luxembourg. To the Champ de Mars he sent a curious picture called "Ombres Portées." The subject is a young man, ill-favoured enough, entreating a pretty young woman of the lower *bourgeoisie*; she is loving, but reluctant; he is cunning, and clearly a deserter in embryo. We hope she will say "No," but fear she won't. Behind the figures there is a plain whitewashed wall, on which their shadows tell sharply as silhouetted darks. The girl's face is shaded by a thin veil, and great dexterity is shown in its painting. As a concep-

tion the whole affair suffers from a want of unity. The design has no pictorial value, and, so far as its pattern goes, looks like a section cut from a larger canvas.

Actuality, again, is the presiding spirit in M. Gaston La Touche's "La Nursery." Its real subject is the give-and-take of firelight with daylight on the figures of two children preparing for bed, or perhaps getting up. One little girl in her night-gown stoops sympathetically to her younger sister, whose occupation I may not describe. The painting is in a high key with much blue, but is nevertheless deep and true. Problems of light were dealt with

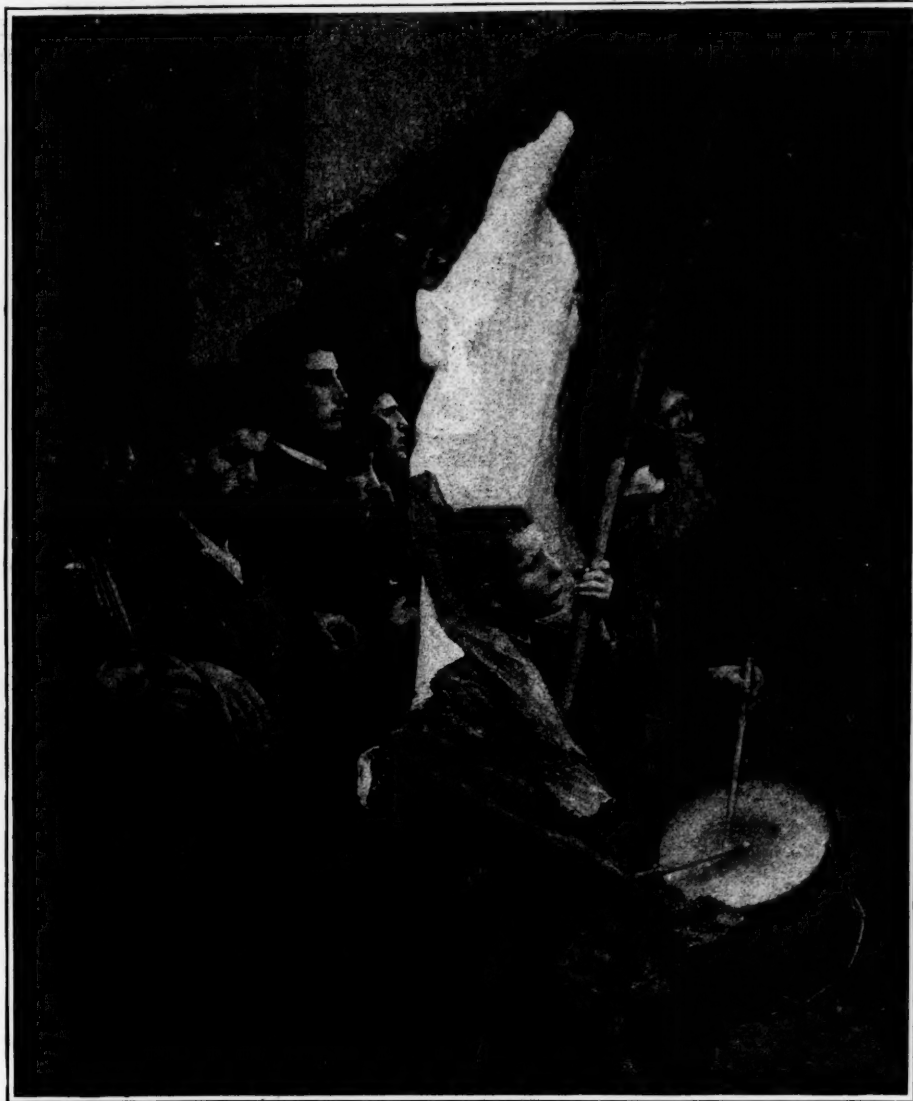


VON STETTEN.

(From the Painting by Gustave Courtois.)

by the brushes of M. Besnard, who was less admirable this year than usual; of Mr. W. T. Dannat; of M. Roll, who was also a disappointment; and of the Norsemen, Zorn, Edelfelt, and Osterlind. Edelfelt's "Christ and the Magdalen" was conceived

the eye of the Speaker. His "Portrait de Dame" was much better. Mr. Osterlind's work has strong affinities with that of the Italian Segantini. The fault of all these men is that they paint for too long a focus. One has to back away from their



THE CONSCRIPTS.

(From the Painting by Dagnan-Bouveret.)

rather on the lines of Mr. Hacker's picture at the Academy than on those of M. Béraud's performance. As in the case of Mr. Hacker, his inspiration came palpably from Fritz Von Uhde. Zorn's half-length of M. Spuller was spoilt by the grotesqueness of the pose, which was meant, apparently, to represent the eagerness of a politician to catch

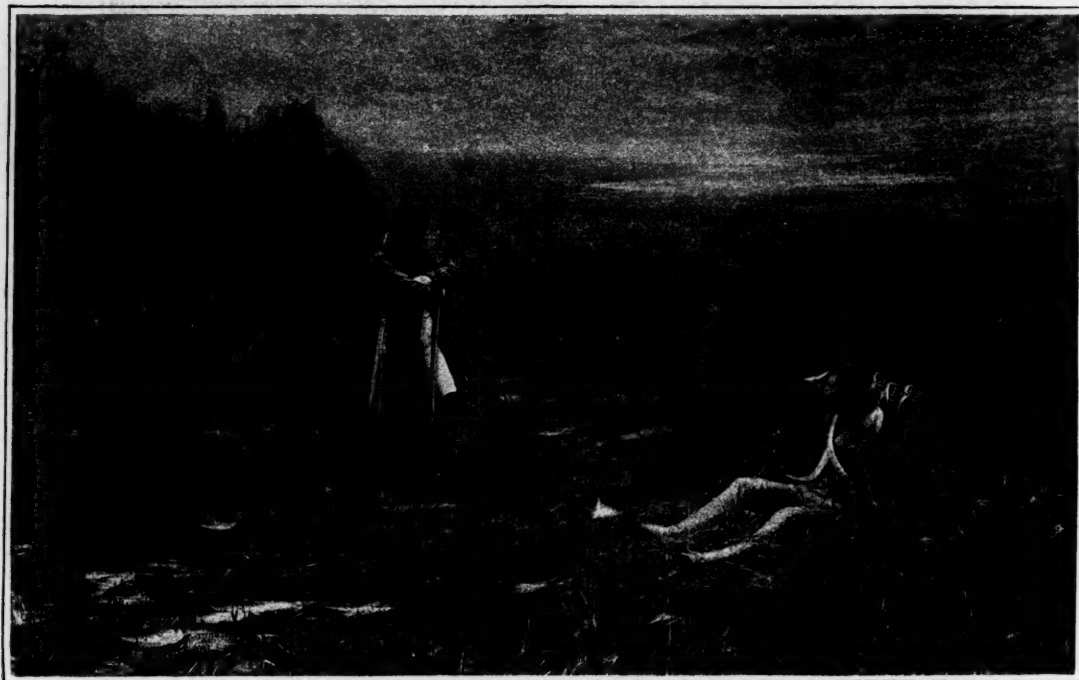
pictures to an unreasonable distance before the workmanship takes shape and meaning.

The decorative pictures at the New Salon were of no great importance. M. Puvis de Chavannes has been often seen to more advantage than in "L'Été," or "La Poterie," or "La Céramique;" while M. Binet's "La Sortie, Sièg de Paris," for the



Hôtel de Ville, was one of the worst examples I ever saw of a class of work in which the French, as a rule, excel. The great panels, dealing more or less directly with the modern life of Paris, with which so many *mairies* have of late been filled, are for the most part admirable examples of mural painting. In their own way they offer as perfect a solution to the problem of decoration as that achieved by the best of the Venetians. Parisian interiors do not glow with

being one of his happiest creations, avoids this mistake. It is, as it were, concentric in arabesque, and so far thoroughly suited to its destined place on a ceiling. Besides this "Music," M. Gervex had a portrait at which many people looked with interest. His sitter was Prévost, the *maître d'armes*, and a creative artist too in his way. Dressed in fencing costume, and grasping mask and foil, he seemed the *beau idéal* of a man who wins fame by



"IT IS THE EMPEROR!"

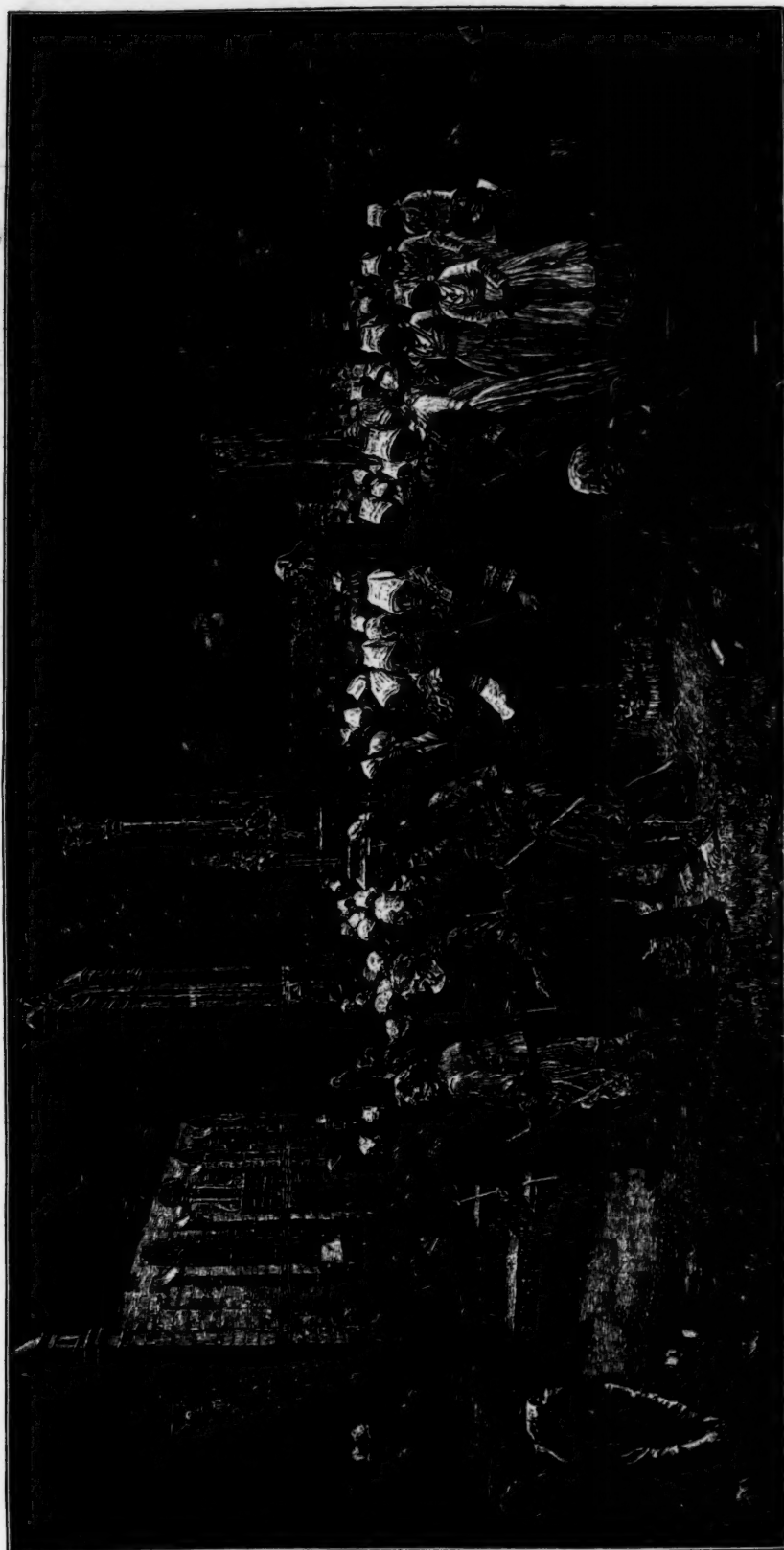
(From the Painting by H. de T. Glazebrook.)

gold, like the palace of the doges. They are colder in colour, more severe in design, altogether more architectonic in conception. They would not be suited at all by the voluptuous harmonies of Tiepolo or Veronese, to say nothing of the still richer chords of Titian and Robusti. Neo-Greek interiors require balance of design, a certain sort of severity in outline, a grey tonality in colour. And these they get to perfection in the best works of Gervex, Roll, Puvis de Chavannes, and one or two more. M. Binet stands on a lower plane. He is without the instinctive taste which guides Puvis and Gervex. His composition for the Hôtel de Ville offers us the kind of movement which makes a frame an uncomfortable limitation. His soldiers march to our left and the spectators look on at their going in a way that destroys the unity and self-sufficiency of his idea. The "Music" of M. Gervex, though far from

some pursuit not quite intellectual. If I had to name an English portrait which, both by treatment and by the personality portrayed, might be compared to it, it would be Mr. Collier's "John Burns," which was at the New Gallery last year. In the painting of M. Gervex we may find subtleties that no search would discover in Mr. Collier's, but in grip and breadth and in the energetic character of both heads, the two pictures have much in common. Another much-talked-of portrait was that of Mme. Gautreau, the famous beauty, by M. Gustave Courtois, who produced, however, a far better work of art in the "Portrait du Peintre von Stetten," which is reproduced on p. 362. Courtois models himself apparently upon the early Italian portraits—upon those of such men as the author of the two heads in the National Gallery, ascribed—with, as it seems to me, little to justify the ascription—to Piero della

The engraving of "It is the Emperor!" by Mr. H. de T. Glazebrook, on p. 364 of this Part of "THE MAGAZINE OF ART," is published by permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co., and "By the Sea," by M. Delobbe (p. 368), by that of Messrs. Braun. We regret that owing to an unfortunate oversight our acknowledgment does not appear in its usual place beneath the pictures.





**THE PARDON OF KERGOAT.**

*(From the Painting by Jules Breton. Engraved by Jonnard.)*



Francesca. His work is consequently hard, airless, and flat. M. Eugène Carrière sins in an opposite direction. In handling he seems the disciple of Hals and Velasquez, but his effects aim at Rembrandt. His "Alphonse Daudet" and "Paul Verlaine" are splendid examples of his method. In each colour is nearly lost in tone; in each the outlines are nearly lost in the ground; in each the points of light tell like a cat's eyes in the dark; in each the result is a personality stripped to essentials and glowing at us with conscious self-betrayal. If all this is what a portrait-painter should aim at, then Eugène Carrière is a master of his trade.

The old Salon will always have two great advantages over its rival, in its central situation and its garden. This year, for the second time, these were responsible for its only points of superiority, which were the larger receipts and the finer display of sculpture. With neither, however, have I any concern here, and so must get up-stairs at once to the pictures. The strength of this part of the show lay mainly in the contributions of young and ambitious men, things painted rather for notoriety than for sale, and in the pictures of Americans and Englishmen connected by ties of gratitude with their masters. Rochegrosse's picture, "La Mort de Babylone," was of course by far the most conspicuous thing in the former category. It has scarcely received justice from the critics. Too many have written as if it were nothing but a mass of crude painting and vulgar contriving. It is much more than that. A certain amount of what may be called vulgarity is inseparable from such a subject. Refinement, even of art, would in a sense be out of place, just as it would be in the Flemish orgies painted by Rubens and Jordaens. In treating such a theme, one part of the problem was how to clothe animalism and the garish facts which please it in a sufficient robe of art. And here I think Rochegrosse was by no means unsuccessful. His picture was well stage-managed. The lines of the hall in which the debauch took place were well-contrived and well-perspectived. The loud and positive hues of the draperies were cleverly inter-knit. The naked figures were admirably painted, and the little passage in the distance which gave point to the whole performance—the cold morning light glinting upon the arms and armour of the surreptitious Persians at the gate—was well seen and just sufficiently accented. To realise how clever Rochegrosse's *machine* was it was only necessary to pass on a few yards and stop before Clairin's rendering of an almost identical subject, "The Death of Sardanapalus." Here there was plenty of good painting, some of it better than anything in the "Babylone." But the whole affair was broken up,

spotty, and disorganised. No grasp had been laid upon it. It had got itself finished but, before the end came, had long been out of hand.

For poetry of conception and delicate truth of painting, nothing in the whole Salon was better than a small picture by Mr. Sergeant Kendall, an American, and a pupil of Benjamin-Constant. The subject of "Saint Yves, priez pour nous" is simplicity itself. Two Breton girls, one perhaps eighteen, the other ten, are sitting on a stone seat at the foot of a whitewashed wall, on which a small image of the Saint is fixed. The small girl shrinks to her sister's side, the elder looks up to the shrine with the pathetic faith of the *paysanne*. That is all: but the whole canvas vibrates with colour, every square inch is so full of quality, of intensity of vision, of sincerity in labour, that our sympathies were stirred as no other picture in the whole seventeen hundred had power to stir them. Poetry again, but poetry of a less intimate kind, marks the conception to which the *Médaille d'Honneur* for painting has been given. This is the "Saintes Maries" of M. Paul Jean Gervais. Dealing with the old legend which makes the three Marys arrive miraculously on the coast of Provence, after they had been sent adrift, almost naked, in a dismantled boat, it makes it the excuse for painting such a blaze of daylight as we must go to Provence to enjoy.

The historical pictures were not up to their usual level, either in artistic merit or in extrinsic interest. The "C'est l'Empereur" of Mr. Hugh Glazebrook owed its place on the line, no doubt, to its subject. In conception it has a touch of melodrama, while its execution is scarcely up to the standard which used once to be exacted from foreign painters to whom the jury gave six feet of this coveted space. (See p. 364.) It was infinitely more deserving of the honour, however, than some other non-native productions to which the same indulgence was shown. That rubbish like Makowski's "Toilet of the Bride," Checa's "Les Huns," and a few more things of about the same calibre, should be not only accepted but hung in good places, affords a curious commentary on the claim of Paris to be the "Capitale de l'Art." The "À la Mer" of M. A. Delobbe (see p. 368), the "Retour à la Bord" of M. Gustave Bourgain (see p. 367), and the "Pardon de Kergoat" of M. Jules Breton (see p. 365), are all fair examples of their makers, but they scarcely illustrate the tendencies which carry most hope for the French school.

The portraits at the Champs Élysées were far inferior to those in the Champ de Mars. Bonnat was the answer to Carolus-Duran, and a most ineffective answer he made. In spite of his fame, Bonnat has never been a fine portrait-painter. His manner has no touch of sympathy about it. He can

see the intellectual qualities of a head, and can let you see that he sees them; but he cannot make them the key-note of a pictorial conception. A comparison between him and Carolus might be fairly based on the portraits of Dumas *fil*s and Pasteur.

vibration; the textures are leathery and hard, and the contours sharp and silhouetted. There is no envelope, and the whole affair is without blood or bloom, without inner sign of life or outward declaration of humanity. It is a head seen without sym-



GOING ON BOARD.

(From the Painting by G. Bourgain.)

The first is now at the Institute in Piccadilly, in the exhibition of the New Society of Portrait Painters; the second was at the Academy two or three years ago. The Bonnat is a *procès verbal* of M. Dumas' externals. The head is well built and well clothed. The skull is seen beneath the skin, and its covering well spread upon it. All the force that a head derives from its form, from its accidents, from its signs of wear and tear, it has. But the painter has utterly failed to make his treatment suggest the soul that glows within. The pose is merely conscious, the colour disagreeable in itself, and without

pathy, and painted without desire. The "Pasteur," on the other hand, precise and scientific as it was, had been seen with delight, and painted with all possible warmth. The turn of the head, the tints and textures of the flesh, the quality of the background, all led up to unity and were loyal to the master's thought. The "Pasteur," in fact, was a creation; the "Dumas" is an intelligent statement. Bonnat's "Salon" was this year a lady's portrait. It was cut in coldly, as if with a knife, against his usual most unpleasant background. Exactly the same treatment was applied to a thoroughly academic

"Jeunesse de Samson," in which the Jewish hero was shown rending the lion with strangely idle muscles. Mr. Walter Spindler's half-length of Mme. Bernhardt attracted much attention. The design was good, but its execution coarse and painty to the last degree. Perhaps the cleverest of all

skill. In England we have painters who take to "sculpting," and do it well; in France it is the other way about. There most of those who have won recognition in both forms of art have been sculptors first. The pictures of Faléro, Mercié, and Dubois are among the best things in the Luxembourg.

I remember, of course, that M. Gérôme affords an opposite example. But I fancy that few, even of his admirers, care to let their fancy dwell upon his productions in the round.

Among the English contributions were a few of the best things in the collection. Mr. Chevallier Tayler's "Last Communion," to which a medal was given; Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Sailor's Funeral," Mr. Alfred East's "Evening," Mr. Guthrie's very clever portraits of "Dr. Gardiner" and "Mr. George Smith," and Mr. Swan's "Maternity" were, no doubt, the "pick of the basket." For truth, sincerity, and perfection of achievement so far as it went, I doubt whether any picture shown this year in Paris could be preferred to Mr. Swan's. Readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART will remember how it was admired last year at the Grosvenor. A lioness suckles her cubs, her long body stretched out on the sand, and as her young ones pull at her, she lifts her lazy but watchful head, and looks out, in keen-eyed *volupté*, towards the quarter whence danger may come. In the finest works of Barye, animal character is not gripped more strongly than here, while Mr. Swan has a much fuller sense of externals than the great French sculptor. Barye's lions and tigers are superbly built; they have all their possibilities of passion and violence and locomotion; but they are not well clothed. Barye separated texture from constitution in a very singular, and, as the practice of many smaller men than himself has proved, in a quite needless, fashion. Mr. Swan restores the connection. His animals are complete. If he paints a crouching panther, he reminds us of a Roman catapult, ready to launch its ton or two of rock. But it is not only machinery we look



BY THE SEA.

(From the Painting by A. Delobbe.)

the portraits was "M. le Docteur Lannelongue," in small, by the sculptor Paul Dubois. The sitter was a ruddy, red-haired man in a scarlet gown, and the combination was managed with remarkable

at. We see the envelope as well, the soft protection which veils the springs and gives the beast to which they belong so much of its distinctive character.



## THE DRAGON OF MYTHOLOGY, LEGEND, AND ART.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

By JOHN LEYLAND.



(Drawn by A. G. Macgregor. Engraved by C. Carter.)

WHEN the Aryan people settled in the fertile countries of Europe, where rain fell in plenty, it was in the nature of things that the dragon they brought with them should become subject to considerable change. They never, in Western lands, depicted the monster with half the terror and malignity with which the Orientals had of old invested him; and it is to be observed, as

might have been expected, that he ceased to be the mere custodian of water, and that his treasure consisted often of gold and precious stones, which yet were frequently concealed therein. He became an eerie creature, worm or snake, that slept upon heaps of gold; he was akin to the basilisk, with its jewel that dispensed treasure and blessings to him that obtained it, and to the wealth-keeping griffin of Hesiod and Herodotus, which Milton speaks of in similitude:—

“As when a gryphon through the wilderness  
With wingèd course, o’er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspiæ, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin’d  
The guarded gold.”

With the Greeks, too, the sleepless dragon of the garden of the Hesperides kept watch over the golden apples which Gaia gave to Here at her nuptials with Zeus, and the vigilant dragon which Jason lulled to sleep by means of the charmed draught of Medea was the custodian of the golden fleece. Yet, in the primal Hellenic myth of Apollo and Python, the root-idea of the Indian legend is preserved, for a torrent pours forth at the place where the monster is slain. The Lernean Hydra also is distinctly a creature of the waters, and the dragon slain by the Theban Kadmos kept guard over a fountain. And the

development of the story was, in many respects, the same; but the monster was propitiated, not so much in awe for the procuring of benefits, as in fear for the avoidance of ill. The best-beloved of the people were given up in sacrifice to his rage, as when Andromeda was offered to the monster that Poseidon sent from the sea, whom Perseus valiantly slew; but the representation in art of that which was grotesque or terrible was alien to the spirit of the Greeks, and they preferred the anthropomorphic deity and idealised man to the capricious animal forms that have ever delighted the Oriental.

The story of Perseus and Andromeda, however, influenced them greatly, and has been the fruitful mother of a hundred more—a veritable progeny of legend and romance. It gave currency to the chivalric idea of the brave champion going out to do battle for the beautiful and the pure. The Christian myth of St. George and the Dragon reproduces its features very closely. The town of Silene, in Libya, was subject to the ravages of a monster, which was appeased by the sacrifice of a youth or maiden daily; the lot at last fell upon the king’s daughter, who was led forth weeping, when St. George, passing by, learned the cause of her tears, and rescued her. Similar stories, it may be observed, have been attributed to other saints; and legends of holy men who cast out serpents, as did St. Patrick in Ireland, are likewise numerous. Thus was the dragon introduced into Christian art, in which he is usually represented as a biped or quadruped beast, with wings, scales, and claws. He has passed through these channels widely into the literature of Southern Europe, as where, in the “Orlando Furioso,” Angelica is delivered by the hero from the Ore; and into the folk-lore, as in the legend of the watery coccodrillo of the Southern Italians, which was fed upon the bodies of the foe, and, as they say, upon the discarded lovers of Queen Giovanna.

Passing, for want of space, over the Slavonic dragon, which is generally a watery creature, associated with wealth and the keeping of maidens in enchanted castles—witness a story of one Princess Vasilisa—I take up the myth in its Teutonic form, which has something mystic and strange. Here we are in the realm of enchantment, where gracious maidens are concealed in loathsome serpentine form,



and it needs but a kiss to break the spell; and where dragons and their gloomy kindred watch through the ages over secret treasures deep in the mountains or far down in the waters. Sometimes the hoard may be seen glittering below, tempting the pursuer; sometimes it comes trembling to the surface, as if panting to be taken; again it is rendered up like the fabled jewel that attracted the imperial favour of Charlemagne to its possessor. When Siegfried, in the *Nibelungenlied*, slays his dragon foe, he bathes in the monster's blood and is rendered invulnerable. Thus, too, in the Scandinavian legend, Sigurd, by tasting the heart-blood of Fafnir, is enabled to understand the mystic language of the birds. In these closely-knitted legends of the Teutons and Scandinavians, the hoard which falls to the hero had its origin with the dwarfs—elfish beings who, like the dragon, are keepers of subterranean treasure—and was fabled to bring misfortune to its captor. The Rhineland is full of dragon stories. That of the monster slain by Brömser of Rudesheim preserves the Asiatic idea of the retention of water, for, when the knights went out to the Crusade, a stream which supplied their camp ceased to flow because a dragon took up his abode in a cavern whence it came. A legend of the *Drachenfels* takes us back to the implanting of Christianity, for the pagans of one bank of the stream thought the dragon of the mountain cave might be appeased or propitiated by the sacrifice of those taken in battle with the Christians of the other. Two of their leaders, coming back from one of their bloody incursions, brought, amongst the prisoners, a beauteous maiden, whom each claimed as his own. They were about to put their quarrel to the sword, when the pagan priest interfered, and said that rather should she be offered up to the dragon in honour of Woden. Accordingly she was bound to a tree, and awaited the monster, holding a crucifix in her hand; he approached roaring, and spitting fire, but, when he saw the Christian sign, he fell back with a howl into the river, whereupon many of the pagans were converted, and the maiden gave her hand to the most zealous of her captors. The curious Teutonic legends of monsters which sleep upon mystic treasure are very numerous, and would make an interesting study. There are stories also in the Northern Sagas of heroes who descend into the realms of gloom to fight with vampires and draconian monsters, and return laden with silver and gold.

It was from early Teutonic and Scandinavian sources that our Angle and Saxon ancestors drew their conception of the dragon. Before they reached our shores they sang the lay of Beowulf—son of Sigemund the dragon-slayer—who does battle with Grendel and destroys him with an enchanted sword.

Such stories they brought with them and sang by the hearth-fire in winter-time. It was in this way that the dragon descended to the romantic lore of mediæval England, as, through other channels, it did to that of mediæval Europe, slightly indicated above; and the stories of Sir Bevis, Sir Guy, and of a host of others attest the popularity of the legend. The lay of Sir Eglamour of Artois gives us the dragon-myth in its characteristic mediæval form. The scene of the exploit is at Rome, where the country is ravaged by the monster, and the knight goes forth to slay him, "thowe he be nevyr so wilde," wherein he is successful, and is rewarded by the daughter of the "ryche emperoure." From such deeds of knightly prowess it follows that the dragon sometimes lies at the feet of the monumental dead. More grotesque is the fourteenth century dragon of Sir Dygore, which, from head to tail, "was xxii fote withouten fayle," full of fire and venom, provided with great tusks, and his scales shining like brass. There are several folk-tales of monsters in the British Isles, such as those of the "worms" of Soeburn, Linton, Spindleston Heugh, and Lambton, wherein the monster retains his early crawling form. The last is the most remarkable. The creature in the story is the exaggerated growth of a worm which the heir of Lambton had flung, years before, with a curse into a well, when he was vainly fishing on a Sunday morning. The beast is appeased by the milk of many cows instead of the flesh of maidens, but, like Hydra, he has the power of uniting his body when severed; the hero, however, returning reformed from the Crusades, slays him after a valiant struggle. The victor thereupon winds his horn—having sworn to slay the first living thing he should meet—in order that his favourite hound may be unloosed, but his aged father, overjoyed at the sound, goes forth, and the hand of his son fails in its self-appointed duty. He blows a second blast, and the hound is slain; but the curse falls upon the Lambtons that for nine generations thereafter not one of them should die in his bed.

Of the dragon in modern art there is no grander representation than the grim, chaotic, and terrible python of Turner's great picture in the National Gallery. The finest description of the dragon, as of the dragon-fight, in English literature is that given by Spenser of the fiery creature which holds the parents of Lady Una in durance, wherein the terrors of all other dragons are in some sort embodied. ("Faerie Queen," Bk. I., xi.) And it may also be noted here that the slaying of the great dragon of Rhodes, by Dieu-Donné de Gozon of the Knights of St. John, in 1342, has furnished Schiller with one of his most nervous and expressive ballads, wherein he has powerfully embodied the

knightly ideal of chivalry and bravery, with the Christian ideal of humility and self-abnegation. The champion recounts his valiant deed to the brethren of his Order and its Master, but is harshly reproved by the latter for his vainglory and want of obedience. He humbly kisses the Master's hand, and withdraws, but is called back.

Such, then, was the development of the mythic

of Zurich and Aldrovandi of Bologna might describe and figure him in their books on zoology; the peasants of Sussex might now and again catch a glimpse of him in the forest of St. Leonard's; nay, even his very body might be exhibited in penny shows at country fairs; but, in truth, he had no presence that could be caught so readily. The Dragon of Wantley might remain, "with a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,"



THE FALL OF THE DRAGON'S BROOD.

(Drawn by A. G. Macgregor. Engraved by T. Kien.)

dragon. He began as an oppressor of man, depriving him of that which was his birthright and necessary for his sustenance; he was hated and feared as the universal enemy; he became the object of propitiation or even of worship, for the avoidance of his malevolence, or the procuring of that which he could bestow; he was assailed for the possession of his secret hoard; by him was man deprived of those who were fairest and most dear; and at length he was slain or led captive by the might of the champion's arm. He passed thus into the folk-lore and literature of every nation, and was adopted almost universally as a symbol, a grotesque, or a decorative feature in art.

But, when the yard-wand of the sixteenth-century natural philosopher was applied to the dragon, like all things built up of mythology and poetry, he fell away at that stern touch of reality. Conrad Gesner

to satirise a country lawyer; but the old monster was gone, and what had once been the presentment of the mighty force of evil struggling with that of good, while the fate of man hung in the balance, was, in its import, lost sight of altogether.

**ZOOLOGICAL NOTE.**—The recent discovery that alligators are found in at least one river of China is not only interesting to the zoologist as a case of discontinuous distribution, but to the student of folk-lore as fixing the source whence the Chinese derived their idea of the mythic dragon.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the Chinese do not look upon the dragon as a myth. In a native account of the Natural History of the Celestial Empire,\* we are told that the dragon stands

\* In "Chinese Repository" (Canton, 1838), p. 250.

at the head of all scaly creatures—as fishes, serpents, and lizards; and that there are three sorts or kinds: the *lung*, which is the most powerful and inhabits the sky; the *le*, which lives in the ocean; and the *keaou*, which dwells in marshes and dens of mountains. The first—the fearsome monster which is the Chinese symbol of imperial power—is described as having the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, the ears of a cow, the neck of a snake, the belly of a frog, the scales of a carp, the claws of a hawk, and the palms of a tiger. There is a ridge of scales along its back, eighty-one in number, and those on its head are disposed like the ridges in a chain of mountains. The *keaou* is said to differ little from the dragon of the sky, but has a small head and neck, without horns, a breast of a crimson colour, back marked with green, and sides yellow. It has four legs, but is otherwise like a snake, and is about thirteen feet long. From a comparison of these descriptions it will be evident that the dragon of the sky is nothing but an exaggerated form of the dragon of the marshes. It is now to be seen how far this animal has a real existence, or is a creature of the imagination.

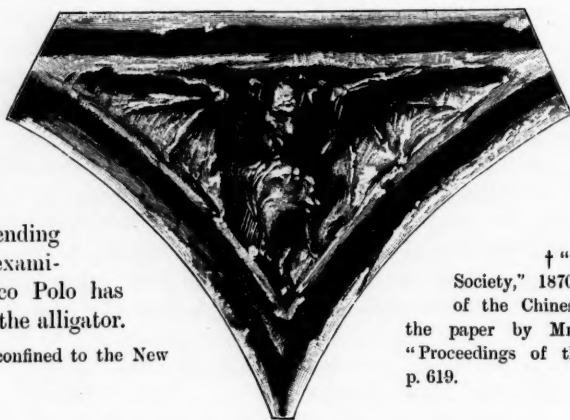
Marco Polo gives us a description of the "Serpents of Yun-nan," which seems to show the transition from the "dragons of the marsh" to the "dragons of the sky." He says that in bulk "they are equal to a great cask, for the bigger ones are about ten palms in girth. They have two fore-legs near the head, but for foot nothing but a claw, like the claw of a hawk or that of a lion. The head is very big, and the eyes are bigger than a great loaf of bread. The mouth is big enough to swallow a whole man, and is garnished with great pointed teeth." Col. Yule in his edition of Marco Polo's "Travels," adds a note to the effect that these animals are evidently crocodiles; but at that time there was a consensus of opinion among naturalists against the existence of crocodilians in China. Klaproth, the German traveller, thought they were boas.\* M. Fauvel, a French gentleman in the service of the Chinese Customs, who settled the question as to the existence of alligators in China, by sending specimens to Paris for examination, thinks that Marco Polo has confused the python and the alligator.

\* Pythons. The boas are confined to the New World.

In the "Atlas Sinensis" of Martini, published in 1656, we find crocodiles mentioned by name. The author says that they were "kept by King Pegao in a small lake called Go (= crocodile lake), and it was the custom to give them criminals to devour." From this time till 1849 there is no mention of Chinese crocodilians in literature, but in all references to them they are either compared to, or distinctly called, dragons. In 1849 a Chinese book was published at Yang-chou, which contained an account of the release of an alligator at Chiao-shan. The government official, who set it at liberty in the Yang-tse-Kiang, composed some verses on the subject, the opening lines of which are thus translated by M. Fauvel: "In the vast seas was once an old alligator. It possessed a square head and four feet like a dragon. . . . This animal was evidently of the dragon family. It could fly through the air, the clouds, the mists, and fogs." Here we have the attributes of the mythic dragon of the sky transferred to the Chinese alligator—a pretty clear indication that at one time the two were closely connected as objects of thought. In 1869 the *Shanghai Evening Courier*, of March 17, gives an account of the exhibition of a small alligator in the tea-gardens of that city as a "real live dragon." In the same year Consul Swinhoe saw "some Chinese exhibiting in the native city of Shanghai what they called a dragon, which they declared had been dug out of a hole. It was a young crocodile about four feet long."†

The last instance to be cited is a pictorial one. In the Temple of the Spirit of the Sea, at the eastern extremity of Silver Island, is a marble slab, six feet in height by two in breadth, containing a spirited etching of the Chinese alligator. There is far more resemblance between this etching, probably from life, and the conventional *lung*, or dragon of the sky, than there is between an eagle and the conventional bird in the Prussian coat-of-arms.

HENRY SCHERREN.



FROM THE CHOIR OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

(Drawn by A. G. Macgregor. Engraved by C. Carter.)

† "Proceedings of the Zoological Society," 1870, p. 410. For a description of the Chinese alligator (*A. sinensis*) see the paper by Mr. G. A. Boulenger, in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society," 1890, p. 619.



## A WAIF OF RENAISSANCE SCULPTURE.

By STEPHEN THOMPSON.

FEW travellers find their way to Forli, one of those large, half-deserted old cities of the Romagna, not altogether picturesque in their decay, but so silent and sad in their uncomplaining, in-

tions were obscured in the blaze of splendour that marked its rapid changes and confusing brilliancy. The corruption and depravity of the period was only paralleled by its culture, and its laxity by its measure-



EFFIGY OF BARBARA ORDELAFFI, FROM HER TOMB AT FORLI.

(Engraved by C. Murray.)

evitable neglect. Yet in a little church in an obscure suburb of the town there stands, amidst poor surroundings, a beautiful example of Italian monumental art—the tomb of Barbara Ordelaffi, A.D. 1466. It is erected in a small chapel near the entrance, next to that painted in fresco by Melozzo de Forli and his pupil Palmezzano with compositions which have been reproduced by the Arundel Society. The date alone bespeaks the interest of every lover of Italian art; but this interesting monument epitomises more than one characteristic of Renaissance Italy—that great movement which fills so large a space in the history of civilisation. In this outburst of new life, as depicted by its latest historian, “moral distine-

less enthusiasm. It was the fermentation of a new era into life that bred the startling contradictions of the period. Fired by the revelations of the ancient world, they drank to intoxication the strong wine of multitudinous thoughts and passions that kept pouring out of the long-buried amphore of Greek and Latin inspiration, and the fiery enthusiasm of this intoxication pervaded all classes in the Italy of the fifteenth century.” How else can we understand that complex, many-sided movement, so full of strange contrasts, of mingled polish and barbarism; so full of intrigues, jealousies, crimes, virtues, and vices; so marked by manifold individuality, superabundant vitality, stormy passions, and political turbulence?



In Marchesi's "Storia di Forlì" is preserved the dark tale of Barbara Ordelaffi's treachery and crime—by no means the only one in the stormy annals of Forlì in the fifteenth century. Married in 1462 to Pierro Ordelaffi, a younger son of the reigning family, possessed by an uncontrollable ambition, while thirsting for power, she, with her father's connivance, persuaded her husband to seize and imprison his elder brother Cecco, Lord of Forlì, and thus make himself master of the city; but feeling their position insecure while the prisoner lived, she mixed poison with the food she sent to him in the Torre dell' Orlogio. He, however, escaped this danger by means of his wife Elizabeth Ordelaffi, who shared his prison, and who bore about her person a ring which was said to have the virtue of detecting poisons, but was, nevertheless, shortly afterwards murdered by a band of assassins hired by Barbara. In keeping with the traditions of the age, Barbara herself died soon after from poison which it was supposed her husband, "for reasons unknown," caused to be administered to her. The possession of such a dangerous consort was doubtless inconvenient; but the complex spirit of the time, its exquisite art, and its singular obtusity to all moral distinctions, is well illustrated in this characteristic monument erected in the church of San Girolamo. It embodies, moreover, a fragment of Italian history typical of that turbulent period. The reign of these provincial despots was marked by a labyrinth of plot and counterplot, of force repelled by violence. Their activity of mind and body was extreme, and their passions corresponded to their vehement vitality. All the rulers of the separate Italian States lived habitually in an atmosphere of peril which taxed all their energies. None dared hope for a peaceful end, nor believed in the natural death of princes,—who were destined to be either poisoned or poignarded. Of thirteen of the Carraras, Lords of Padua, whose sculptured monuments stand in the Church of the Eremitani, sharing its attractions with Mantegna's frescoes, less than half died in their beds. Of the five La Scalas, successive Lords of Verona—including Can Grande della Scala, the friend and patron of Dante—four came to a violent end.

It is difficult now to realise that Forlì was once a place of much importance, a free city, with an independent ruler or sovereign. But in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Ordelaffis figure often in Italian history. Dante alludes to the family under the figure of a green lion borne on their coat of arms, in allusion to the defeat of the French army at Forlì. The same coat of arms is sculptured upon this monument.

It is worth while, if one desires to steep himself in the subtle spiritual atmosphere of these

bygone days, so far as may yet be possible to the traveller in this age of hurry-scurry and popular manuals, to travel to Forlì by the old post-road from Ancona. The road winds along the Adrian shore, following the curve of the bay to Capo Pesaro, affording beautiful retrospective views of the picturesque scenery. Sinigaglia, the scene of a treacherous massacre by Caesar Borgia, is the first halting-place. After passing the once flourishing port of Fano, the road winds through a beautiful country until it reaches Pesaro, not only an important town during the early days of the Roman Empire, but also during the full Renaissance period, when it became a favourite resort of literary men, poets, and painters—Tasso residing there for a considerable time. The country hence to La Cattolica is more hilly, until Rimini, full of memories of the "Divina Commedia" and the touching story of Francesca da Rimini, is gained. Passing the bridge of Augustus, erected over the Arminius more than eighteen centuries ago, the road winds on past wayside crosses and tinselled oratories, past small farms or *possessioni*, and amid vine-clad terraces, until the Rubicon is crossed, and you arrive in the evening at the little town of Cesena, prettily situate on the slopes of a hill overlooking the Savio—a town which boasted the possession of a bishop as far back as A.D. 92. The sun sets as you ascend the hill, and you see around numerous hill-villages and historic sites, where Malatestas, Sforzas, and Ordelaffis wrestled with each other for supremacy in the bygone years to which our subject refers; by the time the welcome Albergo is reached the purple hue at the zenith has deepened into impenetrable darkness, as one by one the great stars come out, and "the rose of day turns into the lily of night."

The remaining portion of the journey is by way of Bertinoro—one of the ancient fiefs of the Malatestas, and later the property of Caesar Borgia—passing through Forlìpopoli; then by the ruined ramparts of the old citadel portion of the town, on the site of the Forum Livii, entering Forlì through the Porta Pia.

The Church of San Girolamo is so small and of so little importance that to discover it requires some search, and few would expect to find a monument of so much importance within that diminutive edifice. Those familiar with the sepulchral monuments of Italy will at once observe that its general features are in accordance with the Tuscan masterpieces of the fourteenth century. There is the same division of space, composition, arrangement of drapery, selection and disposition of ornament. It fulfils all the requirements of the best art in its balance of parts, according to the principles so well expounded by the author of "Tuscan Sculptors":—



TOMB OF BARBARA ORDELAFFI.

(Drawn by Raphael Jones.)

"Architecture and sculpture should be so combined in a sepulchral monument as to form an unit—that is to say, that neither should predominate, but each be dependent upon and enhance the other." In these

features it resembles the two masterpieces of Renaissance sepulchro-monumental art at Sta. Croce by Desiderio da Settignano and Antonio Rossellino, a few years earlier in date (1453-1459), in which—

especially in Marsuppini's tomb by Settignano—all the Greek elements have passed through the alembic of the Italian mind, and come forth anew. There is, indeed, scarcely a feature or detail which is not classic in its origin, herein differing from that by the younger Rossellino at San Miniato, which was erected to the youthful Cardinal di Portogallo—the modern spirit being here predominant, and the architectural and ornamental features entirely subordinate to the figure sculpture.

The sarcophagus is placed within a recess formed by an arch resting on pilasters, delicately sculptured with flowers and arabesques, free from that exuberance so often seen in Renaissance ornament of a later date, having triple capitals in varied design, after the manner of the Sta. Croce monuments. Instead, however, of plain panels below the architrave as a background to the effigy, delicately sculptured drapery is looped across the recess, and a richly brocaded pall falls over the side of the mortuary couch. The sarcophagus bears on the front two winged cherubim, who hold up a commemorative scroll inscribed with the name of Barbara Ordelaifi, who is addressed as "Ottima"! The base of the whole structure is carved with two festoons of fruit and flowers on either side of a shield bearing the arms of the Ordelaifi. A richly bordered roundel of the Madonna and Child, with winged-cherub heads on each side,

fills the lunette, and the archivolt and architrave are sculptured in the best style of the Renaissance. After the manner of the time, the sculptor has worked for the most part in low relief, seeking for expression in the last refinements of shadow.

The peaceful effigy of Barbara Ordelaifi reposes upon the sarcophagus inclined so as to render the whole figure visible from the pavement in front. The figure is of course recumbent, straightly lined, and full of repose, the head slightly turned towards the spectator upon the pillow as if in sleep. It is evidently a portrait, so lifelike is the placid countenance. The marble almost speaks, and colour alone seems wanting to give life, so perfect is the exquisite chiselling of the delicate curves of the half-petulant lips, the grace of the arched eyebrows, the soft contours of the cheek, and the drooping eyelids. The incised details of the long-gloved arms and hands are beautifully executed, and the chiselling is as sharp and perfect as though it were finished but yesterday. It would be almost impossible to believe that this exquisite monument perpetuated the memory of one steeped in crime without reference to the startling contrasts presented by Renaissance Italy. The name of the sculptor is unknown. Various guesses have been made, resting upon very insufficient evidence, but it is, without doubt, the work of one of the less-known sculptors of the great Tuscan school.

### "THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE."

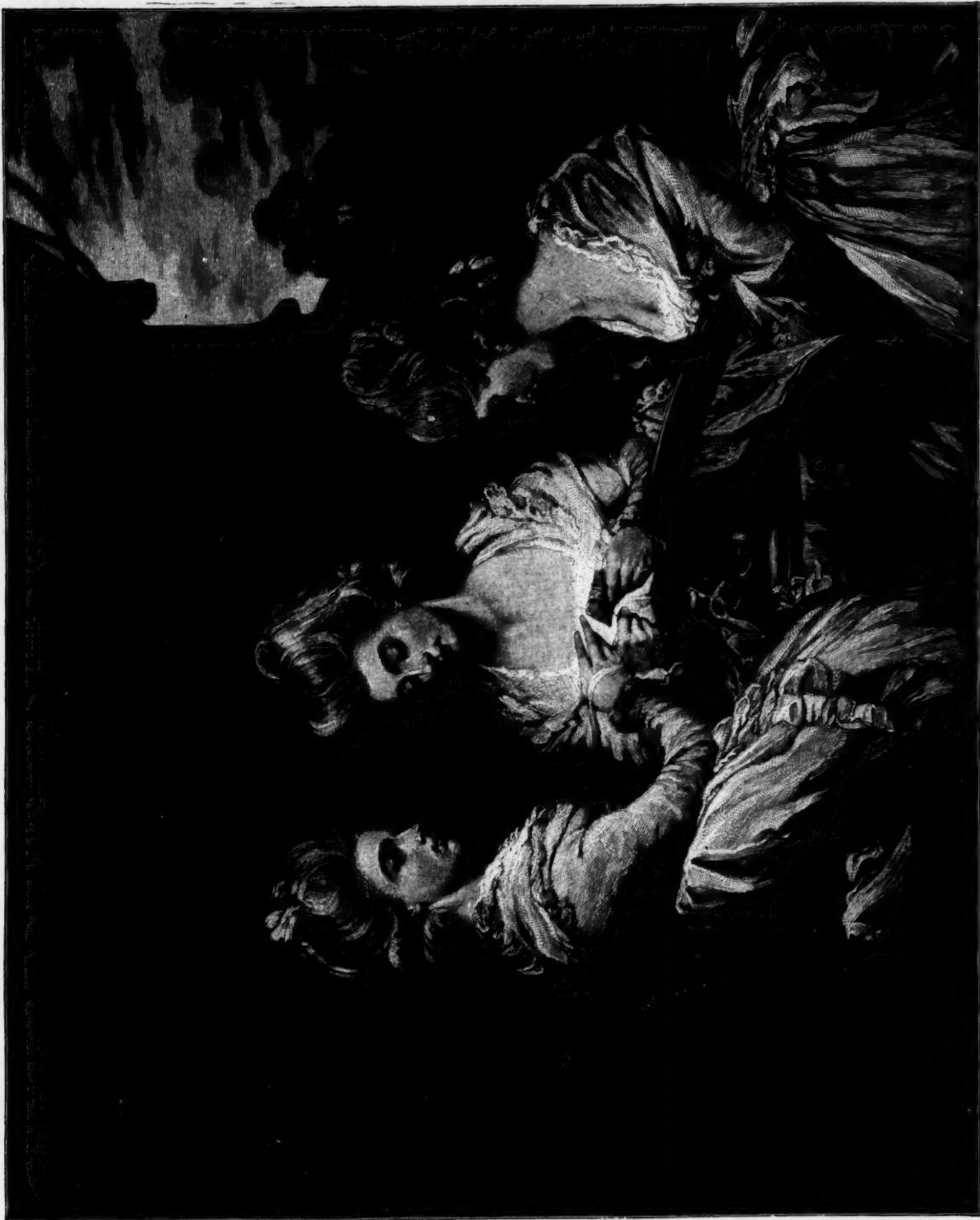
PAINTED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

"THE Ladies Waldegrave," one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most famous, of Sir Joshua's larger works, was painted for Sir Horace Walpole in 1780, and exhibited in the Royal Academy in the following year with six other works. In his writings and letters, Walpole several times refers to this picture and to its sitters. "Lady Laura, afterwards Lady Chewton, is in the middle," he says in his catalogue, "Lady Maria is on her right holding a skein of silk, and Lady Horatia is working at the tambour." They were his grand-nieces, daughters of James, Earl of Waldegrave, and Maria, daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, and excited as much admiration for their conduct under distressing circumstances as for their beauty. For, strange and sad to tell, these three young ladies all lost their lovers within a year—the two first-named were jilted by Lord Carmarthen and Lord Egremont respectively, while the riotous living of the Duke of Ancaster, who was engaged to Lady Horatia, set up a fever which brought him to his death. "Each one had missed one of the first matches in the country," said Walpole. But they had

not long to wait for husbands: Lady Laura marrying Viscount Chewton, afterwards Earl Waldegrave; Lady Maria, the Earl of Euston; and Lady Horatia, Lord Hugh Seymour, son of the Earl of Hertford.

Whether Walpole paid Reynolds 800 or only 300 guineas for this splendid work is a point which will probably never be decided; but as to its present value, we have but lately had an opportunity of judging. Whatever was the price, it is certain that Walpole thought it too dear; for while admitting the beauty of the picture as a whole, and the charm of effect, he at one time criticised severely the slovenliness of the details, and the crudeness of the colour. In 1842 Lord Waldegrave tried to sell the picture, but, not reaching the reserve put upon it, it was bought in at £577. It subsequently passed into the possession of Lord Carlingford, who, four years ago, announced it for sale at Christie's. It never came into the auction-room, however, but was disposed of by private contract to Mr. Thwaites, the well-known collector, who paid for it no less a sum than 10,000 guineas.



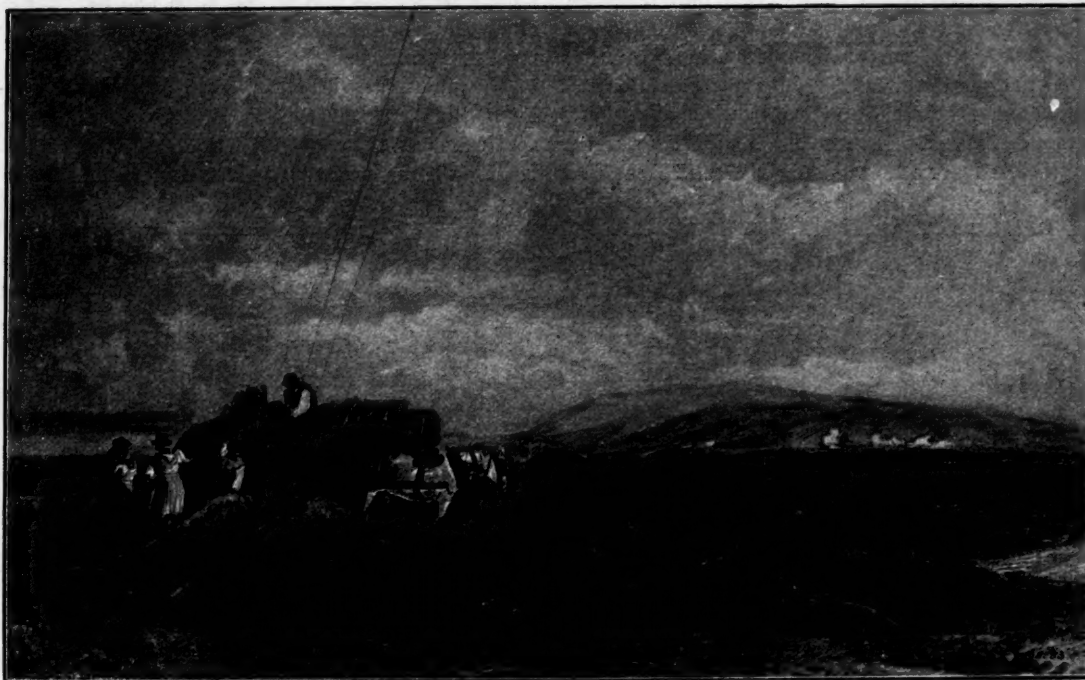


THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE.

(From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. Engraved by Professor Berthold from the Mezzotint of Mr. G. S. Sturt, published by Mr. Noëdon.)







HAY-MAKING.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by David Cox, in the South Kensington Museum.)

## DAVID COX AND PETER DE WINT.\*

By JAMES ORROCK, R.I.

TO lovers of British art the illustrated biographies of Cox and De Wint, just issued by Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave, will be a welcome addition to those which have already appeared of those celebrated painters.

Mr. Redgrave's book is clearly and charmingly written, and it takes the form of a condensed history of the lives of those masters rather than an attempt to show the artistic merits which deserve a history. This handbook, I feel sure, will be gladly received not only as a synopsis of those interesting biographies and essays which Messrs. Solly, Hall, Monkhouse, Armstrong, Wedmore, and others have already given to the public, but as a book containing much which has never appeared before. The names and works of those poor "drawing masters," in spite of "fashionable neglect," like our bards—headed by Burns—nevertheless "hold the people;" and Mr. Redgrave's handbook will add another instance of the living fire of those masters.

Cox, the sweetest singer of all pastoral landscape painters, and De Wint, the broadest and grandest of

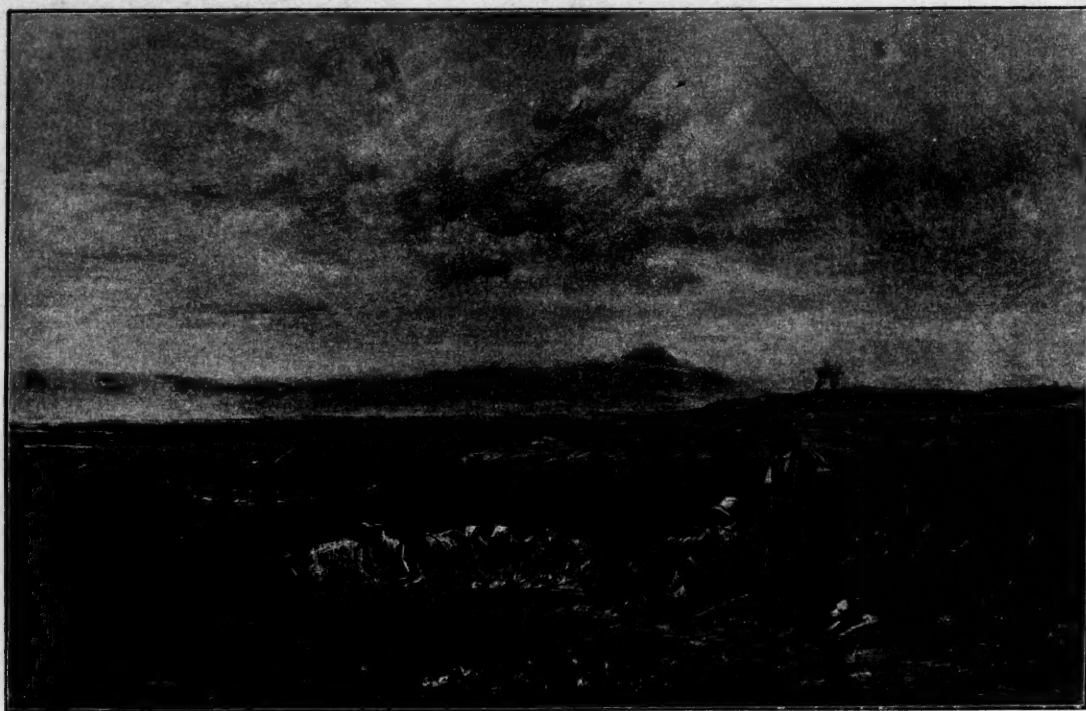
landscape colourists, hold their strength as true *impressionists* of the highest class; but their simple and direct artistic aim will be for ever among the models of landscape painters, as markedly as the Venetians, the Spanish, and Dutch are in figure painting.

Cox was so English in his soul, as Mr. Redgrave tells us, that, after his second visit to the Continent, "he never expressed a wish to make another." Indeed, when anyone showed him Continental views, he would exclaim, "Oh, that's foreign!" which expression, we learn, was a byword with him. De Wint was quite as English as Cox, and, like him, found his themes at his door. Those masters painted in oil as well as water-colours, and Mr. Redgrave says, "we have felt some hesitation in deciding whether to represent his art (Cox's) more largely by his oil pictures or by his water-colour drawings. Indeed, but for the liberality with which the trustees of the Birmingham collection have responded to our request to reproduce some of their treasures, we should have confined ourselves chiefly to his earlier and better known work in water-colours." The public would have regretted this, for it would have done Cox's genius an injustice; in fact, it would

\* "David Cox and Peter de Wint." By Gilbert R. Redgrave. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Limited, London.)

have thrown one more false weight into the scale of the ignorant and prejudiced, who, during Cox's life, scoffed at the purest and truest *pastoral* painting in oil the world ever saw. Oddly enough, and fortunately enough, those plates in Mr. Redgrave's book which have been reproduced from the *oil* pictures are the clearest and sharpest in the collection. We

present writer was one of that band, and the "band of devoted admirers of Cox" was by no means "confined to Birmingham." As "his art did not appeal to the uninstructed public," some individuals, who knew that art leavened the masses, made them, as Ruskin says, accept the truth as "a matter of faith," where it now remains, for the intrinsic



CHANGING PASTURES.

(From the Oil Painting by David Cox, in the Birmingham Art Gallery.)

should, therefore, be much obliged to Mr. Redgrave for his decision, which means the addition of one more *true* weight into the scale of the just judges.

It may not be generally known that Cox's oil pictures, with the exception of Turner's brilliant late oil works, are perhaps the only pictures which can hang in the company of the finest water-colours; in other words, they take us into the presence of nature without the clogs of oils and varnishes.

To one statement (page 54) in Mr. Redgrave's book I must take exception. He says, "It is a hard task at the present day, when men of all shades of opinion combine to do homage to his (Cox's) genius, to believe that less than half a century ago his works were looked upon with indifference by the connoisseurs and lightly esteemed by the *best judges* of the time." The men who ultimately placed Cox on his pedestal were the "connoisseurs and best judges." Who else *could* have done it? It so happens that the

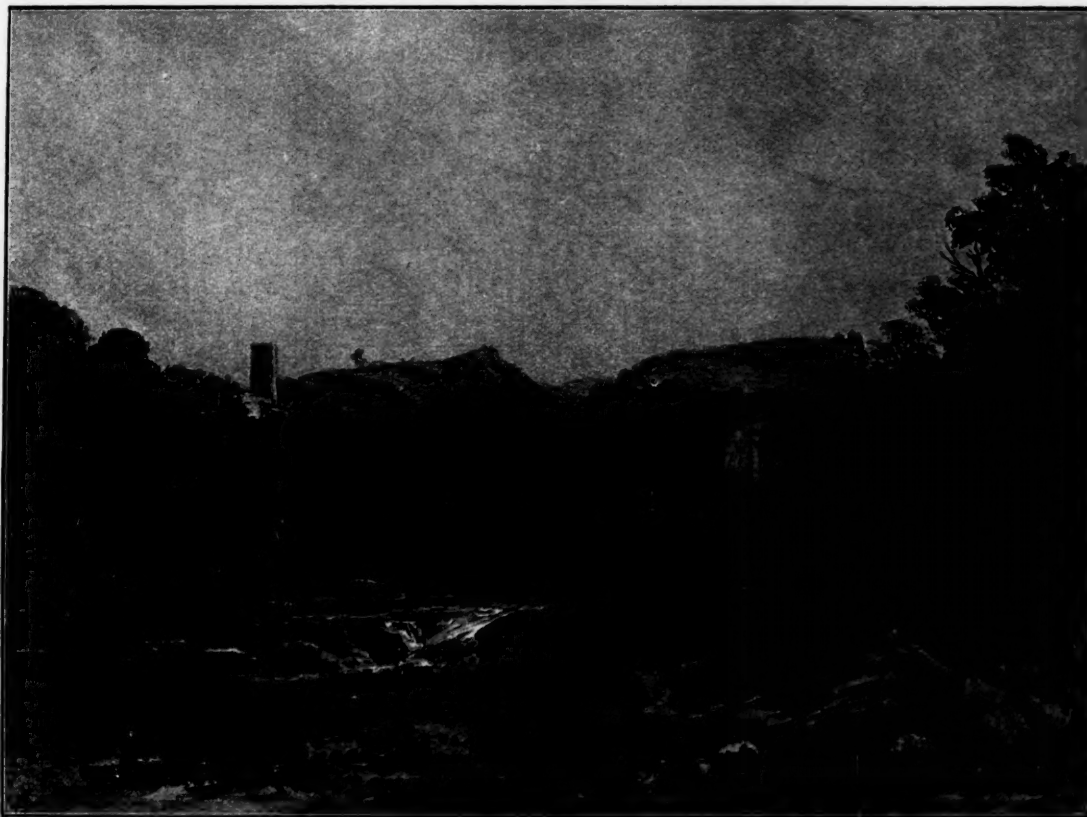
knowledge never can exist except, as at first, among an infinitesimal minority. At page 55 "Going to the Hayfield" is described as a *drawing*. Is it not the *oil* picture which the late Mr. Joseph Nettlefold bequeathed to the Birmingham Gallery?

Mr. Redgrave's life of De Wint is deeply interesting; the Scotch "blend" with the Dutch produced the finest of all landscape colourists, and, like many natives of these countries, De Wint, to nurse his strong individuality—a trying task in this mighty city, associated too as he was with artists of as high mark as himself—lived to himself like Turner, and, as Mr. Redgrave says, "had small occasion to take counsel with the outer world." He had a happy home, and his art absorbed his whole mind. The Scotch, like the Dutch, have always been colourists, and those scientists who trace genius from the mother will give the balance in favour of Scotland. The joy of the boy De Wint, when he found



himself free from the trammels of an inartistic home and apprenticed to Raphael Smith, among the work of the "angels," as he called the beautiful engravings! His expression that he, too, was a painter!—the romantic and steel-tempered spirit of the youthful De Wint, who resolved to go to prison rather than play false to his fellow-pupil, Hilton; his reward, by another romance, which lasted out his whole life, viz., the love between him and Hilton's sister Harriet, an enduring love which, as Mr. Redgrave tells us, "grew deeper with each year of their lives;"—for such deeply interesting history the public will feel grateful to Mr. Redgrave, and the lessons taught therein will doubtless be applied by many a youthful genius when this little handbook

National Gallery on the plea that there was no room! This manifest perversion happened during the reign of Sir William Boxall, but since then, on numberless occasions, many rare and priceless works by our own masters have been refused their legitimate place in our own National Gallery on other grounds equally futile. Despotism art-guides ought to have no place where prejudice and ignorance hold the sway. I do not agree with Mr. Redgrave when he says De Wint's oil pictures look "as if they were painted by a man accustomed to lay on his colours in washes. There is less impasto and less executive handling than there would have been, probably, had De Wint been only an oil painter." It appears to me, after a long and intimate



AYSGARTH PORCE, YORKSHIRE.

(From the Water-colour Drawing by Peter de Wint, in the Orrock Collection.)

comes in his way. At page 77 we are reminded of the important gift to the South Kensington Museum by Mrs. Tatlock, De Wint's daughter, of four oil pictures, including the two renowned pictures of "A Cornfield" and "A Woody Landscape," and twelve water-colour sketches from nature. Those splendid natural pictures were actually refused for the

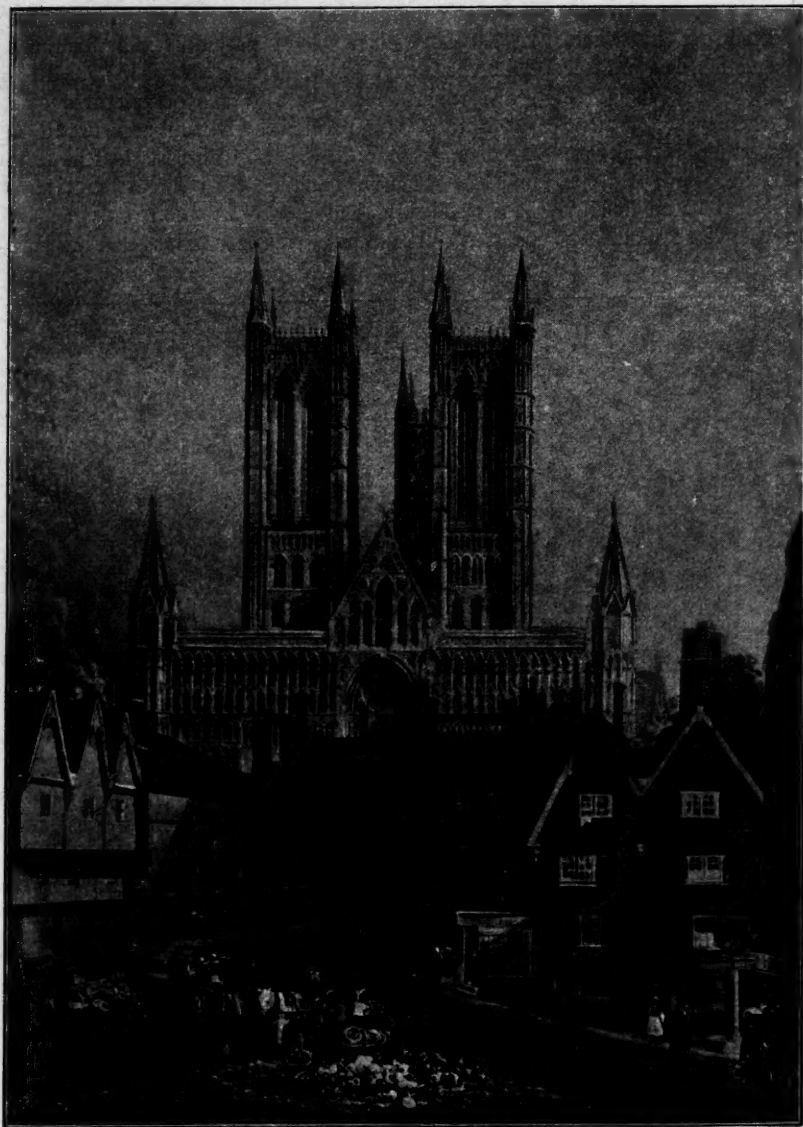
acquaintance with these pictures, that anything more solid or impasto could hardly be shown. I contend that they, like Cox's oil work, have to perfection the happy balance of impasto and transparent painting which was the practice of Cuyp, Hobbema, Crome, Müller, Constable, and all the foremost among landscape painters. Again, Mr. Redgrave, at page 79,



after truly stating that De Wint commonly painted on ivory-tinted Creswick paper, which has a coarse surface, continues, "and this surface shall give a texture to his flat masses, and hide any deficiency of handling. A rough surface is also of value in

tinted, linen-made Creswick paper with a strong surface which would retain the first-intention virgin tones. That he could do the so-called finish is abundantly evident in, for instance, his numerous drawings for engraving, many of which can be seen

in the Birmingham Corporation Gallery. On page 78 Mr. Redgrave deplores De Wint's excessive practice of water-colour painting, for he says, "Who can tell how much may have been lost to art by De Wint's pursuit of water-colours rather than oil?" I think otherwise; the English art has gained a lasting place by the perfection of work in the medium of water-colours, and the world could better spare a dozen fine oil painters than one of those masters in water-colours. The colours are the same, and as lasting; and for landscape painting no oil painter, however great—even Turner himself—could in any way rival the purity, light, space, and delicacy of drawing, of a water-colour painting. Turner tried his utmost to produce those qualities in oil, and prepared his "ground" accordingly. Mr. Redgrave, on page 80, states that De Wint's "handling and execution are not his strong points, and perhaps, on this very account, there is a breadth and tone about his masses of foliage which is so true that we



LINCOLN MINSTER.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by P. de Wint, in the South Kensington Museum.)

giving the appearance of finish with little labour." The fact is, De Wint felt, like Rembrandt, Hals, and Velasquez, that a strongly grained ground helped to give the true finish in nature and art—viz., strength, wealth, and fatness of colour. De Wint loved to produce the bloom of nature, and he knew, above all men, the only means of producing it was to paint on

cannot regret the omission of details." This is precisely what De Wint himself meant, for the details to him were the preservation of the greater truths of nature and the sinking of the lesser. Elaboration of lines and dots was never the practice of the greatest colourists. The light, which is in the shade, the deep and glowing chiaroscuro, was their chief end.

# Elizabeth Prisoner



*H, Fortune! how thy restless waving state  
Hath fraught with cares my troubled will!  
Witness this present prison, whither fate  
Could bear me, & the joys I quit.*

*Thou causedst the guiltie to be losed  
From bands, wher'in are innocents inclosed:  
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,  
And freeing those that death had well deserved.  
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,  
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.*



**ELIZABETHE,**  
**PRISONER,**  
*writ upon a shutter  
in my prison of  
Woodstock.*



(Drawn by C. Ricketta.)

# Elizabeth Queen



I.



HE doubt of future foes,  
Exiles my present ioy,  
And wit me warnes to shun such snares  
As threaten mine annoy.

II.

For falshood now doth flow,  
And subject faith doth ebbe,  
Which would not be, if reason rul'd  
Or wisdome weu'd the webbe.

(Drawn by C. Ricketta.)



III.

**B**UT cloudes of toise untried,  
Do cloake aspiring mindes,  
Which turne to raine of late repent,  
By course of changed windes.

IV.

The toppe of hope supposed,  
The roote of ruthe wil be,  
And fruitlesse all their graffed guiles,  
As shortly ye shall see.

V.

Then dazeled eyes with pride,  
Which great ambition blinds,  
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights  
Whose foresight falshood finds.

VI.

The daughter of debate,  
That eke discord doth sowe,  
Shall reap no gaine where former rule  
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

VII.

**O** forraine bannisht wight  
Shall ancre in this port,  
Our realme it brookes no strangers force,  
Let them elsewhere resort.

VIII.

Our rusty sworde with rest,  
Shall first his edge employ  
To polle their toppes that seek such change,  
And gape for such like ioy.

Never think you Fortune can beare  
the sway  
Where Vertues force, can cause her  
to obey,  
Quoth Elizabethe,  
Queen.

*Cynthia Regina*



*Mary Queen of Scots*



## THE ROMANCE OF ART.

## THE SCULPTOR'S POET-WIFE.

By LEADER SCOTT.



ONE of the rarest things to find in the annals of art is a happy marriage. There is a great deal of passion and jealousy, there are many quarrels and misunderstandings, but few cases in which we see an artist's wife his best companion and inspirer through a long series of years. Yet such an union was that of Bartolommeo Ammannati and his wife Laura Battiferri, whose love-story was not devoid of romance. It began in the Court of Urbino, whither Ammannati was called by Duke Guidobaldo II. to sculpture a tomb for the late Duke Francesco Maria, his fame having preceded him by means of a statuette of Leda sculptured by him, and which Cosimo dei Medici had sent as a present to the Duke of Urbino.

In Guidobaldo's Court, over which Vittoria Farnese presided, there met together all the wit and beauty of the time. There was Annibale Caro gathering material for his sprightly letters; there came Tasso to sing his songs of chivalry; Cardinal Bembo with his cynic wit; Vittoria Colonna talked metaphysics with her namesake the Grand Duchess; and among the ladies who clustered round her was a young girl of Urbino, named Laura Battiferri, whose mind and genius made her a bright particular star, even in that brilliant galaxy. Tasso named her the "Pride of Urbino," and Annibale Caro gave her the title of the "New Sappho." She was the daughter of a certain Giovanni Antonio Battiferri, who held some public office in the city, and, as Baldinucci says, "she had a noble and spirited vein of poetry, with which Heaven had liberally endowed her, and she knew so well how to combine it with culture and learning that she had become the object of admiration to the most learned men of the century in Italy and out of it."

This was the woman who first dazzled the eyes of the Florentine sculptor on this his first visit to Urbino, and with whose face he became familiar as she passed in and out of the rooms at the palace, while he worked at the stucco ornamentations which still adorn the dismantled halls. At this first visit, however, the acquaintance progressed no further, for his patron Guidobaldo died, and Ammannati returned to Florence. Here he began a tomb in the church of the SS. Annunziata for Mario Nari, a Roman. As one of the events in Nari's life had been a fight with a certain Francesco Musi, Ammannati designed for the

tomb a figure of Victory standing over a prisoner. Unluckily the artist was wrong in his facts. Baldinucci says that Bandinelli purposely misinformed him, and the defeat was represented on the wrong side. The statue could not of course be erected. "Victory" became a statue in the corridor of the convent, and the angels were used as candlesticks on the altar, which events so annoyed the artist that he again left Florence for Venice. Thence he went to Padua, where a certain amateur of art and antiquities, Mario Benavides di Mantova, employed him. Ammannati built an entrance to the palace which contained Benavides' collection of antiques, in the form of a triumphal arch, whose niches were filled with statues of Jupiter, Apollo, &c. In the Cortile, Ammannati made a colossal Hercules; but as Messer Benavides had not Cosimo I.'s faculties for obtaining wondrous blocks of marble for the making of giants, this one, "which was twenty-five feet high, had to be composed of eight pieces admirably joined together." The patron, however, was very proud of his giant, and both Palladio and Sansovino praised its modelling. Benavides next desired Ammannati to prepare his tomb, the funeral oration being already printed! The monument was placed in the church of the Eremitani, and consists of the effigy of Messer Mario surrounded by allegorical figures of Learning, Labour, Honour, Renown, watched over by Immortality and two other genii.

From Padua the sculptor drifted back to Urbino, and renewed his acquaintance with the poetess Laura, who was now in her father's own house. Battiferri was a worthy man, who fully recognised the dangers to which his daughter's genius exposed her, and was most anxious to see her married to a "virtuous and talented" man. Just such an one the Florentine sculptor appeared to him, and he willingly accepted him as a son-in-law. The wedding took place in the dark little chamber of the Holy House of Loreto, which was looked on as a spot of peculiar sanctity. The effect of a wedding-party beneath those time-blackened walls, which look so very like a tomb, illuminated only by the altar-candles and the gleam of the jewels on the robe of the black Madonna, must have been very curious. The witnesses were Don Niccolò Casale, and Girolamo Lombardo, a sculptor who had studied with Ammannati under Sansovino, and was now engaged on the casing of the "Casa Santa."

There is a story that Ammannati ran away with

his wife from the Court of Urbino, and that the Duchess Vittoria was so angry that she would not forgive her. This has no foundation, as Vittoria Farnese, being lately made a widow, was not reigning at the time of the marriage, which was arranged by the bride's own father. And a more happy marriage could not have taken place. Those lucky little bells which are blessed in the Holy House must have rung all the troubles and crosses out of the two lives, as they are supposed to ring out the storm-demons. The poetess celebrated her husband's works, and he admired hers, and did not begrudge the world its admiration either. Laura wrote sonnets and odes to princes and princesses, and kept her husband and herself well in the van of fame. He became Court architect and sculptor to Duke Cosimo; she was poet-laureate to the Duchess Eleonora of Toledo, to whom she dedicated her poems, published by Giunti, at Florence, in 1560. Her preface says that several worthy persons have advised her to print these poems, and adds, "some, not only without permission, but without my knowledge, wishing to publish them, I being moved not a little, have resolved to take the less objectionable course, and, with the permission of my husband and the counsel of many friends, prefer to print them myself, addressing them to the glorious name of your illustrious Excellency, not because I deem them worthy of such a high honour, but to show, in the only manner I can, that we are, if not wholly grateful, yet partly recognisant of the benefits which your Excellency and the illustrious Duke have bestowed, and daily and largely bestow, on me and Sig. Bartolommeo, my husband, who, together with me, has no other wish but to try to serve you faithfully and worthily."

Is it to be wondered at that, when the wife offered such delicate homage, the husband should reap the benefit of Court patronage? How different all this was from Andrea del Sarto's poor mistaken spouse, who, in trying to keep him to herself, lost him the favour of king and patron, and dragged his moral nature lower! It is possibly due as much to Laura's poems as to Ammannati's own skill, that the Duchess was so emphatically on his side in the competition for the "Neptune" that even Cellini's higher genius had to give way. Of course the book begins and ends with sonnets in praise of the Duke and Duchess, and others to her former patrons of Urbino follow. Then come sonnets, all very smooth and flowing, to most of the great men and women of the day, one of the most frequent names being her correspondent Annibale Caro. Many of the most spirited effusions are in answer to sonnets addressed to herself or to her husband, for whom she speaks even more warmly than for herself. Evidently the way to Madonna Laura's heart was by

praising her spouse. In page 80 of the poems, M. Pierre Stufa in a sonnet speaks of the "New Phidias so dear to her, whom she carries in her soul, where every virtue lodges," and she prettily ends her reply with:—

"I trust in Him who by such happy ways has brought us already so far on honour's road that we fear no more an adverse fate. My new Phidias is to me such a shield against Lethe that in his fresh and lovely forms I shall live even when my bones are dead."

Possibly not many of Laura's later readers would endorse this sentiment, Ammannati's "Neptune" and other works being far removed from the genius of a Phidias.

Both Laura and her husband were great friends of Annibale Caro, many of his most sprightly epistles being addressed to them. In one dated Rome, August 6th, 1552, Caro writes to her in the country to thank her for a sonnet she had sent to him, as she often did, for criticism, playfully calling him her Master. "As for the sonnet, I have nothing to say but to praise it. Yet your Master, holding the right to exert his prerogative, has chosen to alter it in certain parts. Avenge yourself against his reply (another sonnet), which is such that he would have been ashamed to send it if he did not count it greater shame not to answer at all; but of a truth he deserves excuse that, living in these disturbed times, he has not been able to keep the Muses either friendly or idle. If, in the midst of your quiet, they should dictate aught else to you, I pray you let me see it, but more willingly would I hear it sung; and now it is growing cooler, the belief that you will soon take flight is very pleasant. M. Bartolommeo must share this feeling, as he will then have something better near him than his women of marble."

In October, 1556, Laura and her husband had been drinking the waters at the hot baths of Porretta, and Annibale writes that in her last verses she has surpassed herself, and "if I must speak the truth, there is something so unlike your style in them that I suspect the waters of Porretta are like those of Hippocrates. If I could have drunk them with you, I might possibly make better verses." In a letter condoling with the husband and wife on the death of their friend Varchi, the historian, in 1560, he disclaims the title of "Master," saying he cannot presume to it any longer, and ends with a warm invitation to her and M. Bartolommeo to visit him at Viterbo.

The lives of this talented couple flowed smoothly on; their lines being laid in pleasant places—Court architect and Court poetess—they had more patronage than they needed; and as he made statues and fountains, built palaces and houses, repaired the damages of the floods by rebuilding the Ponte alla

Carraja and Ponte Santa Trinità, they grew richer and richer.

In 1561 Gio. Ant. Battiferri died, leaving Laura his heiress, his executors being a cardinal bishop and two Florentine burghers. The Ammannati had already a palace in Via dei Ginori; but as age crept upon them they longed for repose, and in 1576 bought from the Camaldolese monks a villa at Camerata, about three miles out of Florence, where they enjoyed a retired life full of good works. They helped the poor, encouraged art, and spent a large portion of their joint fortune in rebuilding, from Ammannati's own plans, the Oratory of the Jesuit Fathers—the little church near San Lorenzo now known as San Giovannino—reserving to themselves one of the

chapels, which they dedicated to S. Bartholomew, and where they designed that their joint tomb should be. Laura was the first to occupy it; she died in November, 1589; and Bartolommeo only lived a short while after, he dying in 1592, aged eighty-two. Her name was associated with all his good deeds while living, and on his tomb when dead.

Anyone who wishes to see this pair of married lovers may recognise them in Allori's altarpiece over their tomb. Ammannati is the S. Bartholomew, with a grey beard, leaning on a staff; and Laura is the woman in a white veil kneeling behind the Canaanitish woman. In his old age Ammannati became a strict purist, and did many penances for his past sins in sculpturing undraped gods and goddesses.

## ANIMAL PAINTERS PAST AND PRESENT.

By E. LANDSEER GRUNDY.



ANIMAL painting is a branch of art that requires the most profound study and the most assiduous and painstaking application—a fact, however, which seldom deters even those who have failed as painters in other branches of art from embarking on it with the utmost assurance. Many of these do not know the animals they paint; that is to say that they are alive to their pictorial value, but have no deeper sense of their character or of their qualities as subjects for artistic interpretation. In this country, animals, especially dogs and horses, are always appreciated, and if well drawn and painted, with a little story attached to them, are generally sure of purchasers at most of the exhibitions.

In past times Tintoret, Velasquez, Rubens, and other celebrated artists, have appeared as painters of dogs. The latter was an accomplished painter of both dogs and lions. Velasquez introduced bloodhounds, fiery steeds, and prancing war horses into his portraits. Francis Snyders (1579–1651) painted animals in a grand style of his own. His bear and dog combats, wild boar and wolf hunts, were rendered with great spirit and vigour. He sometimes painted animals for Rubens, and many of his still-life pictures have been admirable figures introduced into them by both Jordaens and Rubens. His pictures have often been engraved, but to British tastes his dogs are simply half-wild animals. Paul Potter (1625–1654), who died when he was twenty-nine, painted nothing but cattle and goats; his dogs

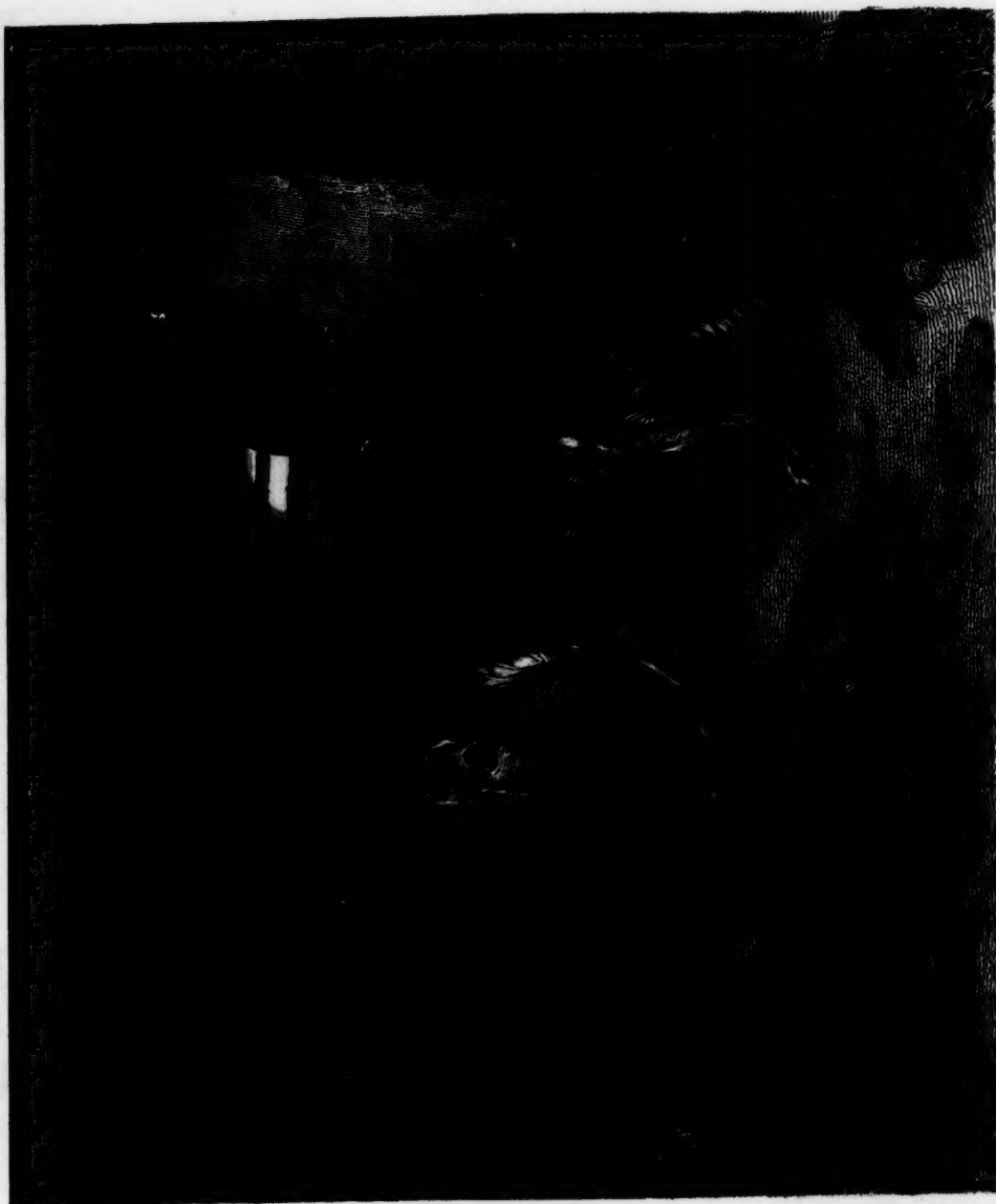
were poor and his horses clumsy, yet by his single picture of "The Young Bull," which is ranked by foreign artists and connoisseurs as the fourth *chef-d'œuvre* of the world, he raised himself to the rank of one of the great masters. On the subject of this picture more pages have been written than the artist gave strokes of his brush to paint it. The supreme merit of the bull, which occupies the chief centre in the Hague at Amsterdam, can be explained by the three words, "It is living." Originally painted as a sign for a butcher's shop, it realised the modest sum of £60 when sold in 1749. Of all the painters who have striven after truth he is unquestionably one of the greatest that ever lived. John Weenix (1644–1719), also of Amsterdam, particularly excelled in the representation of hunting scenes and still-life. Many of his finest works are in Düsseldorf, and others are in this country.

One of the first and most distinguished English animal painters was Sawrey Gilpin, R.A. (1733–1807). Discerning his talent in drawing animals, the Duke of Cumberland took Gilpin under his protection, and employed him in painting the portraits of his race-horses at Newmarket, and it is as one of the cleverest draughtsmen of horses that this country has produced that he will be remembered. In Barret's landscapes the horses are frequently inserted by Gilpin, and in Gilpin's pictures the landscapes are frequently painted by Barret. In the South Kensington Museum are several examples of Gilpin's work. George Garrard, A.R.A. (1760–1826), who was Gilpin's pupil, distinguished himself by painting draught-horses, and was in great request at agricultural shows.









G. S. Horta sculps

Sir E. Landseer R.A. pinxit

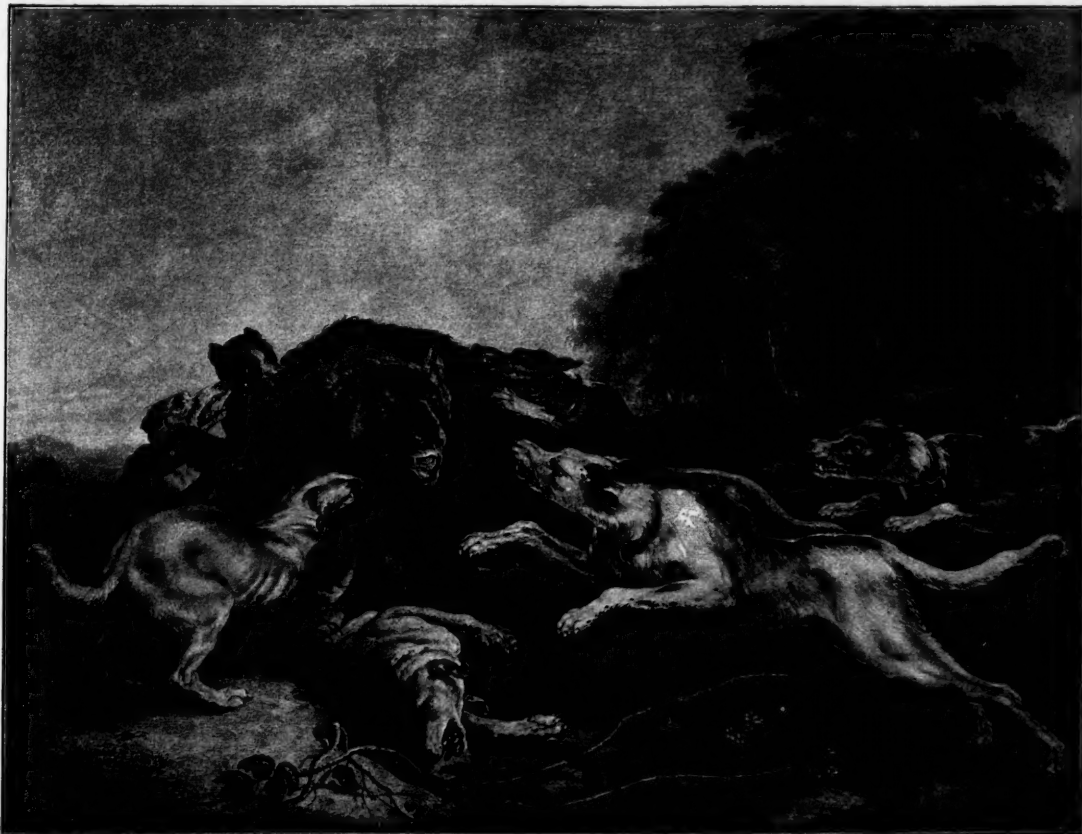
THE SHEPHERD'S GRAVE.

Magazine of Art.



The greatest authority on the horse that this country has produced was George Stubbs, A.R.A. (1724-1803), who was, however, as much an anatomist as a painter. He commenced to study anatomy at eight years of age, and proved a clever pupil. Later

Liverpool, his native town, Stubbs started for Rome, his motive for doing so being to convince himself that nature is superior to all art, whether ancient or modern, and during his stay there neither copied a picture nor drew a statue. On his return to this



BEAR AND DOGS.

(From the Engraving by C. Straub, after the Painting by F. Snyders.)

on he was brought to the notice of Hamlet Winstanly, who was employed in copying the old masters at Lord Derby's seat at Knowsley, and was engaged to assist him for a shilling a-day pocket-money. They soon fell out, however, as Stubbs wished to copy the pictures the master had reserved to reproduce himself. Unlike the preceding artists, Stubbs was something more than a simple painter of horses. His scientific knowledge and proficiency in anatomy qualified him, at the age of twenty-two, to lecture to the surgeons and students on that subject at York Hospital. At that city he made his first essay in engraving, and drew the illustrations to Dr. Burton's work on midwifery. Although the work was roughly executed, the plates were anatomically correct, and the doctor was satisfied with them. In 1754, after visiting

country, Stubbs established himself as an animal painter, and dissected a number of horses for the sake of attaining that certainty and accuracy for which his pictures and engravings will ever be valued by students of anatomy. His great work, which occupied seven years of his life, and to illustrate which he dissected twenty-six horses, was his book on "The Anatomy of the Horse." At the death of Stubbs the original plates for "The Horse" were purchased by Sir Edwin Landseer for reference. In 1768 Stubbs painted his first picture of a lion from nature, finding his model at Lord Shelbourne's, at Houston Heath, and from this animal he painted his pictures of a lion devouring a stag and another of a lion devouring a horse. Perhaps his finest and best known picture is the one representing "Mares



and Foals" sheltering from the sun under some large oak-trees, and which is now in the possession of the Duke of Westminster at Eaton Park. Another of his well-known works is "The White Horse." In

that when Stubbs' diploma was brought to King George III. to sign, his Majesty declined to do so on account of Stubbs' democratic opinions. Hence that artist's name has only once appeared on the muster



DEATH OF THE ELK.

(From the Engraving by W. Ward, after the Painting by Rubens.)

his "Life" this is mentioned as one of his most important works. It is there styled "The Horse Affrighted by a Lion." The animal—a white one—was painted from one of the king's (George III.) horses, which Mr. Payne, the architect, obtained permission for Stubbs to copy. The expression of terror was produced by pushing a brush along the ground towards him. The lion at Lord Shelbourne's served for most of Stubbs' pictures, though the artist constantly visited the Tower.

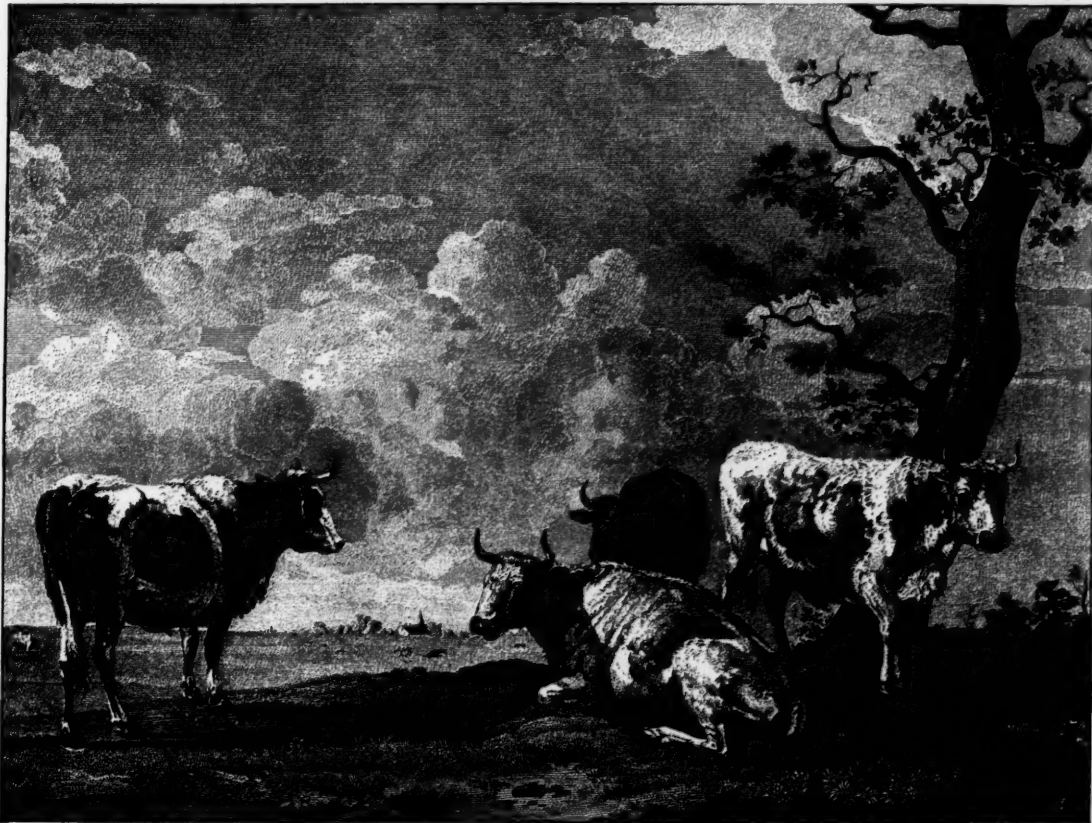
The pictures of "The Horse Frightened by a Lion in a Cave," and another representing "Lions and Tigers Fighting over a Stag," were in the possession of the late Joseph Mayor, of Liverpool, and were sold at the Hanover Rooms. In 1780 Stubbs was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and the following year to full academic honours. It appears, however,

roll of the Academicians, viz., the year he was elected by his brother artists. As the diploma was never signed by the king, Stubbs is always described as an Associate of the Academy. Stubbs' success in painting animals was chiefly due to his untiring industry, and it is claimed for him that he was the first painter to depict animals as they really are. He disdained to pose them in sensational attitudes, nor did he ever invent a muscle for the sake of effect, believing that truth is the highest art. His pictures have been engraved by Woollett, Earlom, Green, Hodges, and others of Sir Joshua Reynolds's engravers.

Robert Hills, one of the original members of the Water Colour Society (1769–1844), was famed as a painter of animals, and some 1,200 of his etchings may be seen in the British Museum.

The next animal painter of note was James Ward (1769–1859), who was famous as a mezzotint engraver before he commenced to paint. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, Hoppner and others, who said that they were losing a good engraver who was much wanted to make a bad painter who was not required, Ward persisted in having his way. He had married the sister of George Morland, and had had some instruction from that painter. In 1797 he exhibited his picture, representing "Bull Baiting," at the Royal Academy, but although the work attracted much attention, the general verdict was that it was painted by an imitator of Morland. Ward then became a student at Brookes's famous anatomical school, where he made studies of every kind of animal life. At the commencement of the century, Ward was busy painting favourite chargers of the Royal Stables, and at the same time was mezzotinting

Society, to paint a picture of an Alderney cow for a large cattle work which was being projected. This picture formed the turning-point of his career, and caused him to concentrate all his energies on animal painting, and to find in an unexpected manner both subjects and a style of his own. The Alderney cow gave so much satisfaction, that Sir John Sinclair secured him to illustrate the projected work on cattle, giving him extensive commissions, which involved a journey throughout the length and breadth of the country. These cattle pictures were to be supplemented with accurate engravings and descriptions of all the original breeds of every species of agricultural animal. The Society required scientific exactitude, but the king, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Somerville insisted that the scientific measurements should be disguised with art. Ward, being both a painter and engraver, was chosen, and started on his travels in



CATTLE.

(From the Painting by Paul Potter.)

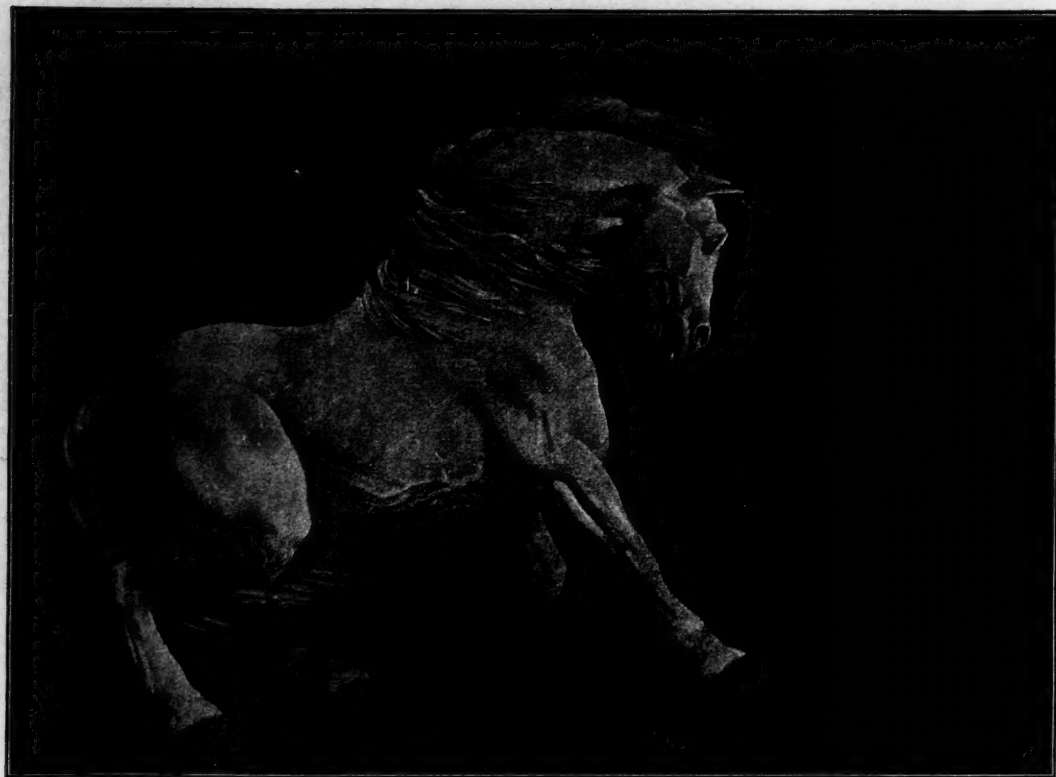
portraits after Sir W. Beechey, Northcote, and Hoppner. While dividing his time between painting and engraving he received a commission from Sir John Sinclair, the president of the Agricultural

Society, to paint a picture of an Alderney cow for a large cattle work which was being projected. This picture formed the turning-point of his career, and caused him to concentrate all his energies on animal painting, and to find in an unexpected manner both subjects and a style of his own. The Alderney cow gave so much satisfaction, that Sir John Sinclair secured him to illustrate the projected work on cattle, giving him extensive commissions, which involved a journey throughout the length and breadth of the country. These cattle pictures were to be supplemented with accurate engravings and descriptions of all the original breeds of every species of agricultural animal. The Society required scientific exactitude, but the king, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Somerville insisted that the scientific measurements should be disguised with art. Ward, being both a painter and engraver, was chosen, and started on his travels in

great undertaking collapsed for want of funds, and although Ward's loss was considerable, the undertaking had a most important influence on his subsequent career. It firmly established Ward's reputation as a cattle painter, and for many years afterwards he derived a large income from painting the portraits of prize bulls. Of these pictures he painted some hundreds, and among his many clients were the

nation as a fitting acknowledgment for a long life devoted to art, and is now placed on the staircase of the National Gallery.

John Frederick Herring (1795-1685), who was known as the artist coachman, for several years drove the Highflyer coach between York and London. With the assistance of friends he relinquished coach-driving and obtained some instruction



THE WHITE HORSE.

(From the Painting by George Stubbs, A.R.A.)

Dukes of Bedford and Northumberland, besides Mr. Vernon and Mr. Beckford. From this time forward he was acknowledged to be the first cattle painter of the century. Ward's first important animal picture, painted after he had given up his diploma of associate engraver to qualify himself for associate painter, was rejected at the Academy. The subject was a boa constrictor seizing a man and a horse, and Benjamin West, the President, told Ward it was declined on account of its size. Ten years after, being elected a full Academician in 1811, he painted his well-known picture of a "Bull and Calf," in a spirit of rivalry with Paul Potter's "Bull," which both Stubbs and Ward had criticised anatomically. Three years before Ward's death, in 1859, this picture, after a long sojourn in America, was purchased for the

from Abraham Cooper. His earlier works were confined to race-horses, and for thirty-three years he painted the winner of the St. Leger.

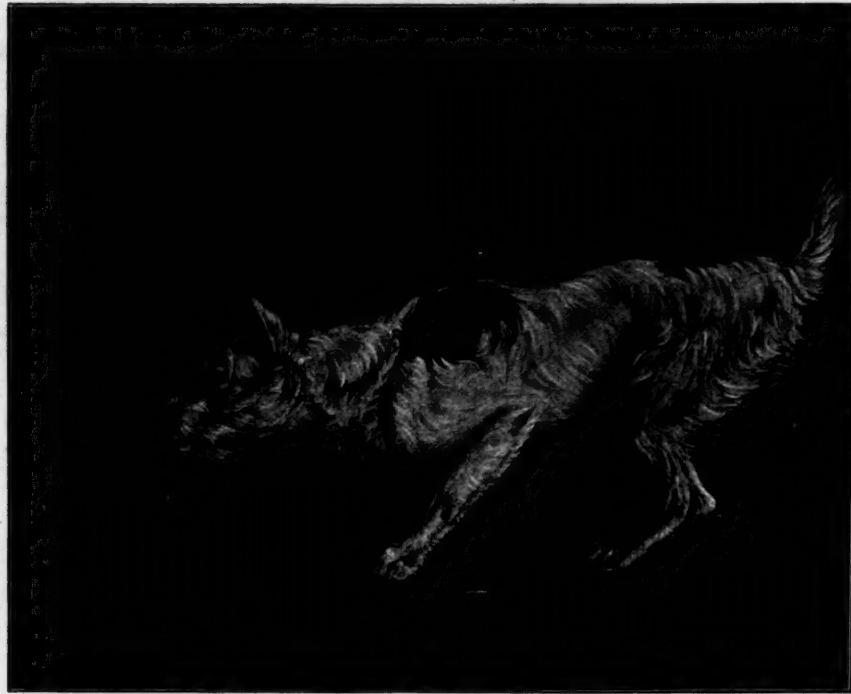
Edwin Landseer, whom Sydney Smith called the Shakespeare of the world of dogs, was born in 1802, and his talent was shown when a child of five. He began soon and seriously to gain a mastery over the abstruse difficulties of the human figure, and in these labours he was considerably guided by the counsels, if not the actual tuition, of Benjamin Robert Haydon, a questionable artist, a deplorable man, but an admirable instructor, who possessed a profound knowledge of the history and theory of his art. It was Haydon's advice that led young Landseer to work hard at the study of anatomy, not as the science is usually studied by artists in the plates



of Albinus or Camper, but in the ghastly but invigorating atmosphere of the dissecting-room. It must be held as one of the most fortunate circumstances in his eminently successful life that the foundations of his art-training were laid so deep, and which enabled him to produce the highest results from a union of science with art. All his predecessors had distinguished themselves by painting race-horses or cattle; Haydon, however, considered this a low class of art, and advised Landseer to avoid it. Accordingly, at the age of eighteen, he exhibited his "Dogs of St. Bernard Discovering a Traveller in the Snow," which the critics of the day said placed him in a bound on the front rank of contemporary painters. Landseer certainly showed, as no artist has done before, the sympathy existing between animals, especially dogs, and mankind. In this country the majority of people agree with Ruskin's dictum, "That there is in every animal's eye a gleam of humanity which claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul." It is this bond of sympathy which Landseer not only felt but illustrated often with tragic force in such works as "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," "Life in the Old Dog yet," "The Sick Monkey," and many other pictures. From 1819 to 1873 he never ceased to be the most popular of British painters. Landseer did more than any other artist to revive and stimulate the business of publishers and engravers. During his lifetime 591 of his pictures and drawings were engraved or etched, and this gave employment to 126 different engravers, exclusive of 96 plates which were engraved by his brother Thomas. He was fortunate also in having some of his principal pictures translated by his contemporary, Samuel Cousins. According to the books of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., of Pall Mall,

Landseer received £60,000 from them, and probably about £25,000 from other firms, for copyrights. The only artist who has approached Landseer in the delineation of wild animals was the French sculptor Barye, who died in 1875, who, besides being a sculptor, was also a painter, and loved colour as well as form.

Richard Ansdell (1815-1885), although a careful and truthful delineator of animals, lacked the poetry



CAUGHT AT LAST.

(From the Painting by James Ward, R.A.)

of Landseer, as well as originality and variety in his subjects. Sydney Cooper, the well-known cattle-painter, was born in 1803, the year after Landseer, and commenced life as a scenic artist at the theatre at Canterbury. In his younger days Sydney Cooper was called the Paul Potter of English cattle painters, but whatever there may be in his reputation that is enduring, it is not dependent upon his later works. William Huggins, of Liverpool (1820-1884), excelled in depicting the intensely brute character and fierce nature of lions, tigers, leopards, and other wild animals, especially the first-named. Later on he introduced these with good effect into his figure subjects, among which are "Daniel in the Lions' Den," "The Disobedient Prophet slain by Lions," "Christian within Sight of the Lions," "The Millennium," "Una

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FARM OUTHUSE.

(From the Engraving by James Scott, after the Painting by George Morland.)

and the Lion," "The Aërial Combat or Fight between the Eagle and Serpent from Shelley's 'Revolt of Islam.'" In this work Huggins employed his wife as his model with the happiest effect. He always regretted having parted with the work, and made many unsuccessful efforts to repossess it. It is recorded on one occasion that Landseer, when standing opposite a picture of a Bengal tiger by Huggins, was asked by a friend if he could do better. His reply was, "No, nor any other man." Feeling that his animal pictures were not as successful as they deserved to be, Huggins attempted a higher class of subjects and painted "Ithuriel and Zephon at the Ear of Eve," "The Knight and Palmer approaching Excesse at the Door of the Bower of Bliss," from Spenser's "Fairy Queen," and "The Enchantress and Nourmahal," from Moore's "Lalla Rookh." Besides being well known at the leading provincial exhibitions at Liverpool, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Glasgow, he was also a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, where he maintained his reputation as a draughtsman and colourist by his contributions of horse, cattle, and poultry subjects. He was represented at the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857, as well as the more recent exhibition at Wrexham. Among his

equestrian portraits shown at the Academy were a commission from the Dowager Countess of Sefton, a daughter of Sir A. B. Walker, and Mr. T. Gorton, master of the Holcombe Hunt, with a leash of hounds, capially painted and thoroughly characteristic of his style. Few artists have been so versatile and painted so great a variety of subjects, which include historical, portrait, architectural, and still-life. In 1876 he went to Bettws, North Wales, to study landscape, being under the impression that Welsh mountain scenery had never been done justice to. Animal painting was, however, his forte, and it is as a successful delineator of horses, donkeys, and wild beasts that he will be remembered. Although most contemporary animal painters have been accused of reflecting Landseer, Huggins to the last was himself all over. Unfortunately an infirmity of temper alienated him from many friends, and he wrongly declared that his reputation had suffered from their personal animosity to him. Even the announcement that the Liverpool Corporation in 1884 had at length purchased one of his pictures to represent him in the permanent collection of his native city came too late to give him any pleasure. This work, called "Tried Friends," representing a portrait of Mr. Case, a magistrate of Birkenhead, and his horse, and another called

"Old Friends," were exhibited at the "Sports" Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery last year. These works, which show Huggins at his best as a painter of horses, make him take a front rank in the list of English animal painters. In his later works he showed, besides a freedom from all conventionality, an eccentric style of colouring. This, the artist maintained, was the only sure basis of originality of style. The same charge was at one time brought against Turner and others who were lavish with colour and painted in an unusually bright and original manner. In personal appearance he has been well described as having a head and countenance not unlike one of his own lions. He suffered from partial paralysis during the later years of his life, and died at Chrisleton, Chester, in February, 1884, in his sixty-third year. Although comparatively little known in the south of England, in Lancashire and Cheshire Huggins's works are well known and are highly esteemed.

Oxen have been the favourite subjects of Troyon, De Haas, and Van Mareke, who have painted them

with the same seriousness and depth of devotion that characterised the work of Paul Potter. They are not content with mere generalism of form and colour composition, but they are found striving instead to express the animal nature at the sacrifice of all other consideration.

Rosa Bonheur (1822) is a lady of such transcendent ability as an animal painter, that her work has a monetary value little, if any, below that of Sir Edwin Landseer. Her best known work in this country is her "Horse Fair," which was exhibited at the Salon in 1853, and engraved by Tom Landseer.

Briton Riviere, who was born in 1840, is certainly the greatest animal painter we have had since Landseer, but he does not possess the same marvellous dexterity in the rendering of textures, and, though his drawing is powerful and generally correct, he lacks that absolute certainty of draughtsmanship which Landseer brought to bear upon his animals. On the other hand, he has perhaps a better sense of colour and an appreciation of tonality which Landseer



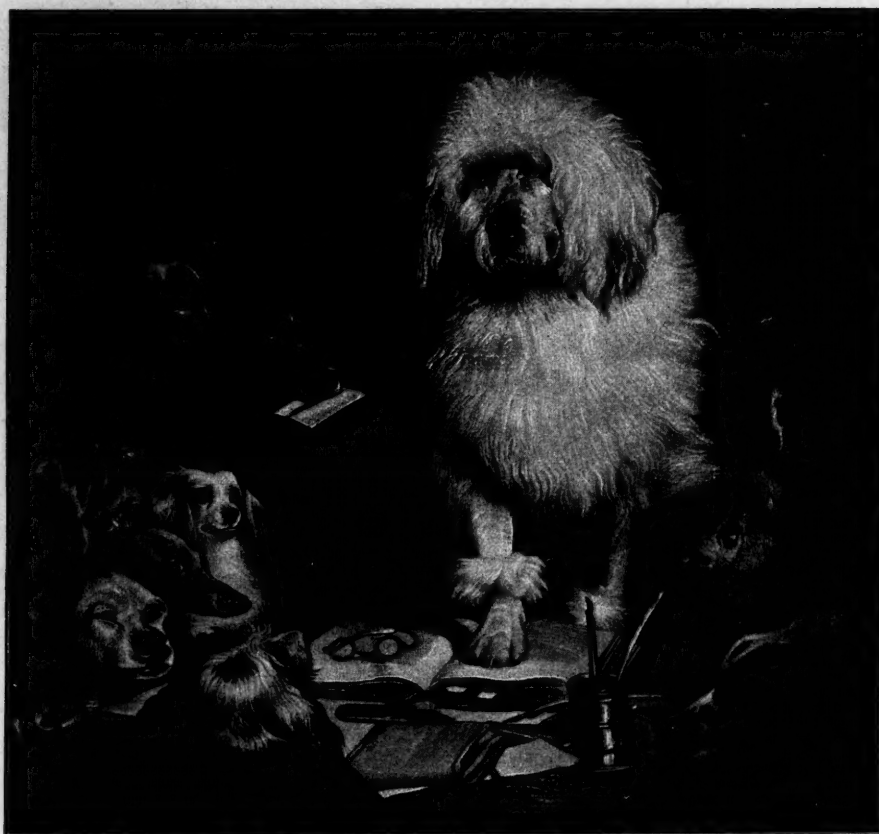
CRIB AND ROSA.

(From the Engraving by John Scott, after the Painting by Abraham Cooper, R.A.)

did not possess. Briton Riviere's most successful pictures which have been engraved are those representing what may be called Landseer subjects, such as "His Only Friend," "Sympathy," "Cave Canem," and others illustrating a little story or incident.

At the Salon of 1885 Richard Freise, a pupil of the Berlin Academy, made a sensational *début* with

of Burlington House. In this canvas Mr. Swan (who had hitherto been known chiefly through the reproduction of his picture "Apollo and the Lions") showed a more distinct and coherent purpose in his work than any other recent exhibitor. Although the picture is never likely to be popular for its arrangement, it is far enough away from the hack-



LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

(From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.)

his large picture of "Brigands of the Desert," representing a lion and lioness looking over the edge of an arid, sandy waste, where, in the distance, we perceive the silhouettes of camels and the curling smoke of a caravan encampment. M. Freise shows at once that he knows the anatomy of his animals, and, beneath those tawny crouching forms, we can divine a terrible and formidable play of muscle. The picture made a great impression on the jury, some of whom were struck by it.

At the Academy of 1889 a welcome addition was made to the ranks of English animal painters by John Macallum Swan, whose picture of "The Prodigal Son" stamps him not only as a strong man, but as one of the most original on the walls

neyed or commonplace. The picture, besides being exquisite in its sentiment, is a conscientious effort to do something well, to understand it first and express it afterwards, and to do so with as much simplicity and emphasis as possible, while showing breadth and largeness of style in its treatment. With such talent and originality as he displays Mr. Swan has a great future before him.

Other well-known animal painters in oil and water colours, whose work, though good, is to be classed in the second rank, are the late Frederick Tayler, Basil Bradley, John Charlton, J. S. Noble, Mark Fisher, Horatio Couldery, Edwin Douglas, Samuel Carter, Harrison Weir, Heywood Hardy, Yates Carrington, and J. T. Nettleship.





GLEN FALLOCH, HEAD OF LOCH LOMOND.

(From the Painting by David Murray, A.R.A. Engraved by C. Carter.)

## DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

By WALTER ARMSTRONG.

IN one point the biographies of Scottish painters show a significant sameness. Very few started life as artists. To these the exceptions are not more than enough to prove the rule. Open the catalogue of the Scottish National Gallery, and turn to the section which deals with the British school, and you will find notice after notice commencing pretty much in the same way. Aikman began as a lawyer, Sir William Allan as a coach-painter, Bonnar as a house-decorator, Brodie as a plumber, Chalmers as a ship-chandler, Christie as a lawyer, Crawford as a house-decorator, Sir William Fettes Douglas as a bank-clerk, and so on alphabetically through the list. The prudent Scottish father may desery signs of artistic genius in his son, but he declines to trust them. It is safer, he thinks, to give him a trade or a profession, from which, if the bent should become irresistible, he may turn at his own risk. The drawback to such a proceeding is that those years are lost to art in which drudgery comes easiest. Drawing, perhaps, is only to be thoroughly mastered by those

who begin young. Not only does a boy learn more easily than a man, he has the additional advantage of freedom from the sense that time is slipping away, and that, if he cannot manage to shorten his probation, youth will be gone and nothing done. To the late beginner this feeling is a terrible handicap. It too often drives him to the neglect of all but his one strong point, which he cultivates feverishly at the expense of everything outside it. It leaves him, too, more or less blind to the value of that technical directness, solidity, and ease, which only a complete training can give. In Scotland there is not, nor ever has been, any lack of the æsthetic temperament. The national poetry, the nomenclature of places and persons, the rich depth of the spoken dialect, are enough to suggest this, if not to prove it. What has been wanting is a tradition handed on from youth to youth—a tradition on which the developed personality could build. Instead of this we have had a succession of mature individualities, expressing themselves as completely as an imperfect



apprenticeship would let them. Even among these there is plenty of evidence that the Scottish artistic character is not insensible to line, as the English so often is. The soft, structureless drawing, which we find so continually in the figures of English landscape-painters—and figure-painters, too, for that matter—does not often occur in the work of their northern cousins. It would be outside my purpose

Following the national custom, Mr. David Murray began life in business. Born in Glasgow in 1849, he entered, while still in his teens, one of the great mercantile houses of his native city. I have no doubt that even there he did with energy what he had to do, but he did it against the grain. Such spare time as he had he gave up to art, being abetted in this by a painter, afterwards an Associate



(From a Photograph by W. Ralston, Glasgow. Engraved by H. F. Davey.)

to give names, but those who are familiar with the different strains which make up our modern school will have no difficulty in recalling the productions of more than one North Briton who combines an obvious ability to *suggest* form and structure with complete incapacity to make it out in detail. What this leads to is that, largely through the prudence—a Philistine prudence, if you like—of Caledonian fathers, a characteristic of Scottish painting, even more than of English, is a pregnant individualism, reposing on too slight a foundation of school. No more favourable example of what I mean could perhaps be named than Mr. David Murray, at present the junior Associate of the Royal Academy.

of the Royal Scottish Academy, whose acquaintance he had the good fortune to make just in the nick of time. This was the late James Docharty, an artist so little known outside Glasgow and Edinburgh that a few words about him may not be amiss.

Docharty was born at Bridgeton, Glasgow, in 1829. His father was a calico-printer, and he himself began life by designing patterns for use in the business. To improve himself he worked for a time in France, there combining fine with industrial art. After he had turned thirty, he gave up "designing" altogether for the painting of pictures, but it was not until 1877 that he was elected an A.R.S.A., an honour he only lived a few months

to enjoy. Docharty's better work is distinguished by a deep sympathy with nature, and by a quiet harmony of colour which recalls the modern Dutch school of landscape. Curiously enough for one who came into art through the door of what is called design, his weak point was composition. His pictures are seldom well-gripped. They are apt to be incoherent and accidental in conception, and to depend almost entirely upon what painters call "quality" for their charm. In a teacher this fault is

see. "Train the eye, and the hand will train itself." Judging from his work, the training of Mr. Murray's eye was most efficient. How much he owed to his friendship for Docharty not even himself could tell, but the pictures of the latter exist to show, at least, that he set a good example.

It was about 1872 that Murray finally went over to art. Shortly afterwards he established himself in a hut on the margin of Loch Coruisk, in Skye, a spot than which no scene in Europe



THE WHITE MILL.

(From the Painting by David Murray, A.R.A.)

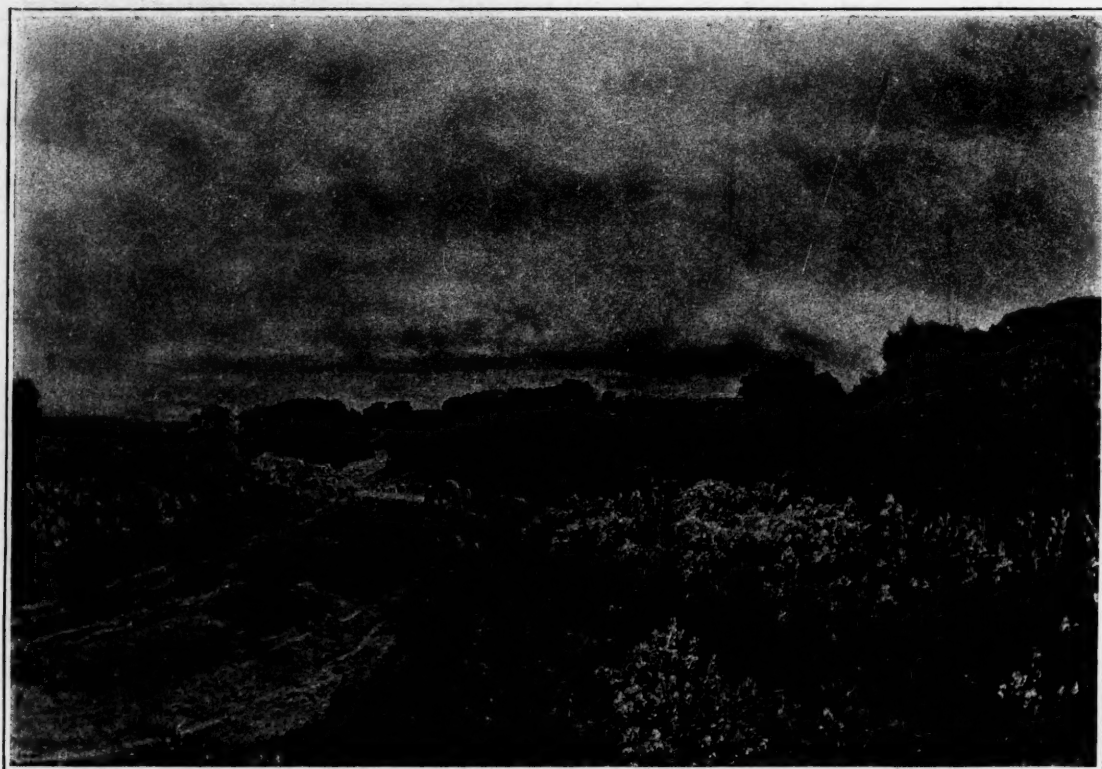
of no great importance. Composition, in any vital sense, is not to be taught, and many of the most successful masters have had little or no power to compose. Robert Scott Lauder, perhaps the most efficient of Scottish teachers, was a case in point. Good composition springs from a natural gift fertilised by experience. Good colour, on the other hand, or at least so much of it as can be ensured by keeping the tints clear and the quantities judicious, is to a great extent a question of training. Here Murray could, and did, learn much from Docharty. He could be helped, too, to see. One of the most distinguished of living painters is fond of saying that the chief thing to teach a student is how to

is more grandly wild. He sent a "Valley of Coruisk" to Burlington House in 1875, and for several years was faithful to the scenery of the Highlands and Islands. His regular appearance in the southern exhibitions began about 1877, and in 1882 he shifted his domicile to London, where he took the studio in Langham Chambers, Regent Street, in which Sir John Millais had painted the "Rescue" and other things more than a quarter of a century before. In this same year he exhibited a "Glen Sannox, Arran," which attracted a great deal of notice. Twelve months later he exhibited "Spring-time at Tillietudlem," one of his cleverest but not perhaps his most satisfactory performance. In 1884

he sent two pictures to the Academy, a "Loch Linnhe, near Port Appin," than which he has even now done nothing much better, and a seascape (built on the lines which Mr. Hook has made familiar), with the title "My Love has Gone a-Sailing." With their characteristic felicity the Chantrey trustees bought the less satisfactory of the pair. Well composed and happily audacious in colour, the "Loch Linnhe" would have represented its author fairly in the future National Gallery of British Art, while of the picture

in 1891, he is in the New Forest, or, at least, upon its edge. Among the pictures of these years I may name as perhaps the best "Autumn's Gentle Tinge of Gold" (1887); "In Dartmouth Harbour," and "Britannia's Anchor" (1888); "The Moat Farm," and "The Meadow Mirror" (1889); "The White Mill," and "The Young Wheat" (1890); and "Buttercups and Daisies" (1891).

In 1886 Mr. Murray exhibited about one hundred and twenty small Picardy landscapes in the



GORSE.

(From the Painting by David Murray, A.R.A.)

actually purchased all that can be said is that it will not disgrace him. In 1885 Mr. Murray sent to the Academy four landscapes of very different *provenance*, diverting that word a little from its usual meaning. These were "Cutting Peat," "The Rother at Rye," "Last Leaves," and "Oude Canal, Dordrecht." A year later a "Picardy Pastoral" intruded between two Highland landscapes, "The Ladder, Loch Katrine," and "Glen Falloch," and then the painter's present habit of choosing some promising centre and sticking to it for the year began. In 1886 he went to Picardy; in 1887, to Devonshire; in 1888, to Kent; in 1889 and 1890, to the South Downs; while now,

rooms of the Fine Art Society. They afforded a convenient *aperçu* of his powers. Frankness was the ruling note. Every scene was looked at freshly, without prejudice, and with apparently the one desire to render it as it appeared. David Murray is, in fact, an impressionist without a "game." He sees landscape as a good intelligence behind a quick eye sees it from the window of a railway carriage. The real make, shape, and lie of things, their obvious colour, the air which penetrates them and circulates about them, all these he sets himself to render as fully as his means allow. As for problems of light and shadow, systems of execution, qualities of paste and

surface, and that fullest coherence which springs from a right comprehension of these things, his in- the kind of simplicity which does not exclude ambition, are his strong points; his weakest, perhaps,



THE YOUNG WHEAT.

(From the Painting by David Murray, A.R.A.)

difference arises largely from the peculiar character of his artistic education. Frankness, sincerity, and is a want of sympathy with all that makes for depth in art.



A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

(From the Painting by David Murray, A.R.A.)



## SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR.

By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

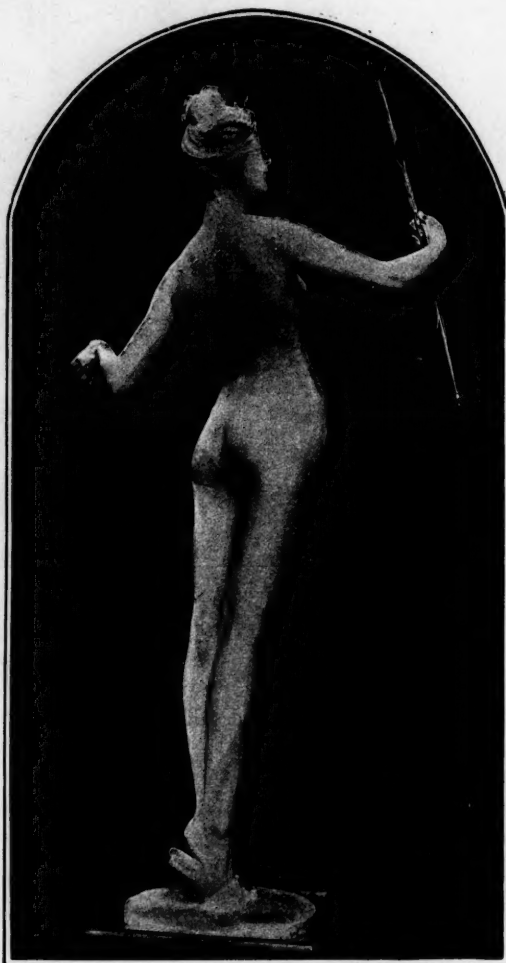
NEITHER in France nor in England—or, to speak more correctly, neither at the Salon of the Champs Élysées, the Exhibition of the Champ de Mars, nor at Burlington House—have the sculptors now most prominently before the public brought forth this year anything of memorable excellence—that is, combining with brilliancy of technique absolute newness and felicity of conception. The reason for this apparent halt in inventiveness and productive power is not so much any real falling-off in the quality of the work executed by the protagonists of the plastic art, as the accidental circumstance that the best sculpture of the year has not in either country found its way into the exhibitions.

At home neither Mr. Gilbert nor Mr. Onslow Ford has been able to finish the important works which they had promised to the New Gallery, while Mr. Harry Bates contributes to the Royal Academy a group already seen there in a preliminary stage, and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft does not put forth his full powers. In Paris M. Dalou, though he is admirably well represented at the Champ de Mars, has put his finest work into the magnificent monument to Delacroix, now in the Luxembourg garden; M. Injalbert has nothing at the younger Parisian institution as important as his design for a monument to Mirabeau, destined to be placed in the Panthéon; while M. Rodin still broods, in his studio in the Rue de l'Université, over the great bronze gates inspired by Dante's "Inferno."

M. Paul Dubois is represented at the Salon only as a painter, and not at all in his chief *emploi* of sculptor, and M. Frémiet only by an unimportant statuette; M. Antonin Mercié sends no work of first-rate importance, while neither of the performances issuing from the studio of the late M. Chapu is quite worthy to stand on a level with his finest productions. Perhaps nothing in any of the three exhibitions is worthy to take equal rank with the magnificent portrait-medals of M. Chaplain—a modern Pisanello—while, for skill of execution and exquisiteness of finish, the medals and plaquettes of M. Roty take a very high position by the side of those of his *chef-d'école*.

Three at least of the most important contributions to the Royal Academy have been seen there before in another material. The translation into marble of Sir Frederick Leighton's "Athlete Struggling with a Python" emphasises still more sharply the merits and demerits of the bronze original—the carefully studied, if too anxiously shown, muscular structure of

the male figure, and that over-accentuation of the parts which so much detracts from the unity and vitality of the whole. Mr. Brock's marble, "Genius of Poetry," is an admirably balanced and exquisitely harmonious figure, which gains added dignity and grace in its final shape. It could not be contended that there is anything absolutely genial or new in the conception of this statue, which must count as the sculptor's *magnum opus* up to the present time,



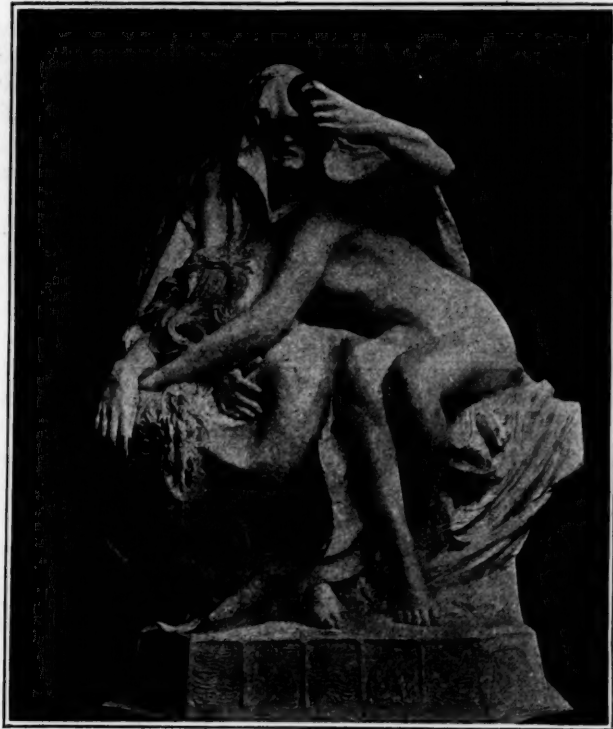
CAPRICE.

(By George G. Frampton. Exhibited at the Royal Academy.)

and, moreover, like too many works in the round, it is harmonious only when seen from the front or the sides. Still, as a decorative performance of the monumental order, it has few parallels in modern British sculpture, belonging as it does to a category of art from which there is necessarily in England but little encouragement. Mr. Brock's "Song," which in dimensions might serve as a pendant to the foregoing, is the idealised figure of a nude woman, in the modelling of whose torso and limbs there is much to admire; it is, however, emphatically not a performance making any deep impression by reason of elevation or distinctiveness of conception. The great bronze, "Hounds in Leash," of Mr. Harry Bates is the realisation in metal of the wax model which has already been seen in the same place. The vigour and incisiveness of the execution form an interesting contrast to the delicately caressed modelling of the "Pandora," which was one of last year's most signal successes. The best part of the group is the finely and searchingly characterised leash of hounds; the muscular Attic figure of the hunter, with all its majesty of proportion, lacking that suppleness which would give life to the mighty muscles, while it is so placed as to be comprehensible from one side only. There is something French—but French of the pictorial as distinguished from the sculptural order—in the conception of Mr. George G. Frampton's curious statue, "Caprice." This shows the slight figure of an entirely nude girl, who, standing in a strained attitude on tip-toe, holds in her hands a wand of gilt teazles. Such a conceit, if carried out as a painting, with the adjuncts of light, delicate colour and capriciously irradiating sunlight, might notwithstanding, or perhaps on account of, its eccentricity, be charming; but for sculpture it is too strained and too ill-balanced.

Mr. Henry A. Pegram is to be admired for the soaring audacity which has led him to approach such a subject as the "Sibylla Fatidica," if hardly from his realisation of a conception to which it is difficult indeed in our time to impart new life. The prophesying sibyl—a heavily-draped figure—sits gazing into a crystal divining-ball which she holds in front of her eyes, while the entirely undraped figure of the woman on whose behalf she is seeking to unveil the future lies prone and shrinking on her lap. The merit of the work is not in any dignity or impressiveness of the central personage, whose type is, indeed, sufficiently commonplace, but in the full and firm modelling of the limbs of the woman. A certain meanness

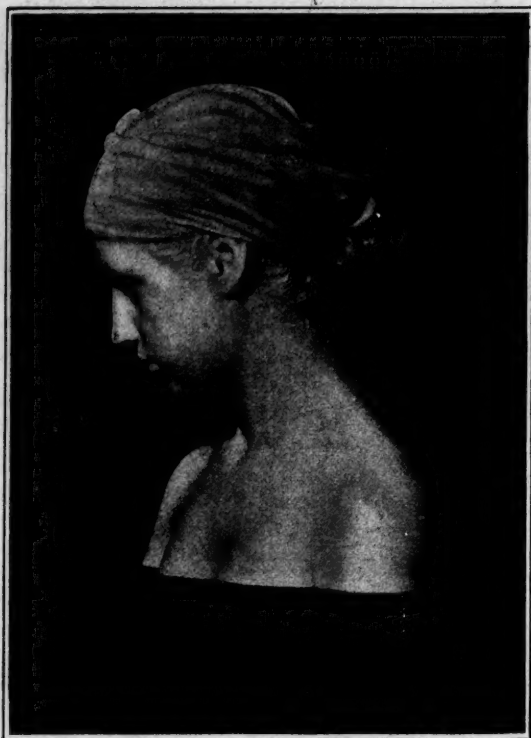
of proportion, a certain infelicity in the choice of the model, militate against the complete success of Mr. W. Goscombe John's marble statue, "Morpheus," which excels, nevertheless, in certain rare qualities peculiar to Greek rather than to modern art. The whole of the undraped figure, not less than the half-hidden face, expresses, with a harmonious consensus of the component elements, this main motive of drowsiness, and does so with a reticence and a rhythmical balance evidently derived from classical example. The same artist contributes to the New Gallery an excellent group, "Parting," which is



SIBYLLA FATIDICA.

(By Henry A. Pegram. Exhibited at the Royal Academy.)

the bronze original of a model sent last year to the Royal Academy. In Mr. George Simonds's colossal statue of "The Late Hon. Frederick J. Tollemache" (Royal Academy) there is to be noted a certain simple dignity of design and attitude; but the realistic elaboration with which the aged features are modelled is excessive, and quite unsuited to a monument intended to stand in the open air. An exceedingly brilliant, if not an absolutely original, piece of decorative art, is Mr. Adrian Jones's bronze "Triumph—Design for a Quadriga" (Royal Academy), a work which would gain by execution on a much larger scale. The Victory, borne along in a four-horsed chariot cunningly guided by a youthful charioteer,



A STUDY.

(By E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy.)

looks as if it might have been adapted from one of Prud'hon's characteristic pseudo-classic designs.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert's best contribution to the year's art is his beautifully-modelled marble bust of "The Daughter of Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D.," in which the delicate execution of the head is slightly marred by an inharmonious arrangement of the dress and accessories. We like much less the same sculptor's little statuette, "Victory," which is but ill-balanced in its extravagant movement, and suggests too much the exaggerations of that Italian school which took Bernini as its example. Perhaps the most beautiful piece of modelling brought forward by any British artist this year is Mr. Onslow Ford's "A Study," showing simply the head and shoulders of a young girl, whose brow is bound with a kerchief. The skill is here, not that which delights in superficial *tours de force*, but rather that which, lovingly caressing the marble, gives to it an inner life. Much less to our taste is the same artist's bust of silvered bronze, "Frederica, Daughter of S. Pepys Cockerell, Esq.," which, notwithstanding its affectation of the style of the early Florentine Renaissance, is empty of real characterisation. The arrangement of the portrait on its square base, in which is framed a fine medallion of Mr. Pepys Cockerell himself, has, however, great decorative

charm. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft is never quite at his ease in treating high or low relief, and his large decorative panel, "Science" (Royal Academy), displaying four large emblematic figures of draped women, separated and harmonised by conventionalised foliage, is no exception to this rule. The work does not lack the dignity which he always has at command, but it is heavy and not very effective, while the draperies of the symbolic figures are decidedly inferior and wanting in style. Mr. Thomas S. Lee's large circular relief, "The Kiss of Dawn," presenting Dawn as a youthful male genius in the act of removing the veil of Earth, who is conceived as a kind of *Caritas* nourishing and protecting children, is remarkable for the skill with which the group is fitted into its round frame. The conception, too, is a pathetic one; but the figures are too sketchily executed, in a fashion pictorial rather than truly sculptural, while the draperies lack style. This *tondo* could not well, as it is at present modelled, be translated into marble, but might make an effective terracotta. We may finally call attention to a clever relief, "O Love! Has She Done This to Thee," in the French style of the seventeenth century, by Mr. Richard Willis (Royal Academy), and to a "Model of a Fountain," by Mr. George W. Wilson, which is elegant in detail if somewhat timid in general design (Royal Academy).

The show at the New Gallery is certainly the poorest that has been seen there. Nothing, indeed, calls for especial mention except Mr. Goscombe John's bronze already referred to, and Mr. J.W. Swynnerton's group of a nude shepherd and shepherdess, called "A Pastoral," a performance in which a would-be but not thorough realism and a want of mastery in the modelling are not atoned for by any grace or pathos of conception, or by any harmony of component parts.

For reasons already given, the exhibition of sculpture at the Old Salon, in the beautiful winter-garden of the Palais de l'Industrie, although it maintains the usual high level of technical excellence, is one of the least interesting of recent years. Abstention is becoming too much the rule among the pontiffs of French art, both painters and sculptors, and if persisted in it cannot fail to injure the style of the masters who choose thus to shroud themselves from the gaze of the profane vulgar, as much as it will inevitably impair the public taste.

The reputation of that admirable master, the recently-deceased M. Chapu, will not be enhanced by his seated marble full-length of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, characteristically entered in the catalogue of the Salon as "*Mlle. la Princesse de Galles*." This is so *banal* in its grace of attitude, so devoid of any personal quality, as to suggest a portrait executed from



other portraits rather than from the living sitter. The reputation of the great artist is, however, redeemed by the marble funerary statue of "Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bonnechose," which displays all the pathos and the reticent dignity of style by which Chapu has been distinguished in many preceding works; but it is somewhat marred by the coarse grain and inferior quality of the marble in which it is executed—a fault, by the way, to be noticed too frequently in works carried out for French public monuments of the same class. One of the most beautiful things here is the "Éternel Poème" of M. Antonin Carlès (a *Grand Prix* at the last exhibition). This is a nude female figure, more remarkable for the sinuous grace of its attitude and the harmony with which it is composed, than for any exceptional completeness or subtlety in the execution. Here, too, is to be seen the realisation in bronze of the "Mère Captive," with which the Norwegian sculptor, M. Sinding, also won a *Grand Prix*. It appears, here again, more remarkable for daring of conception and voluptuous suggestiveness than for idealised truth or real pathos; while an unfinished marble group, "Un Homme et Une Femme," by the same Scandinavian artist, is a singularly passionate and true presentment of two very earthly lovers locked in a close embrace. A master of the icy North has here produced the most *risqué*, if one of the ablest, performances in the exhibition. M. Mercié is not seen to the highest advantage in the marble statuette, "La Toilette de Diane," while M. Falguière, not for the first or the second time, presents his charming Parisian version of this chaste goddess. His "Diane" is this time presented in an altogether different attitude, but still in that entire nudity which seems to shun neither the gaze of Actæon nor the more searching inspection to which she is submitted by the admiring Parisian public. That able if not very genial master, the late Eugène Delaplanche, is represented by an "Eve Before the Fall" and a "St. John the Baptist," both for the new hospital of Épernay; while M. Allar, known chiefly as the author of the superb "Dying Molière," at the Odéon, sends a colossal group, "Joan of Arc, with St. Michael, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine," intended for the porch of the new basilica now in the course of erection at

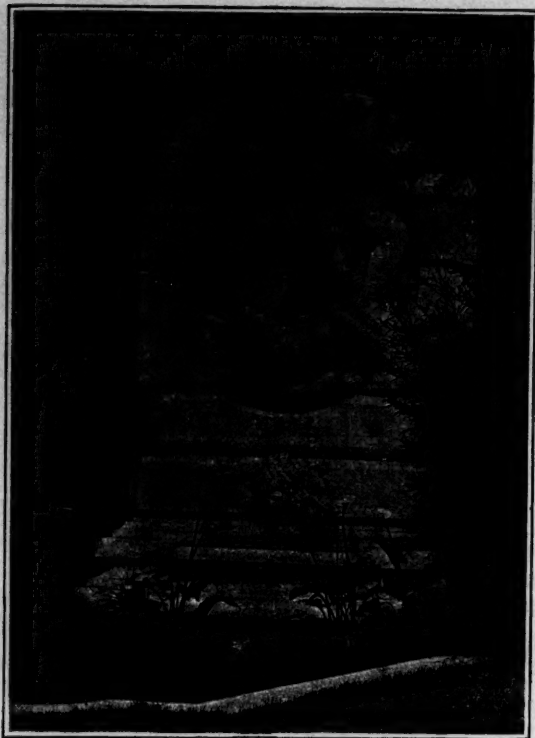
the virgin-warrior's birthplace, Domrémy. This is the unconvinced and commonplace work of an able artist not overmuch in love with his subject. The huge "National Monument of Costa Rica," by M. Carrier-Belleuse, has passages of remarkable technical excellence, but is, nevertheless, as a whole clumsy and ineffective. We cannot profess any very high admiration for M. Alfred Boucher's colossal statue of an entirely naked labourer in the action of digging, called "À la Terre," although it has carried off the first prize for sculpture at the Salon. It is, indeed, little more than an able but over-strained and over-modelled *académie*, and its exceptional good fortune only serves to prove the paucity of fine works to be found this year in the exhibition. A genuinely expressive performance of its kind is the "Nathan Hale" of an American sculptor, Mr. MacMonnies. It represents, on his way to execution, this local hero, who was executed as a spy by the English during the great War of Independence. Very happy is the haughty, sensitive expression of the uplifted face, and the suggestion of rebellion against fate conveyed in the bound limbs of the condemned man. Clever too, in a more realistic style, is the same sculptor's bronze statue, "James S. T. Stranahan, First Citizen of



TRIUMPH.

(By Adrian Jones. Exhibited at the Royal Academy.)





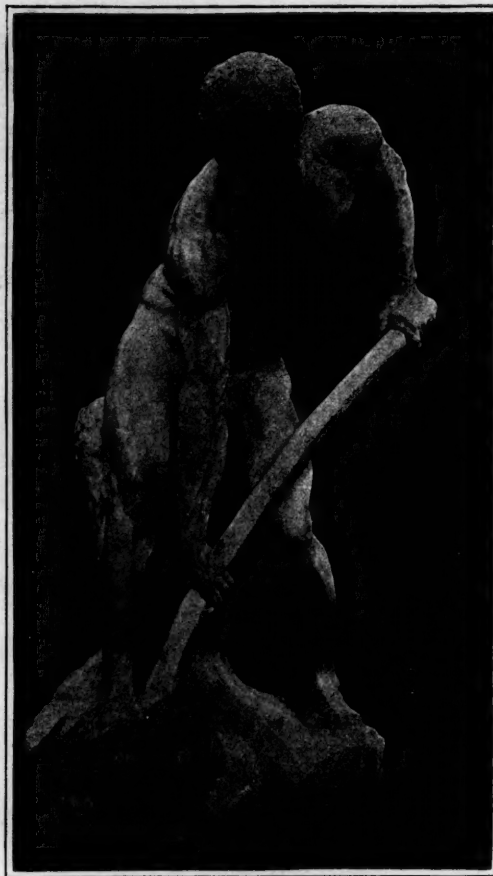
DESIGN FOR A FOUNTAIN.

(By Jules Dalou. Exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon.)

Brooklyn, New York." A Californian artist, Mr. Douglas Tilden, distinguishes himself with a bronze "Tired Boxer," very evidently suggested by classical models. M. Turcan's well-designed but too summarily executed statue, "La Peinture," is hardly worthy of his high reputation. The large bronze group by M. Auguste Paris, which is the principal part of the monument to be erected to the memory of Danton, shows decorative facility and grace of arrangement, marred by an aggressive vulgarity, which is the very quality to be avoided in a work commemorative of the fierce orator of the Montagne, similar qualities and defects being observable in the same sculptor's bas-relief, "Le Retour, 1793," which owes much, moreover, to the example of M. Dalou. It is a relief to turn from the sculpture proper to the case of eleven medals displayed by M. Chaplain, that living successor of Dupré and Warin, who has, however, far more affinity in style and temperament with the great Italian medallists of the fifteenth century. His work is distinguished by admirable perfection of technique, but still more by a fire, a *fierté*, and an indescribable quality of style, such as are hardly to be found in the same degree in the work of any contemporary artist. The finest medals in this series are the noble one of Meissonier, and those of M. Charles Gounod and M. Elie-

Delaunay. Hardly inferior to M. Chaplain in execution is M. Roty—and, indeed, his chasing of the reverses of medals and of plaquettes is, if anything, more exquisite—but in breadth and grandeur he is in no wise comparable to his leader and rival.

At the exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts in the Champ de Mars a new winter garden of elegant proportions and charming floral adornments has been arranged to receive the sculptures of the new school, at the head of which are M. Dalou and M. Rodin. The former sends a superb "Design for a Fountain," with a Bacchic scene in high relief, in the modelling of which the famous artist makes a return to the round, fleshy forms of his master Carpeaux. The head of the *nouveaux* has on this occasion been most unjustly reproached with a return to the measured elegance of design of the *Grand Siècle*. It is because he has been able to combine in his group of male and female votaries of the wine-god the rhythmic elegance of the style of Louis XIV. with the quivering life, the *modernité* of to-day, that his present work appears both new and



LA TERRE.

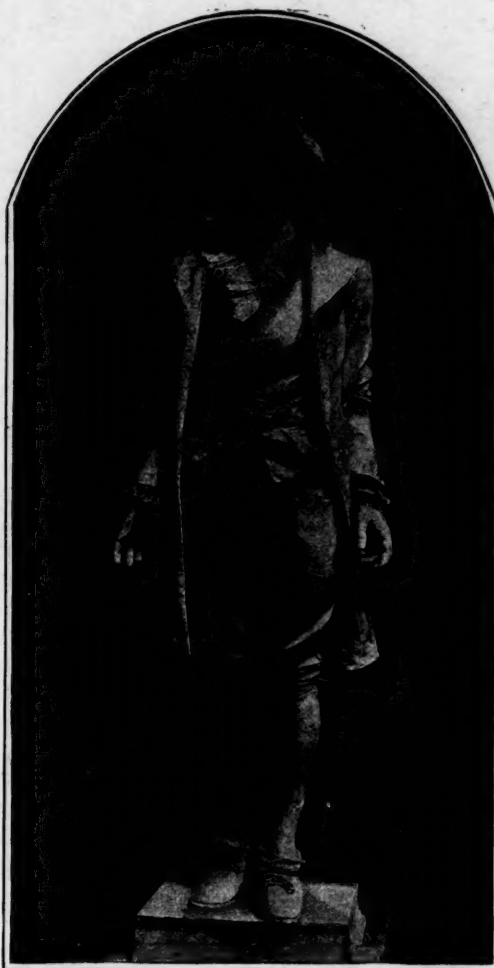
(By Alfred Boucher. Exhibited at the Old Salon.)

admirable. It should be pointed out, however, that the design is almost identical with that of a large round executed by the master in England in 1879, and now in a corridor of the South Kensington Museum. Among M. Dalou's four busts, the most remarkable is the portrait in bronze of the well-known critic of the *Figaro*, M. Albert Wolff, whose unlovely features are displayed with a ruthless fidelity to the handiwork of the step-dame nature, but rather with an unswerving photographic truth than with a perception of the higher possibilities which even this subject affords. M. Rodin possesses certainly a more fiery, a more original genius than his compeer, but with the public he will never be as popular, on account of his unnecessary and aggressive disregard of those canons of monumental art, in the observance rather than in the contravention of which genius should find additional modes of expression. His "Buste de M. Puvis de Chavannes" has much of the vitality and the ardent intellectuality which marked his bust of M. Dalou; but it is, in its present unfinished style, very inferior to that masterly performance. If M. Rodin vouchsafes on the present occasion no other contribution, his influence is everywhere felt; as in the brilliant sketch, "Projet de Monument à Danton," by M. Pierre Roche, and in the hideous and by no means genial "Avalanche" of a Genevese sculptor, M. Niederhausern-Rodo.

Another able *Grand Prix* of the last Universal Exhibition, M. Injalbert, proves once more, in his marble statue, "Mélancolie," his leanings towards the style of Bernini. Here the flowing, exaggerated draperies have a certain mannered grace, while the inexpressive head is absurdly small. In two bas-reliefs, "Nymphes et Satyres," the same artist gives evidence that he has undergone the influence of

that formidable sensuousness which informs some of M. Rodin's minor productions. In the "Enfant au Poisson—Projet de Fontaine," M. Injalbert is all himself, and displays undoubted charm and mastery.

Yet another *Grand Prix*, M. Tony Noël, sends only a bronze reduction of his exquisite "Orphée" and a rather weak "Buste du Dr. F." That remarkable Belgian sculptor, Constantin Meunier, who owes his artistic existence to Jean-François Millet, has a powerful "Mower," in which, however, notwithstanding the nobility of his main motive, he has translated the French pastoral painter's idea less ably than did our own Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. Here, as in a number of interesting bronze statuettes, M. Meunier betrays, however, a curious lack of power to represent or suggest vitality or impending movement, which, especially in the style which he has chosen for himself, singularly detracts from the expressiveness of his work. M. Albert Bartholomé's ambitious "Funerary Monument (destined to support a Christ)" appears here as an inartistic jumble of separate figures, the key to which—the figure of Christ himself—is at present not furnished. This production, parts of which are



NATHAN HALE.

(By Fried. MacMonnies. Exhibited at the Old Salon.)

not wanting in technical merit, has been frantically praised by certain *symboliste* critics of the new school, on account, no doubt, of its very defects in comprehensibility and its absence of true construction. M. Cordonnier's statue of a nude girl, in a curiously nonchalant attitude, called "Fleurs de Mort," has grace and a certain vicious charm; but one cannot pretend to admire M. Charpentier's aggressively vulgar, if ably modelled, relief, "Woman Getting Into Her Bath." Such triviality in the choice of a subject cannot be allowed to pass for true audacity or the serious desire to innovate.



SUMMER.

(From the Painting by the late C. Chaplin.)

## CHARLES CHAPLIN.

By MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.



O speak of a man on his death-bed is not to speak of him critically, or as those who come after may speak. So much of the personality of the still living, breathing man remains, so much of the pathos of death. The curtain indeed has fallen,

the lights are extinguished, but the pulse of the spectator is not proof against the moving tragedy of the last scene. There are lives so neutral that we hardly wonder when they are put off like threadbare garments. Others, again, are so rich and varied as to colour their very surroundings, nay, sometimes the age in which they live. It is with these, and such as these, that death brings such acute surprise. It is as if we had assisted at a double murder, the murder of the man and of the artist, for all art worthy the name implies a twofold life. This quality of existence was conspicuous in the master who now lies dead. It accounts for the attitude of this cold sceptical Englishman—for such he appeared to many of his French admirers—who more than any other painter of his century dealt in airy things, who more than any other painter of his century seemed to have dipped his pencil in rose colour.

Charles Chaplin's art, as a matter of fact, was a protest, a triumphant protest, against the grim realities of a world which he knew as a man of the world, and in which he had suffered both poverty and obscurity. To such a man the creeds of the Romanticists are of the stuff of which dreams are made, while the brutality of the newer Realist school was little likely to allure him. He had too much

humour for the one, too much poetry for the other. His position, then, as a painter, was in many respects that of his position as a denizen of the French capital. An alien on an alien soil, there was something alien also in his genius to nineteenth century art. And this, not because he was out of touch with his contemporaries, but rather because he understood them too well. I remember the reverence with which the painter one day showed me a small landscape by an unknown artist, a genius cut off in youth. His look, his gesture, his enthusiastic praise, spoke volumes for his reticence (for I never heard him abuse the work of a brother artist) on the subject of many successful exhibits of the Salon.

In England we take our sensationalism homœopathically, purchasing it when on petty journeys intent, for the modest sum of one shilling, at the railway bookstalls. In France it is to be had even cheaper. There the sensationalism—mistakenly called realism—of the entire Paris Salon is to be had by paying tenpence at the turnstiles. Charles Chaplin, as I have said, denied neither the merits nor the methods of his contemporaries, but it was doubtless the portrayal of the railway accident and the dissecting room which induced him to masquerade, as it were, in the garment of a more jocund century. It was the "blood and thunder" of the Palais de l'Industrie which drove him to take refuge in an age when art took more placid and gracious forms. For this master's creations were a refuge from the grim and sordid, just as beauty was his religion, and the realisation of his ideals the one and sole concern of his days.

Charles Chaplin was born at Andely, in the department of Eure, on June 8th, 1825. His father,



from whom he inherited his physique, his tall stature, and his quizzical blue eyes, was English, while his mother,\* who more than probably transmitted his daintiness of touch and perception and Gallic warmth of temperament, was native of the soil. In addition to these parental endowments, it would seem that he received but little, for at the age of fourteen we find him already learning the rude lesson of life in the French capital. To his birthplace, Andely, he afterwards returned, drawing and etching some of his most beautiful and tragic landscapes in his wanderings; but it was in Paris, in the *atelier* Drolling, that he first felt his feet, and in the *École des Beaux-Arts* that he failed only to take the *Prix de Rome* for the reason that he was disqualified as a foreigner. A foreigner! The keynote of all Charles Chaplin's sufferings lay here. Neglected in his own country even to the day of his death, he was a stranger in the country of his adoption inasmuch as the coveted *Prix de Rome* was denied him as a boy, even as a seat in the Institut was denied him in his ripe middle age. Forced to exhibit in the English section of the exhibitions, and decorated only as a "stranger," he yet found his art practically ostracised on this side of the Channel. "*Mes œuvres ne sont pas faites pour un pays aussi vertueux,*" † he wrote bitterly on hearing that a small water-colour of his had

found its way to a London gallery. The chilling Philistinism of the English mind in general would seem at moments to have made him doubt even his English friends, for two months later he wrote: "*Si plus tard vous vous souvenez encore de moi et de mon nom, vous prierez les puissances invisibles qui dirigent le monde de jeter un peu de rosée sur le pauvre malheureux desséché qui se dit votre maître.*" Strange words coming from the mouth of one of the most envied men in all Paris! Strange words on the lips of a man whose art had brought him ample fortune, and more than fortune—fame. Hardship might have been his nurse, and an excellent nurse he declared her to be, but these lines were written when the great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain had been pleased to make him a vogue, when fashion had brought him so much work that he could both choose and refuse sitters.

The truth is Charles Chaplin understood his world too well to be deceived by it. If he were flattered, he was in no way engrossed by the exquisite Parisian *mondaines* who turned such a smiling face to him and his genius. Something of the reserve of his early days remained with him always, something of the reticence of his English blood. The beautiful house near the Parc Monceau he built only, to use his own phrase, from his "horror of concierges." His studio, unlike that of every other famous painter in Paris, was wholly devoid of fripperies. The "temple of Venus," as he sarcastically called that gaunt apartment, was curtainless, carpetless, and without ornament. He rose



AN OFFERING TO VENUS.

(From the Painting by the late C. Chaplin.)

\* The Paris *Figaro* made a mistake in saying that the painter's mother was also English.

† As an artist the Frenchman may be said to concern himself as little about ethics as the English nonconformist may be said to concern himself about art.



early, toiled incessantly, and could rarely be prevailed upon to go out to dinner. Hardly half a dozen

people did he call by the name of friend. Munkacsy was one of these, and to him or to a favourite pupil

he would sometimes talk for hours when he was in the vein. Difficult and fastidious, sensitive above all other members of his craft, with sometimes a touch of scepticism, even pessimism in his conversation, his sense of humour made him the most delightful of companions and, at the same time, the least arrogant of men. His talk, to the few people to whom he ever talked, was vivid, trenchant, picturesque, and at times superlatively witty. "Portraits?" I remember he exclaimed one day. "Ah! that isn't an easy matter. Let me tell you, to begin with, that it is impossible to paint a woman's portrait without being in love with her," an aphorism given in jest, but which, like many another jest, contained more than half the truth. For Charles Chaplin worshipped his art. Art with him was a passion, a consuming rage, the one and only serious thing the world contained for him. Of his pupils, of Madeleine Lemaire, of Henriette Browne, of Louise Abbéma, and of their success he was inordinately proud; to his children he was a doting father; but for himself he was never happier than when he had climbed, palette in hand, into that attic studio perched among the chimneys of the Rue de Lisbonne.

In appearance Charles Chaplin had more the look of a British diplomatist than that of any French artist I can call to mind. Tall, thin, and erect of bearing, he had that particular poise of body which women call "a commanding air." A half-humorous expression, a half-whimsical air of fatigue, were the chief characteristics of a face which was further decorated—if I may use the expression—by long whiskers and



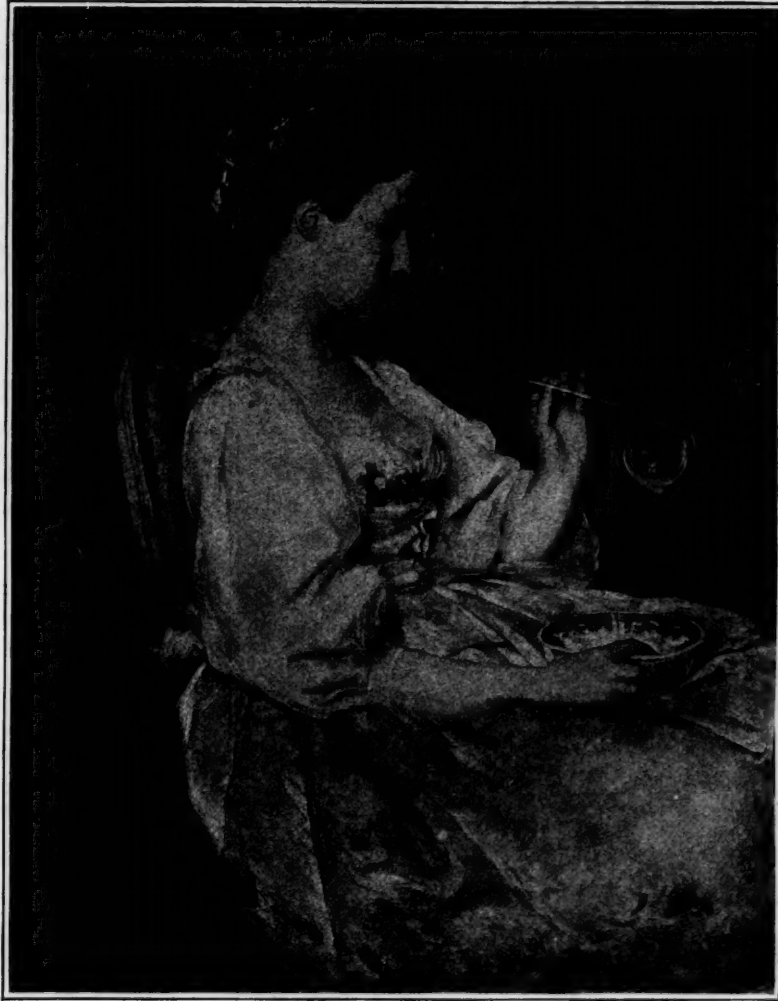
THE LATE CHARLES CHAPLIN.

(Engraved by Florian.)

moustaches of snow-white hair. Of English he spoke hardly a word, though his curious reserve, his phlegm, made him pass in Parisian circles for a typical Briton.

But to turn from the man to the painter, or rather to the painter, decorator, etcher, engraver—for

which has been quoted in the French papers, but which is worth repeating here, inasmuch as it proved to be a turning in the painter's career. A notorious beauty, Marie Duplessis, wishing to have her portrait limned, sent for the young artist with the request that he would bring some of his work with



BUBBLES.

(From the Painting by the late C. Chaplin.)

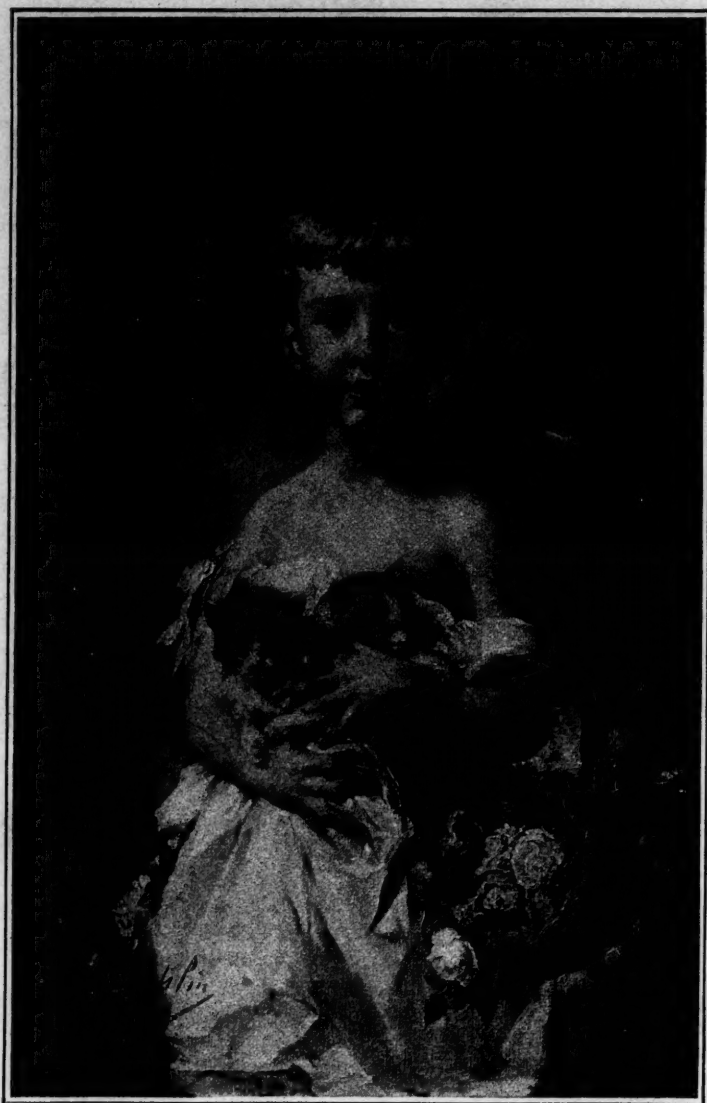
Charles Chaplin was no less one than all four. Chagrined, though undaunted, by his loss of the *Prix de Rome*, at twenty we find him already exhibiting in the Salon, where, in the spring of 1845, he surprised amateurs by his "Portrait de Femme." A "St. Sébastien" followed, and after manifold wanderings in the provinces many pieces of a pastoral description, including "Une Rue de Village de la Basse Auvergne" and "Une Fileuse." The mention of the "St. Sébastien" brings me to an anecdote

him as an example of his powers. The lad, for he was little more, presented himself with a sacred subject under his arm, and was somewhat amazed when he found his canvas greeted with shouts of profane laughter. The portrait, however, was executed, and with a dexterity which silenced dissentient opinion from that time forward. Beginning with a beauty, a list of Charles Chaplin's subsequent works is a list of the most beautiful women of his time. In the great world a pretty woman was hardly a pretty

woman until she had passed through the studio of the Rue de Lisbonne, and been immortalised by the painter's brush. The Comtesse Kersaint, the Duchesse de Mouchy, the beautiful and unfortunate morphia maniac, the Duchesse de Chaulnes, who committed

Petersburg, Brussels, and New York, the latter city, like the city of his adoption, Paris, being rich in many notable ceilings from the brush of this most consummate of modern decorators. The lightness of his touch, the daintiness of his conceptions, the magical

charm of his compositions, indeed, place his decorative art above that of all his contemporaries, while the dignity, the grace, and the distinction of his portraits speak as often of the nobility of a Vandyck as of the skilled and learned but deliberately trivial painters of the last century. For Chaplin, at bottom, owed more to Chaplin than to any *protégé* of the Pompadour's to whom he has been so often likened; and if he chose to transport us to a mock Olympus of Versailles and present us with the travesty goddesses our great-grandmothers loved to impersonate, it was because he had more affinity with languorous Venuses and rosy Hebes than with mundane and realistic presentations of coarse models from the Batignolles. The master, it must be understood, was above all things the master of flesh-painting; and if future generations, to use his own expression, "remember him and his name," it will be for the purity of his carnations, the silveriness of his half-tones, the subtlety, the pearliness of his luminous reflections. The charm of his canvases is not, indeed, to be conveyed in words. There is in them a something which we feel, but which escapes us in the crude process of translating it into written language. It is a charm as airy, as intangible, as vaporous, and as impossible to describe as the scent of a June rose. They are fetters of roses, indeed, in which the painter holds us; he presents to us a world in



THE THREE FRIENDS.

(From the Painting by the late C. Chaplin.)

suicide half a dozen years ago, the Comtesse de Laroche-foucault, the little seven-year-old daughter of the Comte de Paris—the Princesse Isabelle, Mrs. Sands, and the transatlantic beauty, Miss Warren, are only a few of the best known of his portraits.

Charles Chaplin's canvases, in a word, are to be found in all parts of the world, in the Hague, St.

which lips only smile and in which azure eyes shine. The grim, the ugly, the real—the three deities of modern times—are put away, and for once liquidly, exquisitely, on summer clouds, we float in a land where love is a gracious service and women are ever young.

It was the standing wonder of Paris where



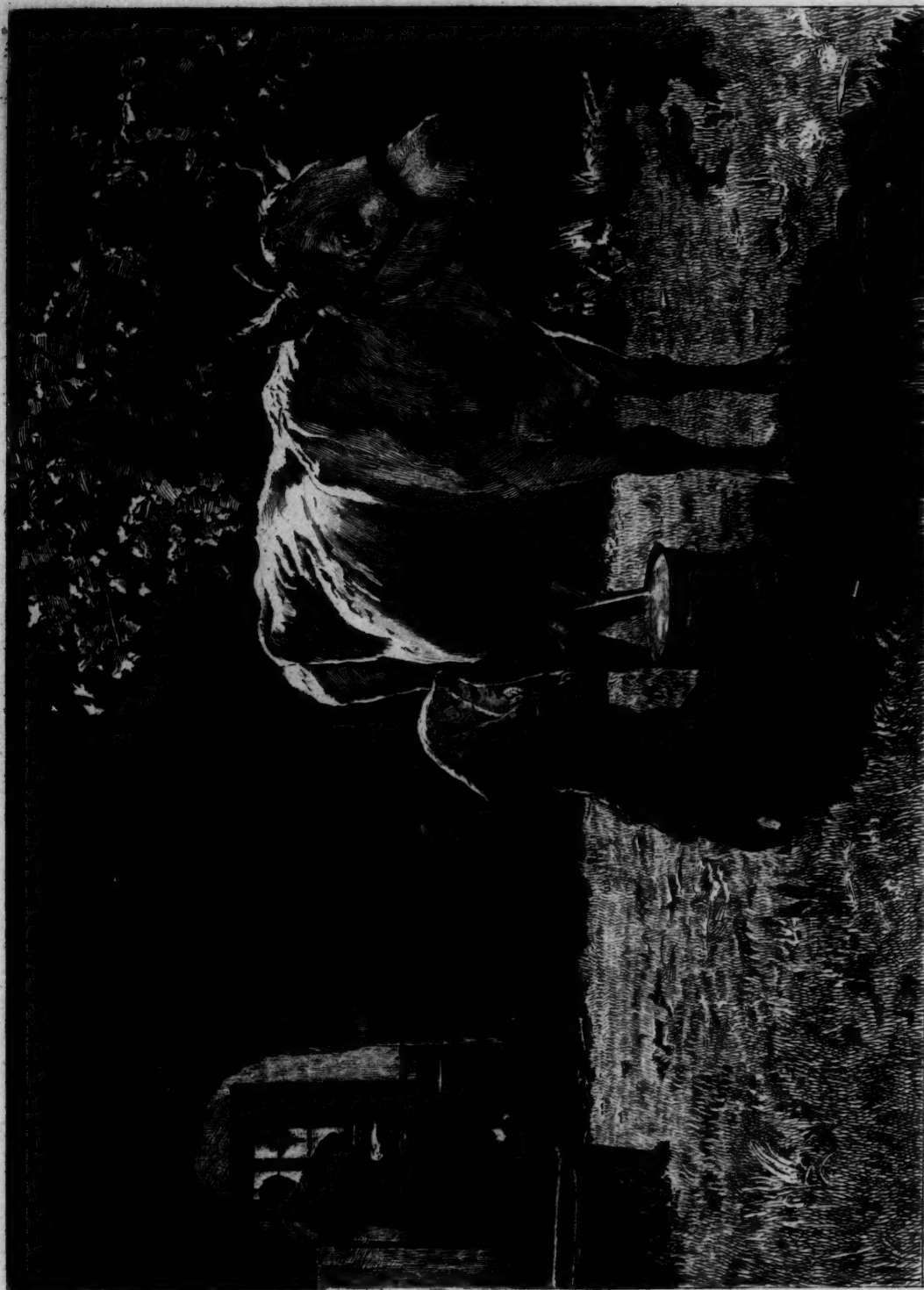


THE SMILE.

(From the Painting by the late Charles Chaplin. Engraved by Jonnard.)







Julien Dupré pinx.

Ch. de Buly sculp.

THE WHITE COW.



Charles Chaplin found his models. I suspect he found them where Raphael found his Madonnas, where Millet found his peasants. For if a keen sense of the incongruities of life, the waste, the weariness, the futility of many of its manifestations, made the painter what we idly call "a cynic," it was curious how completely he dropped all trace of the railer when he took his brush in hand. Once mounted to his studio, every woman became transformed into a nymph—a goddess; the grey-lighted *atelier* into a region of the rosiest clouds. In all this he was an idealist, as he had already abundantly proved himself in the landscapes, the forgotten landscapes, of his youth. His passion for the country, evinced by his one-time wanderings in Auvergne, was his always, for five months of each year he spent at his cottage at Jouy-en-Josas, or at the wave-washed *chalet* he built himself on the shore of Arromanches. It was at the latter place that he astonished the French journalist Adrien Marx by his long tramps by the seashore and by his enthusiastic, his English love of marine things. The cottage near Versailles was in his thoughts at the very end. For death dealt gently with the delineator of love and youth, allowing his last articulate word to be of Jouy-en-Josas and the spring which he was not to see.

I have before me as I write an early etching of the master's called "November," a touching landscape in which the sick earth lies chill in its misty autumn garment. Yet another is of the now famous

pigs the artist loved to depict as a young man, the animals being driven by a cowering swineherd and a storm-tossed sky across a dreary wold. Both etchings have English titles and quotations, showing that at that time Charles Chaplin was still in touch with English things.

If he lost that touch and became alienated from his father's country, the fault is one which must be laid at our own doors. With the Parisians it is otherwise. They loved him as they loved few painters of his time, for curiously enough his genius was more typically French than that of any painter of their own race. His decorations in the *Elysée* and the *Tuileries*—the latter unhappily destroyed with the rest of the building by the *Commune*—had a dainty brilliance, a capricious grace, which is the soul of Gallic genius. But though typically French, I doubt if Charles Chaplin will have successors. The art which he chose to give to the world, for which he became famous in the world, was the embodiment of the France of his youth, a still light-hearted, a still undefeated France. In latter days both the Parisian and his art have become more reasonable, more sober, and, let me add, more sad. Imitators the author of "*L'Âge d'Or*" may have, but none who will walk in his footsteps. For his languorous charm, his surety of hand, are possessions vouchsafed to few, while the very muse who smiled erewhile from azure heavens now walks the earth painfully under lowering, derisive skies.

## "THE WHITE COW."

PAINTED BY JULIEN DUPRÉ. ETCHED BY C. DE BILLY.

JULIEN DUPRÉ is one of the most rising artists of the French school. He is individual in his work, accurate as an observer, earnest as a painter, healthy in his instincts, and intensely artistic in his impressions and in his translation of them. Adding to this a subtle sense of tone and colour, a natural feeling, so to speak, for *chiaroscuro*, and facility for composition, he is always one of the attractions in every Salon exhibition. Yet he is still a comparatively young man. Born in Paris in 1851, he placed himself under the guidance of Pils, M. Laugée, and M. Henri Lehman. He is, however, independent. Sometimes he shows their influence, at others he appears the student of Troyon and Van Marcke, the latter of whom remarked, on seeing his "*Pasturage*" in 1882, "That young man is destined to go too far." His first appearance at the Salon was in the year 1876, with pictures entitled "*A House in Picardy*" and "*The Harvest*." His subjects have usually comprised

cattle and figures, but *genre* of a romantic and rustic sort has more than once occupied his brush. Apart from his purely painter-like qualities, Julien Dupré has a manner of treatment and a way of individualising each cow or bull which he paints to a degree distinctive of few other artists—his animals always fine and full of expression, and his figures of grace. This is no concession the artist makes to nature; only he knows how to select, and in his selection his instinct is unerring. In "*The White Cow*," which was amongst the finest works in last year's Salon, several of M. Dupré's merits as a painter are exemplified. The cow—taking a patient and intelligent interest in the operation of milking—is superbly drawn, and her expression admirably rendered. The light and shade, the balance of the composition, and the rendering and disposition of the figures combine in this picture to produce a canvas which pleases the spectator the more he examines it. M. H. S.



## ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

## THE COMIC PAPER.

By J. F. SULLIVAN.

AS a fitting step to learn something about the organisation of the "comic paper," the uninitiated must hear a little about the comic artist and writer, two of the ingredients. Comic artists and writers do not, when compared with the great host of the serious artistic and literary world, form a large body; in fact, those who produce exclusively comic work in London (and it is with contemporary comic work in London that this article is to deal) are a mere couple of handfuls. Hence the comic journalist is not a familiar object of the fire-side; and hence when the ordinary member of the public meets one his natural desire is to button-hole him and ask how he and his fellows get their ideas, what they look like when they are at work, and so forth. It is in response to such questions that this article is written. And here the writer will beg the reader not to permit himself, by any levity in the style of treatment, to consider the whole affair as a jest or an effort of imagination. Flippancy notwithstanding, the writer (although a comic artist) disclaims all intention of "poking fun" at the reader.

The intelligent uninitiated, asked to guess how comic artists are produced, would naturally (having heard of the Committee of the Council of Education, Art Department) draw a mental picture such as this. The youth of promise, having decided to adopt the career of comic art with all its solemn responsibilities, goes to South Kensington or elsewhere and knocks at a door inscribed "School of Art—Comic Department," and is received by the Comic Art Master, a man with a sly twinkle in his eye, and obviously appointed for his keen sense of the ridicu-

lous. Here, having gone through a course of studies from the works of classic comic artists, the student passes to the study of comic life-models, such as the regulation "Our Friend Little Tippins" (who is

always in difficulties), the Husband who always Comes Home Elevated, and the *Æsthete*. Then comes an examination in catching the ridiculous points of various public men, who kindly lend themselves for the occasion. During work-hours in the schools intermittent hilarity prevails.

Is it necessary to say that this picture is all wrong? There is no School of Comic Art, any more than there is a Chair of Comic Journalism. There is no machinery for the production of comic artists and journalists; these being incidental growths upon the trees of art and literature, like the little crimson tufts on the wild-rose stem, caused, perhaps, in the same manner, by an insect—in this case the insect Perversity working in the brain, but none the less beautiful and delightful for that. There are comic artists who hold that the serious artist

is the incidental growth, but upon this I do not insist. The majority of comic artists have learned to draw, having gone through a regular course of serious study and subsequently "turned comic." The minority have not, having taken to comic art because it seemed a nice, easy occupation.

Let us imagine, so far as is possible, a typical middle-class comic paper called, say, *Waggery*, and consider its staff; it being understood that my examples are faithful reproductions of men and things, in spite of the fictitious names with which I have endowed them. Jones is a member of its staff, a comic artist and journalist combined.



ACQUIRING BREADTH AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

(Drawn by J. F. Sullivan.)

Intending even as a child to become an eminent painter, Jones placed himself in the hands of the professors at South Kensington; and was kept at a long course of stippling an even tint with black chalk and little pieces of bread, with a view to developing freedom of hand and scope of conception. All this was years ago. He had not the slightest notion at the time of becoming a comic artist; but one day a comic editor, having seen some very bad drawings of his, sent for him and ordered him to do a comic drawing; which he did, and has continued doing regularly ever since. And here let me caution the reader against any confounding of the words "comic" and "funny." All Jones's pages are "comic pages;" occasionally one is funny.

Jones's special line is satire, and, at the same time, he is very emotional. His process of hitting on, and subsequently knocking off, an idea is generally this. While conversing or reading the morning paper he suddenly violently rages and blares—a sign that he has scented some abuse requiring correction. With equal suddenness his rage breaks off short, and he smiles triumphantly, makes a note in a little book, and perhaps cuts a paragraph from the paper. Then he strides up and down the room, frowning and puffing at a cigarette, and you know that he is "working it out;" and then he frequently says he "can't work to-day," and goes out; and in this way his satirical drawings are done. Again, he may decide that the idea would work out better in writing than in drawing; and, again, better in verse than in prose; for he is equally good, or bad, at either of the three forms of development. Verse will require more walking to and fro than prose, and is therefore more irritating to the members of his family; for his slippers creak, and he insists on having a clear space for promenading, and, while declining to work in solitude, he puts a veto on all conversation and active occupation.

He has a habit—a most objectionable one—of studying any absurd points in the faces of those with whom he is in conversation; and on these occasions he is so inattentive to the topic of conversation and so absent in his answers as to be very bad company. The further a face is from being faultless (and, of course, uninteresting) the more severely is its owner victimised by this habit of Jones's.

One more peculiarity of our satirist. When engaged in drawing he unconsciously, but invariably, reproduces in his own features the expression he is endeavouring to depict—a habit which suggests to those who do not understand it his immediate fitness for Hanwell. The intensity of his expression is regulated by the face he is drawing; so that when he is engaged on a particularly crushing

caricature the effect is awful, and the results of this habit on his dog are marked. The drawing of the crushing caricature causes the beast to creep under the sofa with his tail tucked down, and moan; while the intensity of grief reflected on his master's features from a drawing of, say, Mr. Balfour hearing of the sudden indisposition of an Irish member, will make the dog leave his bone on the sofa-cushion, and gaze into his master's face with an ear down and a limp and anxious tail. A long course of Jones in the act of caricaturing could only be borne by one willing to sacrifice self to affection for him.

It is not the rule for comic artist and writer to be combined in one person; nevertheless, there are other examples of it besides him I have called "Jones."

His friend Brown draws the illustrations to the dramatic criticisms. The latter are done by the editor, so that Brown always accompanies his chief to the play; and, as he does similar work for other papers, he practically lives at the theatre and is always to be found making a first-night of it. He has a habit of making sketches, absolutely chaotic to the uninitiated, of two strokes and a smudge on his cuffs or on theatre-tickets—not necessarily on theatrical subjects. He will catch sight of someone with a valuable peculiarity, and manoeuvre to get him from the best point of view for those two strokes and a smudge. The subject will often observe and resent the attention, but the feelings of this class of model cannot be allowed to stand in the way of study. There is marvellous character to be seen in the streets, all, from the comic artist's point of view, designed solely in the interests of the caricaturist; and in one railway-trainful there is always enough to make the reputation of half-a-dozen observant draughtsmen. Of course the comic artist who draws from models at all employs professional models at times; but these are not his source of inspiration, for they have, as a rule, no characteristics of any use to him. His characters are nearly all unprofessional, as you will learn from his acquaintances, whom he—ah, how frequently!—implores to "stand like that a minute." A comic artist's acquaintance blessed with anything above the common in the way of ugliness or comicality of outline can always fill up his spare time pleasantly. We had a man at our club whom you could not look at without laughing; and on one occasion two comic artist members are said to have quarrelled for his acquaintance, and nearly came to fighting it out afterwards in the smoke-room.

Gray is the cartoonist, and the most important artist on the paper. He is not, strictly speaking, a comic artist at all, although he can be comic enough when required. He has gone through a

severe training at the art-schools, and knows the nude model pretty well by heart. Simplicity, force, correctness of drawing, lucidity of purpose, grasp of subject, and capacity for portraiture are his characteristics. Gray is not a bad cartoonist. He and the editor, with sometimes Jones and Green, think out the cartoon between them. Other comic papers



AN UNPROMISING DRAWING TO PUT A JOKE TO.

(Drawn by J. F. Sullivan.)

have other methods of planning out work; I am merely mentioning the way it is done on *Waggery*.

Robinson is another artist on our paper. We had often noticed a nameless, undefinable peculiarity about his drawings; a peculiarity which made itself felt at times with absolute pain to the observer. There seemed to be an elderliness about his children incompatible with early youth; an elderly-gentlemanly stoutness about his young ladies which seemed somehow to diminish their grace; a look in his older ladies as if they were incomplete without whiskers—a something, in short, which left an unsatisfied craving in the mind. One day, calling upon him, we found him with his father, a kindly stout old gentleman, who had tucked up his trousers above the knee, had put on a table-cloth for a pinafore and a little straw hat, and was holding in his hand a pail and spade. Robinson was drawing from him—drawing a little boy on the sands for the holiday number of something. “The dear old boy always

stands for everything I do,” he explained; “always like to have a model, to get the folds natural.”

Some comic—and, indeed, other—artists who do not draw from nature possess a strongly-marked individuality of conception, having a deeply-rooted impression that human beings and other objects are flat surfaces at right-angles with the line of vision, with sharp edges all round. Smith, of *Waggery*, is among these. He had, one would say, seen human beings once many years ago, but has not a good memory.

Many artists drawing for comic papers are supplied with jokes to draw up to; or they send in drawings having no particular meaning to have jokes attached to them—a duty which is a fearful scourge to Black, the utility journalist of *Waggery*; for the editor himself does not like the work. Black often has a batch of “rubblings” of these works of art by him to contrive jokes to, and his brain is gradually softening under the task. For instance, Smith, who believes himself strong on pigs, will have contributed a man standing by a pig, two men standing by a pig, a man standing by two pigs, and so forth. When Black cannot find any more jokes about a pig he makes one about a dog answer the purpose, as Smith’s pigs can be made to do very well for dogs too.

Black has to do all kinds of odd jobs. Sometimes one of the advertisers wants a “puff” (an advertisement which makes believe to be part of the subject-matter of the paper), and then Black has to write a paragraph about the adventure of Our Friend Little Tippins with a Cake of So-and-so’s Soap, or a few verses beginning with Amanda’s eyes, and ending with Eureka Gout Ointment.

White writes the *vers de société*; and very hard work it is for the money, for they fill but little space in a column and require much neatness and polishing up. But White loves the work, and his wants are not great. His work is delicate and beautiful—the watchwork or jewellery of the paper; Jones’s is the blacksmithing.

Green is topical prose and verse writer: he does the satires on public men of politics opposed to those of *Waggery*, which is particularly severe on any of those public men when it feels that they have taken the wind out of its sails by being obviously in the right. *Waggery* is at times reduced to the most dreadful straits by perversity of this kind on the part of statesmen; for there are occasions when it is really impossible to treat an unqualified victory of the obnoxious political party in the light of a signal and crushing defeat. On one occasion, I remember, when the “other side” had just turned out *Waggery*’s pet Ministry and come into power on an overwhelming majority,



*Waggery's* cartoon representing the incoming Premier under the process of being kicked out into the gutter by the boot of John Bull seemed to fall flat. A comic paper, by crisply setting forth and crystallising the passing situation, is a most useful agent for impressing the eternal truths of history on the public mind. Truth should always underlie the structure of a political cartoon; and it often does so at a great depth.

Comic editors differ widely, one of their few points of similarity being that they are themselves seldom comic. The editor of *Waggery* is a short, stout man, but, nevertheless, a man with a certain "presence," a sharp eye, and a good hard head for business at a pinch. And he needs his hard head, for, what with proprietors, advertisement-canvassers, printers, advertisers, publisher,

that an engraver whose sense of beauty whispers to him that a face drawn by one of them does not look well with the pug nose it possesses will not hesitate to substitute a Roman feature—a course which, they hold, is distinctly detrimental when portraiture is in question. Some of the engravers

are in favour of Roman noses, they say, while others lean toward the pug type; and the difficulty is to get a drawing into the right hands. The artists loathe the printer, too; he is always using ink that is a dirty brown, or too thin, or too thick, or otherwise spoiling their work. The printer is nearly always mad with Green and Jones, because they write so illegibly; and with Rus-

set and Pink (two other writers), because they are always late, and compel him to "lift" whole paragraphs at the last moment.



A PAGE FROM THE COMIC SKETCHER'S NOTE BOOK.

(By J. F. Sullivan.)



A PORTRAIT.



THE SYMBOL.

(Drawn by J. F. Sullivan.)

office-boys, engravers, correspondents, the public, and literary and artistic staff, he has enough to do. He is the buffer between the advertisement-canvasser and the Jones type; between the artists and the engravers; between anybody and everybody else.

The artists' constant wail is that the engravers will "improve," instead of reproducing their work. Gray the cartoonist, Jones, and Brown complain

*Waggery* is a fair example of the average comic paper, not of the highest nor of the lowest type. The present *Punch* is a development of and improvement on the *Waggery* type, having better art, a better tone, and, in some few instances, better prose contributions. The *Chuckler* takes a lower level. Its fun is of the robust, and often questionable, type; it deals largely with the inferior class of "masher,"



and has all the latest slang at its finger-ends: but it is often smartly written, and, in some cases, cleverly illustrated.

There are few comic artists who have not had, at one time or another, to produce caricatures of public men; and cartoonists are, of course, constantly called upon to give the presentments of such persons, though their version is not necessarily required to be a caricature. Nevertheless it does, in the majority of cases, develop into that form; and it has done so to such an extent as to bring about a curious result. This is, that the public eye, educated to accept a symbol in place of a portrait, has come to recognise any given public man more readily by the symbol than by an actual photograph from the original. Having been taught, for example, to expect an enormous collar and nose in connection with Mr. Gladstone, a vast eyeglass

ceptional presence; yet how poor and tame he actually is when compared with his grandly overwhelming dozen-chinned presentment in *Punch*, which affects one like the growing swell of an organ, and deafens and squeezes one against the wall. Our statesmen ought to study this thing more than they do.

Having to produce a portrait, the portraitist does not simply sit down to copy from the sitter or photograph line by line; if he did he would not produce a likeness in one case out of ten. He begins by saying to himself, "Where is the likeness?" and proceeds to put down the characteristics. These will sometimes lie in the most unsuspected places—in queer lines or irregularities which some persons would leave out in the interests of politeness. We have often seen a recognisable caricature in which the features were wholly omitted. A public man



Having noted the points,



We proceed to make free with them;



And reaching the stage where the eyeglass makes it safer,



We become reckless.

#### THE VANISHING STATESMAN.

(Drawn by J. F. Sullivan.)

where Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is concerned, and all sorts of impossibilities in the case of Lord Randolph Churchill (including a terrier's body, a child's frills, or a mouse's tail), the observer feels that there is a something missing—an aching void—when confronted with a carte-de-visite of the personage in question or with the man himself.

And, on reflection, one cannot divest oneself of the feeling that our public men would really be far more distinctive and imposing if they *were* like the caricatures of themselves. Who, on seeing Mr. Gladstone on a public platform, does not feel a keen shock of disappointment on noting that his face, instead of hiding from view the Liberal Six Hundred gathered in the reserved seats beyond him, is only of the ordinary, commonplace size—a little dab of flesh-colour which one would require a smallish brush to lay on?

Sir William Harcourt, again, is a man of no insignificant, but, on the contrary, of quite ex-

with no marked peculiarity in feature, figure, or expression may be all very well as a statesman, and so forth; but he is most baffling and irritating to the caricaturist, and clearly, therefore, does not fulfil *all* the responsibilities of his position.

This world, as it stands—a world full of abuses and absurdities—is Paradise to the comic journalist, artistic and literary; and we cannot but remark on the thoughtlessness of those busybodies who are ever striving to improve away some abuse or defect—bad legislation, corruption, official incapacity, personal ugliness, the lighter vices, the new coinage, ignorance, and so forth. These worthy but mistaken persons forget that, if things were perfect, there would be vastly less laughter and amusement; and that the satirist, having absolutely no adequate excuse to advance for continuing to exist, would fade and fade until he would finally produce one despairing satire upon his own inutility, and, finding no market for it, dissolve into air.

## LINSEED-OIL IN PAINTING.

By H. C. STANDAGE.

**OIL-PAINTING**, as distinguished from other methods of painting, derives its title from the use of *oil* as a medium, whereby the pigments are made to adhere to the canvas, and the oil chiefly and most extensively used is "honest linseed."

This oil, above all others, seems to be the artist's oil *par excellence*. In its chemical nature it is, with few exceptions, the only oil that meets all requirements of fine-art painting. The exceptions are its immixture with lead pigments, whence, instead of forming the hard, tough, elastic coat of linoxide (or oil leather), it becomes a "lead soap," the formation of which disintegrates the lead pigment used, thereby becoming a source of impermanency, instead of, as in the production of linoxide, becoming a protective coat to the pigment it encloses. A bad pigment properly protected by a suitable oil is not a source of impermanency in a painting; the true secret for the production of a permanent painting is to use a medium that shall form a protective pellicle round each particle of pigment, a coating that is uninfluenced by the various chemical activities engendered by mixture of pigments and oils. The practice of thinning the tube colours with oil of some kind is almost universally adopted. In those exceptions where the tube colours are used as they are squeezed out on to the palette, the painting executed must present a heavy, dull appearance. The painting is thick, it is devoid of transparency where this quality is wanted, and the colours "sink in," with the result that the picture looks one of paint, and paint only, instead of a transcript of nature's beauties. Moreover, the chemical action of one pigment on another is thus accelerated. When oil or varnish is incorporated with a pigment it surrounds the particles of the latter with a pellicle or coat that in the majority of cases is protective rather than injurious. A case where it is injurious is that of linseed-oil mixed with white lead, because the white lead unites with several components of the oil, thus disintegrating the latter. Pigments thinned by the addition of some one or other drying oil or varnish are rendered doubly secure, and have a longer life, with the additional advantage that their colour stands out with more brilliancy, suggesting a more artistic manipulation. Glazing, for instance, cannot be made thin when the pigment is used direct from the tube. The practice of using a vehicle is likewise one of economy, a greater amount of canvas surface being covered, and the effects desired being attained,

with but few exceptions, with the same amount of paint.

When the artist has ground up his dry pigment with the oil, he commences painting with the mixture, in the knowledge that the paint so prepared will remain without any liability to be blown or shaken off. Why should oil possess this property of becoming firmly attached to the surface of the canvas? Let us look upon the pigment in its powdery state as an aggregation of minute particles. Now, when these minute particles of pigment are mixed with oil, each one becomes completely covered with a pellicle of oil, and consequently separated from every other by the surrounding coat of oil. If you pour a little thick gum on a sheet of paper, and roll some small shot in it, and let them dry, you will find that they become smeared all over with the gum, that they stick to each other and to the paper by reason of the adhesiveness of the gum. This is precisely the action that occurs in mixing pigments with oil and spreading this mixture on canvas. This, however, is but one action of many that occurs, for the oil itself goes through various stages of change. One of these is that it dries and becomes hard. Artists know that some oils dry quicker than others; this fact they have learnt by experience. They also know that one particular oil will dry better with one pigment than with another, a fact that leads them to mix a siccativ or "drier" with the oil and this particular ill-drying pigment. In this mixture of badly-drying pigment, oil, and siccativ we have an heterogeneous mixture as unfit for artists' use as a Christmas plum-pudding is unfit for digestion. The aim of the artist should be to produce on the canvas a homogeneous layer of *linoxide*—a body which is well represented by the tough, elastic skin that forms on a pot of oil paint after a lengthened exposure to the air. This linoxide should permeate the mass of pigment particles and form a tough, and eventually dry and hard, coating over them. If such a layer of wear and weather-resisting coating is formed on the canvas, no matter how impermanent a pigment may be (provided it does not act on the components of the oil), no change in hue or tone will be produced in the pigment from chemical or physical agencies because, when once this coat of linoxide is formed and hardened, nothing but one substance will act on it to disintegrate it.

Of course, after the above statement, artists who desire their paintings to be permanent monuments

of their art and skill will wish to know how this desirable object is to be attained. I fear that if I were to give the full chemical explanation of the change in the oil preceding and producing this impervious linoxide, I should be too tedious and wearisome to my readers. I will therefore briefly describe the action. If some linseed-oil in its pure state—that is to say, just as it is after extraction from the seed—be spread on a surface and exposed to the atmosphere, it will commence at once to dry, but will not become thoroughly so under three months. The “drying” process—by which term is meant the *hardening* of this coat of oil—is due to the absorption of oxygen gas from the air. This imbibition of oxygen causes the oil to assume an elastic, resinous nature, which has recently been termed “oil-rubber” (*i.e.*, the oxide of linseed or “linoxide”), and the rapidity with which linseed-oil becomes converted into this oil-rubber is proportionate to the rate of imbibition of oxygen.

The quicker the drying power of the oil the more durable is the pigment which it encloses, for a good, quick drying oil, that does not act itself on the pigment, at once forms a protective pellicle or coat around each particle of pigment, and thus actual contact of the pigment with deleterious bodies is prevented. Even an adulterated pigment, or one bad in itself, such as King’s yellow (sulphide of arsenic), may be thus securely locked up out of harm’s way. Now, this protective pellicle of dry oil may be produced in two ways. In the first place, by allowing the oil to dry by exposure to solar heat, in which case the oil-acid, by the imbibition of oxygen, alone becomes “linoxide” or “oil-rubber.” (Note.—For the proper production of this body the glycerile, one of the components of oil, must be got rid of. This is effected by evaporation by the heat of the sun’s rays.) In the second place, by making the oil a drying oil by the addition of a siccative, which turns the oil-acid into a *soap* (instead of into linoxide), the glycerile in this case also being dissipated. But, although a soap is formed of this union of oil and siccative, do not forget that this hard pellicle or skin of soap partakes somewhat of the nature of the oil-acids. The only difference is, that in the one case oxygen alone has united with the oil-acid, whereas in the second, oxygen and the metal—lead or other metallic base of the pigment—have united with the oil-acid. Thus linseed-oil is composed of fatty oil-acids (linolin acid, &c.), termed linseed-oil-acid, and glycerine ether. The latter body readily forsakes its companion under certain conditions, as in the first case by evaporation, when oxygen gas unites with the separated linseed-oil-acid, and converts it into linoxide—the tough leathery pellicle we desire to form in painting. A similar change takes place in the

second case, but instead of oxygen alone combining with the linseed-oil-acid, the metallic base of some pigment or body added as a “drier” unites with the acid and produces, not linoxide, but a metallic soap, such as a lead soap, manganese soap; and this last body (*i.e.*, the metallic soap) also dries hard and firm, although it is not always durable. For instance, a lead soap is easily disintegrated by contact with other pigments.

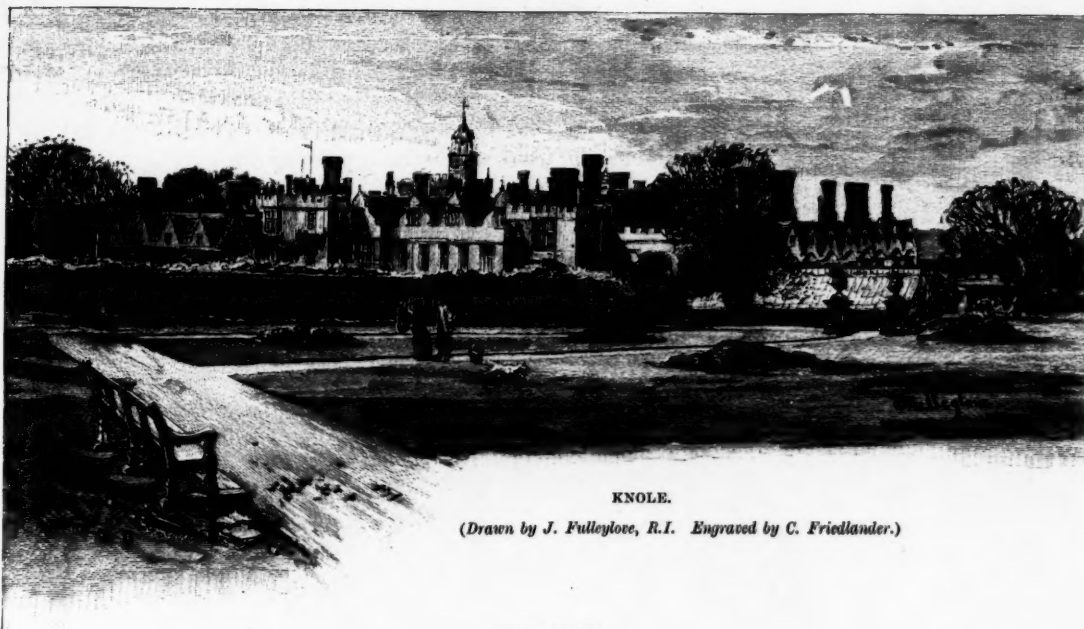
From the foregoing actions it is seen that a layer of oil dries in two ways. If it is used alone, it dries and hardens by absorbing oxygen gas, which, uniting with the linseed-oil-acid, converts it into linoxide, while the glycerine\* that was in the oil is evaporated. In the second case an oil dries and hardens by becoming converted into a soap, instead of into linoxide, if the pigment or drier used with it is a body that can unite with the acid in the oil. In this case the metallic base of the pigment or drier unites with the linseed-oil-acid and forms the metallic soap.

To secure the permanency of his painting the artist should endeavour to produce the pellicle, or coating of linoxide, for this body is not acted on by contact with any other bodies, and when once it has become thoroughly hardened it is impervious under all conditions of exposure to the atmosphere, while mephitic vapours are not deleterious in any way to the colours themselves.

In a painting it is not easy to produce a homogeneous coating of linoxide, because the conditions under which the picture is painted render this almost an impossibility. For instance, many pigments possess a metallic base, others act on linseed-oil, and in consequence of forming a metallic soap, prevent the production of linoxide. Again, it is scarcely reasonable to expect an artist to wait three months for the thorough drying of his first painting before he gives it the second coat or the finishing touches. He, therefore, has recourse to siccatives, which virtually act in the same way as the metallic pigments. Yet again, the methods by which the oil has been clarified and rendered “drying” have in some cases so acted on the oil as to prevent the formation of this sought-for linoxide. This is a quandary, my readers will say, that they are led into. Well, there is one way out of it, and that is by using an oleoresinous medium. In other words, execute in varnish, and not oil painting. The colour-grinder (*i.e.*, artist’s colourman) would confer a boon on painters if he were to grind up the colours in an oleoresinous vehicle, or in an oil varnish made without turpentine as a component. We should then see less of the fading of colours in modern paintings than we now witness. Even pigments of doubtful permanency would be safely locked up in such a vehicle.

\* Glycerine is glycerile added to water.





KNOLE.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by C. Friedlander.)

## KNOLE.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

"Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice."



THE SACKVILLE ARMS.

ture, homogeneous, correct and dignified, will be disappointed. On the other hand, the student of history, the lover of the picturesque, and the observer of old English modes of life, whose traces abound on the beautiful plateau which dominates the great Weald of Kent at its northern side, may find in each of Knole's chambers, long galleries, and quaint quadrangles, or courts—of various sizes and not fewer than eight in all, about which the famous mansion has been formed—a chapter illustrating the life of the nation in hardly-changed records of landed magnates and their clients. From these

WHOEVER goes to Lord Sackville's venerable seat near Sevenoaks and expects to find a systematic and majestic building of ordered proportions, and with noble ornaments, or anything like architecture, parts of the multiform structure it is hard for artists to tear themselves, while lovers of letters and students of verse, of portraits, and Tudor and Jacobean relics at large, recognise in Knole a treasury of delight and a sort of *garde meuble* of ancient furniture. Here the good Cardinal Moreton lived long and died happy; here Archbishop Warham, whom Erasmus called "a most accomplished and perfect prelate," resided—his time-worn, sincere and thoughtful face survives in Holbein's portrait now at Lambeth; Cranmer, another hero in his way, and not without the wisdom of the serpent, lived in a room which is still pointed out. He tried to save part of the possessions of his See by bribing Henry VIII. with Knole and other manors. Queen Mary granted the place to Cardinal Pole; Elizabeth gave it to the Earl of Leicester, and, in 1569, to Thomas Sackville, then an esquire, afterwards Lord Buckhurst, Lord High Treasurer of England, and Earl of Dorset. By this means one of the present holder's race became possessed of the great estate. Of his family, one "came over with the Conqueror" from, as Ordericus Vitalis tells us, the town of their name in Normandy, and his second son was Sewer of England, while another of the race, being bound for this country in the *Blanche Nef*, had already gone on board, but accidentally returned to shore and so escaped the death which, in November, 1119, befell



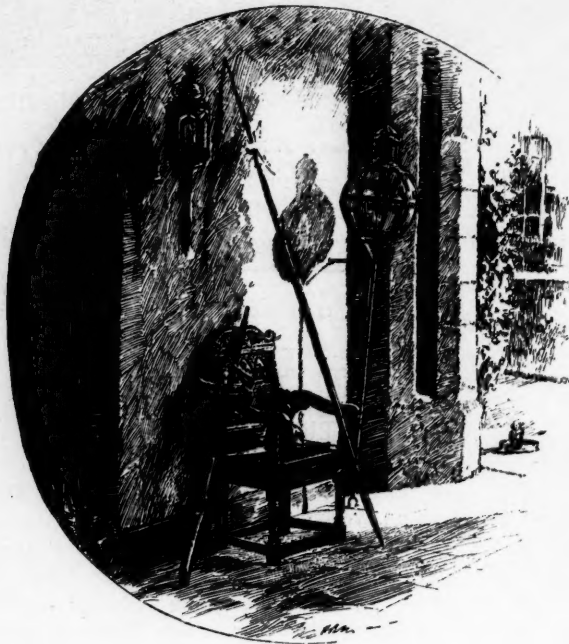
King Henry's son and all his comrades. Nigel de Sackville had the honour of excommunication at the hands of A'Becket. King John found Jordan de Sackville a stout antagonist when he became a sort of trustee of Magna Charta. Andrew de Sackville was Constable of Bordeaux under the Black Prince, M.P. for Sussex, 34th Edward III., and died in 1370. From this worthy the line of descent is unbroken until the present time. It includes Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, who, in "Ferrex and Porrex," wrote the first organic drama in the English tongue. Queen Elizabeth "went to see"

the Stuarts. He was the "Buckhurst" of Pepys, the "Middlesex" of Grammont; born in 1637, he died in 1706. It was his epitaph that Pope wrote for the tomb at Withyam, which contains the relics of

"Dorset, the grace of Courts, the Muses' pride,"  
and commends to posterity the

"Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' every grace  
Reflecting, and reflected in his race,  
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,  
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line."

Here, to "Dorset's" house, came Villiers, Rochester, Sedley, Prior, Dryden, Butler, Congreve,



DOORWAY TO PORTER'S LODGE, KNOLE.

(Drawn by H. R. Millar, from a Photograph by C. Essenhigh Corko, Stevenage.)

it; Philip Sidney and Alexander Pope united in admiring it, and the author, as Byron said—

"Call'd, proud boast! the British drama forth."

He likewise wrote the once renowned "Mirrour of Magistrates," and was a close favourite of Elizabeth, one of those who were appointed to try Mary Queen of Scots, with the Earls of Arundel, Essex, and Southampton. He died on April 19th, 1608, while sitting at the Council Table in Whitehall, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Still better known was Charles, the sixth Earl, who, being the Duke of York's comrade at sea in 1665, wrote the renowned verses beginning—

"To all ye ladies now at land  
We men at sea indite,"

and was a leader in the Revolution which abolished

Wycherley, Addison, Pope, Killigrew, and a host of better if not wittier men; here Charles, second Duke of Dorset, collected pictures and wrote the beautiful song of "Arno's Vale." Here Sir Joshua Reynolds went for his holidays, if not to paint portraits for his friend, John Frederick, third Duke, who was likewise the friend and patron of Goldsmith, Johnson, and others of literary renown. To him succeeded George John Frederick, fourth Duke, to whom Byron, his comrade at Harrow, declared himself "passionately attached," and, in 1805, commended in those valedictory verses which are found in "Hours of Idleness," and begin—

"Dorset, whose early steps with mine have strayed,"

Add to these attractive remains and memories of Knole a park crowded with noble beeches, graceful

sycamores, and immemorial oaks—a paradise of devious glades clad in sumptuous verdure, and the home of hundreds of deer; add likewise a higher space of level land, in all a thousand acres, and five miles round about. Knole being such as this, the

to the line of the flat and unrelieved wall, which is pierced in three rows with square-headed and latticed windows. Its noble gateway, whose flanking towers are crowned with battlements, while its portal was, and is, wide enough to admit of Queen Elizabeth's



THE CRIMSON DRAWING-ROOM, KNOLE.

(From a Photograph by C. Essenhigh Corke, Sevenoaks.)

reader will sympathise with one who, lacking space for writing at large, must leave unsaid at least half that might be told.

Although larger than the two put together, Knole resembles in some respects Cotele, which from its tree-clad banks overlooks the broad and silvery Tamar; and the Kentish house has points reminding us of Haddon, in its lovely Derbyshire glen. It was aptly said by Horace Walpole that the front of Knole (of which Mr. Fulleylove's drawing is a capital portrait) resembles an Oxford College of the fifteenth century; it is distinguished by a weather-stained and time-worn façade of grave and silvery grey stone, by its high roof of slate, rich in hues of four centuries of sunlight and rain, and its long range of dormers projecting from the ridge

huge coach drawn by ponderous horses, bearing her pages seated on the step, and, flanking it on either side, her halberdiers marching in red and gold. The dignity of the front loses nothing, while its picturesque-ness is immensely enhanced, by the heraldic leopards *affronté* of the house of Sackville, which, carved in stone, sit one on each dormer head, and are strongly marked against the sky. Tall Tudor chimneys in red brick, with handsomely moulded heads, are telling features of the whole, and belong to those inner buildings we shall see when, passing the wicket, we come to the lordly Grass Court, where the sunlight sleeps on plats of richest verdure, amid which, leaning forward as if in self-defence and armed with sword and shield, a nude statue of the *Gladiator repellens* is conspicuous in the darkest

bronze, and relieved against the sun-blached wall. Its presence here, amid picturesque but debased domestic Gothic architectural surroundings of the sixteenth century, is a very characteristic illustration of the taste of the eighteenth century.

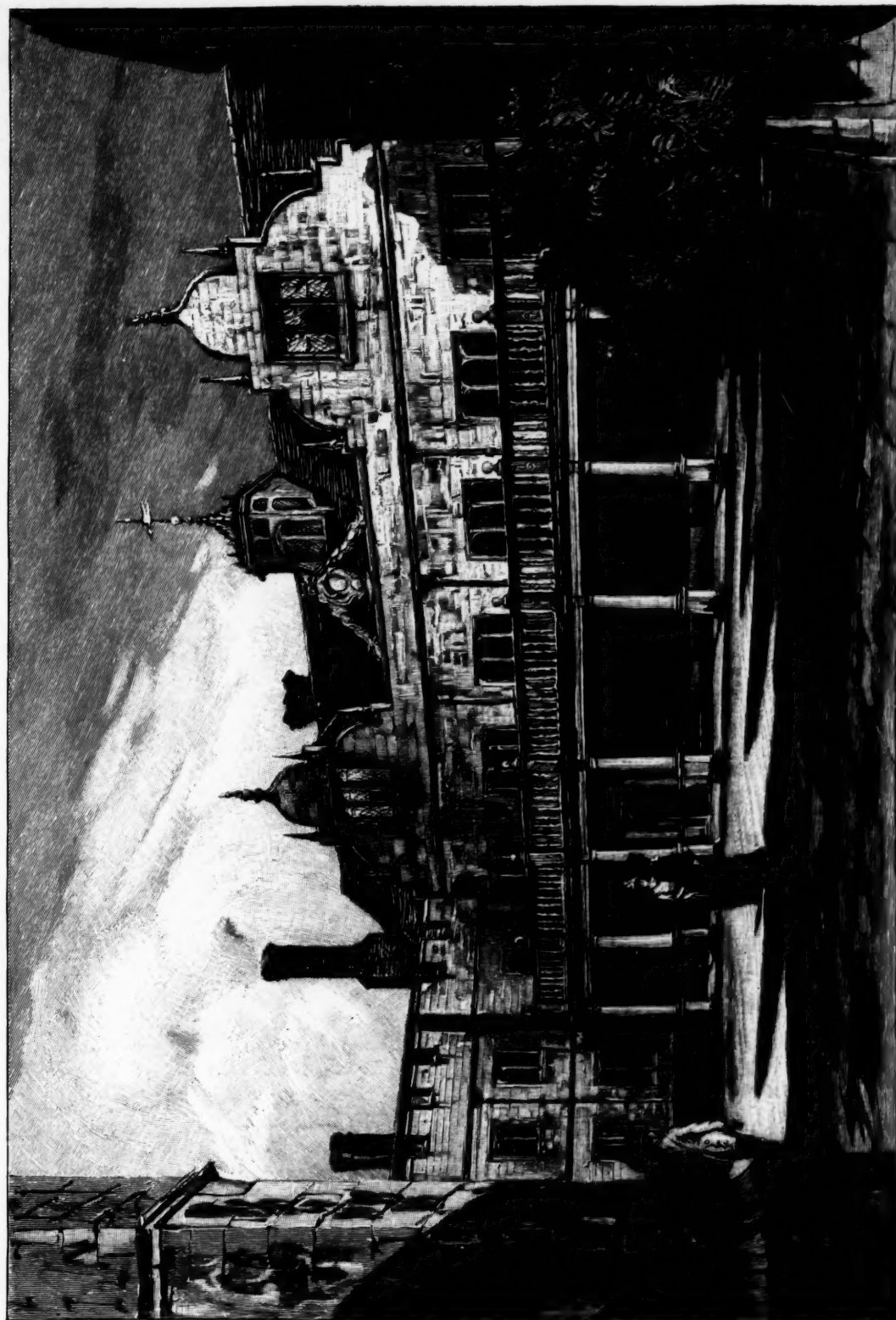
We pass under another archway and enter the Stone Court, so called because, as the woodcut shows, it is paved all over. Traversing this to the long *pseudo*-classic colonnade, whose roof forms a spacious balcony, we enter the building by the arched door shown in the drawing, and reach the vestibule, which is divided by a screen from the Great Hall with its towering roof, and remarkable for its dais, wide open fireplace, its roomy music gallery overhead, with a richly carved front, the large pictures on the walls, and an open louver in the roof. This fine chamber, the poet-earl having altered it in the sixteenth century, is older than it looks. What is called the Grand Staircase is exceedingly quaint, not large, more picturesque than beautiful, formed of oak, which has been painted with Elizabethan arabesques, and it opens under two arches of carved wood, supported by a single pillar. On the angle of the balustrade which serves as a handrail is the leopard *sejant affronté* of the Sackvilles. A passage-like landing at the top of the stairs leads us to the first of several ranges of rooms, mostly with comparatively low ceilings and floors of various levels; some rooms, of which the Brown Gallery before us is a choice example, are panelled in oak, some are sumptuously hung with tapestries embroidered with huge figures representing classic and Scripture "histories." The casements are latticed; they have heavy mullions of stone, and mostly open upon small inner courts, which are enclosed by other galleries and rooms, with bay windows, surmounted by gables of all sorts of sizes, shapes, and levels, and charmingly quaint and picturesque. Other windows give immense vistas of gardens glowing with flowers, or long alleys floored with grass, or landscapes where sunshadows follow each other over the tops of enormous trees. The floors of the chambers are mostly of slabs of solid timber strong as the house itself and dark with time; some of the rooms are lined with similar slabs. The visitor's devious path, not less than its many angles, single steps and staircases, attests the irregular way in which, according to changes of fashion and new demands for space, Knole was built.

Modern demands formed a handsome but comparatively small panelled chamber into a ball-room of great interest, and ancient custom led to its being hung with large mirrors and life-size portraits of the Sackvilles, their wives, allies, and friends. Among these and similar pictures elsewhere, of which I can select but very few, the visitor to Knole

must needs find many a relic: there stands the hero of a chronicle; the ladies of ten generations, not many of them beautiful, are ranked near at hand, with the scholars and champions of four hundred years; the statesman, the poet, the monarch, and the prelate are to be met with. Not a few of them have "made history" in their lives, and the greater number were more or less famous. The majority of the pictures are authentic and sincere likenesses. Numerous copies obtain, while, except those which are first-rate works of art, such as the Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs, nearly all were spoiled by "restorations" of the crudest kind. Walpole's censure, not quite fairly applied, declared that "they seem to have been bespoke by the yard, and to be drawn by the same painter." "I came to Knole," he wrote a hundred and ten years ago, "and that was a medley of various feelings. Elizabeth, and Burleigh, and Buckhurst, and then Charles and Anne, Dorset, Pembroke, and Sir Edward Sackville, and then a more engaging Dorset, and Villiers, and Prior, and then the old Duke and Duchess, and Lady Betty Germaine, and the Court of George II." "I worship all its faded splendour," he continued, "and enjoy its preservation, and could have wandered over it for hours with satisfaction; but there was such a heterogeneous housekeeper as spoiled all my enthusiasm. She was more like one of Mrs. St. John's abigails than an inhabitant of a venerable mansion, and she shuffled about in slippers, and seemed to *admire* how I could care about the pictures of such old *frights* as covered the walls!"

Undoubtedly Walpole's companion described as "frightful" the first portrait I shall name, but it is, nevertheless, extremely interesting, and awarded to Marc Gheeraedts (the younger), a Fleming of ability who worked much in England and died here in 1635. It represents at full-length and life-size Mary, born Curzon, wife of Edward, fourth Earl of Dorset, K.G., wearing an enormous wheel farthingale; the stiffest of stays leave her bust bare under a wide ruff of lace; her capacious, splendidly embroidered gown is heaped in the most uncomfortable fashion behind her waist, and her very life-like and fresh features are set in the style of the portraiture of her time. It is observable that the same artist painted Thomas, the first earl, in that curious group Mr. Scharf acquired for the National Portrait Gallery in 1882, and which depicts a conference of English and Spanish plenipotentiaries in 1604. About this time, no doubt, Countess Mary was painted by Gheeraedts. She was the governess of two of the children of Charles I., and, as Whitlocke reported, her prudence and conduct were so conspicuous that when she died in 1645, Parliament ordered her funeral to be at the public expense. Next to this example hangs the





THE STONE COURT, KNOLE.

(Drawn by J. Fullestone, R.I. Engraved by C. Carter.)

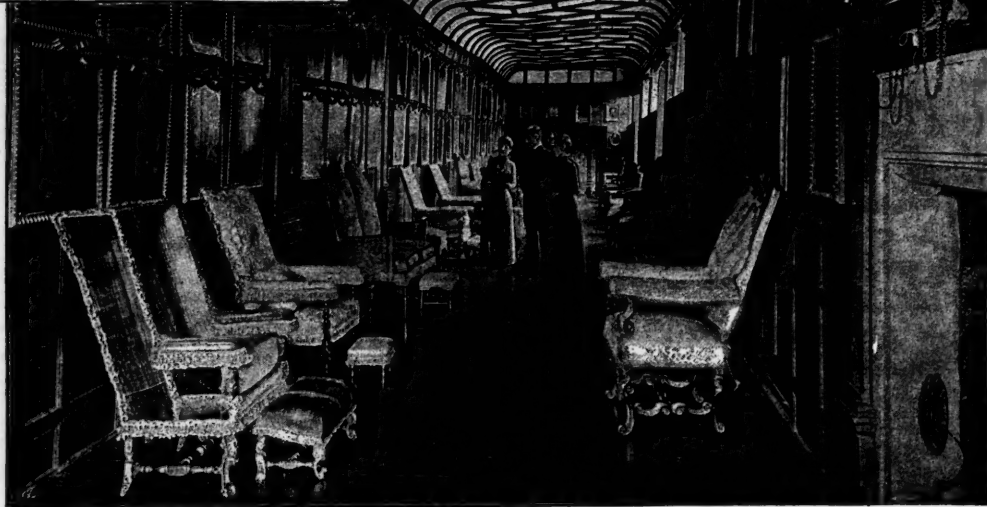
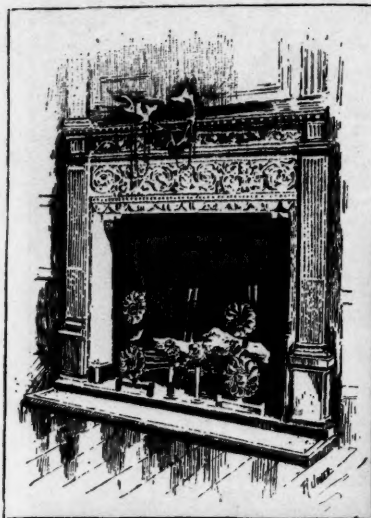


noble whole-length life-size portrait, by Mytens, of Lionel Cranfield (father of the wife of the first Earl of Dorset), Lord High Treasurer of England and Earl of Middlesex, holding the long white wand of his office, clad in black and gold, and looking wise and sedate, although he is smiling amid the blackest

of beards. In strange contrast with this is its neighbour, by Van

dyck, by one of the most terrible duels of the duelling age in which he lived (1590-1652). In 1613 he fell out—the cause is not known—with the Lord Bruce of Kinloss, and in the strange narrative I borrow from Collins, who found the manuscript at Queen's College, Oxford, the then Sir Edward Sackville recorded in a letter to a friend what cannot but give grim interest to the full-length life-size picture of the stalwart, not ungenial man, dressed in red embroidered in gold, which is attributed to Van Dyck.

It seems that the challenge came from the Scotsman, who, in terms of incomparable fantasy, invited



THE BROWN GALLERY, KNOLE, AND FIREPLACE IN THE BROWN GALLERY.

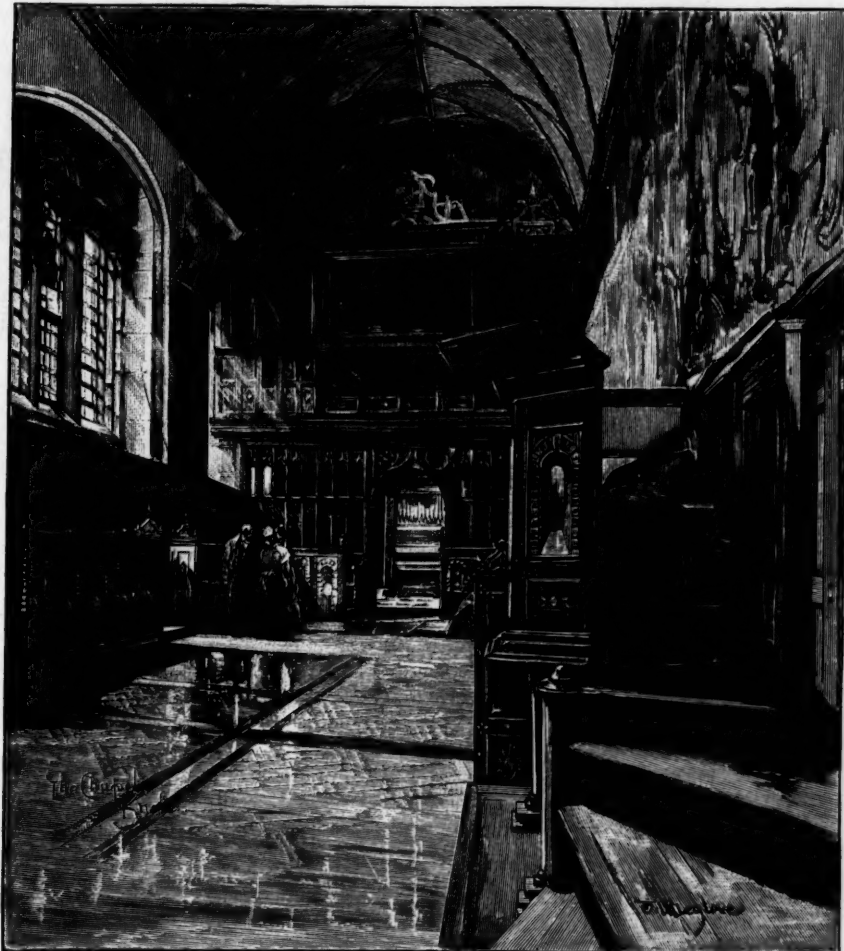
(From Photographs by C. Essenhigh Corke, Sevenoaks.)

Loo, of Charles, second Duke of Dorset, Master of the Horse to Frederick, Prince of Wales, a work of 1751. He appears in a "Roman habit," as it was called, which comprises a breast-plate, a lorica, and a plumed helmet wonderful to behold. On another side of the Ball Room hangs the masculine and striking effigies of the above-named Edward, fourth Earl of Dorset, Chamberlain to Henrietta Maria, a statesman of weight and renown, whose youth was distinguished

his opponent to "come and do him right" with his sword. After many curious preliminaries they met near Bergen-op-Zoom, where "but a village divides the States' territories from the Arch-Duke's." "At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by Sir John Heidon [Sackville's second], it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own . . . I requested my second to certify him 'I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he

should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed.' Together we rode, but one before the other some twelve score [paces], about two English miles; and then passion, having so weak an enemy to assail as my discretion, easily became victor, and, using his power, made me obedient to his commands, I being verily mad with anger the Lord Bruce should thirst

to stir, but to suffer us to execute our pleasures, we being fully resolved, God forgive us, to dispatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and, in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but, in revenge, I pressed in to him, though I then missed him also, and then I received a wound



THE CHAPEL, KNOLE.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by C. Carter.)

after my life; and with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bade him alight, which in all willingness he quickly granted, and there, in a meadow, ankle-deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other, having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours or their own safeties, 'not

in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect tryal—for honour and life; in which struggling, my hand having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of his servants, though the meanest, which hung by a skin, and, to sight, yet remaineth as before; and I am just in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet [*i.e.* ere] quitting our holds, there past on

both sides propositions of keeping each other's sword. But when amity is dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question, which, on neither part, either would perform; and, restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long-captured weapon, which, incontinently levelling at his throat, being master of his [sword], I demanded if he would ask his life or yield his sword? Upon which, though in that eminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accede to either of my propositions, remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling my present estate, I struck at his heart, but, with his avoiding, mist my aim, yet passed through his body, and drawing back my sword, repast through again through another place, when he cried, 'Oh! I am slain,' seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back, when, being upon him, I redemanded 'if he would request his life?' But it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholding for it; [and he] bravely replied 'he scorned it,' which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find it in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down till at length his surgeon afar off cried out 'he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped.' Whereupon I asked 'if he desired his surgeon should come?' which he accepted of; and being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting

it inhumane to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This [affair] thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained a while, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and, withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger, for my lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamed of it, came full at me with my lord's sword, and, had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood and past all expectation of life, conformable to his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand.' So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation, and which I pray you, with the enclosed letter, deliver to my Lord Chamberlain; and so, etc., yours,

"ED. SACKVILLE.

"Louvaine, the 8th of Sept., 1613."

This outrageous champion covered himself with glory of other kinds, and was an ardent defender of Bacon at the great Chancellor's trial in 1621; a commander at the battle of Prague; he succeeded to the earldom in 1624; became a Knight of the Garter, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, Lord Chamberlain to the King, a frequent envoy and ambassador; it was he who, when in 1641 the bishops were insulted, ordered the train-bands to fire upon the rabble at Westminster; and he was at the head of the cavalry at Edgehill who rescued the royal banner when Sir Edward Verney, the Standard-Bearer, was killed. He died at Dorset House, Fleet Street (hence Dorset Court, which survives), July 17th, 1652, and was buried with his ancestors at Withyam in Sussex.



ENTRANCE FRONT, FROM THE PARK, KNOLE.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by C. Carter.)



# THE CHRONICLE OF ART.

## ART IN OCTOBER.

### EGYPTIAN ART AND RECENT DISCOVERIES.

We are happy to publish the following communication from Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE on the subject of his recent labours:—

"To most persons Egyptian art is a thing of only one style, which they have been taught by constant platitudes to regard as unchanging and without a history. But so soon as any real and critical acquaintance is made with the course of its various schools, it is seen to have as fluctuating and as distinctly marked a history as the art of any other country. My excavations in the last few years have been specially directed to tracing the course of the manufactures of Egypt, their technical nature and artistic development. So closely do we trace the changes of skill and of taste in that country, when we obtain sufficient dated materials for study, that many classes of objects, such as rings, scarabs, and beads, can now be dated not only to a century, but even to a single reign. We are thus becoming capable of making some real appreciation of what is the nature of Egyptian art.

"The present year's collection at Oxford Mansion illustrates particularly the age of the great conquerors, Thothmes III. and Rameses II. And, until the Egyptian Government will allow of scientific exploration at Tel Amarna, we have perhaps recovered here almost as much as we shall accurately learn of this age. Of the great sculptures there are already plenty of examples in England, but two pieces brought over now are worth notice. One is a massive and powerful lion's head treated architecturally, and with that peculiar hungry fierceness which the Egyptian knew how to render; the other is a great lintel from a temple door, carved with finely-rendered hieroglyphs, which show how a master would do one-half of a symmetrical work, and set his inferior pupil to copy it on the other half. It is in the small products that we learn most. The blue glazed vases and bowls with painted designs are, some of them, free and skilful in their drawing: the figure of a girl poling along a boat to market is very true in the spring of the limbs and the dainty expression of the head, although it is thickly outlined, and the whole face depends on the form of a single mass of black for the lips and nose. Nothing shows more the mastery of their means than the rough way in which an Egyptian would give expression and spirit by dashing methods, which no tyro would dare to use. The ducks hung up by the legs on another blue vase are brushed on, often without connecting and completing the outline, and without any regard for strict detail or symmetry; and yet the effect is excellent. The gazelle browsing is outlined with a few long strokes, which swell in and out to give a substantial form, without the least effort. It is perhaps in their brush-work—either on painted figure decoration, or in the great tomb paintings, and especially the grand outlines in the unfinished tombs—where we can best value the skill with which a single sweeping line will rise and fall to indicate one muscle after another.

"When care, however, was to be given to a laborious piece of work, the result did not merely depend on a copying of a conventional canon of proportion. In the wooden statuette of a priest in the present collection we see the genuine study of a character, such as no mere rules could have produced. The long firm mouth, the large bony brows, the full straight jaw, all tell of one mind, and show an unhesitating realism and a skill of expression equal to that of the best Roman busts. The pose of the whole figure also is firm and vigorous, and the head is well set on, with the natural slope forward of the neck.

"We can now trace the rise and fall of the blue glazed ware during this period: the stiff beginnings, about 1500 B.C., the free and skilful designs of about 1350, and the utter decadence of it after 1200 B.C. By 1000 B.C. a totally different character of work had set in; and the rich blues had given place to light green glaze, while modelling was thought far more of than painting, and sometimes reached a good level. Glass-making can also now be traced, from the plain black and white of about 1500, to the rich violet, Indian red, and greens of 1400 to 1300; followed by the butter-yellow, brick-red, and poor tints of 1200 and onward. These all disappear by 1000 B.C., and clear green glass follows, with some elegant small work in variegated beads. The wavy-coloured glass bottles of 1400 to 1200 B.C. are of graceful work and harmonious colouring, far above the coarse style of Roman glass.

"When we are able to date the contents of our museums, and to study their specimens historically in the light of exact information such as we are now getting by excavations, we shall at last see what has been the ever-fluctuating play of skill and fashion on Egyptian art."

### RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Before discussing the three great pictures which have been acquired for the National Gallery from the Longford collection, we must call attention to one or two less important canvases. SIMON MARMION is a French painter of the fifteenth century, of whose work we have hitherto possessed no example. His two pictures, "The Soul of St. Bertin Borne to Heaven," and "A Choir of Angels," are curious rather than beautiful. They are primitive in style, and display that patient searching for effect which is so dear to the Gothic brain. Another gap in the National Gallery is filled by DONCK's "Portrait of Jan van Hensbeek and his Wife," which is dated 1636. It is stiff and formal in composition, yet dignified withal, and though the landscape lacks breadth and freedom it is bathed in a pleasant golden haze. THOMAS BARKER was not a great painter, but he lived at a time when the memory of Gainsborough was still fresh, and he caught a breath of inspiration from the artist, to whose tradition he remained loyal. His "Landscape with Figures and Cattle" has a certain rusticity of style and handling, but, though not a supreme work, it is a pleasing, *naïve* composition. The Longford



and has all the latest slang at its finger-ends: but it is often smartly written, and, in some cases, cleverly illustrated.

There are few comic artists who have not had, at one time or another, to produce caricatures of public men; and cartoonists are, of course, constantly called upon to give the presentments of such persons, though their version is not necessarily required to be a caricature. Nevertheless it does, in the majority of cases, develop into that form; and it has done so to such an extent as to bring about a curious result. This is, that the public eye, educated to accept a symbol in place of a portrait, has come to recognise any given public man more readily by the symbol than by an actual photograph from the original. Having been taught, for example, to expect an enormous collar and nose in connection with Mr. Gladstone, a vast eyeglass

ceptional presence; yet how poor and tame he actually is when compared with his grandly overwhelming dozen-chinned presentment in *Punch*, which affects one like the growing swell of an organ, and deafens and squeezes one against the wall. Our statesmen ought to study this thing more than they do.

Having to produce a portrait, the portraitist does not simply sit down to copy from the sitter or photograph line by line; if he did he would not produce a likeness in one case out of ten. He begins by saying to himself, "Where is the likeness?" and proceeds to put down the characteristics. These will sometimes lie in the most unsuspected places—in queer lines or irregularities which some persons would leave out in the interests of politeness. We have often seen a recognisable caricature in which the features were wholly omitted. A public man



Having noted the points,



We proceed to make free with them;



And reaching the stage where the eyeglass makes it safer,



We become reckless.

#### THE VANISHING STATESMAN.

(Drawn by J. F. Sullivan.)

where Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is concerned, and all sorts of impossibilities in the case of Lord Randolph Churchill (including a terrier's body, a child's frills, or a mouse's tail), the observer feels that there is a something missing—an aching void—when confronted with a *carte-de-visite* of the personage in question or with the man himself.

And, on reflection, one cannot divest oneself of the feeling that our public men would really be far more distinctive and imposing if they *were* like the caricatures of themselves. Who, on seeing Mr. Gladstone on a public platform, does not feel a keen shock of disappointment on noting that his face, instead of hiding from view the Liberal Six Hundred gathered in the reserved seats beyond him, is only of the ordinary, commonplace size—a little dab of flesh-colour which one would require a smallish brush to lay on?

Sir William Harcourt, again, is a man of no insignificant, but, on the contrary, of quite ex-

with no marked peculiarity in feature, figure, or expression may be all very well as a statesman, and so forth; but he is most baffling and irritating to the caricaturist, and clearly, therefore, does not fulfil *all* the responsibilities of his position.

This world, as it stands—a world full of abuses and absurdities—is Paradise to the comic journalist, artistic and literary; and we cannot but remark on the thoughtlessness of those busybodies who are ever striving to improve away some abuse or defect—bad legislation, corruption, official incapacity, personal ugliness, the lighter vices, the new coinage, ignorance, and so forth. These worthy but mistaken persons forget that, if things were perfect, there would be vastly less laughter and amusement; and that the satirist, having absolutely no adequate excuse to advance for continuing to exist, would fade and fade until he would finally produce one despairing satire upon his own inutility, and, finding no market for it, dissolve into air.

## LINSEED-OIL IN PAINTING.

By H. C. STANDAGE.

**OIL-PAINTING**, as distinguished from other methods of painting, derives its title from the use of *oil* as a medium, whereby the pigments are made to adhere to the canvas, and the oil chiefly and most extensively used is "honest linseed."

This oil, above all others, seems to be the artist's oil *par excellence*. In its chemical nature it is, with few exceptions, the only oil that meets all requirements of fine-art painting. The exceptions are its immixture with lead pigments, whence, instead of forming the hard, tough, elastic coat of linoxide (or oil leather), it becomes a "lead soap," the formation of which disintegrates the lead pigment used, thereby becoming a source of impermanency, instead of, as in the production of linoxide, becoming a protective coat to the pigment it encloses. A bad pigment properly protected by a suitable oil is not a source of impermanency in a painting; the true secret for the production of a permanent painting is to use a medium that shall form a protective pellicle round each particle of pigment, a coating that is uninfluenced by the various chemical activities engendered by mixture of pigments and oils. The practice of thinning the tube colours with oil of some kind is almost universally adopted. In those exceptions where the tube colours are used as they are squeezed out on to the palette, the painting executed must present a heavy, dull appearance. The painting is thick, it is devoid of transparency where this quality is wanted, and the colours "sink in," with the result that the picture looks one of paint, and paint only, instead of a transcript of nature's beauties. Moreover, the chemical action of one pigment on another is thus accelerated. When oil or varnish is incorporated with a pigment it surrounds the particles of the latter with a pellicle or coat that in the majority of cases is protective rather than injurious. A case where it is injurious is that of linseed-oil mixed with white lead, because the white lead unites with several components of the oil, thus disintegrating the latter. Pigments thinned by the addition of some one or other drying oil or varnish are rendered doubly secure, and have a longer life, with the additional advantage that their colour stands out with more brilliancy, suggesting a more artistic manipulation. Glazing, for instance, cannot be made thin when the pigment is used direct from the tube. The practice of using a vehicle is likewise one of economy, a greater amount of canvas surface being covered, and the effects desired being attained,

with but few exceptions, with the same amount of paint.

When the artist has ground up his dry pigment with the oil, he commences painting with the mixture, in the knowledge that the paint so prepared will remain without any liability to be blown or shaken off. Why should oil possess this property of becoming firmly attached to the surface of the canvas? Let us look upon the pigment in its powdery state as an aggregation of minute particles. Now, when these minute particles of pigment are mixed with oil, each one becomes completely covered with a pellicle of oil, and consequently separated from every other by the surrounding coat of oil. If you pour a little thick gum on a sheet of paper, and roll some small shot in it, and let them dry, you will find that they become smeared all over with the gum, that they stick to each other and to the paper by reason of the adhesiveness of the gum. This is precisely the action that occurs in mixing pigments with oil and spreading this mixture on canvas. This, however, is but one action of many that occurs, for the oil itself goes through various stages of change. One of these is that it dries and becomes hard. Artists know that some oils dry quicker than others; this fact they have learnt by experience. They also know that one particular oil will dry better with one pigment than with another, a fact that leads them to mix a siccativ or "drier" with the oil and this particular ill-drying pigment. In this mixture of badly-drying pigment, oil, and siccativ we have an heterogeneous mixture as unfit for artists' use as a Christmas plum-pudding is unfit for digestion. The aim of the artist should be to produce on the canvas a homogeneous layer of *linoxide*—a body which is well represented by the tough, elastic skin that forms on a pot of oil paint after a lengthened exposure to the air. This linoxide should permeate the mass of pigment particles and form a tough, and eventually dry and hard, coating over them. If such a layer of wear and weather-resisting coating is formed on the canvas, no matter how impermanent a pigment may be (provided it does not act on the components of the oil), no change in hue or tone will be produced in the pigment from chemical or physical agencies because, when once this coat of linoxide is formed and hardened, nothing but one substance will act on it to disintegrate it.

Of course, after the above statement, artists who desire their paintings to be permanent monuments

of their art and skill will wish to know how this desirable object is to be attained. I fear that if I were to give the full chemical explanation of the change in the oil preceding and producing this impervious linoxide, I should be too tedious and wearisome to my readers. I will therefore briefly describe the action. If some linseed-oil in its pure state—that is to say, just as it is after extraction from the seed—be spread on a surface and exposed to the atmosphere, it will commence at once to dry; but will not become thoroughly so under three months. The “drying” process—by which term is meant the *hardening* of this coat of oil—is due to the absorption of oxygen gas from the air. This imbibition of oxygen causes the oil to assume an elastic, resinous nature, which has recently been termed “oil-rubber” (*i.e.*, the oxide of linseed or “linoxide”), and the rapidity with which linseed-oil becomes converted into this oil-rubber is proportionate to the rate of imbibition of oxygen.

The quicker the drying power of the oil the more durable is the pigment which it encloses, for a good, quick drying oil, that does not act itself on the pigment, at once forms a protective pellicle or coat around each particle of pigment, and thus actual contact of the pigment with deleterious bodies is prevented. Even an adulterated pigment, or one bad in itself, such as King’s yellow (sulphide of arsenic), may be thus securely locked up out of harm’s way. Now, this protective pellicle of dry oil may be produced in two ways. In the first place, by allowing the oil to dry by exposure to solar heat, in which case the oil-acid, by the imbibition of oxygen, alone becomes “linoxide” or “oil-rubber.” (Note.—For the proper production of this body the glycerile, one of the components of oil, must be got rid of. This is effected by evaporation by the heat of the sun’s rays.) In the second place, by making the oil a drying oil by the addition of a siccative, which turns the oil-acid into a *soap* (instead of into linoxide), the glycerile in this case also being dissipated. But, although a soap is formed of this union of oil and siccative, do not forget that this hard pellicle or skin of soap partakes somewhat of the nature of the oil-acids. The only difference is, that in the one case oxygen alone has united with the oil-acid, whereas in the second, oxygen and the metal—lead or other metallic base of the pigment—have united with the oil-acid. Thus linseed-oil is composed of fatty oil-acids (linolin acid, &c.), termed linseed-oil-acid, and glycerine ether. The latter body readily forsakes its companion under certain conditions, as in the first case by evaporation, when oxygen gas unites with the separated linseed-oil-acid, and converts it into linoxide—the tough leathery pellicle we desire to form in painting. A similar change takes place in the

second case, but instead of oxygen alone combining with the linseed-oil-acid, the metallic base of some pigment or body added as a “drier” unites with the acid and produces, not linoxide, but a metallic soap, such as a lead soap, manganese soap; and this last body (*i.e.*, the metallic soap) also dries hard and firm, although it is not always durable. For instance, a lead soap is easily disintegrated by contact with other pigments.

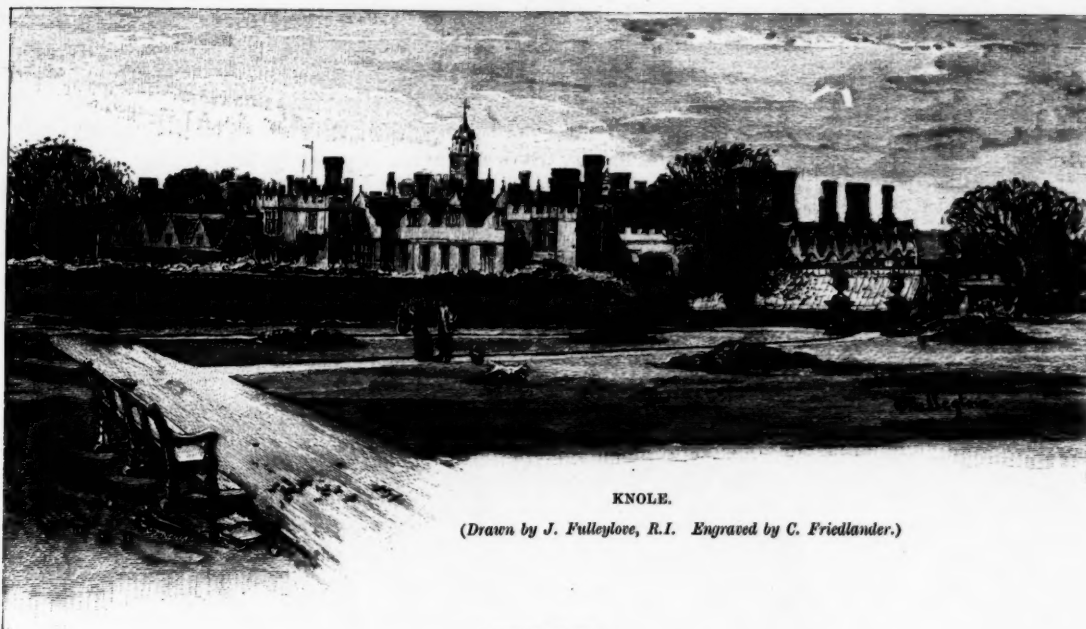
From the foregoing actions it is seen that a layer of oil dries in two ways. If it is used alone, it dries and hardens by absorbing oxygen gas, which, uniting with the linseed-oil-acid, converts it into linoxide, while the glycerine\* that was in the oil is evaporated. In the second case an oil dries and hardens by becoming converted into a soap, instead of into linoxide, if the pigment or drier used with it is a body that can unite with the acid in the oil. In this case the metallic base of the pigment or drier unites with the linseed-oil-acid and forms the metallic soap.

To secure the permanency of his painting the artist should endeavour to produce the pellicle, or coating of linoxide, for this body is not acted on by contact with any other bodies, and when once it has become thoroughly hardened it is impervious under all conditions of exposure to the atmosphere, while mephitic vapours are not deleterious in any way to the colours themselves.

In a painting it is not easy to produce a homogeneous coating of linoxide, because the conditions under which the picture is painted render this almost an impossibility. For instance, many pigments possess a metallic base, others act on linseed-oil, and in consequence of forming a metallic soap, prevent the production of linoxide. Again, it is scarcely reasonable to expect an artist to wait three months for the thorough drying of his first painting before he gives it the second coat or the finishing touches. He, therefore, has recourse to siccatives, which virtually act in the same way as the metallic pigments. Yet again, the methods by which the oil has been clarified and rendered “drying” have in some cases so acted on the oil as to prevent the formation of this sought-for linoxide. This is a quandary, my readers will say, that they are led into. Well, there is one way out of it, and that is by using an oleoresinous medium. In other words, execute in varnish, and not oil painting. The colour-grinder (*i.e.*, artist’s colourman) would confer a boon on painters if he were to grind up the colours in an oleoresinous vehicle, or in an oil varnish made without turpentine as a component. We should then see less of the fading of colours in modern paintings than we now witness. Even pigments of doubtful permanency would be safely locked up in such a vehicle.

\* Glycerine is glycerile added to water.





KNOLE.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by C. Friedlander.)

## KNOLE.

By F. G. STEPHENS.

"Aut nunquam tentes, aut perface."



THE SACKVILLE ARMS.

ture, homogeneous, correct and dignified, will be disappointed. On the other hand, the student of history, the lover of the picturesque, and the observer of old English modes of life, whose traces abound on the beautiful plateau which dominates the great Weald of Kent at its northern side, may find in each of Knole's chambers, long galleries, and quaint quadrangles, or courts—of various sizes and not fewer than eight in all, about which the famous mansion has been formed—a chapter illustrating the life of the nation in hardly-changed records of landed magnates and their clients. From these

WHOEVER goes to Lord Sackville's venerable seat near Sevenoaks and expects to find a systematic and majestic building of ordered proportions, and with noble ornaments, or anything like architecture, homogeneous, correct and dignified, will be disappointed. On the other hand, the student of history, the lover of the picturesque, and the observer of old English modes of life, whose traces abound on the beautiful plateau which dominates the great Weald of Kent at its northern side, may find in each of Knole's chambers, long galleries, and quaint quadrangles, or courts—of various sizes and not fewer than eight in all, about which the famous mansion has been formed—a chapter illustrating the life of the nation in hardly-changed records of landed magnates and their clients. From these parts of the multiform structure it is hard for artists to tear themselves, while lovers of letters and students of verse, of portraits, and Tudor and Jacobean relics at large, recognise in Knole a treasury of delight and a sort of *garde meuble* of ancient furniture. Here the good Cardinal Moreton lived long and died happy; here Archbishop Warham, whom Erasmus called "a most accomplished and perfect prelate," resided—his time-worn, sincere and thoughtful face survives in Holbein's portrait now at Lambeth; Cranmer, another hero in his way, and not without the wisdom of the serpent, lived in a room which is still pointed out. He tried to save part of the possessions of his See by bribing Henry VIII. with Knole and other manors. Queen Mary granted the place to Cardinal Pole; Elizabeth gave it to the Earl of Leicester, and, in 1569, to Thomas Sackville, then an esquire, afterwards Lord Buckhurst, Lord High Treasurer of England, and Earl of Dorset. By this means one of the present holder's race became possessed of the great estate. Of his family, one "came over with the Conqueror" from, as Ordericus Vitalis tells us, the town of their name in Normandy, and his second son was Sewer of England, while another of the race, being bound for this country in the *Blanche Nef*, had already gone on board, but accidentally returned to shore and so escaped the death which, in November, 1119, befell



King Henry's son and all his comrades. Nigel de Sackville had the honour of excommunication at the hands of A'Becket. King John found Jordan de Sackville a stout antagonist when he became a sort of trustee of Magna Charta. Andrew de Sackville was Constable of Bordeaux under the Black Prince, M.P. for Sussex, 34th Edward III., and died in 1370. From this worthy the line of descent is unbroken until the present time. It includes Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, who, in "Ferrex and Porrex," wrote the first organic drama in the English tongue. Queen Elizabeth "went to see"

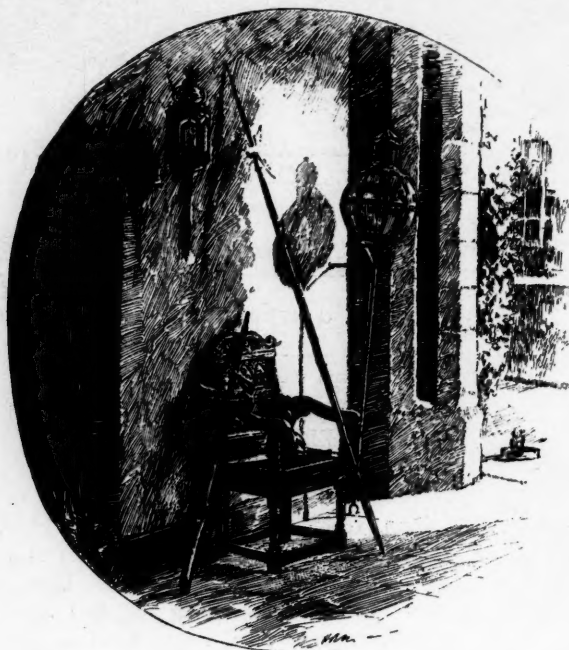
the Stuarts. He was the "Buckhurst" of Pepys, the "Middlesex" of Grammont; born in 1637, he died in 1706. It was his epitaph that Pope wrote for the tomb at Withyam, which contains the relics of

"Dorset, the grace of Courts, the Muses' pride,"

and commends to posterity the

"Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' every grace  
Reflecting, and reflected in his race,  
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,  
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line."

Here, to "Dorset's" house, came Villiers, Rochester, Sedley, Prior, Dryden, Butler, Congreve,



DOORWAY TO PORTER'S LODGE, KNOLE.

(Drawn by H. R. Millar, from a Photograph by C. Essenhigh Corke, Sevenoaks.)

it; Philip Sidney and Alexander Pope united in admiring it, and the author, as Byron said—

"Call'd, proud boast! the British drama forth."

He likewise wrote the once renowned "Mirrour of Magistrates," and was a close favourite of Elizabeth, one of those who were appointed to try Mary Queen of Scots, with the Earls of Arundel, Essex, and Southampton. He died on April 19th, 1608, while sitting at the Council Table in Whitehall, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Still better known was Charles, the sixth Earl, who, being the Duke of York's comrade at sea in 1665, wrote the renowned verses beginning—

"To all ye ladies now at land  
We men at sea indite,"

and was a leader in the Revolution which abolished

Wycherley, Addison, Pope, Killigrew, and a host of better if not wittier men; here Charles, second Duke of Dorset, collected pictures and wrote the beautiful song of "Arno's Vale." Here Sir Joshua Reynolds went for his holidays, if not to paint portraits for his friend, John Frederick, third Duke, who was likewise the friend and patron of Goldsmith, Johnson, and others of literary renown. To him succeeded George John Frederick, fourth Duke, to whom Byron, his comrade at Harrow, declared himself "passionately attached," and, in 1805, commended in those valedictory verses which are found in "Hours of Idleness," and begin—

"Dorset, whose early steps with mine have strayed,"

Add to these attractive remains and memories of Knole a park crowded with noble beeches, graceful

sycamores, and immemorial oaks—a paradise of devious glades clad in sumptuous verdure, and the home of hundreds of deer; add likewise a higher space of level land, in all a thousand acres, and five miles round about. Knole being such as this, the

to the line of the flat and unrelieved wall, which is pierced in three rows with square-headed and latticed windows. Its noble gateway, whose flanking towers are crowned with battlements, while its portal was, and is, wide enough to admit of Queen Elizabeth's



THE CRIMSON DRAWING-ROOM, KNOLE.

(From a Photograph by C. Essenhigh Corke, Sevenoaks.)

reader will sympathise with one who, lacking space for writing at large, must leave unsaid at least half that might be told.

Although larger than the two put together, Knole resembles in some respects Cotele, which from its tree-clad banks overlooks the broad and silvery Tamar; and the Kentish house has points reminding us of Haddon, in its lovely Derbyshire glen. It was aptly said by Horace Walpole that the front of Knole (of which Mr. Fulleylove's drawing is a capital portrait) resembles an Oxford College of the fifteenth century; it is distinguished by a weather-stained and time-worn façade of grave and silvery grey stone, by its high roof of slate, rich in hues of four centuries of sunlight and rain, and its long range of dormers projecting from the ridge

huge coach drawn by ponderous horses, bearing her pages seated on the step, and, flanking it on either side, her halberdiers marching in red and gold. The dignity of the front loses nothing, while its picturesque quality is immensely enhanced, by the heraldic leopards *affronté* of the house of Sackville, which, carved in stone, sit one on each dormer head, and are strongly marked against the sky. Tall Tudor chimneys in red brick, with handsomely moulded heads, are telling features of the whole, and belong to those inner buildings we shall see when, passing the wicket, we come to the lordly Grass Court, where the sunlight sleeps on plats of richest verdure, amid which, leaning forward as if in self-defence and armed with sword and shield, a nude statue of the *Gladiator repellens* is conspicuous in the darkest

bronze, and relieved against the sun-blanchèd wall. Its presence here, amid picturesque but debased domestic Gothic architectural surroundings of the sixteenth century, is a very characteristic illustration of the taste of the eighteenth century.

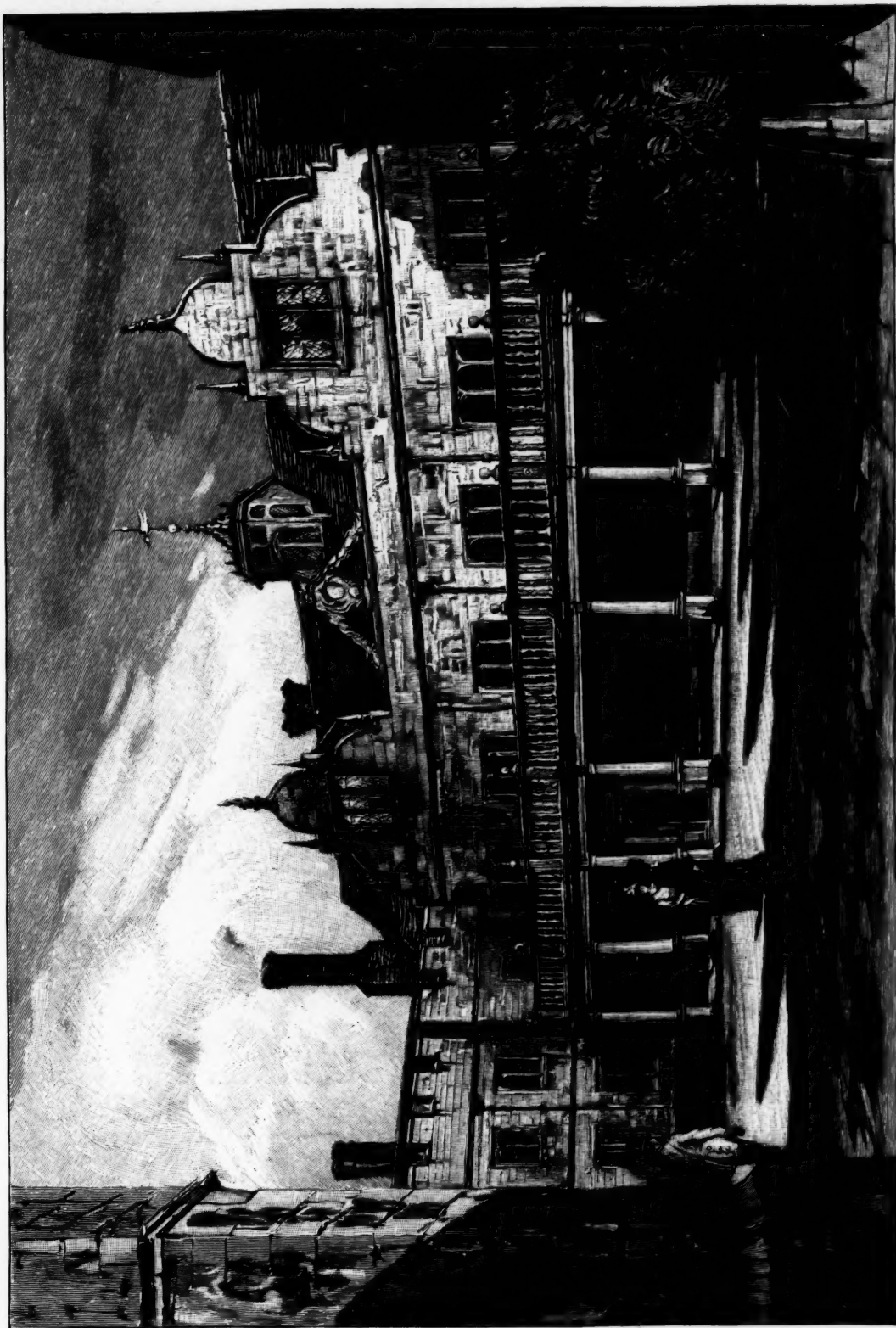
We pass under another archway and enter the Stone Court, so called because, as the woodcut shows, it is paved all over. Traversing this to the long *pseudo*-classic colonnade, whose roof forms a spacious balcony, we enter the building by the arched door shown in the drawing, and reach the vestibule, which is divided by a screen from the Great Hall with its towering roof, and remarkable for its dais, wide open fireplace, its roomy music gallery overhead, with a richly carved front, the large pictures on the walls, and an open louver in the roof. This fine chamber, the poet-earl having altered it in the sixteenth century, is older than it looks. What is called the Grand Staircase is exceedingly quaint, not large, more picturesque than beautiful, formed of oak, which has been painted with Elizabethan arabesques, and it opens under two arches of carved wood, supported by a single pillar. On the angle of the balustrade which serves as a handrail is the leopard *sejant affronté* of the Sackvilles. A passage-like landing at the top of the stairs leads us to the first of several ranges of rooms, mostly with comparatively low ceilings and floors of various levels; some rooms, of which the Brown Gallery before us is a choice example, are panelled in oak, some are sumptuously hung with tapestries embroidered with huge figures representing classic and Scripture "histories." The casements are latticed; they have heavy mullions of stone, and mostly open upon small inner courts, which are enclosed by other galleries and rooms, with bay windows, surmounted by gables of all sorts of sizes, shapes, and levels, and charmingly quaint and picturesque. Other windows give immense vistas of gardens glowing with flowers, or long alleys floored with grass, or landscapes where sunshadows follow each other over the tops of enormous trees. The floors of the chambers are mostly of slabs of solid timber strong as the house itself and dark with time; some of the rooms are lined with similar slabs. The visitor's devious path, not less than its many angles, single steps and staircases, attests the irregular way in which, according to changes of fashion and new demands for space, Knole was built.

Modern demands formed a handsome but comparatively small panelled chamber into a ball-room of great interest, and ancient custom led to its being hung with large mirrors and life-size portraits of the Sackvilles, their wives, allies, and friends. Among these and similar pictures elsewhere, of which I can select but very few, the visitor to Knole

must needs find many a relic: there stands the hero of a chronicle; the ladies of ten generations, not many of them beautiful, are ranked near at hand, with the scholars and champions of four hundred years; the statesman, the poet, the monarch, and the prelate are to be met with. Not a few of them have "made history" in their lives, and the greater number were more or less famous. The majority of the pictures are authentic and sincere likenesses. Numerous copies obtain, while, except those which are first-rate works of art, such as the Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs, nearly all were spoiled by "restorations" of the crudest kind. Walpole's censure, not quite fairly applied, declared that "they seem to have been bespoke by the yard, and to be drawn by the same painter." "I came to Knole," he wrote a hundred and ten years ago, "and that was a medley of various feelings. Elizabeth, and Burleigh, and Buckhurst, and then Charles and Anne, Dorset, Pembroke, and Sir Edward Sackville, and then a more engaging Dorset, and Villiers, and Prior, and then the old Duke and Duchess, and Lady Betty Germaine, and the Court of George II." "I worship all its faded splendour," he continued, "and enjoy its preservation, and could have wandered over it for hours with satisfaction; but there was such a heterogeneous housekeeper as spoiled all my enthusiasm. She was more like one of Mrs. St. John's abigails than an inhabitant of a venerable mansion, and she shuffled about in slippers, and seemed to *admire* how I could care about the pictures of such old *frights* as covered the walls!"

Undoubtedly Walpole's companion described as "frightful" the first portrait I shall name, but it is, nevertheless, extremely interesting, and awarded to Marc Gheeraedts (the younger), a Fleming of ability who worked much in England and died here in 1635. It represents at full-length and life-size Mary, born Curzon, wife of Edward, fourth Earl of Dorset, K.G., wearing an enormous wheel farthingale; the stiffest of stays leave her bust bare under a wide ruff of lace; her capacious, splendidly embroidered gown is heaped in the most uncomfortable fashion behind her waist, and her very life-like and fresh features are set in the style of the portraiture of her time. It is observable that the same artist painted Thomas, the first earl, in that curious group Mr. Scharf acquired for the National Portrait Gallery in 1882, and which depicts a conference of English and Spanish plenipotentiaries in 1604. About this time, no doubt, Countess Mary was painted by Gheeraedts. She was the governess of two of the children of Charles I., and, as Whitlocke reported, her prudence and conduct were so conspicuous that when she died in 1645, Parliament ordered her funeral to be at the public expense. Next to this example hangs the





THE STONE COURT, KNOLE.

(Drawn by J. Fullepleve, R.I. Engraved by C. Carter.)

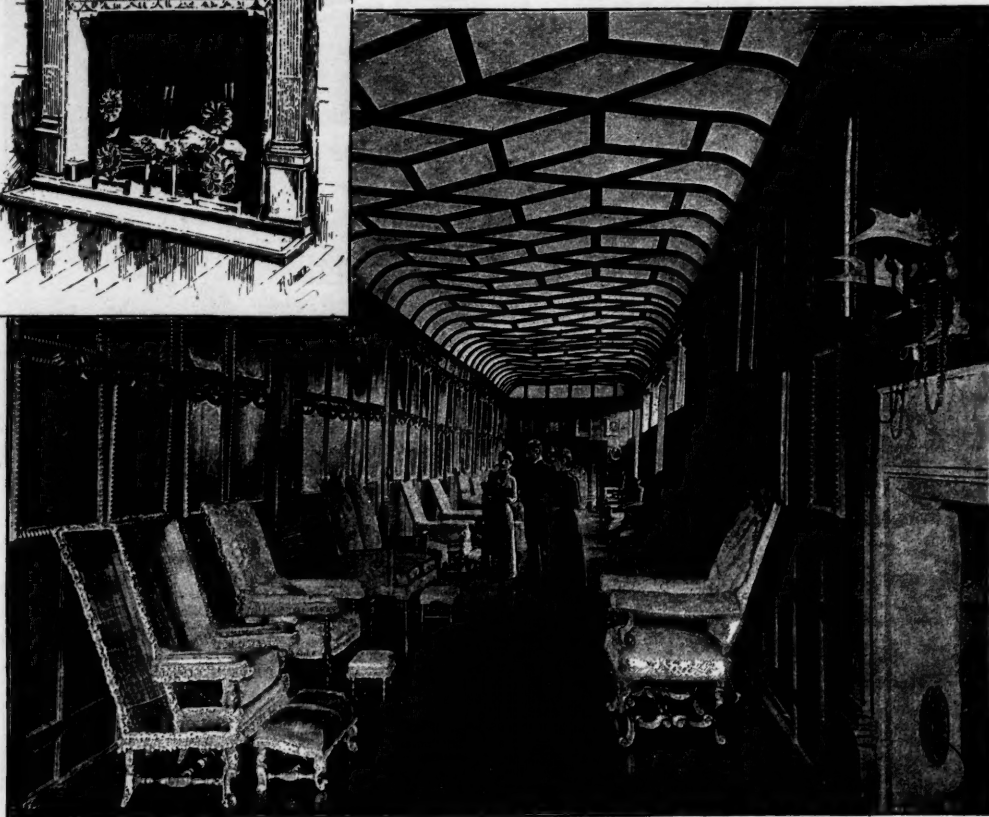
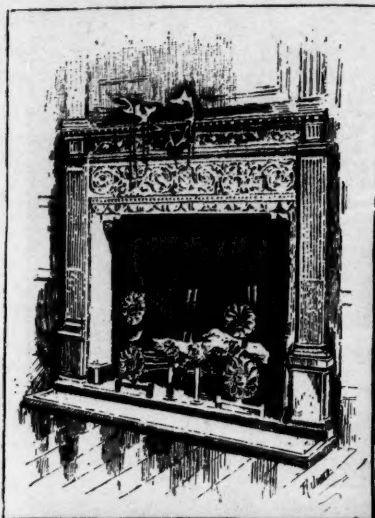


noble whole-length life-size portrait, by Mytens, of Lionel Cranfield (father of the wife of the first Earl of Dorset), Lord High Treasurer of England and Earl of Middlesex, holding the long white wand of his office, clad in black and gold, and looking wise and sedate, although he is smiling amid the blackest

of beards. In strange contrast with this is its neighbour, by Van

dyck, by one of the most terrible duels of the duelling age in which he lived (1590-1652). In 1613 he fell out—the cause is not known—with the Lord Bruce of Kinloss, and in the strange narrative I borrow from Collins, who found the manuscript at Queen's College, Oxford, the then Sir Edward Sackville recorded in a letter to a friend what cannot but give grim interest to the full-length life-size picture of the stalwart, not ungenial man, dressed in red embroidered in gold, which is attributed to Van Dyck.

It seems that the challenge came from the Scotsman, who, in terms of incomparable fantasy, invited



THE BROWN GALLERY, KNOLE, AND FIREPLACE IN THE BROWN GALLERY.

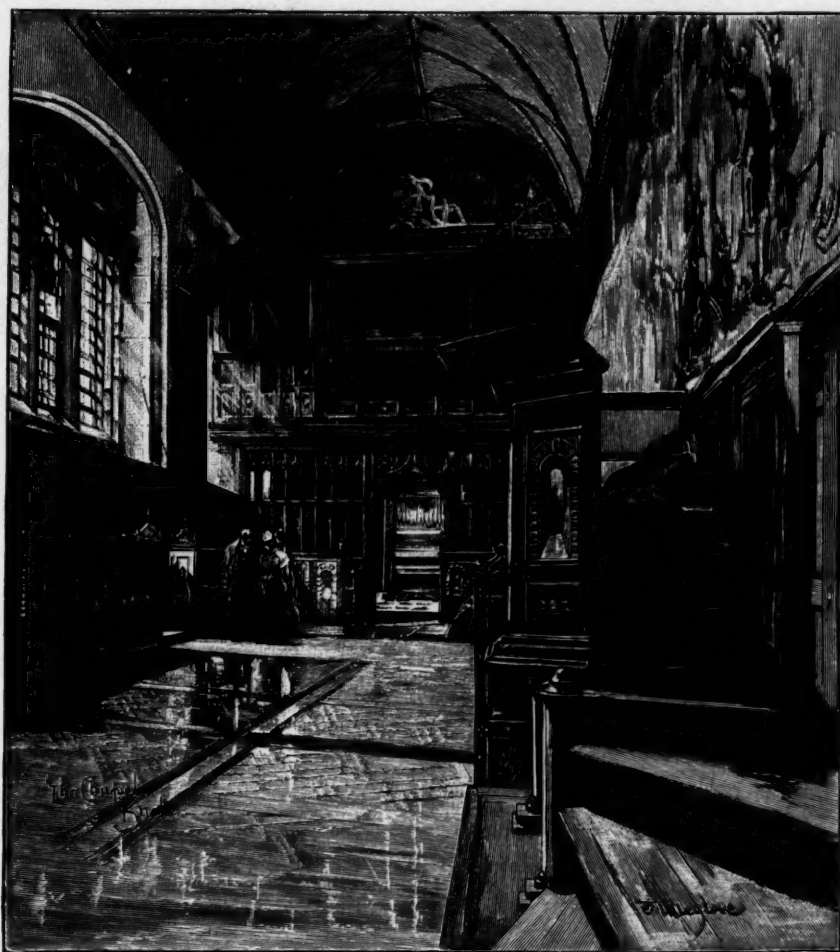
(From Photographs by C. Essenhigh Corke, Sevenoaks.)

Loo, of Charles, second Duke of Dorset, Master of the Horse to Frederick, Prince of Wales, a work of 1751. He appears in a "Roman habit," as it was called, which comprises a breast-plate, a lorica, and a plumed helmet wonderful to behold. On another side of the Ball Room hangs the masculine and striking effigies of the above-named Edward, fourth Earl of Dorset, Chamberlain to Henrietta Maria, a statesman of weight and renown, whose youth was distinguished

his opponent to "come and do him right" with his sword. After many curious preliminaries they met near Bergen-op-Zoom, where "but a village divides the States' territories from the Arch-Duke's." "At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by Sir John Heidon [Sackville's second], it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own . . . I requested my second to certify him 'I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he

should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed.' Together we rode, but one before the other some twelve score [paces], about two English miles; and then passion, having so weak an enemy to assail as my discretion, easily became victor, and, using his power, made me obedient to his commands, I being verily mad with anger the Lord Bruce should thirst

to stir, but to suffer us to execute our pleasures, we being fully resolved, God forgive us, to dispatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and, in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but, in revenge, I pressed in to him, though I then missed him also, and then I received a wound



THE CHAPEL, KNOLE.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by C. Carter.)

after my life; and with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bade him alight, which in all willingness he quickly granted, and there, in a meadow, ankle-deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other, having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours or their own safeties, 'not

in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect tryal—for honour and life; in which struggling, my hand having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of his servants, though the meanest, which hung by a skin, and, to sight, yet remaineth as before; and I am just in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet [*i.e.* ere] quitting our holds, there past on

both sides propositions of keeping each other's sword. But when amity is dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question, which, on neither part, either would perform; and, restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long-captured weapon, which, incontinently levelling at his throat, being master of his [sword], I demanded if he would ask his life or yield his sword? Upon which, though in that eminent danger, he bravely deneid to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions, remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling my present estate, I struck at his heart, but, with his avoiding, mist my aim, yet passed through his body, and drawing back my sword, repast through again through another place, when he cried, 'Oh! I am slain,' seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back, when, being upon him, I redemanded 'if he would request his life?' But it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholding for it; [and he] bravely replied 'he scorned it,' which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find it in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down till at length his surgeon afar off cried out 'he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped.' Whereupon I asked 'if he desired his surgeon should come?' which he accepted of; and being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting

it inhumane to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This [affair] thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained a while, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and, withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger, for my lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamed of it, came full at me with my lord's sword, and, had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood and past all expectation of life, conformable to his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand.' So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation, and which I pray you, with the enclosed letter, deliver to my Lord Chamberlain; and so, etc., yours,

"ED. SACKVILLE.

"Louvaine, the 8th of Sept., 1613."

This outrageous champion covered himself with glory of other kinds, and was an ardent defender of Bacon at the great Chancellor's trial in 1621; a commander at the battle of Prague; he succeeded to the earldom in 1624; became a Knight of the Garter, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, Lord Chamberlain to the King, a frequent envoy and ambassador; it was he who, when in 1641 the bishops were insulted, ordered the train-bands to fire upon the rabble at Westminster; and he was at the head of the cavalry at Edgehill who rescued the royal banner when Sir Edward Verney, the Standard-Bearer, was killed. He died at Dorset House, Fleet Street (hence Dorset Court, which survives), July 17th, 1652, and was buried with his ancestors at Withyam in Sussex.



ENTRANCE FRONT, FROM THE PARK, KNOLE.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by C. Carter.)

